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Drawn by N. C. Wood. Half tone plate engraved by K. A. Arty.

"KEEP YOUR ARMS FOLDED!"



THE EDUCATION OF TROOPER BROWN

BY WILL ADAMS

WHEN Brown first came into the army, his rooky little shoulders curved in, his rooky little stomach curved out, and the flatness of his rooky little chest would have made a pancake blush and take to banting.¹ He was a child of the people, sheltered in a tenement, brought up in the gutter, and in desperation shunted into the army by a family that had grown tired of his inexhaustible capacity for intoxicating liquids, and who, when they saw him safely enlisted, settled back with a sigh of relief and the comfortable feeling that they had him side-tracked for at least three years.

There was nothing vicious about Brown, but he seemed to have been born lazy, and, because of this laziness and the manner of his bringing-up, he was not a brilliant person. Yet he knew his limitations, and tried to do what he was told—if it was not too much work—when he was sober, and he was by no means always drunk.

His lapses from a state of grace were periodical, corresponding, when in the army, with the advent of pay-day. In this respect he was fortunate in getting into a troop with a commander like Captain Campbell, for that worthy's oft iterated temperance lecture to his men was: "I don't give a blank if you get full as a goat when I'm not needing you, but when you're on duty, you've got to be sober, or I'll know the reason why."

Brown easily kept within these liberal bounds, but if he managed to evade the

vengeance of the Captain, he had a hard row to hoe with the troopers. It was:

"Hey, you rook, groom my horse and saddle up for me."

"I won't."

"You won't, eh? Bill, this rook won't saddle Jonah for me."

"Soak him one."

"Sure. Rook, I'll learn you to obey when a corporal tells you." Smoke Madigan was merciless where a recruit was concerned, and the scientific manner in which he handled the rook soon reduced him to limp obedience.

"And," said Madigan, when, in the presence of his victim, he told the troop about it afterward, "the blank fool puts the saddle on cantle to the front. Says I to him, 'All you need now, you learned horse-wrangler, is to put the bridle under his tail.'" And while the enraged Brown sought vainly to be heard in his own defense, the room laughed as uproariously as if the tale were new and had not been told on every cavalryman in the service in the days of his rookdom.

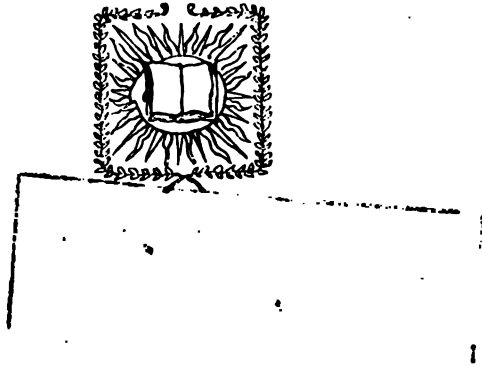
In the riding-hall and on the drill-ground came the hardest times of all for Brown, for Shorty Campbell (so-called by his troop in affectionate reference to his want of size) was death on beginners, hard rider that he was, and never left to his subs the task of breaking in the new men. Shorty was in his glory in riding-hall, and a sight to see. There was nothing worth mentioning about a horse that he did not know, except that he never seemed

¹ A rooky is a recent recruit.

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LORNA DOONE, OF BLACKMORE'S NOVEL OF THAT NAME
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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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No. 1

BALLOONING BY MOONLIGHT

NARRATIVE OF A WOMAN'S TRIP OVER
THE APENNINES

BY COUNTESS GRACE DI CAMPELLO DELLA SPINA

SPORT for the gods! Who else flies over a sleeping world, through space, and knows the joy of motion without movement, without sound, without effort?

Our Roman Aëro Club is only three years old, and was instituted by no less a personage than Her Majesty Queen Margherita of Italy. It had its inspiration from the Military Balloon Brigade—the Brigata Specialisti—of the Royal Engineers, a very up-to-date corps, who were the first to make and patent aluminum-painted balloons. Now nearly every day in spring these lovely silver spheres float off over the Campagna, looking like the dome of St. Peter's let loose.

Soon after I had become a member of the club, I made my first trip, taking an enchanting flight, sometimes rising over 6000 feet, and then sinking swiftly to earth, to taste the thrilling joy of rapid travel on the guide-rope across the most fragrant and beautiful land I know. The strange sense of being disembodied, of flight without movement, of rapid travel, of motionless suspension in mid-heaven, of solemn silence, without oppression, makes a new environment for the heart of man.

My second journey, taken with my husband by moonlight, at the end of our honeymoon, confirmed a hundredfold the delightful impressions of the first voyage, and added much to them. It was with a pleasant sense of being an "old hand" that I set about preparing for this journey with which this article is to deal.

As every pound lessens the soaring quality of the balloon, the traveler has to select his outfit with care. It is wise to have a short coat with plenty of pockets, and buttoning close round the throat when necessary; and the simplest and most practical tailor-made suit of light wool should be worn. Light shoes, like those used for tennis or yachting, are necessary, with a strong pair of boots in reserve in case of landing in a mountainous district or having a long tramp at the end of one's journey. An umbrella is a desirable adjunct,—for the sun bites hard in the South,—and a motor-veil for wind and warmth. A long, light Shetland scarf such as one uses in the Alps in bad weather is useful in case of sleet and cold.

A small *nécessaire*, a "first aid," a change of underwear, a light volume of a favorite author, a map, and a guide-

book, should be taken. These should be wrapped in a light waterproof cover; for in a cross-country journey one may meet with a variety of weather, and the rain that pours down in the sphere of a balloon is as drenching as a water-spout.

Excepting a small flask of brandy in case of faintness, no alcoholic drink should be carried. Smoking, matches, and spirit-lamps are, of course, absolutely prohibited, as the smallest flame might cause an explosion of the gas that inflates the balloon. The tube hangs loose and open just above the car, and small quantities of gas constantly escape from it.

Food that is nourishing, but light and easily eaten, is best. French prunes, raisins, and chocolate are a good stand-by, with cold tea, coffee, and mineral water. Bread should be very well baked. Jam and sugar are as useful as in mountaineering, sugar being one of the best of foods for exhausting expeditions. If we had been crossing the Alps instead of the Apennines, a rope, an ice-ax, and warmer wraps would have had to be taken.

We carried a barograph, which has a prepared paper stretched on a cylinder, on which a fine steel point, moved by clock-work, traces the track of the balloon. By this a good pilot can calculate to a nicety what use to make of the ballast and gas at his disposal; for the waste of three or four sand-bags may endanger life or spoil a good expedition. We had, also, a statoscope, with hydraulic indicator, which warns the aeronaut if he is ascending or descending. The motion of a balloon is often so nearly imperceptible that it may sink thousands of feet without one's noticing it. The third instrument taken was a chronometer, used with the statoscope to estimate the velocity of ascent and descent. Lastly, we carried an aneroid barometer with high scaling, able to indicate the greatest heights above sea-level to which the balloon may soar till the life-giving limit is past.

We had no anchor, for, like the Germans, we used only a tearing-cord, which rips open a small portion of the silk cover at the zenith of the balloon. When practicable, the balloon is towed down by peasants hauling at the guide-rope, which hangs from the car. The tearing-cord is most useful when a rapid landing is needed.

At 9:30 P.M., on the 15th of June, we drove to the club ground near the Tiber, where the "Fides I," of 1250 cubic meters, was gently swaying in the night breeze. Our pilot, Professor Demetrio Helbig, hurried us over our good-byes and into the car. After a few alarming manœuvres we found our equilibrium, and at the word of command the cord of the balloon's gas-tube was untied, we were let loose, and soared majestically over the brilliantly lighted city.

A full-orbed moon was just appearing in a mist of golden glory above the Alban Hills, its mellow light weaving a magic spell over all, and softening the beautiful outlines of range after range of Alban and Sabine Hills, and the snow-clad Apennines beyond. In the clear atmosphere all Rome's palaces, churches, and ruins were perfectly distinct and clearly illumined by myriads of electric lights, which stretched like gigantic diamond chains along the curving Tiber and over the many bridges.

Although it was my husband's first ascent, as soon as we were afloat, all nervousness disappeared in the enthusiasm excited by the wonderful sight beneath him. Our pilot gave him the log to keep, and explained the instrument, read by two electric lamps.

Our course was northeast, with a steady breeze from the southwest. The valley of the Tiber devoured seven and a half bags of ballast; for, as the river lies in its bed like a ribbon folded backward and forward on a table, every time we crossed a fold, the current of air carried us down. Consequently we had to throw out ballast to keep our level in the air-current we wished to follow about 700 feet above the sea.

We traveled parallel with the Via Flaminia, the highroad to Florence, and as we passed the taverns, the people laughed, cheered, and called out ironically: "Buon viaggio, signori!" ("A good journey, gentlemen!")

At Prima Porta we passed to the right of the Villa Livia. This villa belonged to the model wife of the young Augustus, and here was found the famous statue of him now in the Vatican. It is seven miles out of Rome, but, according to the legend, the builder chose the site not only for its lovely view, but because a white hen—

not a dove—with an olive twig in its beak settled on her lap. Here she kept the beautiful likeness of her lord and master that is still to-day one of the masterpieces of the world.

Passing Castelnuovo about 10:45, we saw on the left Monte Soracte, whose lovely outline figures often in Poussin's

Presently, to our wonder and delight, there appeared on the white wall of vapor opposite, and a little lower than our car, a perfect reflection of our balloon, rigging, car, and occupants, as clearly defined as in a magic lantern. All around the great shadow balloon was a radiant lunar rainbow. Straight below it was



From a photograph

"FIDES I" ON THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

pictures, and made a bee-line for Terni. A few minutes later, while still in the valley of the Tiber, we entered a bank of clouds and saw a marvelous sight. Clouds had formed rapidly in a vast basin like the crater of a huge volcano, and through a rift in them we saw, 1900 feet below us, a curve of the river, like a broad silver band, reflecting the moon, which shone with extraordinary refulgence. Nothing could be seen above the rim of our cloud circle but two or three dark-blue points of the Sabine Hills in the southeast.

another bright little circular rainbow. For a few seconds the shadow picture seemed immovable; then the scene dissolved as swiftly as it came, and we were borne away on the freshened current of the southwest wind.

Leaving Tarano on the right, we began the ascent of Monte San Pancrazio. The balloon was now at an altitude of 3000 feet. At an exhilarating pace of forty kilometers an hour it passed as straight as an arrow between Monte San Pancrazio and the lower Monte Cardone.

The balloon having dropped rapidly down the other side (as it always does after crossing a mountain), we found ourselves, to our joy, within sight of the lights of Terni, the birthplace of Tacitus. To make such an excellent "traverse" of a rocky ridge with no other exertion than that of shoveling out a few spoonfuls of sand was a delightful and novel sensation. There was nothing of the well-known and hated "grind" with which we poor mountaineers are only too familiar, but a noiseless passing with swift and easy motion, like that of a being from another world.

Before nearing the ridge, we had hailed some shepherds sitting round their fires a thousand feet below. "What's the name of the mountain on the left?" we called. Their answer took a long time to reach us, but came at last perfectly rounded and distinct: "Mon-te Car-do-ne, Signor-i."

At 1:45 A.M. we were hanging over Terni as over an abyss. The great cascades of Marmore have a fall of 650 feet, and are among the finest in Europe. The roar of the rushing water and the noise of vast machinery ascending on the quiet night air had a terrifying effect.

The water-power is used for government steel works, etc. The town is lighted with powerful electric lights, and this, with the glare from the furnaces and from the great obelisk-like chimneys, illumine the dense clouds of spray and the fine cliffs covered with rich vegetation, making the buildings and handsome viaducts shine as white as marble.

To prevent being drawn into the strong current from the cascades, we here rose to a height of 4600 feet, which was our greatest altitude; for we usually traveled on as low a level as possible, to see the country and to save our gas and ballast.

To float away out of sight and sound of this Dantesque scene, and to see instead the peaceful Lake of Piediluco, as pretty as a miniature Como, shimmering in the moonlight, was a great relief. Beyond, to our right, lay Rieti, with its twinkling lights.

Crossing Monte Somma, we dropped down on fine old Spoleto, passing over the convent, where the sweet-sounding bells were ringing for an early mass. As the home of the Campellos, we hailed it with interest, and could peep straight into

the lovely gardens of their old palace in the Piazza Bernardino Campello, which is in the highest part of the town, near the fine fortress of La Rocca, formerly the home of the ancient dukes of Spoleto.

A little farther off we saw Campello, with its lovely and classic stream, the Clitumnus. Gushing out of a grotto, it becomes at once a broad stream of most limpid water, whose praises were sung of old by Vergil, and in our day by Carducci.

By this time it was past four, and the eastern sky showed by pale rose-colored flushings that dawn was near. The air had a sharp crispness. Our pilot shook himself into his heavy, Russian great-coat with grunts of satisfaction.

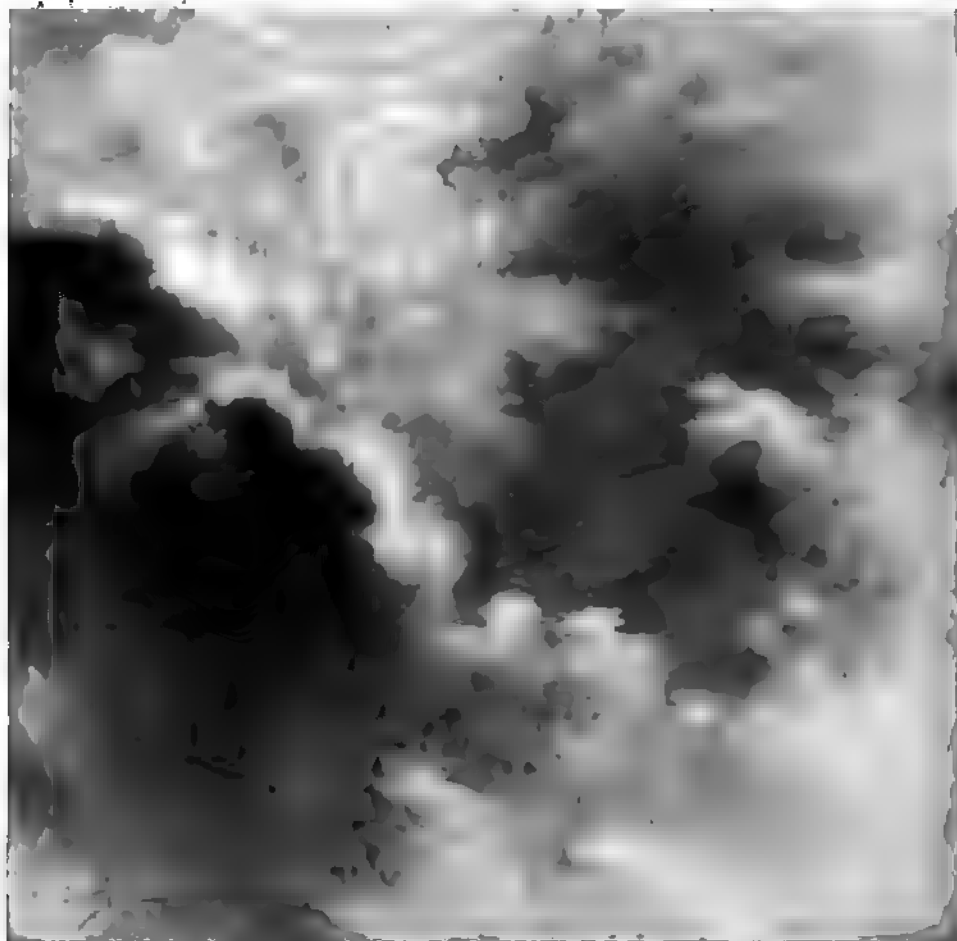
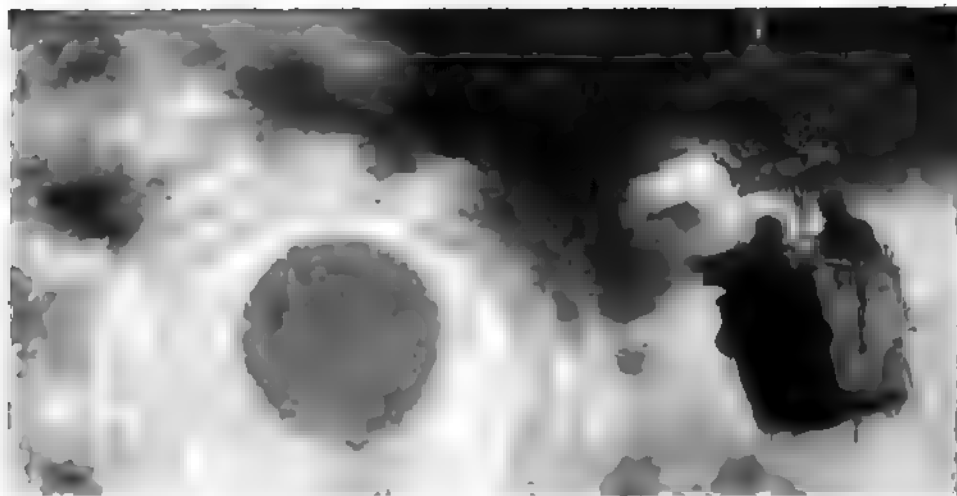
All through the livelong night the nightingales had sung, and hour after hour we had floated over this wave of harmony. On the wings of the stiffening morning breeze we raced along in joyous flight like happy swallows in spring-time.

Professor Helbig changed the tracing-paper of the barograph, and declared himself famished, for he had eaten nothing all night. Count di Campello watched the instruments while the professor took a short rest. I got out his breakfast, and gave him the only seat—a strap, hooked across an angle of the basket.

In Italy, the early morning, both before and after the great heat of summer, is one of its glories. I had been fully occupied in admiring the delicate tints till the sun shone over the Adriatic, above a great bank of dark cloud. This was not a good sign for us, and gave warning that we must bring our pleasant journey to a close.

The carrier-pigeons were cooing softly in their baskets, hanging outside the car, and we took out a pair, and wrote with pride our message of good travel on a tiny form of prepared paper, rolled it up, and sealed it with wax in a minute tube attached to the underside of the tail-feathers. The gentle creatures seemed to know it to be the signal for starting homeward, and made no struggle. We threw them into the air, and, circling gracefully for a few minutes to get their bearings, they flew off joyfully to Rome.

We now left Umbria, and crossing the central chain of the Apennines near



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone photo by C. W. Chelton.

"ALL AROUND THE GREAT SHADOW BALLOON WAS A RADIANT LUNAR RAINBOW"



From a photograph

CREEPING OUT OF THE CAR

Monte Pennino, in the Marches, passed over a fine upland plain, and arrived at Camerino, an ancient little castellated town that boasts a university. We heard the bugle calls of the soldiers to parade, though we could not see them.

Our balloon had been rushing over hill and valley, slapping the trees with its guide-rope, and skimming over hill-tops within three or four yards of the ground. Traveling on the guide-rope is rare sport. Attached to the bottom of the car, it hangs down about 300 feet, giving stability to the balloon, and keeping it erect when traveling near the ground. It looks like a long serpent on end, its supple head slipping over the earth, making a sibilant sound. Below us, too, there was the rushing music of the wind over a beech-forest, with tree-tops bending low, and showing the silver underside of the leaves. It was all good to hear and see.

The outline of the Alps seen from the

Marches is very fine; and fine, too, the view of the highest and most beautiful group of the Apennines, the Gran Sasso d'Italia, still draped in its winter snows, which now came in sight.

The great heat of the sun had expanded the gas in our balloon, and made it soar in spite of constant use of the valve. The wind, too, was rising fast; Ancona and the Adriatic were drawing alarmingly near, and our ballast was reduced to a bag and a half. There was nothing for it but to choose a good landing-place.

Our pilot selected a fine corn-field close to the railway line, and at 6:30 on Sunday morning, nine and a half hours after leaving Rome, we pulled the tearing-cord, felt a few rather alarming bumps, scraped over a fruit-tree, and tumbled amid the golden corn. The car toppled over, and we crawled out like rabbits from a warren.

The peasants, seeing us descending from

afar, ran from all sides to help pack the balloon, and claim damages for the corn.

Professor Helbig sent a man with our cards to the station-master of San Severino, three or four miles off. We begged him to send us a railway trolley or hand-car to carry us down to the station. We took a few snap-shots, and sent off the remaining pair of carrier-pigeons, which wheeled for a long time in painful uncertainty before they took wing for far-off Rome.

For some time I sat on the edge of the car, talking to the peasant women, who were most primitive, and full of rustic curiosity, calculating with much frankness the cost of my clothes, asking endless questions, and speculating aloud as to which of the gentlemen I belonged to. At first, I fear, they did not think me quite respectable, the rustic Mrs. Grundy being just as uncharitable and censorious as is that lady in more polite circles. Gadding about in a balloon, instead of minding the house! It was something to shake the head over. At last, having asked my name, they became still more overwhelming, and "Signora Contessaed" me till I was weary, and clambered off my perch to seek some cooler and quieter place in which to rest. Having nothing more to interest me, I felt intolerably tired and sleepy. At last I found a shady place under a tree, lay down, and slept till the trolley appeared.

A balloon can be squeezed most conveniently into its own car, and, laced down with a tarpaulin, is ready to travel anywhere, and soon, amid the kindly greetings and cheers of our Mardregiani friends, we started off at a tearing pace downhill.

At times we have traveled faster in the balloon, but we did not *feel* the pace or the rush of the wind. The change was so great that I felt quite dizzy when we staggered off at San Severino.

The officials were most civil, and we found a large crowd of townsfolk waiting our arrival, who escorted us in a long procession as we walked through the hot streets to the inn in the wide, old square. They remained, flattening their noses in turn against the window-panes, watching all that we did.

At San Severino there is a beautiful Madonna by Pinturicchio. Is there *any* sleepy little town in Italy without some special art treasure dating back to Etruscan, Greek, Roman, or Renaissance days? Of the special glory of San Severino, alas! I can say nothing, for I went to a nice, cool bedroom and fell fast asleep till it was time to take train for Fabriano. Here we waited for the train to Rome, where we arrived at seven A.M., on Monday—no less than twenty-four hours of railway travel to bring us back to our starting-point.



"FIDES I" IN THE CORNFIELD
AT CAMERINO

had been so little money even in his grandfather's time that his father had inherited comparative beggary. The fourteenth Earl of Mount Dunstan did not call it "comparative" beggary; he called it beggary pure and simple, and cursed his progenitors with engaging frankness. He never referred to the fact that in his personable youth he had married a wife whose fortune, if it had not been squandered, might have restored his own. The fortune had been squandered in the course of a few years of riotous living, the wife had died when her third son was born, which event took place ten years after the birth of her second, whom she had lost through scarlet fever.

James Hubert John Fergus Saltyre never heard much of her, and barely knew of her past existence, because in the picture gallery he had seen a portrait of a tall, thin, fretful-looking young lady with light ringlets, and pearls round her neck. She had not attracted him as a child, and the fact that he gathered that she had been his mother left him entirely unmoved. She was not a lovable-looking person, and, indeed, had been at once empty-headed, irritable, and worldly. He would probably have been no less lonely if she had lived. Lonely he was. His father was engaged in a career much too lively and interesting to himself to admit of his allowing himself to be bored by an unwanted and entirely superfluous child. The elder son, who was Lord Tenham, had reached a premature and degenerate maturity by the time the younger one made his belated appearance, and regarded him with unconcealed dislike.

As Saltyre left nursery days behind, he learned by degrees that the objection to himself and his people which had at first endeavored to explain itself as being the result of an unseemly lack of money, was combined with that unpleasant feature, an uglier one, lack of decent reputation. Angry duns, beggarliness of income, scarcity of the necessities and luxuries which dignity of rank demanded, the indifference and slights of one's equals, and the ignoring of one's existence by exalted persons, were all hideous enough to Lord Mount Dunstan and his elder son, but they were not so hideous as was, to his younger son, the childish, shamed frenzy

of awakening to the truth that he was one of a bad lot, a disgraceful lot, from whom nothing was expected but shifty ways, low vices, and scandals which, in the end, could not even be kept out of the newspapers. The day came, in fact, when the worst of these was seized upon by them, and filled their sheets with matter which for a whole season decent London avoided reading, and the fast and indecent element laughed at, derided, or gloated over.

The memory of the fever of the monstrous weeks which had passed at this time was not one it was wise for a man to recall. But it was not to be forgotten—the hasty midnight arrival at Mount Dunstan of father and son; their haggard, nervous faces; their terrified discussions and argumentative raging when they were shut up together behind locked doors; the appearance of legal advisers, who looked as anxious as themselves, but failed to conceal the disgust with which they were battling; the final desperate, excited preparations for flight, which might be ignominiously stopped at any moment by the intervention of the law; the burning humiliation of knowing the inevitable result of public contempt or laughter when the world next day heard that the fugitives had put the English Channel between themselves and their country's laws.

Lord Tenham had died a few years later at Port Saïd, after descending into all the hells of degenerate debauch. His father had lived longer—long enough to make himself something horribly near an imbecile before he died suddenly in Paris. The Mount Dunstan who succeeded him, having spent his childhood and boyhood under the shadow of the "bad lot," had the reputation of being a big, surly, unattractive young fellow whose eccentricity presented itself, to those who knew his stock, as being of a kind which might develop at any time into any objectionable tendency. His wild-goose chase to America, when it had been considered worth while discussing at all, had been regarded as being very much the kind of thing a Mount Dunstan might do—with some secret and disreputable end in view. No one had heard the exact truth, and no one would have been inclined to believe if he had heard it.

Just one man knew him intimately, and this one had been, from his fifteenth year, the sole friend of his life. He had come then, the Reverend Lewis Penzance, a poor and unhealthy scholar, to be vicar of the parish of Mount Dunstan. Only a poor and book-absorbed man would have accepted the position. What this man wanted was no more than quiet, pure country air to fill frail lungs, a roof over his head, and a place to pore over books and manuscripts.

At Mount Dunstan there remained still the large remnant of a great library. A huge room, whose neglected and half-emptied shelves contained some strange and wonderful things, though all were in disorder, and given up to dust and natural ruin. Inevitably the Reverend Lewis Penzance had found his way there; inevitably he had gained indifferently bestowed permission to entertain himself by endeavoring to reduce the library to order and to make an attempt at cataloguing. Inevitably, also, the hours he spent in the place became the chief sustenance of his being.

There one day he had come upon an uncouth-looking boy, with deep eyes and a shaggy crop of red hair. The boy was poring over an old volume, and was plainly not disposed to leave it. He rose not too graciously, and replied to the elder man's greeting and the friendly questions which followed. Yes, he was the youngest son of the house. He had nothing to do, and he liked the library. He often came there and sat and read things. There were some queer old books, and a lot of stupid ones. The book he was reading now? Oh, that—with a slight reddening of his skin and a little awkwardness at the admission—was one of those he liked best. It was one of the queer ones, but interesting for all that. It was about their own people—the generations of Mount Dunstans who had lived in the centuries past. He supposed he liked it because there were a lot of odd stories and exciting things in it—plenty of fighting and adventure. There had been some splendid fellows among them.

That had been the beginning of an unusual friendship. Gradually Penzance had reached a clear understanding of all the building of the young life, of its

rankling humiliation, and the qualities of mind and body which made for rebellion. It sometimes thrilled him to see in the big frame and powerful muscles, in the strong nature and unconquerable spirit, a revival of what had burned and stirred through lives lived in a dim, almost mythical past. There were legends of men with big bodies, fierce faces, and red hair who had done big deeds and conquered in dark and barbarous days—even Fate's self, as it had seemed. None could overthrow them, none could stand before their determination to attain that which they chose to claim. Students of heredity knew that there were curious instances of revival of type. There had been a certain Red Godwyn who had ruled his piece of England before the Conqueror came, and who had defied the interloper with such splendid arrogance and superhuman lack of fear that he had won in the end, strangely enough, the admiration and friendship of the royal savage himself, who saw in his a kindred savagery noble enough to be well ranged through love, if not through fear, upon his own side.

In the old library, it fell out in time, Penzance and the boy spent the greater part of their days. The man was a book-worm and a scholar; young Saltyre had a passion for knowledge. Among the old books and manuscripts he gained a singular education. Without a guide he could not have gathered and assimilated all he did gather and assimilate. Together the two rummaged forgotten shelves and chests, and found forgotten things. That which had drawn the boy from the first always drew and absorbed him—the annals of his own people.

When the shameful scandal burst forth, young Saltyre was seen by neither his father nor his brother. Neither of them had any desire to see him; in fact, each detested the idea of confronting by any chance his hot, intolerant eyes. "The brat," his father had called him in his childhood; "the lout," when he had grown big-limbed and clumsy. Both he and Tenham were sick enough without being called upon to contemplate "the lout," whose opinion, in any case, they preferred not to hear.

Saltyre during the hideous days shut himself up in the library. He did not

leave the house even for exercise until after the pair had fled.

"We are done for," he shouted when he talked the thing over with his friend. "We are done for; and I am as much done for as they are. Decent people won't touch us. That is where the last Mount Dunstan stands."

Penzance sat in a high-backed chair, holding its arms with long, thin hands and looking for some time at Saltyre. He said at last:

"Lord Tenham is not the last Mount Dunstan."

When the fourteenth earl died in Paris, and his younger son succeeded, there came a time when the two companions sat together in the library again. A pause between them was ended by the young man rising, and stretching his limbs.

"It was a queer thing you said to me in this room a few years ago," he said. "It has just come back to me."

"Yes," Penzance answered. "I remember. To-night it suggests premonition. Your brother was not the last Mount Dunstan."

"In one sense he never was Mount Dunstan at all," answered the other man. Then he suddenly threw out his arms in a gesture the whole significance of which it would have been difficult to describe. There was a kind of passion in it. "I am the last Mount Dunstan," he harshly laughed. "*Moi qui vous parle!* The last!"

Penzance's eyes, resting on him, took upon themselves the far-seeing look of a man who watches the world of life without living in it. He presently shook his head.

"No," he said; "I don't see that. No—not the last. Believe me."

Only Penzance had known of his reasons for going to America. He saw him off and met him upon his return. In the library they sat and talked it over, and having done so, closed the book of the episode.

MOUNT DUNSTAN sat at the table, his eyes upon the wide-spread loveliness of the landscape, but his thought elsewhere. When the door opened, and Penzance was ushered in by a servant, his face wore the look the older man would have been

rejoiced to see swept away to return no more.

The vicar began to talk of the village and the country-side. Village stories are often quaint, and stories of the country-side are sometimes—not always—interesting. Tom Benson's wife has presented him with triplets; old Benny Bates has announced his intention of taking a fifth wife at the age of ninety. Remembering his last view of old Benny tottering down the village street in his white smock, his nut-cracker face like a withered, rosy apple, his gnarled hand grasping the knotted staff his bent body leaned on, Mount Dunstan grinned a little. He did not smile when Penzance passed to the restoration of the ancient church at Mellowdene. "Restoration" usually meant the tearing away of ancient, oaken, high-backed pews and the instalment of smug new benches, suggesting suburban dissenting chapels such as the feudal soul revolts at. Neither did he smile at a reference to the gathering at Dunholm Castle, which was twelve miles away. Dunholm was the possession of a man who stood for all that was first and highest in the land—dignity, learning, exalted character, generosity, honor. He and the late Lord Mount Dunstan had been born in the same year, and had succeeded to their title almost at the same time. All that the one estate, its castle, its village, its tenantry, represented, was the antipodes of that for which the other stood.

"At Stornham village an unexpected thing has happened," the vicar said. "One of the relatives of Lady Anstruthers has suddenly appeared—a sister. You may remember that the poor woman was said to be the daughter of some rich American, and it seemed unexplainable that none of her family ever appeared and things were allowed to go from bad to worse. As it was understood that there was so much money, people were mystified by the condition of things."

"Anstruthers has had money to squander," said Mount Dunstan. "Tenham and he were intimates. The money he spends is no doubt his wife's. As her family deserted her, she has no one to defend her."

"Certainly her family has seemed to neglect her for years. Now—apparently

without having been expected—the sister appears. Vanderpoel is the name—Miss Vanderpoel.”

“I crossed the Atlantic with her on the *Meridiana*,” said Mount Dunstan.

“Indeed! That is interesting. You did not of course know that she was coming here.”

“I knew nothing of her but that she was a saloon passenger with a suite of state-rooms, and I was in the second cabin. During the confusion and alarm of the collision we spoke to each other.” He did not mention having seen her elsewhere.

“Then you would recognize her if you saw her. I heard to-day that she seems an unusual young woman and has beauty.”

“Her eyes and lashes are remarkable. She is tall. The Americans are setting up a new type.”

“She has made a curious impression. She has begun to do things. Stornham village has lost its breath. She has set men to work at mending the park fences.”

Mount Dunstan laughed also. He remembered what she had said. So she had actually begun.

“That is practical,” he commented.

“Gossip over tea-cups is not usually entertaining to me, but I found myself listening to little Miss Laura Brunel this afternoon with rather marked attention. I confess to having gone so far as to make an inquiry or so. Sir Nigel Anstruthers is not often at Stornham. He is away now. It is plainly not he who is rebuilding his fences.”

“He is on the Riviera, in retreat, in a place he is fond of,” Mount Dunstan said dryly. “He took a companion with him—a new infatuation. He will not return soon.”

XXII

ONE OF MISS VANDERPOEL'S LETTERS

MR. GERMEN, the secretary of the great Mr. Vanderpoel, in arranging the neat stacks of letters preparatory to his chief's entrance to his private room each morning, knowing where each should be placed, understood that such as were addressed in Miss Vanderpoel's hand would be read before anything else.

On a hot morning in the early summer

Mr. Germen found two or three—two of them of larger size, and seeming to contain business papers. These he placed where they would be seen at once. Mr. Vanderpoel was a little later than usual in his arrival. At this season he came from his summer house, and before leaving it this morning he had been talking to his wife, whom he had found rather disturbed by a chance encounter with a young woman who had returned to visit her mother after a year spent in England with her English husband. This young woman, now Lady Bowen, once Milly Jones, had been one of the amusing marvels of New York. A girl neither rich nor so endowed by nature as to be able to press upon the world any special claim to consideration as a beauty, her enterprise and the daring of her tactics had been the delight of many a satiric onlooker. In her school-days she had ingeniously mapped out her future career. Other American girls married men with titles, and she intended to do the same thing. She and her mother lived in a flat, and gave pathetic afternoon teas in return for such more brilliant hospitalities as careful and pertinacious calling and recalling obliged their acquaintances to feel they could not decently be left wholly out of. Milly and her anxious mother had worked hard. She wore her freshest pink frock and an amazingly clever little Parisian diamond crescent in her hair at the huge Monson ball at Delmonico's, and it was recorded that it was on that glittering occasion that her “Uncle James” was first brought upon the scene. He was mentioned only lightly at first. It was to Milly's credit that he was not made too much of. He was a very rich uncle who had lived in Dakota, and had actually lived there since his youth, letting his few relatives know nothing of him. He had been rather a black sheep as a boy, but Milly's mother had liked him, and when he had run away from New York he had told her what he was going to do, had kissed her when she cried, and had taken her daguerreotype with him. Now he had written, and it turned out that he was enormously rich, and was interested in Milly.

From that time Uncle James formed an atmosphere. He did not appear in New York, but Milly spent the next sea-

son in London, and the Monsons, being at Hurlingham one day, had her pointed out to them as a new American girl who was the idol of a millionaire uncle. She was not living in an ultra-fashionable quarter or with ultra-fashionable people, but she was on all occasions, they heard, beautifully dressed and beautifully, if a little heavily, hung with gauds and gems, her rings being said to be quite amazing, and suggesting an impassioned lavishness on the part of Uncle James. London having become inured to American marvels, Milly's bit of it accepted and enjoyed Uncle James, and all the sumptuous attributes of his Dakota.

She had left her mother at home to scrimp and save, and by hook or by crook she had contrived to get a number of good things to wear. She wore them with such an air of accustomed resource that the jewels, mixed with some relics of her mother's better days, might easily be of the order of the clever little Parisian diamond crescent. It was Milly's never-laid-aside manner which did it. The announcement of her union with Sir Arthur Bowen was received in certain New York circles with little suppressed shrieks of glee. It had been so sharp of her to aim low, and to realize so quickly that she could not aim high. The baronetage was a recent one, and not unconnected with trade. Sir Arthur was not a rich man, and had, it leaked out, believed in Uncle James. If he did not find him all that his fancy painted, Milly was clever enough to keep him quiet. She provided herself with an English accent, an English vocabulary, and an English manner, and in certain circles was felt to be most impressive.

At an afternoon function in the country Mrs. Vanderpoel had met Lady Bowen. She had been one of the few kindly ones who in the past had given an occasional treat to Milly Jones for her girlhood's sake. It was well to have something in the way of information to offer in one's small talk with the lucky ones, and Milly knew what subject lay nearest to Mrs. Vanderpoel's heart.

"Miss Vanderpoel has evidently been enjoying her visit to Stornham Court," she said, after her first few sentences. "I met Mrs. Worthington at the embassy, and she said she had buried herself in

the country. But I think she must have run up to town quietly for shopping. I saw her one day in Piccadilly, and I was almost sure Lady Anstruthers was with her in the carriage."

Mrs. Vanderpoel's heart quickened its beat.

"You were so young when she married," she said, "I dare say you have forgotten her face."

"Oh, no," Milly protested effusively; "I remember her quite well. She was so pretty and pink and happy-looking."

Mrs. Vanderpoel's kind, maternal face fell.

"And you were not sure you recognized her? Well, I suppose twelve years does make a difference," her voice dragging a little.

Milly saw that she had made a blunder. The fact was she had not even guessed at Rosy's identity until long after the carriage had passed her.

"Oh, you see," she hesitated, "their carriage was not near me, and I was not expecting to see them. And perhaps she looked a little delicate. I heard she had been rather delicate."

She felt she was floundering, and bravely floundered away from the subject. Mrs. Vanderpoel could not bring her back to Rosy and the nature of the change which had made it difficult to recognize her.

The result of this chance encounter was that the mother did not sleep very well, and the next morning talked anxiously to her husband.

"What I could see, Reuben, was that Milly Bowen had not known her at all, even when she saw her in the carriage with Betty. She could n't have changed as much as that if she had been taken care of and happy."

When Reuben Vanderpoel left his wife, to take his train to town, he left her smiling again. She scarcely knew how her fears had been dispelled. His talk had all been kindly, practical, and reasonable. It was true that Betty had said in her letter that Rosy had been rather delicate, and had not been taking very good care of herself, but that was to be remedied. Rosy had made a little joke or so about it herself.

"Betty says I am not fat enough for an English matron. I am drinking milk

and breakfasting in bed, and am going to be massaged to please her. I believe we all used to obey Betty when she was a child, and now she is so tall and splendid one would never dare to cross her. Oh, mother, I am so happy at having her with me!"

To reread just these simple things caused the suggestion of things not comfortably normal to melt away.

When Mr. Vanderpoel reached his office and glanced at his carefully arranged morning's mail, Mr. Germen saw him smile at the sight of the envelopes addressed in his daughter's hand. He sat down to read them at once.

"She has undertaken a good-sized contract," he said to himself, "and she's to be trusted to see it through. It is rather fine, the way she manages to combine emotions and romance and sentiments with practical good business, without letting one interfere with the other. It's none of it bad business, this, as the estate is entailed, and the boy is Rosy's."

This is a part of what Betty had written to her father in New York from Stornham Court:

The things I am beginning to do it would be impossible for me to resist doing, and it would certainly be impossible for you. When I begin to do the things I am going to do, with the aid of your practical advice if I have your approval, the people will be at first rather afraid of me. They will privately suspect I am mad. It will, also, not seem at all unlikely that an American should be of unreasoning, extravagant, and flighty mind. But what I see is that, vaguely and remotely American though I am, the fact that I am of "her ladyship's blood," and that her ladyship, American though she is, has the claim on them of being the mother of the son of the owner of the land, stirs in them a feeling that I have a shadowy sort of relationship to the whole thing, and with regard to their bad roofs and bad chimneys, to their broken palings and damp floors, to their comforts and discomforts, a sort of responsibility. That is the whole thing, and you—just you, Father—will understand me when I say that I actually like it. I might not like it if I were poor Rosy, but, being myself, I love it. There is something patriarchal in it which moves me. Is it an abounding and arrogant delight in power which makes it appeal to me, or is it something better? I wish I had been born to it; I wish the first sounds falling on my newborn ears had been the clanging of the peal

from an old Norman church tower, calling out to me, "Welcome, newcomer of our house! Long life among us! Welcome!" Still, though the first sounds that greeted me were probably the rattling of a Fifth Avenue stage, I have brought them *something*, and who knows whether I could have brought it from without the range of that prosaic but cheerful rattle.

Then there was detail of a businesslike order. A large envelope contained the detail—notes of things to be done; notes concerning roofs, windows, flooring, park fences, gardens, greenhouses, tool-houses, potting-sheds, garden walls, gates, wood-work, masonry; sharp little sketches such as Buttle had seen; notes concerning Buttle, Fox, Tread, Kedgers, and less accomplished workmen; concerning wages of day-laborers, hours, capabilities.

His reply to Betty gave her keen pleasure by its support both of sympathetic interest and practical advice. He left none of her points unnoted, and dealt with each of them as she had most hoped and, indeed, had felt she knew he would. This was his final summing-up:

If you had been a boy,—and I own I am glad you were not; a man wants a daughter,—I should have been quite willing to allow you your flutter on Wall Street, or your try at anything you felt you would like to handle. This is your "flutter." I like the way you face it. If you were a son instead of a daughter, I should see I might have confidence in you. I could not confide to Wall Street what I will tell you—which is that in the midst of the drive and swirl and tumult of my life here I like what you see in the thing; I like your idea of the lord of the land, who should love the land and the souls born on it, and be the friend and strength of them, and give the best, and get it back in fair exchange. There's a steadiness in the thought of such a life among one's kind which has attractions for a man who has spent years in a maelstrom, snatching at what whirls among the eddies of it. Your notes and sketches and summing-up of probable costs did us both credit. I say "both" because your business education is the result of our long talks and journeyings together. I leave the whole thing in your hands, my girl; I leave Rosy in your hands, and in leaving Rosy to you, you know how I am trusting you with your mother. Your letters to her tell her only what is good for her. She is beginning to look happier and younger already.

While you are rebuilding the place, you will rebuild Rosy so that the sight of her may not be a pain when her mother sees her again, which is what she is living for.

XXIII

INTRODUCING G. SELDEN

A BIRD was perched upon a swaying branch of a slim young sapling near the fence-supported hedge which bounded the park, and Mount Dunstan had stopped to look at it and listen.

The bright roulade began, prolonged itself with renewed effort, rose to its height, and ended. From a bush in the thicket farther up the road a liquid answer came. And Mount Dunstan's laugh at the sound of it was echoed by another, which came apparently from the bank rising from the road on the other side of the hedge, and accompanying the laugh was a good-natured nasal voice:

"She's caught on. There's no mistake about that. I guess it's time for you to hustle, Mr. Rob."

Mount Dunstan laughed again. Jem Salter had heard voices like it and cheerful slang phrases of the same order in his ranch days. On the other side of his park fence there was evidently sitting, through some odd chance, an American of the cheery, casual order, not sufficiently polished by travel to have lost his picturesque national characteristics. Mount Dunstan put a hand on a broken panel of fence and leaped over into the road.

A bicycle was lying upon the roadside grass, and on the bank, looking as though he had been sheltering himself under the hedge from the rain, sat a young man in a cheap bicycling suit. His features were sharp and keen, his cap was pushed back from his forehead, and he had a pair of shrewdly careless, boyish eyes.

"Good morning," Mount Dunstan said. "I am afraid I startled you."

"Good morning," was the response. "It was a bit of a jolt, seeing you jump almost over my shoulder. Where did you come from? You must have been just behind me."

"I was standing in the park listening to the robin," explained Mount Dunstan.

The young fellow laughed outright.

"Say," he said, "that was pretty fine, was n't it? Was n't he getting it off his chest! He was an English robin, I guess. American robins are three or four times as big. I liked that little chap. He was a winner."

"You are an American?"

"Sure," nodding. "Good old Stars and Stripes for mine. First time I've been here. Came part for business and part for pleasure. Having the time of my life."

Mount Dunstan sat down beside him.

"I'm biking through the country because I once had an old grandmother that was English, and she was always talking about English country, and how green things was, and how there was hedges instead of rail fences. She thought there was nothing like little old England. Well, as far as roads and hedges go, I'm with her. They're all right. I wanted a fellow I met crossing to come with me, but he took a Cook's trip to Paris. He's a gay sort of boy. Said he did n't want any green lanes in his; he wanted booby-ward." He laughed again, and pushed his cap farther back on his forehead. "Said I was n't much of a sport. I tell *you*, a chap that's got to earn his fifteen per, and live on it, can't be *too* much of a sport."

"Fifteen per?" Mount Dunstan repeated doubtfully. His companion chuckled.

"I forgot I was talking to an Englishman. Fifteen dollars per week—that's what fifteen per means. That's what he told me he gets at Lobenstein's brewery in New York. Fifteen per. Not much, is it?"

"Was n't it rather—rash, considering the fifteen per?" Mount Dunstan suggested.

"What's the use of making a dollar and sitting on it? I've not got fifteen per steady, and here I am."

Mount Dunstan knew his man, and looked at him with inquiring interest. He was quite sure he would go on.

"I'm selling for a big concern," he said, "and I've got a first-class article to carry. Up-to-date, you know, and all that. It's the top notch of typewriting machines—the Delkoff. Ever seen it? Here's my card," raking a card from an

inside pocket and handing it to him. It was inscribed—

J. BURRIDGE & SON,

DELKOFF TYPEWRITER CO.,

G. SELDEN. BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"That 's my name," he said, pointing to the inscription in the corner. "I 'm G. Selden, the junior assistant of Mr. Jones."

At the sight of the insignia of his trade, his holiday air dropped from him, and he hastily drew from another pocket an illustrated catalogue.

"If you use a typewriter," he broke forth, "I can assure you it would be to your interest to look at this." And as Mount Dunstan took the proffered pamphlet, and with amiable gravity opened it, he rapidly poured forth his salesman's patter, scarcely pausing to take his breath. "It 's the most up-to-date machine on the market. It has all the latest improved mechanical appliances. You will see from the cut in the catalogue that the platin roller is easily removed without a long mechanical operation. All you do is to slip two pins back, and off comes the roller. There is also another point worth mentioning—the ribbon switch. By using this ribbon switch you can write in either red or blue ink while you are using only one ribbon. By throwing the switch on this side you can use thirteen yards on the upper edge of the ribbon; by reversing it, you use thirteen yards on the lower edge, thus getting practically twenty-six yards of good serviceable ribbon out of one that is only thirteen yards long—making a saving of fifty per cent. in your ribbon expenditure alone, which, you will see, is quite an item to any enterprising firm."

"It seems a good thing," said Mount Dunstan. "If I had much business to transact, I should buy one."

"If you bought one, you 'd *have* business," responded Selden. "That 's what 's the matter. It 's the up-to-date machines that set things humming. A slow, old-fashioned typewriter uses a firm's time, and time 's money."

"I don't find it so," said Mount Dunstan. "I have more time than I can possibly use—and no money."

Selden looked at him with friendly in-

terest. His experience, which was varied, had taught him to recognize symptoms. This nice, rough-looking chap, who, despite his rather shabby clothes, looked like a gentleman, wore an expression he had seen many a time before. It was the kind of thing which wiped the youth out of a man's face, and gave him a hard, worn look about the eyes. He had looked like that himself many an unfeeling day before he had learned to "know the ropes and not mind a bit of hot air."

"Say," he broke out, "perhaps I ought n't to have worried you. Are you up against it—down on your luck, I mean?" in hasty translation.

Mount Dunstan grinned a little.

"That 's a very good way of putting it," he answered. "I never heard 'up against it' before. It 's good. Yes, I 'm up against it."

"Out of a job?" with genial sympathy.

"Well, the job I had was too big for me. It needed capital." He grinned slightly, again recalling a phrase of his Western past. "I 'm afraid I 'm down and out."

"No, you 're not," with cheerful scorn. "You 're not dead yet, are you? S' long 's a man 's not been dead a month, there 's always a chance that there 's luck round the corner. How did you happen here? Are you piking it?"

Momentarily Mount Dunstan was baffled. Selden, recognizing the fact, enlightened him. "That 's New York again," he said, with a boyish touch of apology. "It means on the tramp, traveling along the turnpike. You don't look as if you had come to that. Perhaps—" with a sudden thought—"you 're an actor. Are you?"

Mount Dunstan admitted to himself that he liked G. Selden immensely. A more ingenuously common young man, a more innocent outsider, it had never been his blessed privilege to enter into close converse with; but his very commonness was healthy and normal. It made no effort to wreath itself with chaplets of elegance; it was beautifully unaware that such adornment was necessary. It enjoyed itself youthfully, attacked the earning of its bread with genial pluck, and its good-natured humaneness had touched him. To Penzance, who was to lunch

that day at the Mount, he would present a study of absorbing interest.

"No," he answered; "I 'm not an actor. My name is Mount Dunstan, and this place"—with a nod over his shoulder—"is mine. But I 'm up against it, nevertheless."

Selden looked a trifle disgusted. He began to pick up his bicycle.

"I 'm the Prince of Wales myself," he remarked, "and my mother 's expecting me to lunch at Windsor. So long, me lord." He set his foot on the treadle.

Mount Dunstan rose, feeling rather awkward.

"It is not a joke," he said.

"Little Willie 's not quite as easy as he looks," was the cryptic remark of Mr. Selden.

Mount Dunstan lost his rather easily lost temper, which happened to be the best thing he could have done under the circumstances.

"Damn it," he burst out, "I am not such a fool as I evidently look. A nice ass I would be to play an idiot joke like that. I 'm speaking the truth. Go if you like,—and be hanged!"

Selden's attention was arrested. The fellow was in earnest. The place *was* his. He was the earl chap he had heard spoken of at the wayside public house he had stopped at for a pot of beer. He dismounted from his bicycle, and came back, pushing it before him, good-natured relenting and awkwardness commingling in his look.

"All right," he said. "I apologize—if it 's cold fact. I 'm not calling you a liar."

"Thank you," still a little stiffly from Mount Dunstan.

The unabashed good cheer of G. Selden carried him lightly over a slightly difficult moment. He laughed, pushing his cap back, and looking over the hedge at the sweep of park, with a group of deer cropping softly in the foreground.

"I guess I should get a bit hot myself," he volunteered handsomely, "if I was an earl and owned a place like this, and a fool fellow came along and took me for a tramp. That was a pretty bad break, was n't it? But I did say you did n't look like it. Any way, you needn't mind me. I should n't get on to Pier-

pont Morgan or W. K. Vanderbilt if I met 'em in the street."

He spoke the two names as an Englishman of his class would have spoken of the Duke of Westminster or Marlborough.

"I apologize all right," G. Selden ended genially.

"I am not offended," Mount Dunstan answered. "There was no reason why you should know me from another man. I was taken for a gamekeeper a few weeks since. I was savage for a moment because you refused to believe me; and why should you believe me, after all?"

G. Selden hesitated. He liked the fellow, anyhow. "Say, what ought I to call you, Earl or My Lord?"

"It 's not necessary for you to call me anything in particular—as a rule. If you were speaking of me, you might say Lord Mount Dunstan."

G. Selden looked relieved.

"I don't want to be too much off," he said. "And I 'd like to ask you a favor. I 've only three weeks here, and I don't want to miss any chances."

"What chance would you like?"

"One of the things I 'm biking over the country for is to get a look at just such places as this. We have n't got 'em in America. My old grandmother was always talking about them. And I shall think myself in luck if you 'll let me have a look at yours—just a bike around the park if you don't object; or I 'll leave the bike outside, if you 'd rather."

"I don't object at all," said Mount Dunstan. "The fact is, I happened to be on the point of asking you to come and have some luncheon—when you got on your bicycle."

Selden pushed his cap back and cleared his throat.

"I was n't expecting that," he said. "I 'm pretty dusty," with a glance at his clothes. "I need a 'wash and brush-up'—particularly if there are ladies."

There were no ladies, and he could be made comfortable.

"By Gee!" he ejaculated as they walked under the broad oaks of the avenue leading to the house. "Speaking of luck, this is the limit. I can't help thinking of what my grandmother would say if she saw me."

His jovial, if crude, youth, his unaf-

fected acknowledgment of unaccustomedness to grandeur even when in disrepair, his delight in the novelty of the particular forms of everything about him,—trees and sward, ferns and moss,—his open self-congratulation—all were cheerful things. His exclamation when they came within sight of the house itself was for a moment disturbing to Mount Dunstan's composure.

"Hully Gee!" he said. "The old lady was right. All I've thought about 'em was 'way off. It's bigger than a museum."

During the absence in which he was supplied with the "wash and brush-up," Mount Dunstan found Mr. Penzance in the library. He explained to him what he had encountered, and how it had attracted him.

"You have liked to hear me describe my Colorado neighbors," he said. "This youngster is a New York development, and of a different type. But there is a likeness. I have invited to lunch with us a young man whom—Tenham, for instance, if he were here, would call 'a bounder.' He is nothing of the sort. I never saw anything more decently human than his way of asking me, man to man, making friends by the roadside, if I was 'up against it.'"

The Reverend Mr. Penzance was entranced.

"Up against it," he echoed. "Really! Dear! Dear! And that signifies, you say—"

"Apparently it means that a man has come face to face with an obstacle difficult or impossible to overcome."

"But, upon my word, that is not bad. It is a strong figure of speech. It brings up a picture. A man, hurrying to an end much desired, comes unexpectedly upon a stone wall. One can almost hear the impact. He is up against it. Most vivid! Excellent! Excellent!"

The nature of Selden's calling was such that he was not accustomed to being received with a hint of enthusiastic welcome. There was something almost akin to this in the vicar's courteously amiable aquiline countenance when he rose to shake hands with the young man on his entrance. Mr. Penzance was indeed slightly disappointed that his greeting was not responded to by some char-

acteristic phrasing. His American was that of Sam Slick and Artemus Ward, Punch and various English witticisms in anecdote, in which all American conversation was opened with "Waal, Stranger," or "I cal'late." Life in the vicarage of Dunstan had not revealed to him that the model had become archaic.

The revelation dawned upon him during his intercourse with G. Selden. The young man in his cheap bicycling suit was a new development. He was markedly unlike an English youth of his class, as he was neither shy nor laboriously at his ease. Nothing could have been farther from G. Selden than any desire to attempt to convey the impression that he had enjoyed the hospitality of persons of rank on previous occasions.

"What Little Willie was expecting," he remarked once, to the keen joy of Mr. Penzance, "was a hunk of bread and cheese at a village saloon somewhere. I ought to have said 'pub,' ought n't I? You don't call them saloons here."

He was encouraged to talk, and in his care-free fluency he opened up many vistas to the interested Mr. Penzance, who found himself, so to speak, whirled along Broadway, rushed up the steps of the elevated railroad, and struggling to obtain a seat, or a strap to hang to, on a Sixth Avenue train. Penzance was impressed by his feeling of affection for the amazing city of his birth. He admired, he adored it; he boasted joyously of its perfervid charm.

"Something doing," he said. "That's what my sort of a fellow likes—something doing. You feel it right there when you walk along the streets. Little old New York for mine. It's good enough for Little Willie. And it never stops. Why, Broadway at night—"

He forgot his chop, and leaned forward on the table to pour forth his description. The vicar felt himself standing in the midst of it all, blinded by the glare almost.

The names of the dramatic stars blazing over entrances to theaters were often English names, their plays English plays, their companies made up of English men and women. G. Selden was as familiar with them, and commented upon their gifts as easily, as if he had drawn his drama from the Strand instead of from

Broadway. The novels piled up in the stations of what he called the "L" (which revealed itself as being a New York haste abbreviation of elevated railroad) were in large proportion English novels, and he had his ingenuous estimate of English novelists, as well as of all else.

"Ruddy, now," he said, "I like him. He's all right, even though some of us have n't quite caught on to India yet."

The clangor and brilliancy of Broadway so surrounded Penzance that he found it necessary to withdraw himself and return to his immediate surroundings, that he might recover from his sense of interested bewilderment. His eyes fell upon the stern lineaments of a Mount Dunstan in a costume of the time of Henry VIII. He was a burly gentleman, whose ruff shortened his thick neck, and the haughty fixedness of his stare, from the background of his portrait, was such as seemed to eliminate from the scheme of things the clanging of electric cars and the presumptuous roar of the L. Confronted by his gaze, electric-light advertisements of whiskies, cigars, and corsets seemed impossible.

"He's all right," continued G. Selden. "I'm ready to separate myself from one fifty any time I see a new book of his. He's got the goods with him."

They sat in the library after luncheon, before an open window looking into a lovely sunken garden. Blossoms were breaking out on every side, and robins, thrushes, and blackbirds chirped and trilled and whistled, as Mount Dunstan and Penzance led G. Selden on to paint further pictures for them.

Some of them were rather painful, Penzance thought, as connected with youth; some of them held a touch of pathos Selden was all unconscious of. He had had a hard life, made up, since his tenth year, of struggles to earn his living. He had sold newspapers, he had run errands, he had swept out a "candy store." He had had a few years at the public school, and a few months at a business college, to which he went at night after work-hours. He had been "up against it good and plenty," he told them. He seemed, however, to have had a knack of making friends and of giving them a "boost along" when such a chance was possible.

"When a chap gets sorry for himself," he remarked once, "he's down and out. That's stone-cold fact. There's lots of hard-luck stories about that you've got to hear, anyhow. The fellow that can keep his to himself is the fellow that's likely to get there."

"Get there?" the vicar murmured reflectively, and Selden chuckled again.

"Get where he started out to go to—the White House, if you like. The fellows that have got there kept their hard-luck stories quiet, I bet."

He had never been sorry for himself, it was evident.

"You've got to take it, if you don't want to lose your job. Some of them's as tired as you are. Sometimes if you can give 'em a jolly, and make 'em laugh, they'll listen, and you may unload a machine. But it's no merry jest just at first, particularly in bad weather. The first five weeks I was with the Delkoff I never made a sale. Had to live on my ten per, and that's pretty hard in New York. Three and a half for your hall bedroom and the rest for your hash and shoes. But I held on, and gradually luck began to turn, and I began not to care so much when a man gave it to me hot."

The Vicar of St. Dunstan had never heard of the "hall bedroom" as an institution. A dozen sentences placed it before his mental vision.

"What you know when you go into a place is that nobody wants to see you, and no one will let you talk if they can help it. The only thing is to get in and rattle off your stunt before you can be fired out."

"Do you use a typewriter?" he said at last to Mr. Penzance. "It would cut out half your work with your sermons. If you do use one, I'd just like to call your attention to the Delkoff. It's the most up-to-date machine on the market to-day,—” drawing out the catalogue.

"I do not use one, and I am extremely sorry to say that I could not afford to buy one," said Mr. Penzance, with considerate courtesy; "but do tell me all about it. I am afraid I never saw a typewriter."

It was the most hospitable thing he could have done, and was of the tact of courts. He arranged his pince-nez, and

taking the catalogue, applied himself to it. G. Selden's soul warmed within him. To be listened to like this, to be treated as a gentleman by a gentleman—by a fine old swell like this!

"This is n't what I 'm used to," he said with genuine enjoyment. "It does n't matter your not being ready to buy now. You may be some time, or you may run up against some one who is. Little Willie 's always ready to say his piece."

He poured it forth with glee—the improved mechanical appliances, the cuts in the catalogue, the platin roller, the ribbon-switch, the twenty-six yards of red or blue typing, the fifty per cent. saving in the ribbon expenditure alone, the new basket shift, the stationary carriage, the tabulator, the superiority to all other typewriting machines, the price one hundred dollars without discount. The joy their attitude bestowed upon Selden was the thing that gave the finishing touch to the hours which he would recall to the end of his days as the "time of his life."

Later he found himself feeling, as Miss Vanderpoel had felt, rather as if the whole thing were a dream. This came upon him when, with Mount Dunstan and Penzance, he walked through the park and the curiously beautiful old gardens. The lovely, soundless quiet, broken into only by bird-notes or his companions' voices, had an extraordinary effect upon him.

"It 's so still you can hear it," he said once, stopping in a velvet, moss-carpeted path. "Seems like you 've got quiet shut up here, and you 've turned it on till the air 's thick with it. Good Lord! think of little old Broadway keeping it up, and the L whizzing and thundering along every three minutes just the same, while we 're standing here! You can't believe it."

What he felt when he stood in the picture-gallery neither of his companions could at first guess. He ceased to talk, and wandered silently about. Secretly he found himself a trifle awed. A pretty masquerading shepherdess, with a lamb and a crook, seemed to laugh at him from under her broad beribboned straw hat. After gazing at her for a minute or so, he said:

"She 's a looker. They 're a lot of

them lookers. Not all, but a fair show."

"A looker," translated Mount Dunstan in a low voice to Penzance, "means, I believe, a young woman with good looks—a beauty."

"Yes, she *is* a looker," said G. Selden; "but— but—" the awkward half-laugh taking on a depressed touch of sheepishness,—"*she* makes me feel 'way off. They all do. I 'm not in it. But she is a looker. Get on to that dimple in her cheek."

Mount Dunstan and Penzance spent the afternoon in doing their best for him.

After they had given him tea among the scents and songs of the sunken garden outside the library window, they set him on his way. The shadows were lengthening and the sunlight falling in deepening gold when they walked up the avenue with him, and shook hands with him at the big entrance gates.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "you 've treated me grand,—as fine as silk,—and it won't be like Little Willie to forget it. When I go back to New York it 'll be all I can do to keep from getting the swell-head and bragging about it. I 've enjoyed myself down to the ground, every minute. I 'm not the kind of fellow to be likely to be able to pay you back your kindness, but if I could, I 'd do it to beat the band. Good-by, gentlemen—and thank you—thank you."

Across which one of their minds passed the thought that the sound of the hollow impact of a trotting horse's hoofs on the road which each that moment became aware of hearing was the sound of the advancing foot of Fate? It crossed no mind among the three.

"Some one on horseback," said Penzance. He had scarcely spoken before round the curve of the road she came—a finely slender and spiritedly erect girl's figure, upon a satin-skinned, dark chestnut, with a thoroughbred gait, a smart groom riding behind her. She came toward them, was abreast them, had passed, looking at Mount Dunstan, a smiling dimple near her lip as she returned his quick salute.

"Miss Vanderpoel," he said—"Lady Anstruthers' sister."

Mr. Penzance, replacing his hat, looked after her with surprised pleasure.

"Really!" he exclaimed. "Miss Vanderpoel! What a fine girl! How unusually handsome!"

Selden turned with a gasp of delighted, amazed recognition.

"Miss Vanderpoel," he burst forth, "Reuben Vanderpoel's daughter? The one that's over here visiting her sister? Is it that one—sure?"

"Yes," said Mount Dunstan, without fervor. "Lady Anstruthers lives at Stornham, about six miles from here."

"Gee!" with feverish regret. "If her father was there, and I could get next to him, my fortune would be made."

"Should you endeavor to sell him a typewriter?" ventured Penzance, politely.

"A typewriter! Holy Smoke! I'd try to sell him ten thousand. A fellow like that syndicates the world. If I could get next to him—" He mounted his bicycle with a laugh.

"Get next?" murmured Penzance.

"Get on the good side of him," Mount Dunstan murmured in reply.

"So long, gentlemen. Good-by, and thank you again," called G. Selden, as he wheeled off and was carried soundlessly down the golden road.

XXIV

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF STORNHAM

THE satin-skinned, dark bay was one of the new horses now standing in the Stornham stables. The stables themselves had been quickly put in order; grooms and stable-boys kept them as they had not been kept for years. There were new carriages as well as horses. Such carriages as had been repaired in the village by Tread did him credit. Fox had also done his work well.

Plenty more of it had come into their work-shops. Carts to be used in work on the estate, garden implements, wheelbarrows, lawn-rollers, things needed about house, stables, and cottages, were to be attended to. The church roof was being repaired. Taking all these things, and the "doing up" of the Court itself, there was more work than the village could manage, and carpenters, bricklayers, and decorators were necessarily brought from other places. Still, Joe Buttle and Sim Soames were allowed to lead in all such things as lay within their

capabilities. In the cottages things were being done which made downcast women bestir themselves and look less slatternly. Leaks mended here, windows there, the hopeless copper in the tiny wash-house replaced by a new one, chimneys cured of the habit of smoking, a clean flowered paper put on a wall, a coat of whitewash—they were all small matters, but produced great effect.

Betty had begun to drop into cottages and make the acquaintance of their owners. Her first visits, she observed, created great consternation. Women looked frightened or sullen; children stared and refused to speak, clinging to skirts and aprons. After her second visit she found the atmosphere clear.

"Don't put out your pipe," she said to old Grandfather Doby, rising totteringly respectful from his chimney-side chair. "You have only just lighted it. You must n't waste a whole pipeful of tobacco because I have come in."

The old man, grown childish with age, tittered and shuffled and giggled. Such a joke as the grand young lady was having with him! She saw he had only just lighted his pipe. The gentry joked a bit sometimes. But he was afraid of his grandson's wife, who was frowning and shaking her head.

Betty went to him, and put her hand on his arm.

"Sit down," she said; "and I will sit by you." And she sat down, and showed him that she had brought a package of tobacco with her, and actually a wonder of a red-and-yellow jar to hold it, at the sight of which unheard-of joys his rapture was so great that his trembling hands could scarcely clasp his treasures.

"Nearly a hundred years old," she thought, "and he has lived on sixteen shillings a week all his life, and earned it by working every hour between sunrise and sunset. A man has one life, and his has passed like that. It is done now, and all the years and work have left nothing in his old hands but his pipe. That's all. I should not like to put it out for him. Who am I that I can buy him a new one, and keep it filled for him to the end? How did it happen? No,—" then suddenly,—"*I must not lose time in asking myself that. I must get the new pipe.*"



Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

BETTY'S VISIT TO MRS. WELDEN

The vicar's wife, Mrs. Brent, who, since the affair of John Wilson's fire, had dropped into the background and felt it indiscreet to present tales of distress at the Court, began to recover her courage. Her perfunctory visits assumed a new character. The vicarage had of course called promptly upon Miss Vanderpoel after her arrival. Mrs. Brent admired Miss Vanderpoel hugely.

"You seem so unlike an American," she said once, in her most tactful, ingratiating manner.

"Do I? What is one like when one is like an American? I *am* one, you know."

"I can scarcely believe it," with sweet ardor.

"Pray try," said Betty, with simple brevity, and Mrs. Brent felt that perhaps Miss Vanderpoel was not really very easy to get on with.

"She meant to imply that I did not speak through my nose, and talk too much, and too vivaciously, in a shrill voice," Betty said afterward, in talking the interview over with Rosy. "I like to convince myself that is not one's sole national characteristic. Also, it was not exactly Mrs. Brent's place kindly to encourage me with the information that I do not seem to belong to my own country."

Lady Anstruthers laughed, and Betty looked at her inquiringly.

"You said that just like—just like an Englishwoman."

"Did I?" said Betty.

Mrs. Brent had come to talk to her because she did not wish to trouble dear Lady Anstruthers. The vicar and herself were much disturbed about a rather tiresome old woman—old Mrs. Welden—who lived in a tiny cottage in the village. She was eighty-three years old and a respectable old person—a widow, who had reared ten children. The children had all grown up and scattered, and old Mrs. Welden had nothing whatever to live on. No one knew how she lived, and really she would be better off in the workhouse. She had asked for a shilling a week from the parish; but that could not be allowed her, as it would merely uphold her in her obstinate intention of remaining in her cottage and taking care of herself, which she could not do.

Knowing that Miss Vanderpoel had

already gained influence among the village people, Mrs. Brent said, she had come to ask her if she would see old Mrs. Welden and argue with her in such manner as would convince her that the workhouse was the best place for her. It was of course so much pleasanter if these old people could be induced to go to Brexley willingly.

"Shall I be undermining the whole political economy of Stornham if I take care of her myself?" suggested Betty.

"You—you will lead others to expect that the same thing will be done for them."

"When one has resources to draw on," Miss Vanderpoel commented, "in the case of a woman who has lived eighty-three years and brought up ten children until they were old and strong enough to leave her to take care of herself, it is difficult for the weak of mind to apply the laws of political economy. I will go and see old Mrs. Welden."

When she knocked at the door, an old woman opened it. She was a well-preserved and markedly respectable old person in a decent print frock and a cap. At the sight of her visitor she beamed, and made a suggestion of a curtsy.

"How do you do, Mrs. Welden?" said Betty. "I am Lady Anstruthers's sister, Miss Vanderpoel. I thought I should like to come and see you."

"Thank you, Miss. I am obliged for the kindness, Miss. Won't you come in and have a chair?"

There were no signs of decrepitude about her, and she had a cheery old eye. The tiny front room was neat, though there was scarcely space enough in it to contain the table, the narrow sofa, and two or three chairs. There were a few small colored prints and a framed photograph or so on the walls, and on the table was a Bible and a brown earthenware tea-pot and a plate.

"Tom Woods' wife that 's neighbor next door to me," she said, "gave me a pinch o' tea, an' I 've just been 'avin' it. Tom Woods, Miss, 'as jist been took on by Muster Kedgers as one of the new under-gardeners at the Court."

Betty found her delightful. She made no complaints, and was evidently pleased with the excitement of receiving a visitor.

Her cottage was one of a short row,

and she did odd jobs for the women who were her neighbors. There were always babies to be looked after and "bits of 'elp" needed; sometimes there was "moving" from one cottage to another, and "confinements" were plainly at once exhilarating and enriching. Her temperamental good cheer, combined with her experience, made her a desirable companion and assistant. She was engagingly frank.

"When they 're new to it, an' a bit frightened, I just give 'em a cup of 'ot tea, an' joke with 'em to cheer 'em up," she said. "I say to Charley Jenkin's wife, as lives next door: 'Come now, me girl, it 's been goin' on since Adam an' Eve, an' there 's a good many of us left, is n't there?' An' a fine boy it was, too, Miss, an' 'er up an' about before 'er month."

She was paid in sixpences and sparse shillings, and in cups of tea, or a fresh-baked loaf, or screws of sugar, or even in a garment not yet worn beyond repair. And she was free to run in and out, and grow a flower or so in her garden, and talk with a neighbor over the low dividing hedge.

"They want me to go into the 'ouse'," reaching the dangerous subject at last. "They say I 'll be took care of an' looked after. But I don't want to do it, Miss. I want to keep my bit of a 'ome if I can, an' be free to come an' go. I 'm eighty-three, an' it won't be long. I 'ad a shilling a week from the parish, but they stopped it because they said I ought to go into the 'ouse'." She looked at Betty with a momentarily anxious smile. "P'r'aps you don't quite understand, Miss," she said. "It 'll seem like nothin' to you—a place like this."

"I understand all about it," Betty answered, smiling bravely back into the old eyes, though she felt a slight fullness of the throat.

It is possible that old Mrs. Welden was a little taken aback by an attitude which, satisfactory to her own prejudices though it might be, was, taken in connection with fixed customs, a trifle unnatural.

"You don't mind me not wantin' to go?" she said.

"No," was the answer. "Not at all."

Betty began to ask questions—how much tea, sugar, soap, candles, bread, butter, bacon, could Mrs. Welden use in a week. It was not very easy to find out the exact quantities, as Mrs. Welden's estimates of such things had been based, during her entire existence, upon calculation as to how little, not how much, she could use.

"With careful extravagance," Betty mentally summed up, "I might spend almost a dollar and seventy cents a week in surrounding her with a riot of luxury."

She made a list of the things, and added some extras as an idea of her own. Life had not afforded her this kind of thing before, she realized. She felt for the first time the joy of reckless extravagance, and thrilled with the excitement of it.

"You need not think of Brexley Union any more," she said, when, having risen to go, she stood at the cottage door with old Mrs. Welden. "The things I have written down here shall be sent to you every Saturday night. I will pay your rent."

"Miss—Miss!" Mrs. Welden looked affrighted. "It 's too much, Miss. An' coals eighteen pence a hundred!"

"Never mind," said her ladyship's sister, and the old woman, looking up into her eyes, found there the color Mount Dunstan had thought of as being that of bluebells under water. "I think we can manage it, Mrs. Welden. Keep yourself as warm as you like, and some time I will come and have a cup of tea with you and see if the tea is good."

"Oh! deary me!" said Mrs. Welden. "I can't think what to say, Miss. It lifts everythin'—everythin'. It 's not to be believed. It 's like bein' left a fortune."

When the wicket gate swung to, and the young lady went up the lane, the old woman stood staring after her. And here was a piece of news to run into Charley Jenkin's cottage and tell. And what woman or man in the row would quite believe it?









QEDE¹ OF THE SHELLS

A STORY OF THE EGYPTIAN COLONY IN NEW YORK

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM

Author of "Musa and the Wild Olive"

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

IT was too early for customers, and her father had left her alone in the shop, so the little Egyptian girl sat on a stool by the window and began to string cowries on a silken thread. She could not have been more than ten years old, despite the mystic gravity of her pale face tilted up to the light. Bluish-black hair fell over her shoulders like seaweed. The slender fingers worked swiftly, with never an aiding glance from the eyes so darkly lustrous beneath the down-slanting eyebrows. Each shell was chosen or rejected by the sole judgment of those velvety finger-tips, which erred only in the matter of color. She hummed to herself an improvised song to a jiggling sacred tune:

"When my father sleeps in his bed,
With this wreath at his head,
Guard him, dear angels,
That dwell in the shells."

Despite shabby furniture and dust and the intrusive noises of the shipping district, it was a curiously splendid place, gleaming with the treasures of the sea. The street window displayed sponges, white and pink corals, lacy sea-fans, Venus's flower-baskets, mermaids' combs, mounds of whispering stones, starfish, and draperies of g'nun's lace. These were the showier things to catch the eye, but the cases within held the glorious shells that give ocean's wisdom to man—volutes with rose-lights on their flaring lips; pearly nautilus ever a-sail; tiny white necklace cones, smoke-pink harp shells; rusty-brown melon shells, with creamy splotches;

and chiefly the olives and cones the porcelain textures of which the soothsayer studies to decipher the hieroglyphic markings. According to its value, this wealth was distributed on the counters, along shelves, or piled up in the corners and in dim recesses at the rear of the store.

The little blind Qede, though she had never seen one, knew every shell in the establishment. Revered for her infirmity and virginal innocence, she was accepted by all the colony as a soothsayer. Every day she interpreted advices from the shells for lover, merchant, or wife.

"Good morning, Nasir," she said in her thin bell-like voice as the street door opened.

"How didst thou know?" laughingly inquired the son of Kalaun. "Are my footsteps so heavy in the crowd, like an elephant's?" He drew up a stool beside her.

"Thou hast a quick touch at the door, Nasir. Art thou well? Still at the white school?"

"Yes. My father wants me to learn much. I know all about the American history—everything."

"And the lore of these?" she asked, holding up the cowry-wreath.

"We don't study that; we don't believe in it," announced the boy. Then seeing the shadow of distressed wonder on her delicate features, he added: "I mean, Qede, this is not a knowledge that can be taught. I suppose—" he lingered doubtfully, as if weighing afresh the claims of

¹ Pronounced Kaydey.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge Half-tone plate engraved by K. Varley

"IT WAS A CURIOUSLY SPLENDID PLACE"

West and East—"that it is born in some people, like you."

"Na'am; that is so. I heard from my mother last night."

"What! Your mother, Qede, who was stolen by the Arabs so long ago? Is she found?"

"Listen. I slept last night with my ear to the ear shell, which is very soft, warm, and deep—"

"It is colored like the rainbow."

"Yes; it is smooth and deep. I heard a whisper in a far voice: 'Qede, thy dear mother will return. She will return, for her captors have taken pity. She will come across the sea.'"

Nasir did not know what to say, seeing the glow of faith in her pale, uplifted features. It was the sincerity of a child.

"Did you know," he said at length, "there are shells also in this country? All along the shore in some parts. It is written how the red people who dwelt here formerly used to collect them and make beads of them for money."

"And they listened for the oracles within?"

"N-o-o. They were less wise than we Egyptians, and so they used the beads merely as ornaments and money."

"It is a pity. My father says it is easy to get money,—he has seen mountains of it shining at the bottom of the sea,—but foresight is granted by the divinities. Here comes a troubled woman."

Nasir discreetly withdrew upon the entrance of Hilal, wife of Girgis, who betrayed her trouble by quick breathing and a nervous step. She glanced anxiously about through her green veil, then dropped it, came close to the little girl, and whispered:

"I must have another charm instantly."

"For ache of the body or mind?" asked Qede in a businesslike tone.

"Thou know'st well, little seer," replied the woman, impatiently. "The coral amulet was no use at all. Again this morning my husband stormed and accused me for being a seedless stepmother. He—he threatens to put me away." She began to sniffle.

"Be patient, O New Moon!" commanded the little seer in a dignified voice. "It is not fitting to disturb the small, green people of the shells with laments. Thou wilt be blessed with thy desire when

the time comes. Meanwhile, fast one week, be kind to thy husband, and wear on the left arm this bracelet set with a cowry wherein dwells thy familiar, zealous for thy welfare."

She groped her way swiftly behind the counter, and climbing high, with the shelves as stepladder, obtained the designated bracelet.

"How much?" asked the grateful customer, opening the fish-skin purse strapped to the back of her hand.

"Nothing now. We will wait. If it is a girl, one hundred piastres; if it is a boy, a hundred and fifty."

After this there came a number of miscellaneous customers—a merchant who complained of "melancholy and lack of imagination"; a young man troubled with holes in his teeth; a housekeeper who said the g'nuns had filled her rugs with dust, bedeviled the dustpan, and scattered mortal untidiness; a young girl who suspected her absent lover of flirtatious conduct; a clerk who had spent a convivial night, and whose eyes were dazzled by the Wandering Lights, a supernatural symptom of liver disease. All these went away with suitable charms and semi-medical advices.

Uncle Siamon, the bird-trainer, hobbled in soon afterward and told a long tale of difficulties.

"Something has happened to my birds, little seer," said the bow-legged old man, "just as I was consulted by a high personage—he is a cousin to the steward of the Khedive. It is a momentous question to be solved—about marriage and politics. Very well; I guarantee my little fortune-tellers to set him straight. I put the seed down before them. Instead of picking out the letters, they gobble up everything. Think!"

"Perhaps you starved the birds too long," suggested Qede, recollecting her father's slightly malicious animadversions on the rival art.

"Oh, no. My opinion is that the *babaga*, being mischievous, deprived the fortune-tellers of sense. Oh, that parrot! Once before he stole the songs of all the birds and left them voiceless. So, you see, little seer, I am forced to fall back on the wisdom of the shells."

"This is an ex-tra-ordinary difficult case," said Qede, finger on brow.

"Yes; I know that, I know that. The expense will be tremendous, I warrant; but the cousin to the steward of the Khedive is wealthy. Of course, your father will give me a professional reduction."

"I will tell him. We shall probably use both the picture-writing and the shadows."

The little girl searched a cedar box in the rear of the shop, and came forward with specimens of both shells in her hand. One was large and white, with jagged arms to catch the shadows sent by the Silent One from the four points of the compass. The other was fawn-colored, olive-shaped, and with a glistening surface sea-written with brown zigzags, wedges, and irregular dots. These were to be interpreted by the seer through the medium of another's eyes.

"It is a wonderful knowledge," murmured Siamon in awe, fingering the olive shell and gazing at the hieroglyphics. "It is a marvelous sea knowledge. I shall return at nightfall, when thou and thy father have completed the augury."

At this time Qede's father was squatting on his heels beside a Twenty-third street doorway, surrounded by boxes of sponges and corals. Large-limbed and rugged-featured, with a complexion of reddish clay and with half-closed, flame-brown eyes, he seemed to the thronging shoppers less animate than the wares he voicelessly offered for sale. A gray cape coat was drawn over his stooping shoulders, and a derby hat was crushed on the back of his head, which caused varying guesses as to his nationality.

A prospective customer might rummage his entire stock without receiving a glance; only when the price was asked would Entef reply in halting English. The vendors of toys and mechanical novelties were rather jealous of him, because he was under the protection of the policeman of the block. This kindly officer had observed that street gamins were wont to rob the inattentive merchant, and he guarded his wares, taking a moderate toll in coral crosses, emblems of sympathetic orthodoxy. Sometimes the officer deigned to accept a spoon that had been laboriously carved from the roseate stromb lip.

It was a strange fact that Entef lost his dull stolidity when, walking to his

station or homeward bound, he saw a countrywoman making laces beside her basket on the curb. His figure would straighten, and his eyes would expand with full light. He would scan the beshawled form with an eager air, as if he expected a great recognition. Perhaps the woman would smile; but then he shook his head sorrowfully, and resumed his way with lack-luster eyes. The scene was repeated at the window of an oriental shop where rug-makers were at work. A new face or a bit of dress that for the moment deceived would excite Entef tremendously. Pale and trembling, he would approach the window. The rug-makers admired the quickness with which he let down the shutters of the soul.

"The poor fellow!" they said. "He still expects to find her—a pearl lost in the five seas."

Entef went home early in the afternoon as usual, and found that Qede had cooked an appetizing dinner. While they ate the meal, they recounted to each other the day's business, and afterward there was just enough sun to take the shadows of the Silent One. It happened that the mollusk prong cast a southeast shadow, which the little girl decided to mean a luckless marriage, but successful politics for the Khedive's steward's cousin. They sought corroboration from the hieroglyphic olive, and found that Siamon's client would do well to hedge his ambitions even in politics—a prophecy rather regretted, since a more optimistic one would have brought larger returns.

"It is odd," said Entef, incidentally, "that people are so eager to uncover the future. Why should one be certain? The middle state is best."

In the evening Entef busied himself about the shop, polished conchs with the whites of eggs, and chatted over the water-pipe with some neighbors that came to visit. Qede, though she was tired out, listened at the bubbling shell for the milk-name of a customer's new baby. The parents were delighted to have the joy spirits send a euphonious title in four syllables, which was to be used until the christening.

Although Qede's wreath of cowries hung at the head of his divan, Entef slept uneasily that night. He tossed about, thinking of his hopeless quest for a pearl

lost in the five seas. There seemed to be whispering voices in the shop, sighs as of the spirits pent in their nacreous cells, and finally he heard a sob louder than that of any elf.

"*Ummaha-t*—O mother!" murmured the sobbing voice from the little divan in the far corner of the room.

He rose and went to her. She was not crying in her sleep, for her small body was trembling and her cold hands firmly clutched the cushions.

"*Binti*—my daughter,"—he spoke soothingly, taking her in his roomy arms,—"what ails thee?"

"It is lonesome in the darkness," she whispered when she had controlled her sobs.

"Thou art a soothsayer, my beloved—"

"I forget when the—the darkness comes, the night is so long and quiet. When it is day my eyeballs feel bright and people make me think I am old and wise."

"Thou art at least divinely gifted—"

"Nay; at night I know I am but a little child and without knowledge. The great lonesomeness wears me away. And when I listen for the voice, I hear only the dull moans of the little green people."

"Wast thou harkening again for tidings of the lost, beloved?" His hand had come in contact with the many-curved, polished triton under her pillow.

"Yes, I was listening again," she answered tremulously; "but there came no voice."

"My pet, do not weep. Thy mother will be restored when it is time. Did not the Arab robbers take her to a far country? We must be patient."

"Oh, I have waited long! I see her face when I sleep, and I hear the songs she used to sing to me. Will the robbers be good to her, and let her come back?"

"Some day, surely, some day. Perchance when the freshness of her beauty fades, they will let her go," he murmured to himself; "but to us she will be unchanged."

"How will she know where we are?"

"God will direct her, my beloved, to our village near Moses' Springs, where I have left with the authorities clothes, money, and a steamship ticket. All was arranged."

"It comforts me to be in thy arms, my

mother-father, for wherever thou art her spirit clings. I remember the fish song with which she used to put me to sleep."

"Dost thou remember? I will sing it to thee, and perchance she may hear and know of whom we are thinking."

He laid her down gently, and taking a string of dry seaweed, ran it between each little toe in nursery rhyme. Just her toes peeped out from the warm coverlid as he wove the seaweed to and fro in accompaniment to the bass droning:

"This little fish got lost in the wave,

This little fish swam after.

This little fish caught her fin in a shell,

Making these little fishes laugh 't her."

Qede's breathing gradually became more regular, she repeated drowsily the last line, and fell asleep, with hands clasped over her breast.

But for Entef there was no rest. He crouched in the moonlight beside the shop window, shaken with loving anguish. He drew from his shirt a sandal and a silken shawl, fondling and kissing them as if they were saintly relics. They were worn and faded.

Summer advanced, and the colony became almost deserted, owing to the large number that had gone to join circuses, sea-side spectacles, and one of the perennial world's fairs. Soothsaying fell in small demand. The curio market in Twenty-third street suffered also, but from another cause. A manufacturer of novelties equipped his peddlers with boxes of shells and other sea-trove labeled Egyptian, and the public bought these machine-made, showy objects, unaware of their spurious quality and ignorant of their impotence as charms.

Entef no longer looked into the rug-makers' window, where the women sat crosslegged before the frames, weaving mellow poems. It was too painful to be ever disappointed, and better to keep in the middle state of dream and rainbow chances. And there was lately a be-shawled back and slender, graceful neck,—ah, those ringlets, those perfect shoulders!—that sorely tempted his resolution. He trembled, wavering in mind. Why did she not turn around that one time? She, too, perhaps wished to keep in the middle state. Perhaps some tragedy in life had

caused a vow to St. Michael that she would never look behind.

So he did not knock on the window, and the woman did not turn her face.

"Qede, our luck is very foggy now-days," said Entef one afternoon when he had returned to the house. "The people will not buy any longer. Neither do the compatriots come to thee for fortunes; they are away testing the prediction already made."

"Perhaps, father, if we go up-town together—I will tell them that thine are the true charms."

"Nay; the noise and heat would be too much for thee, little one. Thou art pale. I fear for thy health. We need to change our abode. If only we had a fresh stock of shells—"

"I know a plan, dear father," exclaimed the little girl. "Can we not travel in a chariot through the country like the animal people?"

"Yes, that might change our luck," said Entef, thoughtfully. "Only we need more shells."

"Let us go to the seashore and find them. Nasir told me how the old red people found plenty, and not far away."

"Thou art my wise Qede," cried her father, kissing her. "Why should we not travel, barter, and explore the coasts for new supplies? The air and sun will put roses in thy cheeks. I will become young, wading again in the sea. The country folk will be hospitable and appreciate our wares. *Bismillah!* we start next week."

They made rapid preparation for the journey, securing a second-hand circus wagon from a compatriot and learning from the studied Nasir the part of the Long Island coast where the Indians used to collect wampum. The wagon, drawn by a shaggy donkey, was painted on one side with the Nile and on the other with the Red Sea, with crocodiles lurking in the reeds and ibis flying overhead. Within were cooking utensils, a month's provisions, rugs for Qede to sleep on, and the stock of shells. There were bags full of sponges; others of gorgeous corals, wrapped in cotton; chests containing tinted comb-shells; augurs, exquisitely shaping to needle-points; Zanzibar olives of agate hues; lemon and chestnut cam-eos; Ceylon conchs, ablaze with the sun-

set, the mermaids' tea service; shapes of daintiness or wild beauty, color vying with wondrous curves, perfect spiral, and opalescent sheen. Some of these were carefully packed, on account of fragility, while others lay loosely in the bottom of the wagon, giving forth a musical tinkle. In fact, this tinkling, mingled with the clatter of household utensils, led many farm-wives to think that the tin peddler was making his rounds. They hastened out of their front doors with the customary objects of barter; but when they saw the pictures on the chariot and the complexion of the driver, they retreated in dismay.

At first Entef and Qede were too happy to mind the cool welcome of the country-folk. The pure air, the smell of hay, the warm sun, filled them with joy. They camped under a tree at night, dined on bread and milk, and slept as they had not done in the city for months. At sunrise they were again on the way, and the little girl found a new rapture in listening to the songs of robin, meadow-lark, and thrush. Her father explained how these birds lived formerly at the bottom of the sea and that their sisters still filled the ocean caves with melody; he described the roadside flowers, the colors of which equaled their delicate perfume, and told how the wind made the leaves of the trees whisper like the distant surf. Once he put her up in an apple-tree that rocked with the breeze, and she fancied herself a g'nun perched in a marine arbor. The fruit that she got by feeling about was delicious.

The first village they came to Entef put his wares on exhibition, but an official walked up, and saying he had no license, ordered him to go away. At the next place they sold a few curios, and being taken for gypsy fortune-tellers, might have made a great deal of money. The trouble was that they could not speak enough English, and, moreover, the prospective customers distrusted the method of fortune-telling without cards and hand-reading.

"Never mind, little one," said Entef, concealing his disappointment, "we will yet find people of understanding. They must be wiser the farther east we go."

The business did not improve, but a few days later they came within sight of the



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick.

“ONCE HE PUT HER UP IN AN APPLE TREE”

ocean. Qede was the first to announce it as her keen little nostrils caught the glorious salt breeze. The donkey, urged forward by his excited master, galloped over the hill and drew up at the strand. The little girl embraced her father, and they walked to the very edge, where the surf wet their feet. They spent two heavenly days by the sea, and took baths that cleared the brain and made the soul white. Qede was not at all afraid of the water, and swam far out with Entef, resting her hands on his shoulders. They hunted the beach together for shells, overturning rocks and digging the cool, wet sand with their toes. Reluctantly Nasir's school knowledge was discredited, for Indian wampum proved to be no better than the common clam dwelling. Entef swam beyond the surf, and dived perilously deep for sponges and coral; but here also he was disappointed.

"Still, it is the ocean; it connects with the homeland," he said a little mournfully on the last day of their stay.

"I heard the voice again last night," said the child, pushing back the tangle of salt-glittering hair from her brow.

"Did the voice speak decisively?"

"I will listen again now." She put the lustrous lip of the triton to her ear.

"And I will look." He strained his eyes eastward far over the blue, where sky and waters met in misty architecture and jeweled groves of palms and shining deserts. Ships were coming in, winged, with sails or weaving long smoke-ribbons. They came near and vanished, and others took their places.

"Dost thou hear anything?" exclaimed the despairing watcher.

"Dost thou see anything?" said the listener, softly. "I hear a murmur and a tumult—"

"Ships I see, but not the ship."

"I hear voices, but not her voice."

Entef packed the wagon, and they drove slowly inland. For several days fortune favored them a little; some curios were sold to summer cottagers, and the farmers' wives, taking pity on the blind girl, gave her fresh milk to drink. One night they camped by a hollow in a wood. They slept soundly until they were awakened by crashing thunder and a roaring gale. The rain pelted the wagon like bullets, near-by trees were struck by

lightning, and the murky air was filled with hideous turmoil. Qede lay in her father's arms, trembling at every new crash of thunder. The frail vehicle rocked and shook, and he feared that it might be overturned by the force of the wind. Wrapping her body and face in a rug, he bore her out to battle with the storm in the open. The donkey gave a last despairing bray, and a lightning-flash showed the poor animal entangled in a web of fallen branches.

Entef struggled on through the terrible night, only mindful to preserve the burden in his arms. He climbed over the trunks of fallen trees, crept through rail-fences, and floundered in waist-deep ditches. Dawn found him exhausted and wan; Qede slept safely in his stiffened arms. He crossed a pasture, and entered a highway that led to a large village.

A local constable, zealous to gain a reputation, looked with suspicion on the woebegone refugees. Deciding they had a thieving gypsy air, he asked Entef some questions, and being answered with despairing shrugs, led them to a cell in the village jail. The prisoners thankfully received the supposed hospitality of clean quarters, dry clothes, and a warm meal. Entef slept until noon; then, awakening, he saw the bars and realized the indignity of the position.

"Take me to the Cadi!" he cried excitedly, pounding on the bars. "I and my daughter are honest people. Why is this shame put upon us? Our little donkey is drowned. We have lost our treasures."

Nobody could understand this jargon. It was supposed the man was crazy, especially as he proceeded to wave his arms and intone a wild nasal chanting. But it was merely the Song of the Shell that startled his captors and soothed the frightened little girl—

"Hear what I sing to thee;

I open the door for the elves of the sea.

Behold the gifts of fish and flowers—

Jewel-eyed fish and scented bowers.

My soul longs for thee:

At *asser* be at thy door

And the elves will tell thee of me."

Such turbulently melodious conduct only prejudiced the case against the prisoners. However, the justice of the peace, before summoning them to court, decided

to call in the aid of the clergyman, learned in languages. This clergyman, who had traveled in the East and knew somewhat of Arabic, soon obtained Entef's story and gained his release.

"As for your pearl lost in the five seas," remarked the clergyman, "sometimes one searches too far. It is quite likely she was ransomed and brought to this country. Why did you not tap at the rugmakers' window and see the woman's face?"

"The middle state was best, O Exalted Benefactor. I could not bear such a risk."

"Pshaw! I advise you to tap at that window when you return."

"Perhaps I may be emboldened to do so, O servant of God. Yes, I have dreamed of those neck curls and the slope of the shoulders. Ah, it is terrible! We who live are together and not together."

That night the travelers had a triumph in the village church, where a meeting was held. As they ascended the pulpit, they knelt and crossed themselves, and afterward stood with bowed head, refusing to be seated. Qede held a little cownry cross against her forehead, according to the manner of her people, and the tears flowed over it as the organ music thrilled her unaccustomed ears. The clergyman enthusiastically told the story of their hardships, introducing Entef as a Coptic fellow-Christian who dwelt near the Springs of Moses, immortalized in sacred writ. Qede piped a little verse in her native tongue, and then a collection was taken up. This was Qede's psalm:

"Beams the light of the shell,
Observe it well.
Thy heart let it greet
As ear and lip meet—
Follow the voice."

Entef, being asked to address the congregation, mumbled to himself "the prayer of one who escapes from peril" and spoke:

"I testify that God is great and Christ looks after the little children. His eye sweeps the populated land as well as the desert and sea. Is not the globe balanced on a pearl? Perhaps I do not speak well; my heart is hot with gratitude. It is oppressed with thanksgiving. If He has deprived this little one of eyes, He has

given her an inner light. Hosanna, hosanna to Him who sits on the White Throne beneath the waves, where the streets are paved with anemones and encrusted with pearl!"

The next day a searching party accompanied the travelers to the wood. They found the chariot miraculously spared by the flood although the donkey had been killed by lightning. Qede fell on her knees among her beloved shells, fondling them, and uttering little cries of delight. Her deft fingers slid over each familiar whorl and traced the smooth-paved tiny chambers of the elves. Soon a farmer's horse was hitched to the wagon; the travelers, profoundly thanking their friends, drove on by the main road. A brilliant sun was shining, and the air was sweeter than before the tempest.

A silent happiness possessed them. Entef drove rapidly westward all that day, and the little girl seemed to know where they were bound. She did not heed the birds' singing, but at intervals raised to her ear the triton's rainbow trumpet. She listened long with a rapt expression on her face, and when she laid it down, she shyly clasped her father's hand. They came to a hill where the odors of flowers and pines were mastered by the salt breeze. The chariot stopped. He stood up, and she knew that he was looking over the sea.

"Dost thou see anything?" she whispered.

"A ship I see. My heart tells it is from home. Dost hear anything?"

"A voice I hear. It calls, '*Binti*, come.'"

"Yes, the voice calls, the eye beholds."

They went on more quickly, stopping neither for food nor water. The tension of repressed emotion was too great to sustain long; they began to talk with feverish gayety, planning the larger household of the future. The little seer laughed at herself for being frightened by the tempest. She said the shop was in a disgraceful condition, and they would need new cooking utensils right away. There ought to be a special parlor for clients who came to consult the soothsayer. A silken rug on the divan, a table inlaid with mother-of-pearl, a hanging lamp to warm the air, and floor rug three inches deep. She described these luxuri-

ous objects by form and touch as she had met them in the shops. Entef took from his breast the faded shawl and ragged sandal. Her hand crept over them, and she said they would first of all buy a jeweled shawl and beaded sandals, both very soft.

As they were crossing the ferry Entef recognized a countryman, and after a formal exchange of greetings, asked guardedly:

"Has any ship gone back to our land?"

"No; but a ship arrives to-day."

They hastened to their home, left the unloaded wagon, and rode in a car to the steamship pier. The passengers were just beginning to disembark, gay-capped, dark folk from all the ports of the Levant. Some were Armenian merchants, others Greeks and Syrians returning from home visits, men of Suez, and fezzed citizens from Alexandria. They smoked cigarettes, wrangled with the customs officers, gesticulated, and embraced their friends.

Entef, holding Qede by the hand, stood in a dark corner with glowering eyes fixed on the gangplank. He flung hot glances at the young and beautiful women that came tripping down. Again he looked more anxiously at a white-haired sad-eyed passenger; for might not grief and harsh bondage have changed the comely youthful features?

Endlessly the people came down the inclined way; they came alone and in

groups, laughing and sighing, a procession of all the East disembarking at the gate of the West. They increased in hurrying numbers, like waves pursued by one another from the edge of the horizon. The mists cleared, and he saw not one of the hastening myriads.

The rose flush had faded from Qede's eager features as she heard the lessening tread of feet. She interpreted the cold grasp of her father's hand. Her breaking little heart counseled her not to add to his misery. She kissed his hand, and he felt the quiver of her lips.

"Wait, my Qede," he cried suddenly. "The clergyman was right: we seek happiness too far—but the oracles are true."

"Is another ship coming, my father?"

"Yes, a ship of joy. Home, now, for we need the letter that was written in past years for this time."

They went home in a fever, and got the letter—a stromb rudely engraved with the figures of a man, a woman, and a little child, a strip of sand and sea, a background hint of Arab robbers with crouching camels. Moreover, the first misspelled line of "This little fish" and a border of seaweed.

Entef and Qede stood with clasped hands at the rugmakers' window, while a messenger took the letter and gave it to the Woman Who Never Turned Around. He saw her shoulders shake and her neck become rigid. She kissed the pictures with a passion, and fell on her knees sobbing. Then they went inside.

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

BY MARY TALBOT CAMPBELL

THE oranges were brightly yellow and the apples were polished to a rosy allurements in open box or barrel. Little Dick Richie eyed them hungrily as he clung to his big father's hand and strove to understand, with slowly groping wits, the jokes at which Mr. MacDonald, the grocer, shouted with laughter.

"Anything else, Mr. Richie?"

"A dollar's worth of sugar."

As MacDonald turned to fill the order,

the father chose a great, luscious apple, and biting into it with all a Missourian's noisy enjoyment, asked, with his mouth half full:

"Say, Mac, why is a donkey like a Scotchman?"

Grocer and boy eyed the vanishing Jonathan with differing emotions as the man replied:

"Both stubborn and good at carrying a load, I guess."

"'Hoot, mon!' but that 's not so worse. It 's because he walks beside the banks and braes."

With shaggy head thrown back, Mr. Richie led the roar with infectious heartiness as he sent the apple core flying through the open door.

"Come, son, or I reckon mother 'll think I 've traded you for groceries."

The child trotted along, giving a frequent hop to keep up. The small brain worked laboriously toward a fixed and original conclusion, as was its custom, though the child of few words seldom gave his mental processes verbal expression. It was said of his father's family that the men never fully matured till forty, but carried their slowly perfected strength and virility of brain and character into a vigorous, telling, old age. Dick had begun the slow conquering of his years.

"MOTHER will tell father to-night the naughty things her boy did to-day."

The placid voice was stirred by no emotion as Mrs. Richie rocked serenely, her eyes on the latest novel. Dick pondered, and eventually worded his thought:

"You will fordet it."

With a patient sigh, the mother brought her mind back to her small son, and finally grasped his meaning.

"Bring me your slate, Dick. I can't forget what is written down," she said.

The boy obeyed with deliberate dejection, but paused in the clutch of an idea. Childish eyes again mirrored serenity as he laid the slate, with its hanging pencil, on his mother's lap. Once more stern maternal duty claimed her, while a curious boy, with head a-tilt, watched the forming of the telltale words.

"Now hang it by the double string to that nail in the woodwork and be a good boy, or there 'll be more."

By dint of much tiptoeing the thing was done, his crimes docketed, awaiting the coming of judge, trial, and sentence. But the child once more stood before a mother dead to his little world, and told her:

"I will wub it out."

She answered vaguely, "Don't bother, dear!" The accused made no further confession.

While Ada Richie dressed for the after-

noon, Dick stood alone before the slate, a tongue churning vigorously within the soft ballooning of his puffy cheeks. Then taking puckered aim, he fired a splattering shot, and bringing cuff and elbow to bear, rubbed the offensive little "tattle-tales" into a deserved oblivion. And forgetfulness stole over the ease-loving mother's mind through a combination of absorbing novel and celestial conduct on the part of Dick.

But the tragedy was not to be averted. The following day the cook took the boy to the grocery, and while gossiping with a friend, paid no attention to him. On his return, Dick offered his mother a largely depleted half-pound box of choice chocolate drops.

"Why, how nice! Did Mr. MacDonald give it to you?"

"No 'm."

"You don't mean Jennie bought it, dear?"

"I just tooked it. They 's lots more."

For once the book was closed and laid aside.

"You did n't *steal* it, Dick?"

The boy was puzzled by the term, distressed by her face.

"I just tooked it."

"Oh, my boy! my *little* boy! What have you done! What *will* your father say!"

A sense of undeserved blame and impending disaster crushed the child into his mute armor of stubborn unresponsiveness, while things seethed within, but found no outlet.

Unclaspings stiff, sticky fingers from their stolen delight, the mother lifted to her lap a rigid little figure, whose life seemed centered in a pair of mutinous eyes, at war with her troubled ones.

Unpliant, disconcerting, he gazed back unwinkingly while she explained with broken voice the rights of ownership. As her tears at last overflowed and wet his face, the child was swamped in a slowly sucking despair, which suffocated any defense his faltering tongue might have given him. The mother crushed a resisting curly head against her breast, for Dick resented the union of scolding and coddling, though totally unable to voice the thought.

"Why, my son, they put men in jail

for stealing—taking what belongs to another! If you were n't a little child, Mr. MacDonald could have you arrested."

Life, swept over the boy in a choking flood as, with a sharp effort, he sat erect, tense arms holding her off, while he battled mentally with a fear bigger than himself, the inner voices clamoring, the boy dumb. The pained eyes in the baby face smote the mother:

"Little heart of my heart!" she cried, and sought to cradle him in her arms; but the boy made his escape, and going to the slate, brought it to her silently.

"Son, it is written on mother's heart."

"Can't you wub it out?"

"Only my little boy can do that."

Then the judge came, and the small thief was at the bar of life.

Tom Richie was sorely puzzled in dealing with the boy, as Dick seemed struck dumb, while his eyes, with their suffering protest, as if against some injustice, hurt the father.

"Answer me, son. Do you understand now?"

The boy's throat went dry, and the curly head gave mute denial.

"I don't believe the boy has any moral sense, Ada. But, come. One thing is certain. Dick, you've got to take that candy back, tell Mr. MacDonald you stole it, and ask him to forgive you. You shall at least understand that punishment follows stealing, and never forget this day as long as you live, because I shall take you through the streets dressed as a girl. You will be little Rachel, not Richard."

The sob of a one-worded prayer, "Daddy!" and speech fled.

"Tom, you're wrong! That's too cruel! Don't! He's so little!"

He turned on her fiercely.

"Whose—my only son sha'n't grow up to be a thief."

As his sister's dress was slipped over Dick's boyish attire, wave on wave of deadly sickness and scorching shame swept the boy as his head drooped, and slow, scalding drops baptized, with the waters of bitterness, the sham girl.

"Now a hat."

The father's voice was harsh, his eyes were averted from his wife.

In mercy the mother gave a sunbonnet,

pulling it well over the working face as she whispered:

"This will rub it out, precious! Your tears have washed mother's heart quite clean."

"That'll do, Ada!"

A-quiver with throbbing agony, Dick was led through the streets, desperate fingers clutching the open candy-box, while tears gathered on the chocolate drops. At the dragging burden of the wee, halting figure, the father hurried to have it done with, the first doubt of his course making its way through his mind. The boy fought with all his slight weight against his awful doom, but clung with fingers of dying faith to the "Daddy," who had never failed him before, as in later life one's heart cleaves to its childish creed when brain and life would tear them asunder.

Endless blocks, years of torture, a bonneted head pathetically drooping, but at last a girl with a boy's wet face stood before MacDonald, sobbing explosively:

"I—d—did—'teal! P—please—fordive me!"

An ague of anguish shook the box till chocolates rolled upon the floor.

"Why, what little girl have we here? God, mon! It's your ain bairn!"

The boy was snatched to the Scot's brawny breast, then tossed up beside the sugar-scales as the matter was made plain.

A burring rush of queer, tender words bewildered, but comforted, the child, as bonnet and dress were torn off, flung behind the counter, and a storm-tossed youngster came into his own again, the heritage of manhood. Wet eyes slowly dried as Dick discovered himself once more a two-legged animal.

"Look up, laddie! Men must aye face the world square, chin lifted."

Abashed eyes labored wearily up, as Dick knew himself forgiven, till a misty smile dawned in their grieved depths as the little boy met the big one in a long look of perfect fellowship. The humid sympathy in the man's tender glance moistened the dryness of the boy's choked heart, and a welling word of bubbling confidence burst from parched lips. Then, with a swift clutch, two arms went tight about the Scotchman's neck, and as the whole story was whispered with telling brevity, the man grew throaty and glared

over the curly head at the waiting father. "Don't tell," Tom Richie heard the child say.

"No, my bairn! You wee mannie!"

Then turning to the father, MacDonald eyed him in eloquent silence, his right arm still circling the child, whose sticky hand lay upturned on the man's left shoulder as the tiny body drooped and cuddled to his great friend.

"Unless ye become as little children—" quoted the grocer, his eyes afar off. Then turning their gray keenness on the father he spoke: "I'd advise you, man, to put yourself next to your own bairn before you sleep the night, lest you be more like a donkey than any Scot I know."

With a forced laugh, Tom Richie backed up to the counter, saying: "Mount your burro, son, and we'll ride home to mother."

Timidly, with unplayful gravity, the child obeyed, but a sudden buck from his restive steed sent the boy into hysterical laughter, followed by a convulsive catching of breath as slowly Dick's tired head drooped while the donkey paced quietly homeward.

A mother, with yearning eyes and eager hands for her little one, gave out no warmth of welcome to the laden father.

"Mother's man."

The words were balm, and soon, in the kingdom of her arms, sleep reigned.

WHEN Dick was ready for bed that night, Ada, at a sign from Tom, left her boys alone in the shadowy light of the fire. Father and son clung mutely together in the dusky, brooding silence. From her bedroom the waiting mother at length heard the child's halting words as he struggled for expression. Then came a man's dry sob, and the boy's stammering

comfort. Creeping stealthily nearer, Ada saw Tom rise precipitately, place the dim, white-gowned little figure in the big arm-chair and kneel before him with husky words:

"Little man-child, there are two kinds of fools, big and little. I'm the big kind, son, and don't deserve a manly little chap like you to bring up. I stole, and taught you to; but I'm sorry, Dick, and promise never to take another apple or anything that is n't mine if you will just forgive me, son!"

"Daddy, yes! Det up! Daddy, det up!"

"And if you say so, Dick, I'll put on mother's dress and go to Mac—"

"No! n-no!" and a tiny body shook with a passion of torturing sobs against his father's heart, which was wrung by the sharpest regret of his life.

Holding the boy tighter, he comforted him soothingly, their teary faces sad and glad by turns.

"And to think, while Daddy was torturing you, little man, you were planning to save him from jail, and making dear old Mac promise not to tell about that apple!"

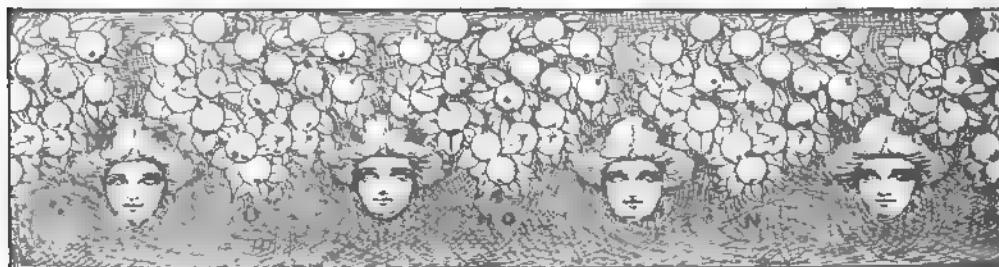
"Daddy, I love you! Daddy, I do!"

Tom Richie rose, holding his son, a wet humility in his caressing glance.

"And, son, we'll tell Mac to burn those sissy clothes."

A child's choky laugh, and the strangled man pulsed to the triumphant heart-beat of the boy's speechless delight.

The mother smiled through tears at the dumb expressiveness of protruding pink feet, widely spread by the father's breadth, and kicking happily at the big thief's back as he carried his comrade in crime off to bed, a sturdy leg under each arm.



COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

III

NOT for several years had Mar made mention of that far Northern experience which, besides laming him for life, had as yet only one visible effect upon his circumstances—that of ruining his credit as a man of judgment among those nearest to him.

People had recognized Nathaniel Mar as one marked out for misfortune when, upon his father's death, he had been obliged to give up his theological studies, and come back from college, to take the first thing that offered him a little ready money for the assistance of his mother. His modest salary as surveyor's clerk was presently augmented, in recognition of his good draughtsmanship and his surprisingly quick mastery of the new field. But it was not till the work he did the following year over in the Rock Hill District brought him the friendship of the prosperous young mine-owner Galbraith, that Mar found an opportunity of following the more scientific side of his new profession. It was Galbraith who got him the post on the Coast Survey that led to Mar's joining the Russian-American Expedition.

After his return, the handsome school-mistress who had reluctantly said "No" to the penniless surveyor consented to look with favor upon the discoverer of gold in the new Territory of Alaska. But she warmly opposed Mar's design of going to Rock Hill to share the great secret with his friend Galbraith. No, indeed! the Rock Hill mining-magnate was in small need of "tips." It was clearly Mar's duty to give the men of Miss Trennor's family the first chance of joining in this glorious scheme that was to enrich them all.

When Harriet Trennor called the Trennor Brothers "the men of her family," she made the most of what was a second cousinship. It was even the case that she was not on very good terms with those go-ahead young gentlemen; for the Trennors, in spite of their prosperity, had never, as she expressed it, "done anything" for her. It had been for the sake of her old father that they had bestirred themselves sufficiently to recommend Harriet for the post of assistant superintendent of the girls' college of Valdivia. But after providing her with an opportunity to leave their common birthplace in St. Joseph, Missouri, the Trennors and their respective wives had, in point of fact, neglected Miss Harriet to such a degree that there would be a certain magnificence in her heaping coals of fire on their heads. She, the poor relation whom they had so little regarded, would put it in the way of men merely well-off to become millionaires. They would learn her worth at last.

Yes, yes, Nathaniel must keep the great secret close till the Trennors, who were in New York on their yearly business trip, should return. But the affairs of the brothers took them to Mexico, and their home-coming was further delayed.

While they tarried, acute pneumonia appeared upon the Rock Hill scene, and carried off John Galbraith. Little part in Mar's grief at the loss of his best-loved friend was played by the thought that now he could not count upon his backing. Galbraith took with him out of the world something that to a man of Mar's temperament meant more. And at that time he looked upon himself as possessor of a secret that any capitalist in the country would hold himself lucky to share. It was not until the return of his wife's cou-

sins that he found there could be exceptions to this foregone conclusion.

As enterprising dabblers in real estate and mining, and with the Palmas Valley Bank behind them, the Trennor Brothers were constantly being approached by people with schemes for making millions. Such persons, though almost invariably as poor as Mar, were not often, the Trennor Brothers agreed, ready with propositions so fantastic.

Alaska was in those days farther away from men's imaginations than Patagonia. The few people who had anything to say about the newly acquired Territory used it only as a club to belabor the Secretary of State. What had he been thinking of to advise his foolish country to pay seven millions for the barren rocks and worthless ice-fields that astute Russia, after 126 years, was so ready to abandon!

"Worthless!" retorted Secretary Seward's friends. "Why, the seal islands alone—"

"Yes, yes, the seal islands *are* alone on the credit side of the transaction. Seward gave those seven millions for the two little Pribyloffs, and the value of Alaska may be gaged by the fact that it was just thrown in."

Was it to be believed, the Trennors asked, was it *likely*, there was gold in a place where fellows with such keen noses as the Russians—they shook their heads. Both of them shook their heads, for the Trennor Brothers always did everything together. Who could believe it had been left for a man like Mar? Besides, that gold should be up there was dead against the best geologic and metallurgic opinion of the day. The precious metal had never been found under these conditions. There were reasons, scientific reasons, as anybody but Mar would know, why gold could not exist in just that formation (they spoke as if the vast new realm boasted but one). Finally, even if there *was* gold in such a place, how the dickens was it going to be got out?

It was in the talk about mining facilities that Mar's own faith suffered the first of many hurts.

He was obliged to concede that these astute young men were well informed as regards the difficulties and disappointments of mining even in a land where

transportation was easy, food cheap, and labor plentiful—a land blessed by running water and perpetual summer. No less was Mar constrained to admit that this gold he believed he had found was hidden in a barren corner of the uttermost North, where not even an occasional tree promised timber for sluice-boxes, where the winter was nine months long, and even in summer the soil six inches below the surface was welded with the frost of ages.

They were surprised, the Trennors said, that any one should expect them to take stock in such a——

Oh, he did n't, Mar hastened to defend himself—he did n't at all expect—it was only that his wife had begged him to come to them first.

And they smiled. They always smiled when Mar's mad notion was mentioned. Even after it ceased to be actually mentioned, they had for his mere name a particular kind of tolerant distant cousin-by-marriage smile that said "Poor Mar!" with an accent on the adjective.

The new Mrs. Mar was at first boundlessly indignant with her kinsmen. "Never mind," she adjured her husband, with flashing eyes; as soon as he should be able to travel, they would go up there themselves. She seemed unobservant of the fact that his spirits were not raised by her kind proposition. They would have no trouble, she assured him, in finding worthier partners to join them in the great scheme when once they had "made sure."

"Made sure?" said Mar, wincing. "But I *have* made sure."

"Yes, yes; of course. Still, you did lose the nugget—and the gold dust, too."

For the first time Mar changed the subject.

"You have n't anything to *show*," she persisted. To which he answered nothing.

Shortly after they were married, Mar's mother became very ill. The following spring she died. Mar's own health and spirits were a good deal lowered by the surgical torment he was called on periodically to undergo, as amputation followed amputation.

Meanwhile, without waiting to "go up there and make sure," two efforts on Mrs. Mar's part to interest moneyed men in

her husband's discovery resulted not alone in failing to convince any one else that this was a fine opportunity for investment, but ultimately in undermining her own faith.

With the coming of her first child, she prepared to cast overboard the wild hope (she saw now that it *was* wild) of a fortune up yonder in the ice-fields, and showed herself wisely ready to make what she could out of the saner possibilities life presented in Valdivia. Her cousins had been right. She would not admit it to them—not yet; but it was a crazy scheme, that notion of gold in the Arctic Regions.

Dreamer as he was, Mar missed nothing of the intended effect when she first ceased to talk about his discovery, ceased to plan all life with that fact for its corner-stone. Her initial silence hurt him probably more than the half-veiled taunts of a later time. It was all the difference between the shrinking of an open wound and the dull beating of an ancient cicatrice.

Not only, as time went on, did she resent the illusion she had been under, but, as is common with women of her type, her husband's greater significance since motherhood had come to her made her increasingly dread that foolish infatuation of his. She foresaw that a continued faith in the value of his find would stand between him and energetic pursuit of fortune in any other direction. So it was that the North was not merely for her, as time went on, the type of a shattered dream, but it came to be her and her babies' rival in this man's thoughts. This man, who owed to *them* all his thoughts, all his faith and energy, he was divided in his allegiance.

And not in dreams alone might he desert them. He might even conceivably insist—against all rational advice and plain duty he might insist on going back there. The mere idea of his fatuous clinging to the old dream came to exercise over her an almost uncanny power for misery. Not that, as time went on, he continued openly to admit his preoccupation. But it was there—she was sure of that—in his head, more properly in his heart, his refuge, his darling, his delight. She came to feel for it the hatred, and to have before it the involuntary

nerve recoil, that lies for some wives in the thought of another woman. What if she never succeeded in rooting the fancy out of his brain? How was she at least to make sure of preventing his squandering time and money in pursuit of it, now when she could not go, too, and when his going would mean, as she honestly thought, disaster to her, and to the children the humiliation of falling back for cousinly help on those wise young Missourians who had seen at once the madness of the scheme?

She patched up the breach with her two kinsmen, and induced them to offer her husband a small position in their bank.

That would hold him.

But although she succeeded in seeing the cripple made teller (as a first step, she was firmly convinced, on the road to a partnership), she was not delivered from her fear. The unspoken dread that he might throw aside the humble though precious "sure thing" for this chimera beckoning from the North—the dread became the main factor in their spiritual relation. For not only did she never free herself from her grudging love of the man, and never, therefore, from her shrinking at the prospect of separation; not only did she conceive of him in the American way as the property of his family, and bound, as bondsmen are, to serve them to the end: but, in addition to all that, more and more, as the years went on, did she come profoundly to disbelieve in the validity of his story.

"Do you still think you may go back there one day?" she burst out on one occasion, looking darkly at the reconnaissance map that hung on the dining-room wall. Mar mumbled something about the satisfaction in the verifying of an impression.

"Verifying of *what*? How do you verify pure fancy?" Then turning suddenly upon him: "If ever you do go, you'll only be giving a fantastic reason for a restless man's longing to leave his home."

At moments conceived by her to be critical, she would toss at him the reproach of his well-known visionariness, and all their old foolish hope and its utter loss would be held up to scorn in her saying, apropos of something quite for-

eign: "That 's like some one I once knew, who wanted people to believe in a miracle. But not without proof, he said. He *had* proof—absolute proof—only he 'd lost it." Or, less offensive, but for Mar no less pointed, the form of skepticism his loss of the nugget had crystallized for her: "You 've got to have something to *show* a Missourian."

This was later not only adopted by her boys as a favorite family gibe, but introduced into their school, and thence spread abroad, as a foolish and pointless saying sometimes will, no one knowing why, till all of that generation, whatever their origin, would say, with a wag of the head: "You 've got to *show* me; I 'm from Missouri," whenever they wished to announce themselves acute fellows, not easily taken, in.

As to the particular matter that gave rise to the saying, Mrs. Mar's strong personal feeling about it was augmented by outside circumstances. Stories of failure in gold-mining were too rife and too well attested not to have a significance difficult to disregard. Blameless misfortune, as well as wholesale swindling, was so much the order of the day in the West that men of business like the Trennors, when they wanted to promote some mining scheme, must needs have recourse to the gorgeous East. New York had plenty of money for "wild-cat" schemes; but no place, the wise would tell you, like conservative old Boston for floating a risky concern. New Englanders were at that distance which lends enchantment. For them gold-mining is still a form of romance: the mere thought of it goes to the head like wine.

But Valdivia was neither near enough to the mining centers to catch the fever, nor yet so far away but what her citizens mightily feared infection. Had not their townsman Ben White lost his head and his fortune over at Huerfano Creek? Was n't there young Andrews for a warning?

No catastrophe of this kind in their little world lost through Mrs. Mar's agency any of its ironic usefulness as illustration. She succeeded not only in making her husband doubt the wisdom of giving up a sure thing in the bank to claim an unworkable gold-mine, but little *by little*, as the rain and the weather wear

away the sharp outlines of a stone inscription, so for Nathaniel Mar the years and the unbelief about him brought a gradual blurring of the picture, till even to himself its early outlines were dimmed.

To revive its actuality more than anything else, nearly ten years after he had told the story to little Jack Galbraith, he told it again to Mr. Elihu Cox. The man listened with such a look in his big, fishy eyes, in a silence so galling, that Mar interposed hurriedly: "And there 's one capital thing about it: it 's safe enough. If the gold 's there, it certainly won't run away." He abruptly changed the subject; though to hear himself saying "if it 's there" rankled in his memory like apostasy. He would never tell the story again till his boys were grown. *They* would believe him. They, with youth and four sound legs between them, would go up there and justify the long faith.

For fear that he might die before they were old enough to be indoctrinated, he wrote out a circumstantial account, illustrated by a map and a diagram. He put the precious document away, with his will, in the vault of the Palmas Valley Bank, but he did not put away the thought of it. On the contrary, he kept it by him day and night, turning it over in his mind with the rich comfort of the man who reflects that he will leave to his children a handsome inheritance and a fund of gratitude. Something in this case that partook of the nature of a paternal life insurance—the kind of thing that had not profited, could not profit, the giver, except as it profited him to feel that for all his appearance of being one of life's failures, he yet had insured his children against the meaner assaults of fortune. For this "policy" that he held for them was "paid up." Oh, yes; Nathaniel Mar had paid heavily—not yearly, but daily, almost hourly—for his lien upon the riches of the North.

The thought of the gold-shotted creek between the Great Stone Anvil and the Arctic Circle comforted him not least when he looked at his little daughter. It was good to know—the knowledge helped him through many a difficult hour—that Hildegard would never be forced to join the ever growing ranks of the bread-winning women. It would be no hurt to her that, however great an heiress she

might be, she had been frugally brought up.

There was something large and fine and tranquil about the Scandinavian-looking girl, whom her parents had called by the stately Northern name with more-luck than attends many a christening, since it is well known that Victoria is as likely as not to take on an aspect depressed and down-trodden, Grace to turn out clumsy and hideous, while Ivy shows a sturdy independence, and Blanche or Lily grows swarthy as a squaw.

But the fact was that the little Mar girl was named Harriet Hildegarde, and was even called "Hattie" till she was nearly twelve, when, after remarking one day, "I don't look like a Hattie, and I'm not going to be a Hattie," she refused thereafter to hear the obnoxious diminutive, and quietly but firmly coerced her family and her schoolmates into saying "Hildegarde" if they wanted her to notice them.

Mrs. Mar was grieved to find that her only daughter had no conspicuous talents and was not even a girl of spirit—lacked, moreover, the will to cultivate that affection of being spirited which goes in America by the name of "brightness." But she was not a bad sort of little girl, after all. She got her lessons, and played games with a certain boyish gusto, and gardened with a patient devotion that her mother thought worthy of a better cause. But Mrs. Mar consoled herself for the girl's lack of brilliancy by reflecting that Hildegarde was probably going to be handsome, and that men were great donkeys, and might never find out that she was slow.

Hildegarde herself was aware of her shortcomings without the knowledge overwhelming her. Life was going to be very good, even if she was not at the head of the class, or a shining light at the school commencements. She had no talent for music, and quite as little for recitation. It was something to hear her saying, in the famous garden scene,

"Geh, falsche, gleissnerische Königin!
Wie du die Welt, so täusch' ich dich."

in a tone of unruffled courtesy and with a brow serene. When the fiery Madeleine Smulsky took her off with: "This is Hil-

degarde laying dark plots—or now she's doing foul murder"—and proceeded to translate her friend's large tranquillity into feverish terms of picturesque wickedness, the effect was distinctly diverting. Even Hildegarde laughed; for she had got over minding. It was when she was quite little that she had suffered most, and from the scorn of her own family. Her brothers were both "such very bright boys," and her mother she knew to be enormously clever. It had been painful to feel that, beside these richly dowered ones, she was "next door to an idiot." She made no outward struggle against the verdict of her family, accepting it, as many a young creature will, without a doubt of its being as just as final. But fortunately hers was a nature too sane and sunny for her to run the risk that many children do of coming nervously to dread, and so making true, a prophecy having no foundation in necessity. When she discovered that she had competent hands,—hands with which she could perform all manner of pleasant domestic miracles,—that gradually and because of her the house was transformed and the garden made to smile; that, moreover, assuring her of a hold upon the fine arts, too, she could tell ghost-stories that made her school friends gibber with excitement, the girl felt agreeably aware that her destiny, after all, was may be larger than the family eye had been able to discern.

When Hildegarde was sixteen, a new pupil appeared at the Valdivia School for Young Ladies. A little girl, hardly twelve, delicate, pretty, appealing, yet self-sufficing; so backward in some of her studies, and so advanced in others, that she could not be entered in either the upper primary or lower academic classes, but was sent to recite arithmetic and geography with the infants, Latin with the first academic girls, and French with the second collegiates—young ladies from four to six years older than little Bella Wayne.

She was a boarder, and it was said that her parents had put her under the special care of Miss Gillow. She even had special dishes cooked for her, and the fact that these "milk-puddings," as it seemed they were called, were plainer than the food set before the other boarders did nothing to mitigate the offensiveness of

the distinction. Certainly the principal accorded the "new girl" so many privileges that a strong party sprang up against her.

Hildegard, even before a certain day of wrath, had found herself unconsciously absorbed in watching this thin slip of prettiness, who looked as if a puff of wind would blow her away, who ought to have carried herself humbly if not actually depressed in her capacity of unclassifiable newcomer, and who yet walked about with her little nose in the air, as if she despised Valdivia and specially scorned the critical young ladies of Valdivia's celebrated school.

It did not help her good standing that she showed herself indifferent to an opportunity of joining the Busy Bees. Now, the Busy Bees was a very popular organization, which not only sewed on alternate Saturday afternoons at the rectory, but danced with an equal regularity in various other places, and organized a bazaar once a year in the masonic hall. Besides the gaiety of this function, there was a fine flavor of philanthropy about the regular application of the proceeds to the clothing and educating of a little Hindu girl, who was able strangely soon to write pious letters to the young ladies of Valdivia—letters in which she seemed to get even with her benefactors by saying that she never forgot to pray for them. The Bees had had the joy of deciding by what name their protégée should be christened. As there were three Marys and six Trennors among them, the little Hindu was called Mary Trennor, and every properly constituted girl felt pledged for Mary Trennor's material and spiritual welfare—that is, every girl in Valdivia whose fortunate social condition permitted her to aspire to wear the badge of the Golden Bee. It followed that the new girl was not properly constituted when she declined the honor. It was even apparent that her heart was not in the right place; for when Beatrice Trennor most forbearingly showed the new girl the framed photograph of the Hindu convert, in order to stimulate interest in the cause, Miss Bella Wayne turned from it with the observation: "She's ugly. I sha'n't do a single thing for such an ugly little girl. I don't think they ought to be encouraged."

It was plain, therefore, that she thought too much of good looks, and was a stony-hearted monster.

"Serves her right," said primaries, academics, and collegiates all with one voice, when Bella Wayne, having for a week daily put the arithmetic class to shame, was banished to Miss MacIver's room to spend two hours in austere solitude over the lesson of the day.

Hildegard had got special permission to go for ten minutes after school hours to visit Madeleine Smulsky (also a boarder), who was in bed with a violent cold. Coming down stairs, as Hildegard passed Miss MacIver's room, she saw the door cautiously open. A spectacled eye gleamed strangely low down in the aperture for one of Miss MacIver's height, and then the owner of the eye, as if reassured by the look of things outside, opened the door a little wider, and the apparition stood fully revealed. Miss MacIver, many inches shorter than anybody had ever seen her before, and narrowed in proportion, the familiar crochet shawl hanging dowdily over one shoulder, the stiff-held head ornamented with the front of sandy curls, a gouty finger held crookedly up, the effect of cold in the nose faithfully reproduced as the voice twanged out:

"Neow, young ladies, observe—" it was the teacher of arithmetic to the life, only it was Bella Wayne, with her perky little nose supporting huge round spectacles, and her baby mouth pursed in severity repeating the rule: "One or bore of the decibal divisoids of a unid are galled a Decibal Fragtion."

Hildegard had stopped, stared, and was seized with uncontrollable giggles. Madeleine Smulsky, hearing these demonstrations, got up out of bed and made all haste to thrust her bare toes through the bannisters, and crane a tousled head far enough over the rail to discover what was happening below. Her ecstatic merriment induced Miss Wayne to come farther into the hall, and reprove her with a supple young finger stiffly crooked, and speaking not only with a cold in the head, but with that intolerable click in the nose of the sufferer from chronic catarrh:

"I would lighe yeou to observe there is a special beaudy about the laws of Bathebadigs—" again the dreadful noise

in the impudent little nose. Madeleine's attempt to suppress her laughter brought on a fit of coughing, which, with a spasmodic suddenness, choked and died in her throat. For all of a sudden there were three figures in the hall below, and one of them was the real Miss MacIver, saying to herself in miniature:

"And now, Miss Wayne, you may take off my shawl and my skirt and my glasses,—not a syllable about the opulent front.—"and in ten minutes go and report to the principal." As the real Miss MacIver, six feet of indignation, turned away trembling with fury, she looked back an instant over her shoulder to say: "You or I, Biss Wayne, bust leave Valdivia." But Bella had already vanished into the room of penitence, and was feverishly pulling off her strange habiliments. The bare toes of Miss Smulsky had been hurriedly withdrawn from between the bannisters, and any girl but Hildegard Mar would have been fleeing down the staircase "and so home." But she walked quietly away, her large deliberateness even a little emphasized as she went, weighed down by fearful speculation as to what form of retribution would overtake the wicked new girl.

Bella did not reappear among her kind for twenty-four hours. Some said she'd already gone home. Others said she was waiting till her mother came for her. Certainly Miss MacIver made no sign; but her cold seemed better.

Upon resuming her place the next day, Bella, still with her nose in the air, publicly announced that she had begged Miss MacIver's pardon.

"How did they make you do it?" Hildegard asked the little girl at recess.

The wicked Miss Wayne was again sitting solitary on the stone steps, among the shrubbery at the back, holding on her knees a new slate, the upper part covered with neat little figures, the lower elegantly decorated with dragons.

"Nobody made me," answered Bella, while she carefully shaded the scaly coil on the monster's tail. "The door was a little bit open,—Miss MacIver's door,—and I saw her packing up. Then she looked out and caught me peeking at her."

"Heavens!" breathed Hildegard, so

overcome that she sat down. "What happened then?"

"Oh, I went in."

"She called you?"

"No."

"You did n't go in without being made to?"

"Yes, I did."

"Gracious! How *could* you, Bella?"

"I thought I'd better. I went in and asked her pardon."

"What did she say?"

"She just"—the outrageous Bella made the obnoxious clicking in her nose. "Do you know she's only got two dresses?"

"Yes, I've noticed."

"But she's very well off for fronts."

"Is she?"

Bella nodded. "Got three."

"You don't mean to tell me, Bella Wayne, Miss MacIver's got three false fronts!"

"Yes, she has. And the wee-est little teeny-weeny trunk she's got. But it's quite big enough. I could see she had n't anything, hardly to put in it. Only bottles and fronts. After I'd begged pardon, and was going out, I suddenly thought she must be pretty poor, even if she did have such a lot of—do you suppose it's because she can't afford hats? Well, I don't know. Anyhow, I asked her what school she was going to after this. She said she did n't know. Then I looked down at those nightmare MacIvers, and asked her if she was going home. She suddenly began to look awfuller than ever. I saw *she* was thinking about the MacIvers, too, and it was 'most more than she could bear. So I ran back and begged her not to go. I said I did so need her."

"You needed her?"

"Yes, to—to teach me decimal fractions." Bella brought out the words a little shamefaced. Then hurriedly, as if to forestall misapprehension: "Oh, I said I knew it was n't much of an attraction for her; of course it must be perfectly horrid to have a girl like me in the arithmetic class. But, after all,"—Bella paused, and then with the air of a discoverer of one of the deeper mysteries of nature,—“after all, Miss MacIver *likes* hammering those disgusting rules into girls. What she hates is to think there's

a girl going round without those rules somewhere inside her. So I just told her that wherever she was going she would n't find anybody who knew as little about fractions as I did. I was certain, I told her, perfectly certain, that she could show me all about 'em if only she was n't going away. One thing was sure as a gun: I was never going to let anybody else teach me! She said something about that. It was the first time she spoke, and she stood like this, with her flannel petticoat in one hand, and a bottle in the other. But I just said: 'Seven people have tried it already, and *you* know if they succeeded. There 's only one person in the world that can make me understand those disgusting rules.' And I went quite close to her, and I said: 'Miss MacIver, cross my heart and hope I may die, if ever I let anybody else *speak* to me about fractions!' So we agreed *it* was her duty to stay. But now the awful thing is, I 've *got* to do these sickening sums! Is n't it terrible what a lot of trouble you can make for yourself just all in a minute?"

"Well, I hope you 'll stick to your part of the bargain, Bella," said the big girl, smiling.

"Got to—got to," said the luckless one, flourishing her pencil over the biggest of the dragons. "If I don't, she 'll go away and starve with the rest of the MacIvers—or drink up all those medicine bottles, and die in a wink—like that."

"Look here, shall I just see if you 're going the right way about it?"

"Oh, *thank* you." Bella relinquished the slate with alacrity. "Only be careful not to rub out my dragons. They keep my mind off the MacIvers."

And that was how the friendship began.

IV

NATHANIEL MAR made the mistake of thinking that you can put off to a given date impressing your good judgment on those who share your life.

Trenn and Harry had an affection for their father,—that he without difficulty inspired,—but in their heart of hearts they were a little ashamed of their love of him as a species of weakness. They *frankly* despised his *laissez-aller* way of

life, and looked upon him as a warning. Their mother had seen to that.

The Mar boys, however, had shown business capacity from their childhood, when, instead of buying "peanut brittle" and going to the circus, they saved up their money to invest in hens. They made what their mother called "a pretty penny" by selling fresh eggs to the neighbors. The thriving young tradesmen made even their mother pay for whatever she required, and she paid without a murmur. It was a small price for the holy satisfaction of seeing that her children were early learning the value of money.

Mar got less pleasure out of his sons' budding business instincts. He was even obviously annoyed when he discovered that Trenn helped Eddie Cox with his lessons not out of good comradeship, but at the rate of "two bits" for each half-hour's aid.

"It 's ugly," said Mar, with unusual spirit. His wife felt obliged to point out that she herself had been engaged in very much the same occupation when he first met her. The "ugliness" of being paid for helping people with their studies had not oppressed him then.

"You were their teacher," said her husband.

"And Trenn is Eddie's teacher—while he 's teaching him." Then as Mar opened his lips, she quickly closed the argument by adding: "Besides, *Eddie's* father has made money and Trenn's father has n't. Eddie Cox will have to buy brains all his life; he may just as well begin now."

Trenn Mar was not yet nineteen when he was so fortunate as to have two business openings. One was to go down to a ranch in Southern California, round up cattle for Karl Siegel, and learn all he could for Trenn Mar. The other, to enter the employment of Messrs. Wilks & Simpson of the Croesus Creek Mining Company.

Trenn's father meant him to take the latter; in fact, he had put himself to an uncommon amount of trouble to get his son this opening. But Trenn was all for the cattle business. "Besides, look at what Siegel offers. It 's wonderful! Those men usually expect a young fellow to buy his experience; but Siegel—"

"Yes," agreed Mar, "it looks better to

start with, but that 's not the main thing. You must look ahead."

Trenn opened his brown eyes. He even grinned. "Why, yes; I mean to."

"With Wilks & Simpson you 'll get the hang of the best managed placer-mining property in California."

"But that whole blessed country is prospected already. There 's no money in it for me."

"That 's precisely what there is in it."

Trenn looked about the room, impatient to be gone. What did his father know about money? Less than many a sharp boy of twelve.

"Sound mining knowledge," he was saying, "will be very useful. Not only for itself, but because it will bring you into business contact with mining men."

"What good 'll that do me?" demanded the boy, impatiently. "*We* have n't got any capital."

"No, *they* 'll have the capital; you 'll have something more rare."

"What?"

"A great property to develop." Then he told his son the story of the shipwreck, and of those wonderful hours on the farther side of Anvil Rock. Trenn sat and stared. Mar wished he would stop it. It got on his nerves at last, those round, brown eyes, keen, a little hard, fixed in that wide, unwinking gaze.

"So that 's why I say let the cattle business go. Take the small salary that Wilks & Simpson offer, study practical mining, and wait for your chance. In any case, by the time Harry 's left the high school, you 'll have some valuable experience to bring into the partnership."

Trenn got up and crossed the room.

"Yes, that 's the place," said Mar excitedly, thinking the boy's goal was the brown and faded reconnaissance map. But Trenn walked straight past it to the window, and stood looking out, to where the duck pond used to be, and where now a row of pretentious little pseudo-Spanish "villas" shut out the prospect. Still he did not speak.

"What I consider so important is not the practical knowledge *per se*, though I think it a very real value. Not that so much, as the fact that through associating yourself with that kind of enterprise, you are brought into relation with just the men you 'll need to know. If I had n't

gone to Rock Hill, I would never have met Galbraith. The longer I live, the more I realize it 's through *people*, through having the right sort of human relationships, that work is best forwarded. Here have I lived for nearly twenty years with a secret worth millions, and for lack of knowing the right men—"

"Why did you never tell Charlie Trennor?" the boy turned round to ask.

"Oh, Charlie Trennor! He 's not the sort. But, as a matter of fact, I did once mention the circumstance to the Trennors, many years ago. But they are men who—" Mar stumbled—"they 'll never do anything very big; neither one of them has a scintilla of imagination." And then in sheer excitement, speaking his mind for once, "There never was a Trennor who had."

"I expect," said the boy, doggedly, "there 's a certain amount of Trennor about me. I never noticed that I had any imagination to speak of."

Mar was aware that his own spirit was contracting in a creeping chill. But he said to himself that it was only because he had made the mistake of criticising his wife (by implication) before her son. It was right and proper that Trenn, on such an occasion, should range himself on the side of his mother's family. Mar's conception of loyalty commonly protected him from appearing to pass adverse judgment on the Trennors. But he was excited and overwrought to-day—he, not Trenn. All through the story that for Mar was of such palpitating importance, this well-groomed youth had kept himself so well in hand that his father, looking at the correct, cool face, had somewhat modified the presentment of the narrative, had cut description, emotion, wonder, and come to Hecuba as quickly as might be. And yet now that with as businesslike an air as he could muster he had revealed his great secret, handed over the long-treasured legacy, something still in the judicial young face that gave the older man a sensation of acute self-consciousness made him in some inexplicable manner feel "cheap."

But he would conquer the ridiculous inclination.

It was for Mar an hour of tremendous significance. He had been waiting for

it for eighteen years. "After all," he said, making a fresh start, "you don't need imagination in this case. You need only to use your eyes."

Trenn lifted his, and the use he made of them was to look at his father. He did not say a single word; just looked at the heavily lined face a moment, and then allowed his clear, brown eyes to drop till they rested on the toes of his own immaculate boots.

Hardly more than three seconds between the raising and the lowering of the eyes, and not a sound in the room, yet between the meeting of that look and the losing of it, Nathaniel Mar passed through the most painful crisis of a life made well acquaint with pain.

There is a special sting in the skepticism of the young. They should be full of faith, inclined even to credulity. It is the task for their elders, the checking of too generous ardor. But for the elder to detect the junior in thinking him foolishly enthusiastic, childishly gullible, there is in that conjuncture something to the older mind quite specially wounding. It passes the limit of mere personal humiliation. It takes on the air of an affront against the seemliness of existence. The elder has betrayed his class and kind, and has laid open to callow derision the dignity of the ripper years.

Mar waited; and little as he looked like it, he was praying. "Oh, my boy, believe me! Have faith that what I say is so! And then I'll have faith—that all the loss will be won back, through *you*, Trenn. I'll take heart again. It all depends on you. We'll do great things together, Trenn, you and I. Oh, believe! believe!"

But Trennor Mar sat there on the narrow ledge of the window-sill, absolutely silent, with his brown eyes on his shining boots.

"I was wrong," said his father, humbly. "I have put you off the track by using the word imagination. It has no place here. I speak to you of fact."

Trenn got up with the brisk air of one who remembers he has business to transact, then pausing for a moment, with an eye flown already to find his hat, he said obligingly: "I might—I might try to get up there some vacation, and have a look round."

He "might!" He might *try*, during some idle interval in the real business of life. Once on the spot, he would condescend to "look round."

Even his own son could not take the thing seriously.

Well, it began to look as if, after all, they might be right—his wife, Charlie and Harrington Trennor, Elihu Cox, and now Trenn. Mar, the man who believed he had a gold mine in the Arctic regions, was a sort of harmless monomaniac. Sitting there in a sudden darkness that was dashed with self-derision (much was clear in those scorching flashes), Nathaniel Mar met the grim moment when to his own mind he first admitted doubt.

Groping by and by for comfort, he touched the heart of sorrow with: "Nothing like this can ever happen to me again." It was true. In that hour something precious went out of his life. No one, not even Trenn, had any idea what had happened; but every one saw that Nathaniel Mar was changed.

TRENN went to work on Karl Siegel's ranch, and Harry presently announced that he meant to join him. No, he was not going to finish at the high school. Trenn had an opportunity to go in with Siegel in a new deal, and Harry could be made use of, too, if he came now. Such an opportunity might never repeat itself. Mrs. Mar was of the same opinion as the boys, and Harry was in towering good spirits.

His father wondered dully: Ought he not to give his younger son the same chance he'd given the elder, even if, like Trenn, Harry should fail utterly to see how great it was?

Mar shrank from a second ordeal, and yet he knew that, vaguely enough, he had been depending on Harry's helping him to bear Trenn's indifference and unbelief. Had he not for a year now, in any lighter hour, invariably said to himself: "After all, I have two boys. Perhaps Harry will be the one." Yes, he must tell Harry, or the boy might reproach him in time to come.

Trenn's letter had arrived in the morning. All day Mar revolved in his head how he would present this other "opening." In the end he resolved to take the

papers out of the safe, and simply turn them over to his son, as though the father were no longer there to give the story tongue. Mar took the precious packet home with him the same afternoon. Harry was out. That evening he was late for supper, and he came in full of the outfit he had been buying.

"Buying an outfit already!" his father exclaimed.

"Of course. I don't mean to let the grass grow—"

"Nor Trenn, apparently. I had n't heard that he was financing you."

"He is n't. I had a little saved up, and mother gave me the rest."

Mar stared through his spectacles, and met the bright, roving eyes of the lady on the opposite side of the table.

"*You* gave him the rest! How were you able to do that?"

"Oh, I have a pittance in the City Bank."

It was the rival concern. Even Hildergarde gaped with astonishment at this revelation. Mrs. Mar had not trusted any one to know of this nest-egg—savings out of the "house money" the inadequacy of which had been so often deplored. She seemed to be torn now between regret that its existence should have been revealed, and pride that she had wrung it out of conditions so unpromising.

"Yes," she said, with a spark of anger in her eye; "and you 'll be kind enough, Nathaniel, not to break your arm or get yourself disabled in any way, for there 's nothing left now for a rainy day. Unless *you* have looked ahead as I 've struggled to—"

He knew that she knew he had not "looked ahead," in her sense of laying by a secret hoard; but the form of her question pricked him.

He glanced at the desk for comfort. He had, after all, "looked ahead" in another fashion, as Harry would see. But—again he fell back before the check of an outfit already bought for another purpose. And Harry was talking all the time that he was eating, telling his mother about his prospects and about the letter he had written in answer to Trenn's.

Already he had written, without an hour's hesitation, or an instant's consultation with his natural adviser. Ah, no, his

true "natural adviser" had obviously been invoked, and had responded by offering him the sinews of war. Mar, looking down into his plate, or for occasional refreshment of the spirit into Hildergarde's soft young face, was nevertheless intensely aware of the vivid, alert personality at the other end of the table. His wife was, as usual, not content to contemplate with idle tranquillity the fruit of some achievement in the past. Strange contrast to her daughter's faculty for extreme stillness, Mrs. Mar presented the stirring spectacle of a person who was always getting something done, and commonly getting a number of things done at once. If it was only while the plates were being changed, she would pull out of the yellow bag suspended at her belt a postal-card, and with an inch length of pencil would briskly write an order to some tradesman; or she would jump up to straighten a picture, or set the clock on three minutes, or "catch any odd job on the fly," as Trenn used disrespectfully to say in private. Even on this important and exciting occasion, she was not content merely to eat her supper, listen to Harry's outpouring, and throw in shrewd response from time to time.

Her handsome features wore that look of animation that the spectacle of "getting on" ever inspired in the lady; her eyes glittered like pieces of highly polished brown onyx, and while she put food into her mouth with the right hand, the left, by a common practice, executed five-finger exercises up and down the cloth between her plate and the end of the table. But to-night she broke into a fantasia; the pliant little finger curled and tossed its tip in air, playing a soundless pæan to celebrate Harry's entrance into the business of life.

For Mar, in circumstances like these, to hold wide a different door—had there ever been a moment less propitious?

"You ought to have shown me the letter before you sent it off," he said.

"I would, only I knew you 'd think I ought to catch the afternoon mail. There was barely time. And the letter was all right; I 'm sure it was. I told Trenn either he or Siegel had got to pay me from the start. I don't ask much, I said, but I 'm worth something, if I *am* a raw hand. I wrote the sort of letter

Trenn can show to Siegel. I piled it on about the interruption to my studies, and about my father's preferring me to stick at books a year or two more."

"It was ingenious of you to discover that fact," said Mar, quietly.

"Oh, they must n't think I'm too keen, you know."

Mrs. Mar nodded as she wound up her silent accompaniment with a chord. But if she followed the implied course of reasoning, not so the boy's father.

"If you've written in that vein," said Mar, slowly, "it seems to me still more premature to have ordered your outfit."

"Oh, *that's* all O.K.!" said Harry, genially condescending to soothe his father's fears. "Of course I'm *going*. Trenn'll understand. He's got a long head, old Trenn has." He exchanged secure smiles with his mother. "I had to write as I did, don't you see,"—again Harry obligingly reduced his tactics to simpler terms, to meet the slower comprehension of his father,—"just to make Siegel understand he need n't expect to get me for nothing. I'm not coming in on the little brother racket. No, sir! Old Siegel's got to pay me something from the start, or how can I be supposed to know it's a good thing? Siegel's got to show me! I'm from Missouri." He made the boast with his pleasant boyish laugh, pushed back his chair, and walked about, hands in pockets, head in air, describing to his mother how fellows often did better to take their pay in cattle, and little by little get their own herd, and little by little get land. Often they ended by buying out those other fellows who started with capital. She would see. He and Trenn were not going to take anything on trust. "They'll find they've got to *show* us," he said, squaring himself before a lot of imaginary Siegels. "We're from Missouri!"

Mar, sitting silent by, rose upon that word, and tied up the loose papers that he had laid out on his writing-table. He returned them to the office bag, finding himself arrived at wondering what he had better say if the day ever came when Harry should reproach his father for not telling him.

But Mar was borrowing trouble. Trenn had already told him, and they had laughed together. "Is n't it just *like*

him!" Harry had said, and slapped his knee, as one who makes a shrewd observation.

After all, there was a kind of rough justice in it. It had been Galbraith who had made it possible for Mar to go to Alaska. It was fitting that it should be his son who should share in the benefits.

Mar spent part of the following Saturday afternoon in drafting a letter to the son of his long-dead friend. He took uncommon pains with it, and he copied it several times. It had no need to be long, for Jack would remember the story. He could not of course be expected to interrupt those graduate studies, whatever they were precisely—studies which twice already had been dropped, as Mar supposed, while Mr. Jack went cruising about the world in his steam yacht. But in the nature of things the completion of his preparation for the business of life must be near at hand, for Galbraith, the most energetic and ambitious of men, was in his twenty-fourth year. Never was such a glutton for work before. Even when he went off pleasuring in his yacht, he went to places not renowned for recreation, and his boon companions were geographers and biologists and such like "gay dogs."

He might, at all events, without prejudice to these final studies, begin to lay plans either for going himself to Alaska presently, or for sending some one else. The best course would be for him to come at once to Valdivia to see his old friend, and to talk things over. Mar thought it advisable to enclose in his letter a sketch of the most interesting section of the Alaskan coast. He could have drawn it with his eyes shut, but he got up, hobbled around the desk, and took down the reconnaissance map from between the pictures of his father and mother. At the same moment, and while he was in the act, Mrs. Mar came in, with that air, specially her own, of one arriving in the nick of time to save the country. Her errand, however, was the one that Saturday afternoon invariably brought—the conveying here of the week's mending for Hildegard's attention, the fastening of the book-rest on the table's edge, and the propping up of some volume in the French or German tongue, with the laying ready at one side of a stump of lead

pencil for the marking of pregnant passages. In front of these Mrs. Mar would establish herself in the rocking-chair, with her knitting, or crochet, or some other form of occupation not requiring eyes.

"Hildegarde! Hildegarde!"

"Yes, mama," came in through the open window from the garden.

"I 'm ready!" When was n't Mrs. Mar "ready?" But she announced the fact with a flourish of knitting needle, as she rocked back and forth and scrutinized her husband. "I 'm glad," she said briskly, "to see you taking down that old eye-sore." Her eyes pecked at the faded map. "It 's high time it was thrown away."

Her husband paused in his halting progress back to the writing-table. "Time it was thrown away?"

"Yes. Is n't that what you 've got it down for?"

"No."

"What are you going to do with it, then?"

Mar seemed not to hear. He turned his back on the rocking-chair, and propped the map up in front of him against the mucilage pot, very much as his wife had propped Eckermann for the regular Saturday conversation with Goethe.

But Mrs. Mar was never inclined to let her observations go by ignored. "I can hardly suppose you want to have it lumbering up the place here any longer." As still he took no notice, she continued: "It certainly is n't decorative." A pause followed, long enough for him to defend it, if he had been going to. "Perhaps you 'll tell me what 's the good of keeping it."

"Perhaps you 'll tell me what 's the harm."

She could easily, but she forbore. She only agitated the rocking-chair yet more violently, clashed her knitting-needles, as she turned the stocking in her quick, competent hands, and with a glance at the clock, said briskly as the door opened: "Come, come, Hildegarde! You 're nearly three minutes behind time."

The girl carried her bowl of roses over to her father's open window, and set it carefully down. Hildegarde was the one person in the world Mrs. Mar never seemed to fluster. As the girl's eye fell on the big envelop addressed in Mar's

bold writing, "Oh," she said, pausing, "have you been hearing again?"

"Hearing what?" came sharply from the swaying figure on the other side of the room.

"You 'll read it to me after we 've done our German, won't you?" whispered the girl, caressingly, as she leaned a moment on the back of Mar's chair.

"Read it to you? Why should I?" he said nervously, as he laid a piece of blotting-paper over his letter.

"You always do," she pleaded. But if Mr. Mar imagined that his daughter was begging to hear the letter he himself had just written, Mrs. Mar made no such mistake. She was well aware whose communications had power to stir the "stolid" Hildegarde.

"You never told me," the lady arraigned her husband's back, "that you 'd been hearing again from young Galbraith."

Hildegarde, under the electric shock of the spoken name, seemed to feel called upon to make some show of indifference. She inspected the pile of mending, with an air of complete absorption in the extent of the damage. Her mother was saying:

"I have n't heard anything about that gentleman,"—oh, wealth of ironic condemnation the accomplished speaker could throw into the innocent words, "that gentleman!"—"not since the letter he wrote from the barbarous place you did n't know how to pronounce, and could n't so much as find on the map."

"Have n't you?" said her husband. "Well, you soon may."

The girl's lowered eyelids fluttered, but the prospect of soon hearing something on this theme, left Mrs. Mar collected enough to say: "No earthly use to darn that."

"No—n—o," agreed the girl.

"Lay a piece under. Match the stripe, and cut out the fray. There 's some like it in the ottoman."

Hildegarde went and kneeled before the big deal box. Its lid, stuffed and neatly covered, made a slightly receptacle for endless oddments.

Mrs. Mar, as she clicked her needles and oscillated her entire frame, kept her eye on the place where she was going to dash into Eckermann the instant Hilde-

garde was settled to her sewing. But true to the sacred principle of doing something while she was waiting, Mrs. Mar, thus delayed, saw it to be a timely moment to put Jack Galbraith in his proper place. It was not the sort of thing you could do thoroughly once, and be done with. Like house-cleaning, it required to be seen to periodically. "Well, what 's the *epoche-machende* news this time?" As her husband made no haste to answer, she continued: "He 's always 'going to break the record,' that young gentleman! I never knew anybody with so many big words in his mouth."

The stricture was deserved enough to gall Jack's friend, who moved uneasily in his revolving-chair. But he kept his eyes on the map he was drawing, and he kept his lips close shut.

"I see precious little result so far," she was beginning again.

"The result," interrupted Mar, "will be judged when he 's finished his life-work, not while he 's still preparing for it."

"Preparing! Bless me! is n't he old enough to have *done* something if he were ever going to?"

"If he were going into business, yes. Science is a longer story."

"One excuse is as good as another, I suppose, when a man wants to please himself. It 's like Galbraith to call his fecklessness by a high-falutin' name. 'Science,' 'investigation,' 'anthropology'—humph! But it does *sound* better, I agree, than saying he likes satisfying a low curiosity about savages. It is n't even as if he wanted to convert them. Not he! Likes them best as they are, filthy and degraded. Philology? Tomfoolology!"

It was more even than the tranquil Hildegarde could bear. "Has n't he done something wonderful about ocean currents, papa? Did n't you say that was the real reason why he went that last time to—"

"Yes. It was a piece of work that brought him recognition very creditable to so young a student."

"*Whose* recognition?" Not hers, the critic of the rocking-chair seemed to say. But Mar took no notice.

"And where 's that book he was boasting about six months ago—the one that

was going to shed such valuable new light on the—the—Jugginses of No Man's Land? So far as I can see by the feeble light of the female intellect, the Jugginses still sit in the dark. Have n't you found that roll of seersucker yet, Hildegarde? Upon my soul!"—faster flew the needles, harder rocked the chair—"compared with you, a snail is a cross between an acrobat and a hurricane."

The girl only laughed: "Here 's the stripey stuff hiding at the very *bottom*!" She laid the roll aside, and with a neat precision proceeded to put back all the things she had taken out; for Hildegarde knew, if not properly packed, the ottoman would overflow.

"Now make haste," urged her mother, "if anything so alien is possible to you. I 'm certainly not going to read to you while you 're fussing about on the other side of the room." Then, not deterred in her unswerving attempt to improve the shining hour, Mrs. Mar flung a quick look at the bent back of her husband, and proceeded to put in the time in clearing up one of his multitudinous misapprehensions.

"What I can't forgive Jack Galbraith is his ingratitude to you."

Again Mar moved a little in his creaking chair, but halted this side speech. Hildegarde, busily repacking, turned her blonde head toward her mother, saying: "Ingratitude! Why he 's perfectly devoted to papa! That 's why I like Mr. Galbraith."

"Devoted, is he? Well, he 's got odd ways of showing it. When he was a troublesome, inquisitive little pest, he used to reveal his devotion by coming twice every year to turn our house upside down, and get our boys into every conceivable mischief. Glad enough to plant himself here then, when nobody else would be bothered with him. But his devotion to your father does n't carry him the length of coming to see him nowadays. Why, it 's fourteen years since Jack Galbraith darkened these doors, and—"

"Well, I would n't be surprised if he were to darken them very soon," said Mr. Mar.

"What!" said Mrs. Mar, so surprised that she allowed the rocking-chair to slow down.



Drawn by F. I. Blumenschein. Halftone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick.

"IT WAS THE TEACHER OF ARITHMETIC TO THE LIFE, ONLY IT
WAS BELLA WAYNE." (SEE PAGE 70)

Hildegarde stood transfixed, with the top of the ottoman arrested, half-shut.

"Yes," said Mar, steadily, and in complete good faith, as he slipped the diagram into the envelop; "I'm expecting him out here this spring."

"Jack is coming!" Hildegarde said to her heart. "Wonderful Jack is coming! Dear Jack! Dear, *dear* Jack! Oh, the beautiful world!"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Mar, beginning slowly to rock again, "and what 's he coming for *this* time?"

"Perhaps, as Hildegarde is fantastic enough to think, he may be coming to see me," Mar answered.

His wife's laugh had a tang of shrewdness. "You 'll find he has business of some sort to attend to in California, if he *does* come."

"Just now you were complaining that he did n't attend to business anywhere."

"My complaint—no, my regret—is that gratitude is n't in the Galbraith blood."

"You have no good reason for saying that," he spoke with uncommon emphasis.

But Mrs. Mar's spirit rose to meet him. "I have the excellent reason that I know enough about the father as well as the son to form an opinion. I don't forget how your 'greatest friend' died, leaving you his executor and leaving you nothing else. Not a penny piece out of all that money."

"I don't see why my friends should leave me money—"

"No, nor why you should get it any other way."

(To be continued)



THE WHITE PEAK

EL PEÑON BLANCO

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

IT leans to hold the sunset
Against its savage breast,
Warmed by the last dull, ragged red
Wind-blown along the west.

The dusk binds early stars
About its gaunt old head,
Reared where the winds of heaven go
Their way unshepherded.

One night I felt its heart beat
In rhythm sad and slow:
Was it the little calling bell
That trembled far below?

Was it the wolf that wandered
Unanswered, desolate,
Out of despair of loneliness
Chiding a silent mate?

God, how my heart remembers—
Heard on that barren height—
The bell that tolled, the wolf that cried,
The passionate wind of night!

Herzog's Decorative Photographs

A group of ideal subjects
posed and produced by
f. Benedict Herzog



"A Tale of Isolde"



With comment by
Christian Brinton



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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. Copyright, 1907, by F. Benedict Herzog

DETAIL FROM THE DEATH OF THE ROSE-1



Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. Copyright, 1907, by F. Benedict Herzog

DETAIL FROM THE DEATH OF THE ROSE-II



Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. Copyright, 1926, by F. Benedict Herzog

HARVE SCULPTURE

printing which border so dangerously upon faddism. Liberal in his attitude, he does not hesitate to retouch his plates at will, for he frankly holds that the camera should be used with the same freedom as brush or pencil. Although he has achieved such success in photographing groups of figures, it need not be inferred that his larger decorative schemes are the result of a single exposure. Given the desire to

interpret certain more or less plastic conceptions, Dr. Herzog will arrange and rearrange his models, and make numerous sketch negatives, from which he evolves various fluent and harmonious combinations of line and mass. Sometimes they are the outcome of a fixed idea, sometimes they are pure improvisations. Here they hark backward to the Renaissance, and there echo the penetrant sadness of Celtic

legend; yet they always reveal the resources of a trained and subtle esthetic intelligence. It is possible that compositions such as these may accomplish much toward placing photography more spe-

cifically in the service of painting. Meanwhile they possess distinct value as contributions to that ever-changing sense of beauty which is now classic, now romantic, and now restless and modern.



MOTHERHOOD

BY MAUDE EGERTON KING

Author of "Bread and Wine"

IT was tea-time in the servants' hall, and the little room was crowded, in spite of the absence of the butler and the pantry-boy, who were busy with the silver, and of Mr. Fandle, the valet, who, in his own phrase, was exercising a bicycle. The house could seldom lodge all its week-end visitors, and had little space for the few servants who manned it, some from the great London household, and a few from the locality. And so, while the bachelor guests made the best of the sleeping-rooms over the coach-house, the upper-servants were obliged to suffer a closer fellowship with the under-servants than in London, where house room is allowed for gradations of dignity. At the tea-table were sitting Mrs. Clarke, the cook; her kitchen- and scullery-maids; two house-maids; a footman, and the lady's-maid. Most of the maids regarded Miss Wilson with frightened admiration. The meek, obedient creature (whom they never saw) of my lady's chamber up-stairs became the loud-voiced woman of fashion the moment she came below; and it was largely for the pleasure of dazzling the two silent-staring country wenches that she lingered over her tea to-day.

"I 'm sorry for her, in a way," she drawled, looking from the heights of her imitation smart ladyhood across the others at the cook. "She 's awfully sick about it—been blubbering off and on ever since this morning, when the doctor told her she had to nurse it. She told him she 'd have a specialist down before she 'd do that; but the doctor knows how keen *he* is about an heir, and he told her there was

no time to lose, if the baby was to live. She went for the nurses, I can tell you. Just as if they could help it! Then she went for me. 'My neck 'll be done for,' she said. 'That brat lost me the best season there 's been since my marriage, and now I 'm to be disfigured and tied all through the autumn! Tell his Lordship I want him.'"

"Poor feller!" interrupted the cook, grinning.

"Yes, I took him the invitation, and I hope he enjoyed himself." Miss Wilson covered a little yawn, and then examined her pink nails tenderly.

"How about her receiving all the other devils to-night, after crying like that?" asked the cook, without venom. Be it understood, "devils," in her limited vocabulary, being interchangeable with "people" when denoting her employers, their guests, and their caste generally.

"Oh, that 's all right," said Miss Wilson, leaning her elbows on the table, and smiling at her exquisitely kept fingernails, as if she and they knew something about compassing difficulties. "I suppose down here you don't realize why she sticks to me longer than to any of my predecessors. Well, it 's partly because of what I 've managed to do with her skinny neck and arms; but more still because I can allow her a longer time for her rampages than they did. She knows perfectly well she can rage up to the last hour, if necessary, and I can still make her up so you would n't know she had n't been a lamb all the time. As to that Thérèse, she must have been a 'rotter,' by her ladyship's

description, sending the poor wretch down to dinner with nothing to cover her rage but a powdered nose and a patch of carmine. *He's* having it hot now, you bet, and I expect she's an awful fright; but I'll undertake to send her down to the company to-night as pretty and purring as possible." She shrugged, and added carelessly: "Not too bad, you know, to be able to do what other people can't; but of course it's a ghastly bore at times."

At that moment a cow bellowed, not far from the house, it seemed. It was no comfortable lowing, but a cry of great depth, with a shrill, high wheeze in it.

"Oh, there she's at it again!" cried the cook, getting up hurriedly. And then, mindful of her dignity, she added: "Here, Ellen, shut that west window; we sha'n't hear it so loud. She's been at it all day, and I heard it in the night as well. And so you're like to have a life of it," she continued, addressing the lady's-maid, "over that precious neck of hers. You was saying—"

The maid lifted her eyebrows. "Oh, dear, no! She knows I don't put up with any nonsense nowadays. Besides, she's not as savage as she was when she first found out she was——"

"Here, I say!" laughed the cook, pointing straight at the young footman, who, as being too wastefully straight and comely for an outside servant, had recently been promoted from garden to house. "Spare this young gentleman's blushes! He's not accustomed to the house talk yet."

"I ham," he expostulated, redder with the charge of innocence than he had been with the free talk.

Miss Wilson looked at the lad's simple, round eyes and laughed.

"Oh, parlons cabbages, by all means!" she said. She opened a little bag that hung at her waist, and brought out two of the cigarettes from her mistress's writing table. "Here, Tommy, have a smoke—unless you're chapel or temperance, and afraid of its raising a thirst."

"Well, I'm not, then," said the lad, sulkily. He took one of the proffered cigarettes, and put it in his pocket. He suddenly hated the little scrap of blue ribbon he had once been so proud of in the buttonhole of his best coat, and he wondered if the woman had been into his attic bedroom and noticed the three books

—all Sunday-school prizes—which, as a matter of course, when he first came he had set out on his chest of drawers between the photographs of his mother and his big soldier brother.

"Oh, well, there's worse things than being temperance," said the cook,—the kitchen-maid mentally commented, "*You* ought to know,"—"and that is—"

She stopped dead as the cow bellowed again three times, the last cry ending in a sort of scream.

"Oh, made me jump!" said the cook, wiping her forehead. "Yes, there's something worse," she went on, addressing the company at large with a suddenly angry emphasis, "and that's cursing and swearing because you've got to nourish your own baby."

Nobody seemed quite prepared to combat or confirm the remark, which rang like a challenge. The lady's-maid whistled softly, and pinched her finger-tips to an approved tapering, and the upper-housemaid giggled, something to the under-housemaid.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Clarke, rounding on her.

"I only said I was tickled at people calling the country quiet: it seems to me there's always cocks crowing, or a separator at work, or pigs being killed, or a cow coughing—"

"She's not coughing," interrupted the cook, contemptuously. "She's crying after the calf that's just been sold off the place."

"I suppose she *real*s the loss," murmured the lady's-maid, well pleased that the butler's absence gave her the chance of serving up the latest pantry waggery as her own; and just to show how little a witticism cost her, she casually blew a smoke-ring into the air, and watched it disappear with a sort of bored interest.

The country servants were silent, less from delicacy than because punning was a habit foreign to those parts; but the housemaid giggled again, and the cook said roughly: "That'll do! Shut it!"

Perhaps it was the cook's disapproval that emboldened the scullery-maid, a bouncing country girl, to remark: "I say, suppose our mothers all felt the same way as her Ladyship, where should *we* be, I'd like to know?"

"My mother reared seven of us, and

buried four," ventured the anemic kitchen-maid to the scullery-maid, because she was too shy to address Miss Wilson. "And none too easy, rearings *nor* buryings, neither on father's money. But where there 's plenty of money, like here, you 'd ha' thought there was n't any difficulty, would n't you?"

Miss Wilson smiled. "By the way," she said, addressing the cook with a remark that should cannon off at the two kitchen underlings, "did you ever sweeten a pudding with salt, or salt a savory with sugar? No? Really? Well, then, if ever you come across any lady that expects a refined, smart, upper-class woman to have the same feelings about babies as working-class mothers, you give them my love, and tell them it 's all tommy rot—just as much as expecting a working-woman to carry a Paris gown well and enjoy playing bridge all night. That reminds me, Mr. Fandle owes me five bob from last night. Also, you can tell them, with my compliments, that salt and sugar are both good—in their right place, only it 's no good asking one to do the other's work. See?"

Pleased at having expressed herself so well, she tossed her cigarette stump into the grate, set her hands smartly at her trim, tiny waist, and rose, exquisitely aware of being in, but not of, that duly impressed company.

But the cook suddenly threw her head back and laughed aloud, open-mouthed, and none too pleasantly. This big, black-eyed woman of forty had a hoarse voice, and her wholesome face of a few years back had been hardened and reddened out of all comeliness. She got up, pushing her chair back noisily, and bore down on the astonished lady's-maid.

"Come along, Miss Wilson," she said, thrusting her stout arm through the neat-sleeved arm of the maid. "And come on, Ellen. Let 's show Miss Wilson the meal you and me are preparing for these prime, refined devils of hers."

Once in her heavy, urgent hold, the little wisp of womanhood was borne along, fizzling with expostulations, like a Guy Fawkes cracker, and pulling like a pettish child, to the marching music of the mirth of the rest of the company. In their progress through the room they overturned a chair, and the young footman,

just to show that he knew a thing or two, even if he *was* temperance, sniggered out, "What 'o!"

She dragged her into the smaller kitchen, and right up to the table, wholly covered with the raw material of a little French dinner. On various plates and boards lay a heap of kidneys, a mound of sweetbreads; a row of little fish, with glazed and staring eyes; some grouse, where earlier in the year there would have been a string of tiny singing birds; and a piece of beef. A basin hard by contained all those painful superfluities—to human diners—which were once essential to the life in the several creatures.

"There 's a menoo for refined people, is n't it?" cried the cook. "Simply delicious, *I* call it." She caught up a smelt, and pretended to offer it to the lady's-maid.

"Don't, don't!" cried the other, shrinking away as far as she could. "Oh, don't, Mrs. Clarke! It 's disgusting! Don't!"

The cook let her go with a sort of fling, which, while it made her spitefully angry, Miss Wilson pretended to take in good part.

"I 'm afraid I *am* rather too faddy and particular, Mrs. Clarke," she said, contriving a twitching smile on her flushed face as she made her way past the others, who were crowding about the door to see the fun. "I dare say," she added, over her shoulder, "I might appreciate your wit better if I 'd been brought up in the kitchen and obliged to handle muck all my life."

"If you 've got the gentry's fads and manners, you 've got their appetite as well, my love," the cook shouted after her. "She 's good as any of the men at filling herself with the 'muck' I cook, as she calls it, I can tell you," she added to the kitchen-maid, with such unaccustomed friendliness that the girl colored up and smiled with timid pleasure.

"Really, Mrs. Clarke?" she asked, although she knew it quite well already.

On her way to the dairy, a few minutes later, Clarke met the cow-man in the dairy-court. Master Hardy was a little, bent, white-haired man, with a weak voice; but he was gifted with a cheerful spirit, rosy cheeks, and eyes like faded blue flowers.

"I was comin' to tell ye good news,

ma'am," he said, touching his hat. "You 'll be having more milk again now, fer Dimity's calf 's been took from her yesterday."

"I 'm glad to hear it; for it 's cream, ice-cream, cream soup, cream everything, ordered all the time, and the dairymaid swearing at me for every drop I 'robs the butter of,' as she calls it. Is it Dimity as keeps hollerin'?"

"Yes; that 's Dimity, right enough; and I 'd 'a' been tarrible pleased if the Almighty had seen fit to send her a 'cow-calf this time. 'T is her third un, and all of 'em bullies; an' every time it 's just a few days lettin' the calf get at her all it will, then, a few days half-feedin', with the little un penned in the corner, then off to Mr. Enticknapp for fattening. If it were a cow-calf, ye see, ma'am, Dimity could 'a' kept her little un with her, for we wants more cows of her breed."

"Oh, Lord! there she is again!" cried the cook, clapping her hands to her ears until the cow left off bellowing. "I suppose you takes interest in your beasts?" she asked, staring out of her black eyes into the mild blue ones above the wrinkled apple cheeks. He shook his head from side to side, smiling significantly.

"Ay. Ay. I understan's 'em, ye see, and they understan's me. I talk to 'em, times, a lot, and they takes a power o' notice; and they talks to me. I 've been at it—among the beasts, I mean—this seventy year come Febbiwery. Ay, Ay." And he plodded away.

When she returned to the kitchen, the kitchen-maid, presuming on her recent friendliness, took up the talk from where they had left it.

"'T is funny, if you come to think of it, to think what we eats," she said; adding somewhat shyly: "Where I was in my first place, between-maid, they was vegetarians. There was plenty of money and all that, but they had early dinners, and the work was lighter than most."

"Oh, blast vegetarians!" said the cook, contemptuously. "They 're a messy lot. I don't fancy the meat myself, but they 're worse than the others. And when you 've made out your *menoo*, it reads like a greengrocer's bill. Besides, my girl, you 'll never find them among the best people, not *high* families, I mean."

"And yet our people seemed to know

the nobility," said the other, timidly persistent: "We had a *Honorable* week-ends often, and he was *her* cousin; and I see the names on the letters when I took them to post sometimes."

"Perhaps your people were writing around for subscriptions for the vegetarian orphans," said the cook. The scullery-maid giggled at the raillery, and the kitchen-maid looked tearful. "But, for mercy's sake! get on, and don't chatter, the pair of you!" Then she set herself steadfastly to her work.

For the best years of Mrs. Clarke's life she had lived, as she now lived, standing—for a high wage, be it said—half-way between the slaughter-house and polite society, receiving into her coarse hands the fruits of the butcher's yard, the battue, the net, and the trap, and then with those same hands, as clever as they were coarse, transmuting their raw, crude horror and piteousness into tempting food for her betters. While the scullery-maid was still washing up dishes from one meal, she and the kitchen-maid were busily preparing the next. Her day was divided not into morning, noon, and night, but into breakfast, luncheon, and supper. Her calendar was a rich record of the various foods in season, punctuated by the engagement and dismissal of unsatisfactory kitchen-maids, and attendance at the funerals of the various relatives she never had time to visit. In the fierce heat of the great range and before the kitchen table she stood at her altar, a priestess of the omnipotent belly-god, eternally preparing burnt offerings for a capacity as insatiable as fastidious, or as insatiable as dainty and decadent. Small wonder that she regarded her employers merely as something to be fed; that she had come to dislike most food herself; less wonder, still, that she found drink more helpful.

The incessant crying of the cow and Master Hardy's words about the little calf rang in her ears, and every moment stirred to livelier unrest the trouble she had been trying to smother ever since her baby died. When her husband's death left her alone with their one-year old child, her only one, born in her middle age, she was compelled to return to service, entrusting the child to the care of a married sister. Whenever the "family" was in

town, Clarke went by tram to see him on her free Sunday afternoons. But he was always a weakling, and once, in the thick of preparing a ball supper, a telegram brought her alarming news. By the time she had given her frantic instructions to underlings about the soups, creams, and jellies, and rushed in town to the little gray Islington street, the child was dead.

All that night she lay on the bed beside him, without tears or words; but when in the dawn her sister entered, tearful, pitiful, and suckling her own infant, she suddenly rose, threw herself down on the floor, beating it with her arms, screaming, raging with grief, and flinging off would-be comfort as if it were murder. That was two years earlier; but at times remembrance brought it all so near and so clear again that she knew she must forget by some means or other, if she was to come through with her daily work.

"Oh, that cow fairly gives me the hump!" she exclaimed with exasperation at last, as Dimity's bellow grew hoarser and shriller still. "I wish to God the pore beast 'u'd shut up!" With that she went through into the larger kitchen, nearly closed the door behind her, and stealthily lifted a mug, bottle, and jug of water from the bottom of the tall clock-case in the corner. After half-filling the mug from the bottle, she slopped in the water with a shaking hand, and then, keeping one eye on the door, drank the strong draught down in a few great gulps.

She had long since trained herself to serving up dinner when half-drunk, and so, although she later twice sought her hidden comfort in the clock-case, not even her most elaborate sauce came short of its usual success. It was after twelve that night when, holding her dripping candle aslant, she went slowly up-stairs. Once in her room, she set the candlestick down on a copy of "Tit-Bits" lying on the chair by the bedside, and then lay down as though she had forgotten to undress herself. Whatever of comfort the drink had given her was already beginning to ebb, so she closed her eyes and lay still, hoping to fall asleep before the blessed heaviness should pass. Through the attic window came a fat moth and flopped and fluttered about the candle-flame; and then, after having kept silence for over an hour, the cow began crying again.

The woman opened her heavy eyes and stared at the ceiling; then she sat up on the bed, listening, and shaking her head with maudlin self-pity.

"It 's no use," she whimpered; "not a bit; no peace anywhere. I might ha' known it."

She got up and shut the window with a savage bang, and lay down again. But she could still hear the cow. She thought she could even when she rammed one ear into the pillow and stuffed her finger into the other. Hardly two minutes had passed before she opened the window again and leaned out, scowling into the darkness.

"I swear I can't—I won't stand another night of this," she muttered, "not if I was paid for it."

And so, after the other servants' lights were all extinguished,—even that of the two London housemaids, who put theirs out only when they had come to the end of the novelette and the big bag of peppermints which they shared in their common bed,—she threw a warm shawl round her, and, candle and shoes in hand, went warily down the back stairs. She opened the door of the dairy-court, and lifted the lantern that hung there down from its peg. But, on second thought, she left it, and went out with only a box of matches in her hands. After the heat of the kitchen and the little sun-baked bedroom in the roof, the outside night was gratefully fresh and sweet. But the fresh air made her giddy, and she passed unsteadily through the dairy-court, across the pumping yard, and past the laundry into the meadow. Guided by Dimity's voice, she started across the meadow in the direction of the farm-yard, her feet beset, as it seemed, with pitfall hillocks and hollows all the way, her thought thick with maudlin pity and rage, but whether for or against herself or Dimity, she neither knew nor cared. Only she knew she must stop that maddening noise by some means or other.

"Shut it, you brute!" she muttered at one moment; and then again: "Cheer up, old girl! I 'm coming"; and then again, shaking her head, "I *am* an unlucky devil, if ever there was one."

Once she stopped to make quite sure she was steering aright. There was silence for a little; then the wheezing began

anew. She stumbled on again more recklessly than ever until she could make out the dark bulk of the animal standing on the near side of the white gate, and in another moment her hand came in contact with its warm skin. The wheezing grew louder and shriller, and then Dimity's grief broke forth in cries that shook the great body under the hand that stroked it.

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried the woman, with passion, when the cow was quiet for a moment: "Don't begin again, for pity's sake! Not but what I knows what you feels like. I know. It's *just* like that. It seems to tear and split us at times, don't it? We could scream, and scream, and scream, and yell, and nobody understands, could n't we?"

The creature turned her head toward her friend in the darkness, and her round sides shook with a sudden sigh.

The woman patted her head and stroked her nose. "Crying!" she exclaimed, as she found her hand wet. She felt again. Sure enough, great tears were rolling out of the cow's eyes.

"Fancy that!" she murmured! And then she threw an impulsive, hugging arm over the cow's neck, leaned her head against it, and burst into tears.

Dimity suffered this in a silence that seemed responsive, nor did she bellow any more. Once she moaned; sometimes her sides quivered with a sigh: but that was all. Presently she sank gently on her fore knees and so lay down, just as, far away, the stable clock struck one.

"Well, I don't care," considered the cook with a defiant thought of the house and a half-laugh at herself. "I sha'n't go back yet awhile. She'll begin again sure as anything if I do. Besides, it seems to help me and her, too, being company for each other; so I don't care what anybody says." And she spread her shawl on the grass, and lay down beside the cow.

In her slightly sobering mind she meant to go back in a few minutes; but meantime her trouble was growing so much quieter with the comfort of comforting that she was very loath to leave the plight her drunken vagary had landed her in. She would have her cry out, she considered, away from the house and all the others; it would do her good. Then she

would go home, and just take enough to put her off quietly to sleep.

Did Dimity find any comfort, she wondered sleepily, in the thought that she had at least done all she could for her calf while she had him by her? Such was her *own* chief consolation. If she had had to pawn her soul to get them, she told herself again, little Albert George should have had every single thing the doctor ordered for him—all the milk, and the Patent Food, and everything else. If she had had to work her fingers to the bone, he should have been nicely cared for, and dressed in white till he was fully three years old, with everything starched and frilled as fussy as any lady's child. And he always had it so, thank God! Never once, she remembered with hungry thankfulness, never once, although she was often fit to drop, did she own up to being too tired to wash the little clothes that her sister brought to the back entrance every Saturday night. When all the household was in bed, that was her time for washing, boiling, starching, and ironing. It was very handy having the best of everything in the cupboard near at hand; and it did n't hurt people like her people if one used their starch, any more than if one sent a nice parcel of food away in the hands that had brought the bundle of clothes. They had more money and every other good thing than they knew what to do with.

Meantime she was growing more peaceful, partly from weariness, and partly because intoxication had passed from excitement to sleepiness, and partly because the touch of the dumb creature's big, gentle body had imparted something of its patience.

"Ah, well, it's funny," she considered very sleepily now, "but it's not much wonder we understand each other. The principal difference seems to me is that Dimity can't take anything to cheer her up when she's down."

She was awakened an hour later by some one shaking her shoulder.

"Young woman, young woman, I say! What are you a-doing of, lying here?"

She started up, blinking at the lantern held close to her eyes, bewildered as to her whereabouts and her company until Master Hardy said: "Why, it's you, Mrs. Clarke! Well! 't's a surprise

you 've given me, ma'am. And a turn, too, for I thought you was a dead un at first."

Suddenly remembering, she scrambled to her feet, perfectly sober and very much confused.

"Oh, not dead yet," she said with a forced laugh; "but I expect it *did* surprise you." She put up her hands to her disordered hair, began twisting it tightly at the back of her head, holding the hair-pins between her teeth meantime. "I could n't stand Dimity's hollerin' any longer, so I came out to see her, and when she grew quiet, I fell asleep, too. I expect you 'll think me crazy, but if you knew how hot it was in them attics!"

The old man said nothing at the moment; then he put out his hand, and felt her shawl and dress. "I hope you 've not taken any harm," he said thoughtfully; "'t is wringin'."

He opened his lantern and snuffed its wick. "Dimity 's a very feelin' beast," he said, "and a wonderful good mother. When I woke up just now, I felt fretty-like to know how she was, and so did what I many times does if one of 'em 's not quite easy: I come out and have a look at her, and then I sees yourself, ma'am."

In the dim lantern-light, out in the silent meadows before the dawn, and away from the house and the servants, it seemed easy and desirable to talk openly with Master Hardy. She did not know why. The first time she had met the bent old man in the dairy-court she had merely met a bent old man about whom she and the kitchen-maid joked together. The second time she took note of his quiet eyes and voice, and his loving talk of his beasts; and after that it was as pleasant as walking in a green meadow to escape from the kitchen fire and the clacking tongues for a moment's chat with Master Hardy. If you had described his life as it was, that of a man affectionately working among his beasts, uncritically serving the smart young bailiff who ran the estate in the interest of an irresponsible landlord, for a wage which allowed of little saving for rest in old age, she would have told you he was a fool for his pains; and if you had added that he was just such an industrious, cheerful, and pleasant person because he was living on a

daily bread which neither his wage nor his master's wealth could buy, she would have called your statement a "pack of fancies" and possibly "religious rot"; but that for some reason it did her good to talk to him and to listen to him, she felt quite sure with all her soul to-night.

"I had a sort of notion it might comfort her if I came and gave her a kind word," she said, less harsh of tone than usual. "I expect you 'll laugh at me, Master Hardy, for taking such a fancy."

The old man wagged his head as he always did in approval. "There 's never no harm done in being kind to dumb animals," he said. "There 's none too much of it."

"To tell you the truth, I came a bit for my own sake, too. We 've all got our troubles, have n't we? Dimity put me in mind of my own these last days. My little Albert George was just a year and six months and four days when he was taken. He was just beginning to say little things, and all that."

"Ah, ma'am," said the old man, gently, "it 's hard to lose em, is n't it? Me and the Missus we 've buried three. There 's days when it cuts to your very heart to think upon 't, like as if it was yesterday."

"Well, I *can't* bear to think upon it! I do all I can to put it out of my mind. I work and I carry on, joking and the like, just to 'forget it; and it seems at times as if you *must* take something to cheer you up, does n't it? And that 's just where it is."

She spoke hurriedly, because she wanted to say everything before she thought better of it. It was all the easier because he was again peering into and busying himself with his lantern. He finished his snuffing, shut the door with something more than the tremulous deliberation of age, and then righted himself with the little grunt of the rheumatic person.

"Mrs. Clarke, ma'am," he said, looking over his lantern light at her, and speaking with an emphasis that seemed to shatter his frail old voice, "I should n't do that, if I was you. I should n't put it out of my mind, nor try to put it out, neither. I should n't, indeed."

"And why, pray, Master Hardy?" asked the woman, with a ring of her old defiance. She added more gently: "I

don't know what you 're driving at, you see."

It seemed to her that the old man raised his bent body and looked up at the sky for a moment; then he sighed. "You see, when my Bert died," he began with apparent irrelevance, "that were tarrible hard to bear. He was just rising seventeen, and steady as you could wish for, and already earning a man's wage. Undergardener he was at Lavinger's. He's in his grave now, too, is Colonel Lavinger, and a kind old gentleman he was. 'Father,' he used to say to me, 'you 've done a power o' work in your time. But no more work 'after you 're sixty, Father. You 've got to bide at home and inj'y your pipe and make out your bit o' newspaper; for married or no, I means to keep you and Mother.' That's just what he say to me times and again. It were the consumption that done it—nothun' else in the world; fine-lookin', healthy young chap as you could wish to see. Cough, cough, cough, and no breath left, and the tears comin' out of his eyes, and the blood out of his mouth. 'Oh, help me! help me!' he whispers; and, 'oh, let me die!' he whispers, cryin'-like, so tired of it he was. And we, sittin' by, lookin' on helpless, that 'u'd have cut off our right hands to help un!" Master Hardy had to pause for a little.

"Dear! dear! dear!" said the cook, under her breath.

"That purty nigh wound me up, that did. That purty nigh wound me up," he continued, "and I could n't bide by un; I could n't sit and watch, bein' o' no sort o' use to un. I could n't bear it. But the old Missus she was allays stouter-hearted nor me, praise God! she bided there to the very end; and she calls me just in time.

"Well, after that, I was all for puttin' his pictur' away, and for lockin' up his drawers with his clo'es. 'I can't bear to see the things,' I says; 'I can't bear it yet awhile. I 'm goin' to put it all out of my mind for a bit,' I says; 'and I 'm just goin' off down to the Stag for a bit of talk and half a pint,' I says. Then the old Missus—she were just a-foldin' up his best coat, tender-like, as I 've seen her with the baby-things—she looked up at me, contrivin' to smile. 'Daniel,' she says, quite cheerful like, 'I would n't put

it out of my head'—the same words as I used to you, ma'am—'if I was you. Seems to me,' she says, 'we 'd best face the trouble, and bear it, and keep our boy well in mind; then we sha'n't never do anythin' as 'll shame us when we meets him in the Kingdom of Heaven,' she says. And she were right, Mrs. Clarke, she were right."

There was a little silence, Annie Clarke wiping her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Ah, that's one way of looking at it," she said huskily. "I 've started with that idea sometimes myself. But every one needs encouragement, don't they? And there's the heat of the fire, and the free talk, and sometimes you feel as if you must take something to cheer you up." She felt about under her skirt for a capacious pocket, found her handkerchief, and blew her nose.

"Ay, ay," said Master Hardy, quietly; "I never was one for the four-wall life myself, and I 'm right down sorry for them as has to."

"Well, well," she said, sighing, "I must be getting back to my four walls, or there 'll be ructions. Why, it can't be far off dawn!"

She turned her face up. Standing in the wet grass and the night air, she felt as if she were looking up through cool, blue water at the stars.

"We don't seem to want a light, with all of them, do we?" she said in a low voice.

Master Hardy opened his lantern and blew out the flame, and side by side they plodded homeward through the drenching meadow. "If Albert George had lived," she said once, "I feel I should have wanted him to be a gardener or a cowman. I 'm very partial to the country myself; I likes the quiet and the growing things, and I don't miss the shops like some of them do."

"I should n't wonder if you 've got what I calls the true country heart, ma'am," said Master Hardy, wagging his head emphatically.

"Perhaps I have," she said. "If only one had more time to oneself—was n't so busy!"

After that they were silent until they neared the house. The woman was full of a sort of happy sadness which she

neither could explain nor wished to explain. This wonderful night, with its many ministers,—first among whom were Dimity and her keeper, Master Hardy,—the stately, starry, sapphire night, was holding her passionate heart in its quiet hands, divinely meddling, divinely molding there. Much poor stuff it found and revealed—petty cruelties, tyrannies, vulgarities, grossnesses, mingled with something worthier, shaming her sadly while kindling a bright hope, too. She did not shrink from thinking of her baby now. On the contrary, she loved to think that had he lived to be a man, he should have been a country-man, by preference a cow-man, since that seemed to keep a man so sound and kind and wise. And from that she passed to thinking of Ned, the young footman. She would have wished *her* lad to win Sunday-school prizes, she considered; she would have brought him up "temperance"; and she vowed to herself that Ned should remain "temperance" though she fought all the others to manage it. Moreover, she would give the boot-boy, a weak-eyed, workhouse child, with sticking-out ears, a hunch of gingerbread to-morrow, to make up for feeling so spiteful toward him for a feature he could not help. And the kitchen-maid, she might be exasperatingly meek and tearful, but, after all, she was a good girl and an orphan, and should have more outings than she had had of late.

Surely there was no waste here. Surely it was entirely blessed and practical that the infinite beauty and solemn appeal of the night should pass into that simple soul, translated into its mother-tongue, pointing to homely duty and inspiring its drudgery—a whole universe conspiring to bring about better relations between a cook and her underlings.

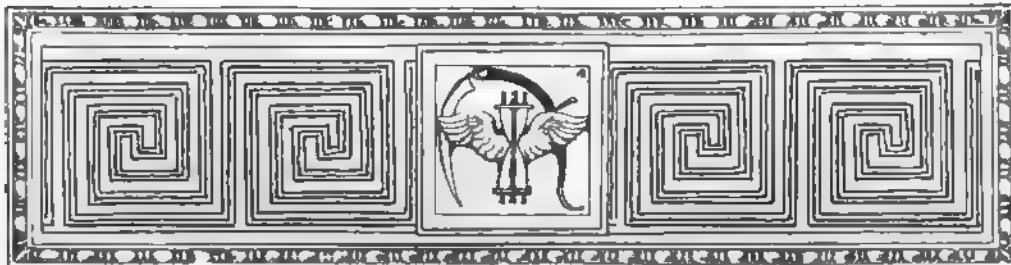
But besides these lovings, pityings, for-

givings, and desires to serve, which flowed through her soul in a deep and steady stream, whence she knew not, but whither she knew right well when she thought of the morrow's life and labor, there came other thoughts as well; or hardly thoughts: vague longings, upliftings, toward what she knew not; only they swelled her heart with wonder and filled her eyes with tears. Only once or twice in her life had she felt anything like it: once when her anguish was over, and her baby lay in her arms; and once when, after a vulgar August day in Margate, she unexpectedly saw the moon rise over the quiet sea; and once again in church when a lot of little children sang "The King of Love My Shepherd is."

In silence they at last reached the gate whence the old man would turn aside to his dwelling. The darkness seemed to be thinning a little, for she saw him more clearly than before. "They misses a good deal that sleeps all night through, don't they?" he said, nodding toward the house, as silent and dark as a coffin, "specially just about this time. I'm out all hours, summer and winter, when I can't lie abed; and I always says there 's nuthin' purtier in the whole o' creation than the way the day follers the night. 'T is surely one of the best contrivances the Almighty ever set his hand to. 'Begin again; try again,' He says every mornin'."

The cook took his hard old hand in hers, and shook it up and down without speaking. Then she said: "Good night; good night, Master Hardy. It's wonderful being out times like this. It makes you feel—well, I don't know *how* it makes you feel. Good night."

"It's good morning, ma'am," said the cow-man, cheerily, nodding toward the east, where, for his wise old eyes, there was already promise of the new day.



THE DESTINY OF THE UNCLE

BY L. R. ELDER

FANCY setting out on a morning in the springtime of southern California to make proposals of marriage to your sister-in-law from motives of duty! If anywhere sun, time, and the almond-tree conspire to make romance a first necessity of the drama, there one might look for it. The very remembrance of law-made relatives is foreign to that divine scene.

John Veray knew what was apropos in California well enough, and if his sister-in-law had not been the worst woman he had ever known, either East or West, unquestionably he would have entertained a less desperate remedy.

"That marriage with a Josephine Veray should overtake two simple-hearted Americans like Dick and me!" he sighed in irony over his prospects.

But the situation was simply this: the impossibly wicked creature had put an untimely end to his brother, and now, if he did not interfere, she would bring harm to his brother's innocent children. Five boys and two girls, and all perfectly, ridiculously adoring their uncle! His duty, he said to himself, was as seven to one.

"Wicked women are all very well," mused the Californian, as he walked along in the glamorous morning light, "and when I take into account that Josephine can commit murder without the least exertion, simply by being herself, I am almost bound to praise her. Yes, when I think of the knives, daggers, dirks, poisons, pages, and minions that the great sinful women of history have called to their aid, I can see that my sister-in-law is a remarkable woman. But, ah, me, they were interesting, those beautiful wretches of the past! That's another point against Josephine—her dead commonplace. With her accom-

plishments, she might at least look dangerous. That would serve as a reminder. One is at the mercy of a foe that does n't rattle when he's coming.

"Well, magical or unmagical, she'll do me up, too, in time; but she sha'n't have a free hand with those young things while I'm their living uncle. Unhappy babes!" The good man groaned.

Wide sympathies are extended to women when they wrestle with the maternal instinct; but a great deal has been left unsaid in regard to the same instinct in unmarried men. John Veray had it, backed by the heady old masculine joy in a clan at his heels. Moreover, he had the teacher's gift. How eagerly the youngsters took learning from his hand, and how exquisitely he knew what each little thing was for! His dear old Dick's children—Dick's beautiful talents tricked out in darling, new, mysterious little persons, each seeming the very embodiment of this or that unforgettable phase of its father, whose own precious, brilliant phases had been dammed back and lost in life with that unspeakable woman, and in providing for her senseless wants. Alas! everything within and without pushed John Veray on to the fatal step.

To think that in this age of civilization an uncle cannot without strategy obtain possession of his nieces and nephews and bring them up properly!

WHEN he reached Mrs. Veray's house, poor Uncle John, as straightforward and veracious an uncle as ever lived, abhorrently began in tones of diplomacy. He made one last attempt to have his right and just way.

"You don't think, Josephine, that you can consent to let me take the children?"

They are really a great burden for a woman."

"John Veray," said the guileful woman, who had plans of her own, and who, like the true deceiver, sailed close by the shores of unquestioned tenets—"John Veray, if you care as much about my children as you say you do, I should think you would enter into the natural feelings of their mother in wishing to keep them with her."

The existence of her children was Josephine's best daily grief. But when Josephine spoke, not only words, but facts, had wings. This speech was pregnant, nevertheless.

John Veray looked at her meditatively. He saw a big, negligent, vain, human fuchsia. What could it know of bringing to birth heavenly minds and souls and godlike destinies? And that specious air of physical perfection conveyed in the madonna contour, the source of her complacency, her last fatuous enormity! The longer John looked, the clearer shone his own ungodlike destiny. Her vast self-absorption, her undimmed ignorance, her vexing tongue, her cruel want of feeling, with all that he knew of their powers of blight and destruction in the past, were these reasons against tying himself to her? No; they were the inextinguishable reasons for it.

"What should you think of marrying me, Josephine?"

"I should think, John, that people would say that it was a very natural arrangement."

THE pious uncle walked sadly homeward.

"My dream was too good to be true, and yet it seems as if she might have let me off. Well, no one can say that my eyes are n't open: I 'm being married to save appearances for Mrs. Veray, who sees no other decent way to get rid of the children that she does n't want. Probably a person like Josephine cares for the appearance of decency in a way that plain people who only care for the thing itself cannot fully appreciate. Anyway, as business, it 's a square deal, and for the first and probably the last time in our lives we may be said to understand each other. After all, I have *them* safe, and they 'll be glad, the little ducks!"

The pious uncle walked less sadly as he gave himself up to the fascinating problems of reconstruction that lay before him.

The calm, unwinking villain likewise reviewed her conquest. John had been so very slow! At last she had said to herself:

"I must make him see that I would do anything for the sake of the children. He imagines that it is too soon; but Dick at least is safe, and here I am living in this little place, and John's house is so exactly what I should like. How strange that John does n't think of that! He 's very thoughtful in other ways. But I 'm sure when he understands—"

So when John, the timid man, again brought forward his quixotic offer to adopt her seven children, this artful woman had thrown ten thousand tones of pain and astonishment into her protest, with the happy issue that we have just seen. From that moment Josephine also gave her mind entirely to fascinating problems of reconstruction. Now she was to have the royal social blossoming that was the divine right of a woman with a presence like hers. She had planned for it from the beginning; but Dick's inventions had not brought the wealth they promised, and then, all those dreadful children! However, it was not too late; here was John, the inventor of success itself. And luck seemed to have turned every wish her way.

"Many a man would have thought the children an encumbrance," she said.

WHEN she had married him, this superior being, this uncle, did not set out to combat and vanquish his sister-in-law; in his modesty, he would not have believed it possible. He ventured to practise only the sincerities of the situation. Josephine herself had said, "Of course we are both doing this for the sake of the children."

Moreover, although Veray was a beautiful character, and a perfectly masculine one, we have all seen the usual interplay of men and women reversed by circumstances. Just as a bold, strapping husband is often lost in a crowd of his own begetting, and in time is eclipsed by the most unassuming of wives when progeny enhances her part, so Josephine, the

masterly but unmotherly, was in the inevitable course of nature outspanned by the glorious development of the maternal impulse in Uncle John. The prestige of all her qualities and past achievements could not sustain even the naughtiest of witches when her antagonist was not only man, but mother, and not only mother, but man. Nor were nature and truth John's only besteding: civilization came to his side.

When Mrs. Veray was ushered to the scene of her intended dominion, she found an unknown god there before her.

John had said that a few changes were making in his house, but she had supposed these due to her own advent. Would the mention of "improvements" prepare the mind of a Josephine to see the spacious rooms of a once lovely mansion transformed into laboratories, gymnasiums, shops, museums, model kitchens, kindergartens, school-rooms, studies, and nurseries? Were these the preparations for a queen? Could a swimming-pool serve a tyrant who drowned her victims in words, not water? Were her dread arts written in the stars that an attic devoted to astronomy availed her? Mrs. Veray was silent; it was for the first time.

But if Mrs. Veray was silent, pray do not think the worse of her powers. Do you conceive that the wickedest woman of antiquity, the most gifted of dead ladies without mercy, would have relished an encounter with the powers that met Josephine? Fancy a mere adult of any period at tilt with the instruments of education ordained for the mind of the child!

Silence, after all, may mean one thing or another. Mrs. Veray now excitedly did worse. She dropped into the feebly sarcastic, from which one's dignity is hardly recovered:

"If there had been any rain here since the sixties, I suppose you would have a playground on the roof."

"I suppose I should," said John, pleasantly and absently. In his devoted activities he had forgotten her. Already the children wrapped his consciousness about like a garment.

It was in the flawless guise of educational methods that Mrs. Veray's defeats kept coming. Instantly, upon the arrival of the children, the new routine of the

house swung into full, forbidding rotation. In a twinkling appeared tutors, governesses, craftsmen, pedagogues, and masters of every description. The corridors, the whole place, swarmed with instruction—new people, new language, new aims, all foreign and antipathetic to every fiber of Josephine's darkling mind. Children of poor neighbors were invited to join the happy classes, and as they were bid, to come early and be ducked before consorting with the little Verays, there was never an hour from dawn when the house had not its features of lively publicity. The adversary who had seemed to capture the citadel might sequester herself in her own apartments, or walk about face to face with the ghost of possession, as aloof as a dream from the progress of learning.

And now she would have projected grand entertainments, devising that the rooms thus lent to her uses might be secured.

"Such performances in the home of a lot of little children! Why, I would not let my little girls even hear of the sickening frivolities you name. Let the children go away? Interrupt their work! Fever their little brains! And when they are already behind other children of their age? What can you be thinking of?"

John spoke as if he had forgotten that all grown-up people do not make the new generation the big business of their lives, and he had; and the effect was that Josephine's interminable counter-plans to his carefully worked-out campaign in the children's interest were fresh shocks to him: she became incomprehensible and foreign in new directions.

The children, hitherto a forlorn little colony living to themselves, now, of their own inspiration, became able promoters of John's designs. They evoked the auspicious theory that their family were guests in Uncle John's house, and politely reciprocated by consigning all inquiries and requests to him. This simple courtesy obviated the disasters that might have been involved in the extraordinary decorum that he enforced toward their mother. As pioneers in eager discoveries, they were second only to himself. Thus the finger-marks of youth spread over what was left of the estate. Johnny went in for a garden, Tony took to a

pig, Polly loved bees, Hebe modeled in clay, Roderick multiplied prairie dogs, Jamie was divided between lizards and electric inventions, and Dicky—Dicky only cared for the fiddle. But the drawing-room had the best acoustic properties in the house, so farewell to its trappings. This fiddler was so very young that years of practice stretched *tweet-tweet*-ing away in Josephine's confounded ears. These were the amusements that filled in the chinks of their existence.

It was not John's fault. If Dick had not had so many sides, his children would not have typified so many tastes and tendencies. When individual research was added to the traits of the curriculum, it really seemed as if no pursuit were without a votary in that household.

"It 's simply a revelation of the wealth in the human brain," said John, and he invited men of learning to the house "just to count the proclivities that one little family can show." At the intimation of strangers, Mrs. Veray had a moment of hope. Any outsider, she believed, would laugh John out of his follies; but when a bevy of eleven distinguished idiots had congratulated *her*, the fate that overtakes primitive standards in a progressive world closed about her. She drooped to the eternal feminine.

"Why," cried the daunted egoist, all forlorn—"why, if it was only for this, did he marry me?"

But if we must pity Josephine, we must also be pleased to note how forsaken are the paths of evil when the arrows of education darken the air. There was now only one slim, pale bone of devilry in the poor woman's cupboard—a revenge without distinction or novelty. She fixed her price, and waited; and her moment ripened apace.

Suddenly the youngest girl leaped from mud-pies to "Dick's color sense," and after the rally of John's artist friends to select a studio, Mrs. Veray's sewing-room was no longer to be seen.

Hitherto Josephine had felt the subtle disadvantage of pushing her claims in the face of John's mad surrender of himself and properties. Abnegation was Josephine's preferred retreat, and there

John had unmistakably gone before. But with the rape of the sewing-room, she came into her own again. At last she had a grievance that would hold water—salt water. It was irreproachable, womanly, and well-nigh saintly to protest that the loss of a spot to mend in was injury unforgivable. The family stockings, which have been the stronghold of so many designing women, were never more boldly occupied than by Mrs. Veray. Man who weareth stockings hath given hostages to fortune. Even the uncle of seven angels would have to listen to her now, and her favorite accents of reproach were heard again:

"Of course I have seen for some time that there was not room for me to live here; but if there is not even room for me to sit down and darn a stocking, I am afraid I shall have to seek protection—elsewhere. How gladly would I go out alone into the world and travel if—"

It was certain that John was listening now. Again he looked at Josephine meditatively. He did not say, as he might have said, that the family stockings were the theme in the weekly sewing-class, and that he walked on hubbles because it stimulated the children to their best effort when they were allowed to darn for him. He only said:

"Do you need money, Josephine? I am afraid you will never be happy here; but I need not say how glad I should be to know you were comfortable—somewhere."

As a humble highwayman Mrs. Veray might have become famous. She named the half of his fortune as the bribe of freedom.

"It 's not that money can compensate," said she, letting condescension do what it could to cover her retreat: "even with Dick I had a sewing-room."

"I understand perfectly," said John.

As soon as he was alone, the mind of the faithful uncle flowed back to its accustomed channel, and he fell to pondering bright new uses for Josephine's apartments. But suddenly he thought of his own part in this history.

"And, now, who 'll tell me why she married me?" he asked himself.

STORIES OF WHISTLER¹

BY OTTO BACHER

WOLKOFF, THE RUSSIAN IMITATOR

ONE evening there was a convivial gathering of men from many different nations seated about a table in an open court of the Bauer Grünwald, a well known Venetian restaurant. The conversation, I believe, was in English, and the subject of Whistler's pastels was brought up by one of his enthusiastic American admirers. A Russian named Wolkoff was flippant and depreciating, ridiculing them as works of art, jeeringly saying that he was willing to bet that he could make half a dozen pastels as good as Whistler's, and, if they were mixed with his, nobody could tell them apart. The American was surprised at this attitude and remarked:

"I 'll bet a champagne dinner for all present that you can't."

"All right, I 'll take your bet, and prove what I say; but I will make one condition only, and it must be agreed upon by all present: I must be permitted to see Whistler's pastels before I begin."

"I will agree to that, and arrange a day when you can see them."

All this was unknown to Whistler, who was innocent of the reason for the call of his Russian guest. He received him charmingly, and showed him all his pastels. These he pinned on large cardboards, carefully, almost ceremoniously, and placed them before him upon a chair that served as an easel. This was the usual way he exhibited his pastels or etchings at home. The Russian was not heard from for six weeks. Then the committee in charge was informed that he could not go on because he found it impossible to purchase in Venice the peculiar, brilliant pastels with which Whistler obtained his effects.

The American would not let him slip through in that way, so he managed to make it possible for his Russian friend to select numerous small pieces from Whistler's own pastel-boxes. He selected all he wanted, or thought he needed, for the easy task of making a Whistler pastel, and after this exceptional accommodation, returned to his work, saying he would be ready for the jury in a week.

How or by whom the six jurors were selected I do not know, but I remember that two strangers, an Austrian and a Dutchman, were among them; Spain was represented by Martin Rico, England by Henry Woods, R.A., and America by Frank Duveneck and myself. By this time Whistler knew of the wager. The jury met in a house on the Riva not far from the Casa Jankovitz, near enough for him to bring his pastels conveniently. The meeting was in a very long room facing the lagoons. The American who had accepted the wager was not there; Wolkoff was at home, sick in bed; Whistler was in the darkest and farthest corner, with his back to the company and his pastels on a long table. I was selected to bring each exhibit from Whistler's hands and place it on a high-backed chair.

It was an extraordinary position in which Whistler was placed, and a veritable ordeal which he faced. He was serious and wore a troubled look, the truth being that he was nervous at the possibility that the jury might let one of the Russian's pastels slip by as one of his own. I am glad to say, however, that, whenever a Wolkoff appeared, it was instantly received with groans and shouts of "Take it away!" Not for one moment was there the least doubt or a dissenting voice.

¹ See also "Whistler in Venice," CENTURY for December, 1906.

These pastels were put on view at a special exhibition given by him in London during the winter of 1881. The following extracts from a letter concerning them record the favor with which they were received in London.

As to the pastels, well—they are the fashion. There has never been such a success known. Whistler has decorated a room for them,—an arrangement in brown, gold, and Venetian red,—which is very lovely, and in it they look perfect gems. All the London world was at the private view—princesses, painters, beauties, actors, everybody. In fact, at one moment of the day it was impossible to move, for the room was crammed. Even Whistler's enemies were obliged to acknowledge their loveliness. The criticisms were one and all high in their praise.

One of them published the story of Wolkoff, the Russian imitator, and said he was obliged to take a course of mud baths after his defeat. Altogether it has been a great lark, and Whistler has often said, "Would n't the boys appreciate the fun of all this?"

I am going to send you a little book of all the cuttings of the newspapers, so that you can see for yourself.

The best of it is, all the pastels are selling. Four hundred pounds' worth went the first day; now over a thousand pounds' worth are sold. The prices range from twenty to sixty guineas, and nobody grumbles at paying for them.

Maud Whistler.

THE SECRET OF DRAWING

"BACHER, what would you give Whistler if he would tell you his secret of drawing correctly?"

"What can I give you for it, Jimmy?" I answered earnestly. "You know everything I own, and have here. Just tell me what you want me to give you?"

"But would n't you like to know Whistler's secret?"

"Of course, I should; but why do you tantalize me when you know perfectly well that everything I have has been at your disposal if you want it. Why don't you express a wish for something you want in exchange for your secret?"

"But, Bacher, you don't seem to realize the value of Whistler's secret. If you had, you would have told him how much you would give to know it."

I could have offered him some fabulous sum to please him for the moment; but I

did not, and told him instead that I did not think he had a secret at all, and that if he had a valuable one, he would tell it. From his evident irritation and hasty retort I dreaded something awful. "Perhaps," I thought, "I shall now see him as he looked in that detestable photograph with an evil sneer he once showed me—a picture he was fond of, and wished the world to know him by, while he talked caressingly of the sneer as the way Whistler would look at his enemies."

My painful emotion vanished when I saw on his face a playful expression that mellowed with good humor to the kindest and most lovable look. He ended the subject in a jolly tone, saying, "Bacher, you will never know what you have lost."

In London, six years after, I asked Whistler if he remembered what he told me about his secret of drawing. He looked at me sharply, with a bright twinkle in his eye, and said, "You never got the secret, did you, Bacher?" Eighteen years later I found this in "Whistler as I Knew Him," by Mortimer Menpes:

Only once I remember him really teaching us anything. He told it to us two pupils, and Sickert, I remember, took down every word on his cuff. He described how in Venice once he was drawing a bridge, and suddenly, as though in a revelation, the secret of drawing came to him. He felt that he wanted to keep it to himself, lest some one should use it—it was so sure, so marvelous. This is roughly how he described it: "I began first of all by seizing upon the chief point of interest—perhaps it might have been the extreme distance,—the little palaces and shipping beneath the bridge. If so, I would begin drawing that distance in elaborately, and then would expand from it until I came to the bridge, which I would draw in one broad sweep. If by chance I did not see the whole bridge, I would not put it in. In this way the picture must necessarily be a perfect thing from start to finish. Even if one were to be arrested in the middle of it, it would still be a fine and complete picture."

In this description of Whistler's secret of drawing, I find no change from his former methods. And, after all these years, I feel as certain now as I did then that Whistler had no secret of drawing, because in his earlier works on the Thames and in the portrait of his mother I find the same "sure, marvelous" drawing that is found in his later works.

A COCK-FIGHT STORY

APROPOS of something, Whistler once told a cock-fight story so vividly that only a man with a sailor instinct could tell it as well, mimic it so keenly, and enjoy it so thoroughly. It was a story of a strange species of the American cock, pictured to the smallest detail so beautifully that one forgot that it was a story.

Some American sailors were at a cock-fight in a seaport town in England, when one of them remarked to the owner of the champion:

"We have got an American cock on board that can whip any bird here."

"Go fetch 'im on," said the champion, "chuck 'im in and see. If 'e licks one bird, we 'ave plenty more to throw in that can lick hany blawsted Hamerican bird you can fetch 'ere."

"All right; we 'll bring one," said the sailors. When they got aboard they rigged up an American eagle. After their own manner, they painted, trimmed, spliced, and reefed fore and aft, transforming the eagle to a cock. When ready, they went ashore to pit their new American game-cock against all England.

At the pit, the sailors chucked in their cock, which looked around for other surprises as he backed close to the wall.

"Now bring on your birds!" yelled the sailors. A strutting cock was thrown into the pit, and was another surprise to the poor dismantled eagle. He backed up closer and closer to the wall, wondering what would happen next. The cock walked three times majestically around the circle, cuffing at his strange opponent, the eagle pitifully abashed and bedrabbled, crouching lower and lower, and looking around and above him for an explanation of what it all meant, while the crowd were yelling madly for the English fighter. The eagle made himself smaller and smaller, but at last, finding that he could get back no farther, and thinking that something was expected of him, suddenly loomed up to his great height, and as the cock dashed at him again, stretched out his long claws and took his opponent by the neck.

Here Whistler ended, with an imitation by motions of what the eagle did. He stretched out his arm, shaped his hand

like a claw, which, by this time looked like a real one, drew it to his mouth, and, with one bite, pulled off the head, as he thought an eagle might do it. Then he looked blandly about the room, as the eagle had done, at the astonished crowd and said, "Now bring on your other birds."

ONE OF HIS LITTLE CONTROVERSIES

MUCH has been written about Whistler's controversies with his enemies; little has been written of his care and foresight in preparing for them. He undoubtedly made ready for many that never occurred.

It was one day early in 1880 that he asked me to go to various parts of Venice and copy certain street signs, giving me a list of those he wanted.

"Do the signs exactly as you see them. Don't write the words, but carefully print each letter. Watch the spaces, dots, and commas."

When I brought to him the carefully printed copies which I had made, he was greatly pleased, and said:

"They are just what I want."

I never knew why he wanted them until ten years later, when I came across these two letters. The first is from "The World," February 9, 1881.

AN EAGER AUTHORITY

Mr. Whistler knows how to defend himself so perkily that it is a pleasure to attack him. I hasten, therefore, with joy, to submit to you, dear Atlas, who are growing so very clever at your languages, the following crotchets and quavers—shall I call them. For Mr. Whistler is just now full of "Notes"—in American-Italian; they are from his delightful brown paper catalogue. To begin with, "Santa Margharita" is wrong; it must be either Margaritha or Margherita; the other is impossible Italian. Then who or what is "San Giovanni Apostolo et Evangelistoë?" Does the sprightly and shrill McNeill mean this for Latin? And is the "Café Orientale" intended to be French or Italian? It has an *e* too many for French, and an *f* too few for Italian. "Piazette" furthermore does duty for "Piazzetta." Finally I give up. "Campo Sta. Martin." I don't know what that can be. The Italian Calendar has a San Martino and a Santa Martina, but Sta. Martin is very curious. The catalogue is exceedingly short, but a few of the names are right.

AN ADMISSION

Whistler's reply was in the issue of February 16, 1881.

Touché!—and my compliments to your "Correspondent," Atlas, chéri—far from me to justify spelling of my own! But who could possibly have supposed an orthographer loose!

THE REAL GOLDFISH STORY, AS WHISTLER TOLD IT

THIS variation of a libel on Whistler appeared recently in a New York paper, and is one of a class embracing many species. It is as offensive now as was one of the same kind that I gave Whistler to read years ago in Venice.



Photographed by Otto H. Bacher, with "Detective" camera, before the day, of the Kodak

WHISTLER IN HIS TITE STREET STUDIO

Evidently, too, "ung vieux qui a moult roule en Palestine et aultres lieux!"

What it is to be prepared, though! Atlas, mon pauvre ami, you know the story of the witness who, when asked how far he stood from the spot where the deed was done, answered unhesitatingly—"sixty-three feet, seven inches!" "How, sir," cried the prosecuting lawyer, "how can you possibly pretend to such accuracy?" "Well," returned the man in the box, "you see I thought some damn fool would be sure to ask me, and so I measured."

Butterfly.

I was the one who did the "measuring."

LXXXIV—4

"Whistler, who had suffered for lack of the necessities of life, came to be able to dine his friends with vases of goldfish on the table, and to throw perfume into the vases at the close of the feast, killing the fishes, and causing them to spurt the perfumed water toward the guests in their expiring gasps."

Whistler told me the story. "Once and for all," as he put it, "so you may understand, Bacher, why I object to such silly trash as 'the goldfish story' which you have just brought me to read. I can't for the life of me, understand why your papers in America will print such silly twaddle with no point or reason for its

appearance; and what amazes me, is the vulgarity of it all and the vulgar way in which I am presented to your American readers. Why, if they must publish the goldfish story, do they leave out the point? You know Whistler never tells a story without a point. If they will take the trouble, any one of the papers in America can procure the copy of the goldfish story just as I told it, and as it was printed in one of the London papers.

"They will print rubbish rather than trouble themselves to get things right. Now, Bacher, Whistler will tell you the story as it occurred in Paris some years ago. You will see that Whistler had nothing to do with goldfish, as newspapers will have it, the credit belonging to my confrère, a very clever Frenchman. You will appreciate him and the story better if I tell you how clever and ingenious he was in the schools.

"If it happened that he had neither colors nor money to buy new tubes, he was not disconcerted or discouraged, as others might have been under like circumstances. No, he was far too clever and resourceful to get the 'blues' or think of suicide. He would get up cheerfully and look around for some student with a completely stocked palette and ask blandly: 'What kind of red is that you have on your palette? It seems particularly brilliant. I'll just take a little on my finger and try it. Thank you, it's very nice. Oh, yes; it is quite enough, thank you, much obliged,' and so on. Each person who gave other colors considered it a privilege and honor, and gave with pleasure. He got a bit of color here and a bit there until his palette was completely set for the day's work.

"One afternoon Whistler's ingenious friend came home from the schools earlier than usual. While looking from his window at the play of sunlight on the courtyard below, something new attracted him by the speck-like flashes that met his eye, and would come and go like darts of sun-rays reflected from some miniature mirror; they came from the landlady's window. 'Sure enough,' he thought; 'it is her window, and she has a new glass globe filled with fresh water and three little goldfish swimming prettily in it, enjoying the privilege of a warm sun-bath on the window ledge.' His old grudge

against his landlady came to his mind, and with it a plot by which he could get even with her. He acted quickly and quietly. He got a pin, which he shaped into a neat little hook, and made it fast to a long piece of thread; he baited the hook, and let it down very carefully into the jar of shining goldfish; he caught one, and pulled it up through his window, unhooked the pretty little victim, laid it aside, and began to fish for another, which he soon secured. When he had succeeded in procuring all of them, he placed them in a frying-pan and fried them to a nice pale brown color." At this point Whistler stopped for a moment, rolled a cigarette, and watched the effect which his story had made. He smiled when he heard the obvious conclusion, and said: "No; he did not eat the fish. He was a genius—a rare genius. If he had not been, he would have stopped there and eaten them, as any one else would have done. No, he did not stop there. He took up each little fish separately, and in turn put it on his line, walked silently to the window, carefully lowered it to the glass globe, and dropped the little fellow back into the water. When they were back in place, floating on the surface of the water, he closed the window, and left his apartment for a walk before sundown.

"His landlady was greatly shocked when she found her little fish all dead. In consternation, she called in her neighbors to examine them, and they declared that it was the heat of the sun that had fried the poor little goldfish."

The above story was related by Whistler to the writer in the Casa Jankovitz, Venice, 1880. Other accounts of the "goldfish story" are printed as having occurred in Venice in this same house, the owner of the goldfish being pictured as a beautiful countess, living on the floor below Whistler. This is not a fact, because the writer lived on the floor below him, and, moreover, there was no countess in the building that summer.

"WAS THAT A GOOD DIVE?"

"I WANT to make a good dive. You boys must show me how you do it when we reach deep water," Whistler remarked as his gondola pulled out from our house to a deep channel which was our favorite



"ARRANGEMENT IN GRAY AND BLACK--PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER'S MOTHER."
(OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT)

spot for bathing, because it was out of the line of regular traffic, and we were rarely disturbed by the swash of the large ocean steamers. The few dips Whistler had had previous to this from our cranky little craft did not discourage his eagerness to join us. He enjoyed the frolic with boyish enthusiasm. He would splash and break the water with his knees, owing to his inexperience in our American mode of diving.

He suggested that we change our irregular habits of bathing and set six o'clock in the morning as the proper time. He rigidly kept this hour, and insisted on every one of the boys being up at that time, ready to join him in his gondola at the foot of the steps on the Riva. And woe to the one who was not ready! His large, steady gondola which, from its peculiarity of construction, is known in Venice as a

barca, proved an excellent boat from which to dive. It would hold ten of us comfortably, including the faithful old gondolier, who was always careful to keep one place dry for Whistler's spotless white, well-laundered shirt, waistcoat, and trousers, in readiness for *il signore* to don after his bath. It was a wise precaution; even Whistler had splashed water into the boat.

Whistler would carefully arrange his hands in a prayer-like attitude, as most beginners do, then dive quickly and fearlessly. Once he dived too deep, frightening us all. It seemed as though he never would come up again. We were greatly relieved when we heard his voice, asking: "Was that a good dive? Were my knees all right? They did n't hit the water first this time, did they? It was a good dive, was n't it? Not so high, perhaps, as it

should be, but Whistler will do that by and by."

One day while swimming around the gondola, I saw Whistler talking to one of the boys, both standing upright on the flat, curved cross-board generally used as a support for the mast but employed by us as a diving-board. I was about to climb in, but changed my mind when I saw an opportunity for some fun. Acting quickly, and bracing my feet against the side of the boat, with my shoulders under water, I let go, and kicked the boat from me. It knocked them both overboard. Whistler struck upon his side, and went under. I heard a chuckle from the others before I dived out of sight, dreading Whistler's wrath on coming up. To my surprise, he was not angry; nor did he ask who did it. He simply said in that droll way of his, "Was that a good dive?"

WHISTLER AND HAMERTON

IN 1868, Philip Gilbert Hamerton published his volume "Etching and Etchers." In the preparation of this book he wrote to Whistler (Sept. 13, 1867), asking him to submit a set of proofs for his examination and for him to write about. Whistler paid no attention to the letter, and when the book was issued, the following comment was made relative to the "unanswered letter":

I have been told that, if application is made by letter to Mr. Whistler for a set of his etchings, he may perhaps, if he chooses to answer the letter, do the applicant the favour to let him have a copy for about the price of a good horse; but beyond such exceptional instances as this, Mr. Whistler's etchings are not in the market. First, the public would not buy and then the artist would not sell, so that there has been little commerce between them.

Whistler waited thirteen years before the proper time arrived for him to retaliate. It happened in about this way: Whistler was looking over my first edition of Hamerton's "Etchings and Etchers" in the Casa Jankovitz. After looking through the pictures, he came back to the chapter on himself, containing almost six pages of printed matter. He read every word of it. At the passage above quoted

he commented, "Yes, he wrote me for a set."

"Did n't you send them?" I asked.

"Of course not," was his answer.

"But why did n't you let him have them?"

"But why should Whistler?"

"I should have thought it would have done you some good," I added.

"But how could he? Now, see what he says," and he read: "'He may, perhaps, if he chooses to answer the letter, do the applicant the favour to let him have a copy for about the price of a good horse.' Can't you see he's angry because Whistler never answered his letter?"

Whistler borrowed the book, and copied many passages from it, putting them aside for future use.¹

Some time after this, he called to me loudly from his room above: "How do you spell Hamerton—with one *m* or two *m's*?"

"With one *m*," I yelled back.

"Oh, — it! I spelled it with two!"

And in the same breath he added: "Good! So much the better. It will irritate; I will leave it so, and send it as it is."

He sent the letter, August 16, 1880, and it appeared in the "New York Tribune," September 12, 1880.

"Sir:—In Scribner's Magazine² for this month there appears an article on Mr. Seymour Haden, the eminent surgeon-etcher, by a Mr. Hamerton."

This letter did not appear with Hamerton misspelled, but the droll little "*a*" is there, and quite as stinging, as will be observed in the following, which appeared in the "New York Tribune," October 11, 1880, from which I quote the conclusion.

It is scarcely necessary that I should allude to Mr. Whistler's studied discourtesy in calling me "*a* Mr. Hamerton." It does me no harm, but it is a breach of ordinary good manners in speaking of a well-known writer.

Yours obediently,

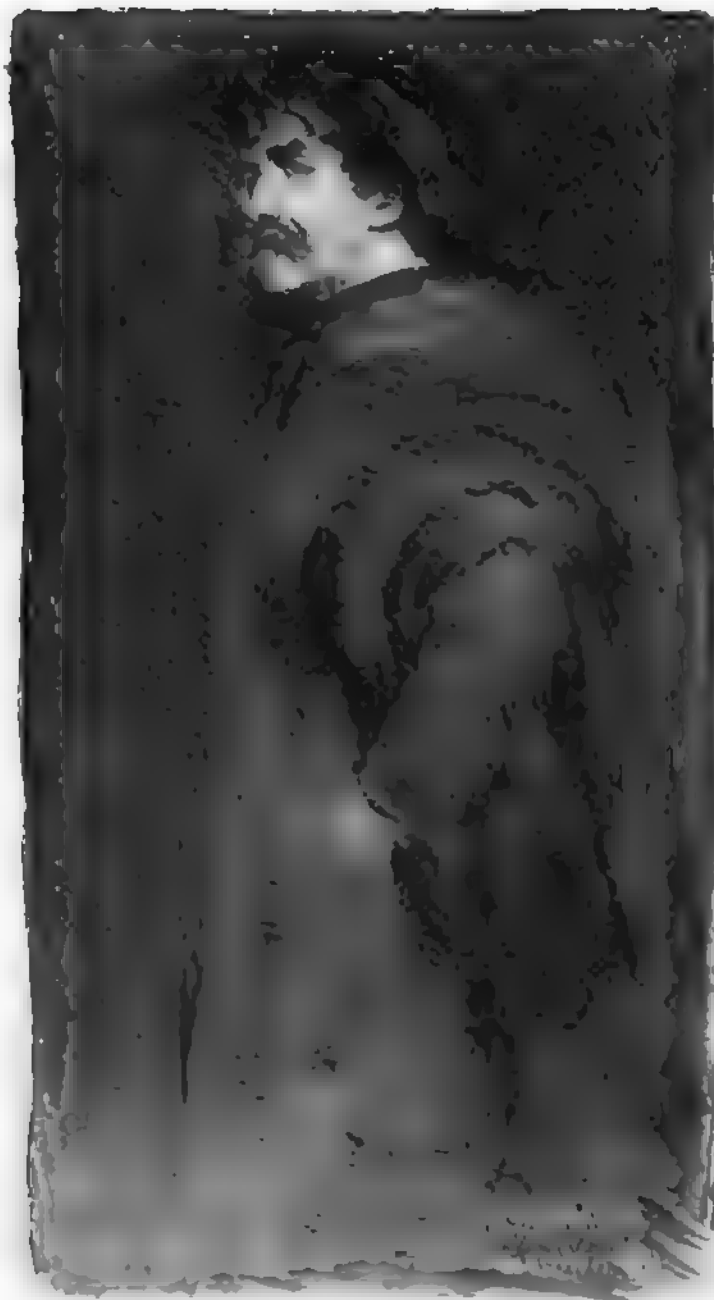
P. G. Hamerton.

THE CHURCH BELLS

THE belfry of the church back of the Casa Jankovitz was near the rear windows of the upper floor of our house, close to

¹ See "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," pp. 79, 98, 99, 100.

² Now THE CENTURY.



W. W. Alexander
1896

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. From a portrait sketch from life, by J. W. Alexander

WHISTLER IN LONDON, 1896



Whistler's room. In warm days the windows were open, and the constant ringing of the bells annoyed him very much. His frequent question, "How long does the law of Venice permit a church bell to ring?" was amusing to all. The American consul told him that most churches pay no attention to the law, which, if enforced, would allow them to ring their bells two minutes only, stopping for a period of five minutes before beginning again.

Whistler timed the bells one day by his watch, and found they were running over-time. Reaching out from his window, he succeeded in silencing them by holding on to the rope with a crooked nail fastened into the end of a pole. Suddenly the belfry-door opened, a choir-boy appeared, and, seeing what was the cause of the trouble, hastily withdrew. Some one tried to ring the bell again, and Whistler held on to the rope as tightly as he could. The little door opened again, and this time the priest appeared in full vestments, looked with concern, and beckoned Whistler to desist. It was unfortunate to interfere with ceremonies and prayers, and worse to be caught. However, Whistler dashed furiously at the good priest with the language of the law and the annoyance of the bell, which, by the way, kept on ringing during the animated conversation that was growing louder and louder every minute. The good priest could not hear. He stooped over and grasped the bell-rope. The bell suddenly ceased. Whistler's object was attained. It was a ludicrous situation, and when the subject of their contention suddenly stopped, both smiled. The good priest understood and apologized: Whistler invited him to dinner, and they remained friends ever after.

WHISTLER'S WHITE LOCK

THE following quotation is from a New York paper, written since his death:

No single item in Whistler's appearance was so celebrated as the solitary silver lock that stood out so from among the mass of his hair. It was his *oriflamme*, his *panache*. It nodded defiantly wherever his warring spirit carried him. It shone with a new gleam as he scattered the glittering shafts of his bitter wit. Legends grew around it. One was that he put it in curl-papers every night. Another

was that it was really a sample of what the rest of his hair would have been if nature had been weakly allowed to take its course. A third was that he had sustained a blow there in his youth, and the hair on that spot grew white thereafter. "It is not a white feather," he said once. This was true. He had never been a coward.

On one occasion, we heard Whistler exploding with laughter. We recognized the shrill voice of the mistress of our house as she joined in the merriment at the entrance below. The loud *ha-ha's* were coming up-stairs, Whistler talking at the top of his voice in Italian, interrupted by the woman's Venetian screeches and dialect. Every one in the house rushed to the head of the stairs.

When he caught his breath, Whistler exclaimed: "The Madam here came up to me a moment ago, saying, 'I must brush off something that mars your appearance.' Think of it!" he exclaimed loudly, between peals of laughter. "And just think what she did! She tried to knock off Whistler's white feather!"

The white lock, dry and crisp, shot high up and out of a mass of black, curly hair that usually had the appearance of having had an over-application of hair-oil. It was a birth-mark, so he told me; one that persisted in other members of his family. His sister had a white lock, which she always endeavored to hide; a cousin had an eyebrow streaked with white.

Whistler always tried to make this blemish prominent, laboring before a mirror, holding it in one hand, and fluffing out his curls with the other. The last touch was always given to the white feather. The soft brown hat which he wore was always tilted back behind it. He would often say, "The white lock should be seen first when Whistler enters a drawing-room."

A RIVAL IN WHITE LOCKS

WHENEVER I found Whistler working in his window, I knew I was doomed to a late dinner. It mattered little if I came home afoot or by boat, his weather-eye guarded the only passage to and from the Piazza San Marco.

It was usually when he had no formal engagement on hand, at the time when

other men had finished their day's work and were thinking about dinner, that he loved to take up a copper-plate, place it on the ledge of his window, and go to work scraping or burnishing, sometimes rebiting or touching out here or there in parts, using his dry point, nursing the plate through difficult passages, until the last glimmer of afterglow, long past sundown. From the open window he would yell, "Bacher!" If I seemed deaf, he would repeat: "Bacher, you are to dine with me to-night, remember. When you get ready, come up here."

If he once saw one, there was no dodging him. If one had plans of his own, it was necessary to come and go by stealth. Once out of the house, he was full of fun, and his comments on incidents along the way caused side-splitting laughter. At a certain *trattoria*, the padrone was sure to greet the humorous Americans, and was specially attentive to the epicurean orders of Whistler, who was often exasperating to his companions in the amount of waiting required to get something to eat.

The padrone was a large, handsome man, with a sympathetic face. He was probably a younger man than Whistler; his closely cropped hair was dark, with numerous spots of gray about the size of a silver dollar. As I looked, a thought flashed through my mind.

"Now is my chance," thought I. "I won't be afraid to say it this time. Whistler is in good humor."

As the padrone moved away, I said very seriously to Whistler, "Look at the padrone's fine head! He has more than one white lock; he has half a dozen."

Whistler readjusted his monocle, and looked critically at the head of the vanishing proprietor, and then turned to me with a faint smile of appreciation, grunting: "Uh! How dare you say that! Can't you see he has the mange?"

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BUTTERFLY

THE earlier Thames etchings had no butterfly signatures; the first appeared in 1859. An early signature of this description is to be found on "The Fur Jacket." In "The Harmony in Flesh-Color and Green" are two butterflies hovering over his own; in "Battersea," one is painted white against a dark background. It will

be observed that each of these is painted on a rectangular shield.

Later signatures resemble the butterfly as we know it now, but in no case have I found it with a sting attached until the year 1880, when Whistler lived in the Casa Jankovitz. One day he found a scorpion, and impaled it upon his etching-needle. The vicious insect would strike in all directions, now and then hitting the handle of the needle with his curved spur.

"Look at the beggar now!" exclaimed Whistler, excitedly. "See him strike! Is n't he fine? Look at him! Look at him now! See how hard he hits! That 's right—that 's the way! Hit hard! And do you see the poison that comes out when he strikes? Is n't he superb?"

The insect seemed to captivate him completely, and I believe that the addition of the sting to his butterfly dates from this occurrence. In his writings, whenever he wished to emphasize a point, he sketched his butterfly with the sting directed toward the particular remark.

FAREWELL FÊTE TO WHISTLER

ABOUT the latter part of August, it was generally understood, that Whistler intended to return soon to London; the exact time of his departure was not known. About the same time, one of our fellow-students was to leave us for good, and return to his home in America. Such an event was usually marked by some kind of celebration, always a jolly good send-off.

On this dual occasion the affair was elaborate, with suggestions of oriental luxury. A large, open coal barge, with a twenty-foot coal-hole, was chartered for the purpose. Standing up in it, one could look over the sides. A complete transformation turned this shabby boat into a fairylike floating bower, festooned with the wealth of autumn. Sheafs of wheat, rye, oats, corn, and grasses, formed into columns, loomed up in artistic confusion. Between these, garlands of pumpkins, squashes, tomatoes, apples, oranges, and clusters of grapes were intertwined, with a multitude of Japanese lanterns. On a table were heaped huge piles of fruit and melons, some of the latter being broken open, and scattered around. Rich studio draperies, fastened above, led down to monster bowls of many salads, and to

flasks of Chianti. Other bottles dangled among the garlands above. The arrangement resembled some ancient feast pictured in the old galleries. The small decks fore and aft were manned with oarsmen, and under an American flag was placed a throne for the guests of honor.

The start was made about dusk from the end of the Riva near the Public Gardens. Whistler arrived very late in his gondola, when we were far out in the lagoons opposite the Doge's Palace. Until his arrival, we had been allowed simply to feast our eyes on the abundance that lay before us. The chief drew the first draught from an inelegant loving-cup, then passed it round in the manner of a pipe of peace, and so the ceremonies began. Toasts

and drinking of healths followed, and, later, as we floated upward with the tide along the Grand Canal, between beautiful palaces, we attracted the attention and interest of Americans and Venetians, many of whom followed us in gondolas. Rain made us seek shelter under the arch of the Rialto, where we remained until dawn, our coming awakening the boatmen who slumbered there. As daylight approached, there was a slight falling off in wit, wine, and song. The only incident that left a blot was when two men in light suits bunked in the forward cubby-hole, forgetting that it was a coal barge.

As it happened, Whistler was the last man to leave Venice. Long after our departure, he was still there, but he had had his send-off.



WILLIAM SHARP AND "FIONA MACLEOD"

BY ERNEST RHYS

THE death in December, 1905, at Bronte, in Sicily, of William Sharp,¹ and the disclosure then made of the authorship of "Fiona Macleod," have still left many things unexplained in the writings that bear her name. The whole story, involving some obscure question of mental transference and an abnormal use of the romantic imagination, can hardly be divulged until Mrs. Sharp shall give us the promised memoirs of her husband. Meanwhile, I should like to call up from the reminiscences of a long friendship with him some episodes which may, in passing, help to disclose the sources, mysterious and deliberately obscured, of the "Fiona Macleod" tales and fantasies.

II

ONE summer morning, some twenty years ago, in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, I was

called down to an early visitor, and found waiting me a superb young man,—a typical Norseman, as I should have thought him,—tall, yellow-haired, blue-eyed. His cheeks were as rosy as a young girl's, his manners as frank and impulsive as a boy's. He had come with an introduction from a common friend (Mrs. William Bell Scott), a would-be contributor to a new periodical; but he soon passed from the discussion of an article on De Quincey to an account of himself that was joyously and consciously exuberant. He told of adventures in Australian backwoods, and of intrigues in Italy that recalled Cellini; and then he turned, with the same rapid flow of brief staccato sentences, to speak of his friend Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems, or of the last time he walked along Cheyne Walk to spend an evening with Rossetti. He appeared to know everybody, to have been everywhere. Finally, though he had apparently been sitting up all the night be-

¹ William Sharp was born near Paisley, Scotland, in 1856. He died at the home of his friend the Duke of Nelson and Bronte, Castle Maniace, lying to the west of Mount Ætna.



From a photograph by the Duke of Nelson and Bruce, at Castle Menzies, Sully, in 1875
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Yours most sincerely
William Sharp

fore to write an epic or a "Quarterly" article, he was quite ready to start the same evening for Paris, not only to be present at a new play there, but in order to be able to talk, hours on end in the dark, about the "Contes Extraordinaires" of M. Ernest Hello, or about a very different and still more wonderful being, then little known in London, called Nietzsche.

It is not easy to avoid extravagance in speaking of one who was in all things an

otherwise to complete, more than one essay and review which he had undertaken before he fell ill.

At this time he had written two books of poems, "The Human Inheritance" and "Earth's Voices," and a book on Dante Gabriel Rossetti. There was an impassioned delight in nature,—in nature at large, that is,—in her seas and skies, or in her scenery subjectively colored by lyric emotion, to be found in these early books.

Little Children of the Wind

I hear the little children of the wind
Crying solitary in lonely places:

I have not seen their faces

But I have seen the leaves eddying behind,
The little tremulous leaves of the wind.

Fiona Macleod

AUTOGRAPH POEM BY "FIONA MACLEOD"

illusionist. Sharp's sensations, doings, artistic ideas, and performances were not to be counted by rule and measure. He was capable of predicting a new religion as he paced the Thames Embankment, or of devising an imaginary new theater for romantic drama,—whose plays were yet to be written (by himself),—as he rode home from the Haymarket.

Before we separated, at that first meeting, he had made more plans for events and new great works than the most sanguine of imaginers and writers could hope to effect in a lifetime. And, alas! for his control of circumstance, within a fortnight I was summoned to his sick-bed. He was down with scarlet fever, and it fell to me to write from his notes, or

Perhaps one of his Northern poems may best serve to illustrate his faculty; and there is one that is particularly to the purpose, since it sketches "Moonrise" from the very spot—Iona—with which so many of the Fiona tales and fantasies were to be connected afterward.

"Here where in dim forgotten days,
A savage people chanted lays
To long since perished gods, I stand:
The sea breaks in, runs up the sand,
Retreats as with a long-drawn sigh,
Sweeps in again; again leaves dry
The ancient beach, so old and yet
So new that as the strong tides fret
The island barriers in their flow
The ebb-hours of each day can know
A surface change. The day is dead,

The sun is set, and overhead
 The white north stars set keen and bright;
 The wind upon the sea is light
 And just enough to stir the deep
 With phosphorescent gleams and sweep
 The spray from salt waves as they rise."

Sharp's early work is more like that of a lyric improvisator than of a critical modern poet. At this period he cared more for the free choice of verse than for exact felicity of phrase; and he had little artistic interest, one may add, in individual men and women, save as romantic reflections of his own moods. But his writings betrayed a constant quest after those hardly realizable regions of thought, and those keener lyric emotions, which, since Shelley wrote and Rossetti wrote and painted, have so often occupied the interpreters of the vision and spectacle of nature.

One may find this variously attempted or half expressed in several of the poems of his second book. In one called "A Record" (to which a special inscription drew attention in the copy he sent me), he treats very fancifully the mystery of transmigration. He pictures himself sitting in his room, and there he resumes the lives, and states of being, of many savage types of man and beast viewed in passion and action—the tiger, the eagle, and the primitive man who lighted the fire that consumed the dry scrub and his fellow-tribesmen:

"He looks around to see some god,
 And far upon the fire-scorched sod
 He sees his brown-burnt tribesmen lie,
 And thinks their voices fill the sky,
 And dreads some unseen sudden blow—
 And even as I watch him, lo,
 My savage-self I seem to know."

Or again he reincarnates the Druid:

"And dreaming so I dream my dream:
 I see a flood of moonlight gleam
 Between vast ancient oaks, and round
 A rough-hewn altar on the ground
 Weird Druid priests are gathered
 While through their midst a man is led
 With face that seems already dead."

And again the type is changed into a Shelleyan recluse, a hermit who had retreated to his cave, and that hermit,

"Was even that soul mine eyes have traced
 Through brute and savage steadily,
 That he even now is part of me
 Just as a wave is of the sea."

If there are traces of Shelley in this poem, Rossetti and Swinburne have also their echo in some of its rhapsodic, highly figurative stanzas. There are the unmistakable germs in it, too, of some of the supernatural ideas that received a much more vital expression afterward in "Fiona Macleod's" work.

III

THERE was another side to William Sharp. He had a spirit of fun, boyish mischief even, which found the slightest reflection in his work; for his writing is not remarkable for its humor. His extravagance of energy, which vehemently sped his pen, led him, in the course of his earlier life, into a hundred wild exploits. To him a piece of writing was an adventure. He delighted in impossible feats of composition, such as trying to finish a whole romance between sunset and sunrise. It follows that, with all this huge impetuosity, he was a poet who was rather disinclined by temperament for the "poetic pains." What he wrote in haste he was not always anxious to correct at leisure; and he was happy about what he wrote—at any rate, until a colder mood supervened at some later stage of his development.

In keeping with this mental restlessness, Sharp was an insatiable wanderer. No sooner did he reach London than he was intriguing to be off again. Some of his devices in order to get work done, and to equip these abrupt expeditions, were as absurd as anything told by Henri Murger. Thanks to his large and imposing presence, his sanguine air, his rosy faith in himself, he had a way of overwhelming editors that was beyond anything, I believe, ever heard of in London, before or since.

On one occasion he had arranged with a friend to start for Algiers. He needed fifty pounds for tickets and outfit; he had spent his last subsidy. Walking down Fleet street, and excogitating on this awkward predicament, he stepped on the spur of the moment into an editor's office, and

decided to propose a serial romance. He invented a sensational plot as he sat in the anteroom, stated it in set terms when he entered, and promised the larger part of the story within ten days. By writing night and day he delivered his promised copy, had his check, and before a fortnight had gone, he was on his way.

Still more wonderful, he once went into a publisher's office, and gave so alluring an account of a long-meditated book that the publisher gave him a check for £100, although he had not written a word of it. This, too, while he was known only as an occasional reviewer and while his name had no particular market value. The book in question, it is right to add, fully justified in the end the publisher's intrepidity.

These things illustrate his temperament. He was a romanticist, an illusionist. He did not see places or men and women as they were; he did not care to see them so: but he had quite peculiar powers of assimilating to himself foreign associations—the ideas, the colors, the current allusions, of foreign worlds. In Italy he became an Italian in spirit; in Algiers, an Arab. On his first visit to Sicily he could not be happy because of the sense of bloodshed and warfare associated with the scenes amid which he was staying; he saw bloodstains on the earth, on every leaf and flower.

The same susceptibility marked his intercourse with his fellows. Their sensations and emotions, their whims, their very words, were apt to become his, and to be reproduced with an uncanny reality in his own immediate practice. It was natural, then, that he should be doubly sensitive to feminine intuitions; that he should be able, even on occasion, thanks to an extreme concern with women's inevitable burdens and sufferings, to translate, as men are very rarely able to do, their intimate dialect. So he wrote once to a friend, Mrs. Janvier, who had asked him why he chose a feminine pseudonym:

"I can write out of my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp; and, indeed [he added thereupon], that I could not do if I were myself the woman whom 'Fiona Macleod' is supposed to be."

IV

It was, I think, in the winter following the appearance of "Pharais" that he first sent me some account of "Miss Macleod." She was a Highland lady, closely related to him, who could express herself in romance only with his aid as actual penman and artistic collaborator. He pictured her as living a remote life in the Highlands; but I inferred that his mysterious fellow-romanticist might, in point of fact, be one who was much nearer home. About the real explanation of the problem suggested in the earlier books of "Fiona Macleod" I had, then, little doubt. They were the romance of a woman's mind and a woman's love, playing upon, and inspiring, and in a sense fertilizing, a man's mind; and so far it was a true instinct that led William Sharp to choose such a name for this strange authorship. When circumstances interfered with the sympathetic interaction of the two minds, and when he sought to instigate by his own individual vehemence of invention the same flow of ideas, the writing, he averred, was no longer of the same quality.

Of the many letters from his imaginary Gaelic friend and collaborator which reached me from time to time, one at least may be quoted as confirming his own history of these neo-Celtic fantasies and romances.

They are books [says "Fiona Macleod," writing from "Loch-Fyne-side," on the 4th of May, 1900] at which I look sometimes with dread, for through all their outward change of time and place they are often so intimately personal. . . . Can you understand that when "Pharais" was published I would have given anything to recall it, partly because of the too much suffering there expressed, but mainly because of that "Cry of Women," which nevertheless has brought so many strange and sorrowful letters, and made many unexpected friends. . . . A still more intimate element animates "The Mountain Lovers," a book which will always for me have an unchanged air. We are fortunate if we have one book, one poem even, which, having lived there, never forgets the "Enchanted Valley."

V

It must have been rather before the period of this letter that he asked Mr. W. B.

Yeats and me to meet him, as he had a confession to make with regard to the "Fiona Macleod" stories and romances. What he then told, under the strict seal of privacy, I do not feel at liberty now to disclose; but it entirely corroborated what he had told me casually at other times, and I see no reason to doubt that, while the account was colored, it represented a genuine mental experience, and was psychologically true. Its effect was this: that he, wishing to interpret nature and the supernatural, and all their occult human contingencies, had never been able to attain to what he called "vision," until after an illness and some fever he found himself newly sensitized, and made the vehicle of a woman's vision—one far exceeding his own. Then, and not till then, he became the instrument of that creative work which, actually written down by himself, was yet the positive result of a dual state of consciousness, new, he thought, to human experience.

One of the most positive and vivid outcomes, he declared, of this twofold or complex vision was the curious fantasy of

THE WASHER OF THE FORD

There is a lonely stream afar in a lone dim
land:
It hath white dust for shore it has, white
bones bestrew the strand:
The only thing that liveth there is a naked
leaping sword;
But I, who a seer am, have seen the whirling
hand

Of the Washer of the Ford.

A shadowy shape of cloud and mist, of gloom
and dusk, she stands,

The Washer of the Ford:

She laughs at times, and strews the dust
through the hollow of her hands.

She counts the sins of all men there, and
slays the red-stained horde—

The ghosts of all the sins of men must know
the whirling sword

Of the Washer of the Ford.

Torcall heard the voice, but saw no one.
No shadow moved. Then he walked out upon
the moonlit grass; and at the ford he saw a
woman stooping and washing shroud after
shroud of woven moon-beams: washing them
there in the flowing water, and singing low a
song that he did not hear. He did not see
her face. But she was young, and with long

black hair that fell like the shadow of night
over a white rock.

There are other stories in the same series which seem to me, however, much more characteristic than this—stories where the passion of love betwixt man and woman evokes the supersensual, and where one traces a twofold invention, or the play of twofold sympathies.

Whatever were William Sharp's powers in his earlier period, they never, it is certain, found any expression comparable with that found in the "Fiona Macleod" work. There, although the phrases and words are often the same, the passionate quest of the lover, the vision of the predestined woman, are given a new intensity of romantic emotion, a quite new effect in art.

Exorbitant love between man and woman leads in this concept on to the romantic vision of nature, and then, transcending all common experience, to a spiritual vision. The natural descriptions in some of these tales,—of sea and sky suffused with this romance-coloring,—are unlike anything in modern literature, neo-Celtic or other, which attempts to express romantically or to prose-paint the wonder and the joy of earth. It may be said that this pseudo-Celtic writing of "Fiona Macleod's" is not really Gaelic in spirit; it is certainly not quite like anything in old Celtic poetry, or in the characteristic Gaelic legend and romance. That may be granted without destroying the force of the claim made for its personal and original interest.

No doubt the "Fiona Macleod" romance was formed by obvious literary influences. Mr. Yeats and Nietzsche, Paul Bourget and Tolstoy, Shelley and Mr. Swinburne, had all helped to feed the lamp. An apocryphal Sin-Eater, captured in an imaginary Wales, was carried to the Highlands; a Rossetian Queen Maeve was made into a new Gaelic heroine. But how, by sympathetic processes not quite understood by William Sharp himself—how these forms, so devised, were made to live, move, and have a new being, that was still a mystery. And, after all is told about the "Fiona Macleod" writings, a mystery,—as he said in a scaled message which he left to be delivered to Mr. Yeats, myself, and to one or

two other friends after his death,—they are like to remain.

I saw my friend for the last time a day or two before his last journey to Sicily. It was a brilliant autumn morning, and the September sun flooded his room. He told me, referring to his doctor's last ominous report, that he believed one could defy even fatal disease if one "saturated one's self with sunshine. So," he added, "I am going to Taormina—to the land of the sun, hoping to get fresh energy; for I have still a great deal to do." As he said it he looked joyously out of the window at the yellowing plane-trees and the London street.

Not long before this visit, he had talked almost as light-heartedly about his virtual sentence of death. For himself, it did not seem to matter; but for others—there was the wrench. "I have lived my life, and death is only a gate"—this was the effect of his philosophy.

The gate shut on one of the most vital spirits and one of the most imaginative men of our time, at the death

of William Sharp. I have called him a great illusionist, and it may be thought that "Fiona Macleod" was the greatest of his illusions; but she was real, and very real, to him. He wrote her letters every birthday, and I remember going with him once to buy an antique silver and ebony crucifix for her in Holborn. Moreover, through him, she did many mysterious, kind services and gave secret gifts; and her apparition certainly once appeared on an island of the British coast while he was apparently far away on the Southern Mediterranean. She was not, then, as some of his critics think, only a part of that "blue mist of youth and love and romance" which he describes in one of his "Spiritual Tales." She was a real woman, who really entered into his life and counsels and inspired him. And for the rest, let us recall his own words, where he says: "I write not because I know a mystery, and would reveal it; but because I have known a mystery, and am to-day as a child before it, and can neither reveal nor interpret it."



PAIN

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

YOU eat the heart of life like some great beast,
You blacken the sweet sky—that God made blue,
You are the death's-head set amid the feast,
The desert breath that drinks up every dew.

And no man lives but quails before you—Pain!
And no man lives that learns to love your rod;
The white lip smiles—but ever and again
God's image cries your horror unto God.

And yet—oh Terrible!—men grant you this:
You work a mystery. When you are done
Lo, common living turns to heavenly bliss,
Lo, the mere light is as the noonday sun!

RAILWAY DISASTERS AT NIGHT

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL NEED OF REVISING THE SIGNALS

BY GEORGE M. STRATTON

Professor of Experimental Psychology, and Director of the Psychological Laboratory,
The Johns Hopkins University

THE accidents recurring on our railroads, with all their fearful loss of human life, must cease to appear to the thoughtful as a mere misfortune; they have become in truth a national disgrace. If, as a people, we were marked by slow intelligence, or were prevented from showing our resourcefulness by pinching poverty, some just excuse might possibly be found for these mishaps. But Americans do not instinctively regard themselves as inferior to others in the wit which deals with enginery and mechanism and in that rarer knack of organizing and directing to a single purpose the ingenuity of many men. Nor, when we consider the unwonted wealth coming to our corporations, would we plead in their behalf the hindrance due to narrow penury, which cramps their natural efforts to protect to the full the lives entrusted to their care. Reluctantly one is almost compelled to believe that the defect lies somewhere on the moral side. Those who direct our passenger service, as well as the public generally, have been far too lenient regarding great catastrophes; we have too readily accepted them as part of the inevitable cost of rapid travel.

The social aspect of the question must receive this mention even in a paper which aims to discuss merely the block signals of our railroads, lest the larger issues might for a moment be lost to view. The perils of our travel spring from something more central than signal posts or wires or colored lights: there can be no substitute for earnest and intelligent good-will.

But good-will is relatively ineffectual

if it must express itself with clumsy appliances and outworn aids. And while there can be no doubt that an overworked and weary engineer may blunder with the most perfect mechanical devices, yet this will never justify us in neglecting any possible means to make his judgments accurate and sure; it will never justify us in leaving needless difficulties in the way of those who are fresh and alert. For this reason one can hardly doubt that it will be of no small importance for us clearly to recognize the psychological faults of our present signals, and to consider whether these faults may not be overcome.

The present system of governing the movement of a train involves the use of two separate sets of signals, the one in force by day, and the other employed at night. The day signals are given by means of the arms or vanes of a semaphore near the track, and these arms are movable, and convey their message to the engineer by the different directions in which they point. The conventional signs employed by the various roads are not the same; but these differences may be here neglected, and for the sake of definiteness I shall describe only a single system—one of the simplest forms of signaling, which is coming into wide use. Here the signal-arm, when it stands in a horizontal position, indicates danger, and commands the engineer to bring his train to a stop. If the signal-arm, however, points directly to the ground, this denotes that the track ahead is open, and permits the train to proceed. But if the arm extends in a direction neither horizontal nor vertical,

but midway between these two, and at an angle of forty-five degrees from each, then it is known as a caution-signal, and means that the train may proceed, but with a sharp lookout for danger.

When darkness comes on, and these outstretched arms are no longer visible, a different set of signals comes into play. Changing colors now convey the fateful message. In front of a lantern placed high beside the track, a series of glasses is so arranged that, according to the condition of the track ahead, the light may be made to gleam red or green or white. To describe, as before, only one of several forms, the red light denotes "danger," "stop," "the track is closed"; the green light means "proceed cautiously"; while the white light indicates an open track, with permission freely to advance.

Now this alternation every night and morning between two wholly different kinds of signals would be unfortunate, even if each set were of itself entirely good; for what is here needed, above all, is absolute simplicity. The signal should pierce the mind, should thrust its meaning home, in the most direct and unerring way. In art we look for variety; we prefer that a recurring thought should come to us in varied garb. But where life or death hangs on the instant understanding of the message, a symbol should bear only a single meaning, and a given meaning should be conveyed by an unchanging sign. A system in which an idea is communicated now by one sign and now by another is not entirely flawless.

But the really grave fault in the present arrangement is not that the signals are changed twice daily, but that the alternate sets are of immensely different value, and the worse signals are in force during the very period of greatest danger. The oncoming of night, which from so many causes is the most perilous time of travel, makes useless the signals which require the engineer merely to distinguish forms and directions, and brings in their stead colors, which are peculiarly liable to be misread. The difficulties with which these color signals are burdened I cannot believe are fully known to all.

In the first place, and perhaps of minor importance, it should not be overlooked

that the white light used in the block system is to be entitled "white" only by courtesy, for it comes in reality from the warm yellow flame of an oil lamp, and is uncommonly rich in red rays. When viewed through the smoky air which so often hovers over our railroads, it is for this reason the more liable to take on a reddish tinge, a ruddy effect which even the pure white of the sun cannot escape when brought into the presence of smoke. Now at the first thought it might seem of no moment if occasionally a "white" signal did appear as tinged with red. Would it not at most cause an engineer to delay at a point where he might with perfect safety have advanced? But if he should often see a reddish light which he later discovered to be intended for white, a red light would cease to be quite so startling and deterrent to him. And thereby the chances are at least slightly increased that he will at some critical moment perhaps unconsciously make allowance for the effect of smoke where no smoke whatever exists, and by taking an actually red light for white, will dash his train with all the life it holds headlong into ruin.

But apart from such casual incentives to carelessness and mistake, our railway engineers are men, and not women, and the color sense in men is strangely prone to be at fault. Serious abnormalities of color vision occur, on the average, in about one man in every twenty, and are found with tenfold greater frequency among men than among women.¹ And as if by a kind of diabolic perversity, the colors which are so vital to the signal system, red and green, are the very ones with regard to which the abnormal eye more often goes astray.

Now, while it is true that railroad officers have long felt the need of testing the eyes of their engineers for any defect of color vision, yet neither these officials nor the public are even yet fully aware how much there exists of defective color vision that is not of the marked character which we associate with the term "color-blindness." Persons with these less serious disturbances often can distinguish colors, but not with that facility which is possible with the normal eye; and thus it comes about that men weak in their color

¹ For a paper on "Color Blindness," illustrated with color plates and with diagrams, by Dr. Edward A. Ayers, see *THE CENTURY* of last month.

sense, but by no means color-blind, are nightly groping their way amid signals that, even with the senses at their best, have difficulty enough and to spare. When to the number of these color-weak we add those who have actually no real perception of red or green, and yet do in some way succeed in passing the usual tests, we feel more keenly the peril from employing in so vital a matter a side of our vision that is notoriously unfaithful, and whose evil traits are so difficult to detect.

As if the reputation of the color sense were not already clouded enough, there is another of its frailties which with regret one must record. Even when the human eye is at its best and nowise departs from the norm, it is incapable of seeing correctly the color of objects caught out of the corner of the eye. Throughout a large part of the field of view at any given moment all colors of moderate intensity appear to the eye as white. We think we see them in their proper character even when we do not look directly at them; but this is demonstrably a mistake. And what is also of importance for our present interest, the area of the field within which a light appears in its proper hue is not the same for all colors, and its extent for red and green is most restricted of all. This means that we have to look more directly at red and green, if we are not to mistake them perhaps for yellow or white—the light that in the railroad language implies that all is well. Now, even in the quiet of the psychological laboratory the errors which a person will make in trying to direct his eye with speed and accuracy toward a given point surprise us by their largeness. He may feel confident that he has swept his glance clear to the point selected, yet a record taken by exact photography will often show that he did not look directly at the point at all; his *attention* made the sweep full to the goal, but his *eye* lagged far behind. But if we leave the psychological laboratory, and imagine ourselves in the swaying cab of a locomotive, the machinery never to be lost to mind for a moment, the very seconds of time to be carefully watched as they pass, while the color of a signal must be caught in its flight to one side, would it be strange if under these wild conditions the errors of

the laboratory should be repeated and even markedly increased? If such a lapse occurred, the red or green of the signal might seem fatally colorless, having fallen somewhere on that large, outlying part of the eye upon which these colors have no proper effect.

The limitations of the normal eye are, however, not yet fully told. Even when it looks with fair accuracy at them, it is always at a disadvantage with regard to colors at night. The eye, grown accustomed to darkness, becomes exceedingly sensitive to faint lights, but it no longer detects their proper colors: "in the dusk all cats are gray." At nightfall a strange kind of second-sight comes in to supplement the vision of common day, now baffled; but this owl-sight of the human eye is able to catch bare light and shade and form, and is blind to the hue of things. This baffling of the color sense at night, even when objects themselves are visible, is not due entirely to the peculiarities of artificial light; for the color-blindness of the eye in faint illumination can be beautifully demonstrated in the laboratory when only pure sunlight is used.

This change which has taken place in the eye that has come to "see in the dark" is of no special importance for our signaling when the air is clear and the signal-lights show bright. Colors are readily seen at night if they are intense enough. But the night express cannot be fastidious about its weather; and often to the blinding wind and smoke through which it madly hurries there is added a fog or a driving rain or snow, and the signal-light, if seen at all, will appear as a faintest glimmer. And now the fact that the eye adapted to the dark can see the light, but see no color in it, becomes perhaps of fateful importance; it may mean the difference between safety and destruction to a hundred lives. Color-signals by day would be bad enough; by night they become a positive invitation to disaster.

But the present system of block signals at night is ill-adapted not to the eye alone; it gives needless labor to the memory and the attention. It requires the engineer, among the innumerable lights that line his track, to distinguish those which are to guide him, from those that are of no significance to him at all. Anyone who

has ridden in the cab of an express locomotive during its frantic course by night, and seen the engineer, as by a miracle, pick out his "white" signal amid a swarm of near-by city lights of a hue identical with the one that must direct him; seen him, also, with an almost mysterious confidence rush past countless red and green lights, knowing that they were not for him but were switch-lights, or lanterns guarding the rear of some neighboring train or were signals for "slow" trains, for cross-overs, and a host of things beside,—as one dashes recklessly through this maze of colored lights, he can no longer wonder that signals are occasionally misread or unobserved. He can only marvel that a night express ever reaches its goal in safety. Added, then, to the perils due to the defects of the eye, both normal and abnormal, the present block signals have this serious fault: they do not stand out distinct and apart from numberless other lights that suddenly appear to the engineer, but to which he is expected to give no heed.

These objections to the use of color in our block signals, for to them I am confining my paper, might perhaps be hardly worth recounting if nothing better could possibly take its place; we might regret that our own safety and the safety of our fellow-men must hang by so slender a thread, and there the matter would end. The situation, however, is not at all so hopeless. We may, whenever we please, do away with color as a means of signaling, and put in its place a better order of signs.

The plan that I would propose would be to use throughout the twenty-four hours the kind of signal which is now employed only by day. Such an arrangement would have the advantage which lies in perfect uniformity; it would abolish the daily change from form to color. But it would also have the more important excellence, that the signals thus made general are eminently preferable to those which would be crowded out. For inasmuch as the day signals now in use consist of markedly different directions of a semaphore vane, whereof the color is of no importance except to make the projecting arm conspicuous, they are based upon something psychologically sound. The space sense, upon which they place their reliance, has, like every human

power, its imperfections; but these are far less glaring than in the case of color, and are more surely detected whenever they occur. And since the sense of space is of one blood with habits and instincts deep within the individual and the race, it is not easily thrown into disorder. Our power to notice differences of form and position is one which, through the common needs of life, has developed wonderful stability and strength. The recognition of places, the finding of ways both indoors and out, the noting of the tracks and forms of animals, the shaping of tools, the art of reading and writing—these and countless other matters depend upon and encourage an interest in the *spatial* character of things, an interest which informs and guides not only us, but uncivilized men and the higher animals as well. Compared with this power, the general steadiness and fidelity of which is thus guaranteed by long habit and long inheritance, our color sense seems only an upstart and an idler. The older experiments which seemed to prove an appreciation of color far down the animal scale have little credit now, and it is doubtful whether the child can see the hue of things until months after it has observed their positions and forms. But even after the color sense is certainly present, it rarely attains prime practical importance; it is more an incident, more a pleasant luxury among our mental furnishings. The feeble color vocabulary of the ordinary male is a fair expression of this native lack of interest in color; and in more than one whole language, differences as great as that between green and blue are left unmarked by separate words. The very frequent lack of any power whatever in us to notice colors, of which enough has already been said, is perhaps the strongest indication that Nature regards lightly this power of ours to catch the fleeting tints and hues of things. The color sense saunters in and out of life, as irresponsible as any Harold Skimpole, and seems never to have been intended to bear the brunt of elemental action.

To take the responsibility for the traveler's safety away from the color faculty and entrust it to the space sense, is, then, the plain dictate of science. And this could be accomplished simply by making at night the vane of the semaphore lumi-

nous. As, in our cities, lights are arranged in lines and letters to catch the attention, so here the signal could become a fiery arm pointing outward or down or, if need be, midway between these directions, at will. Such a line of fire would be strikingly different from the usual lights of buildings or of streets. It would also, both in quality and in form, stand out entirely distinct from all the colored lights whose use upon the railway it may, in the end, seem wise to continue for purposes other than the block signal. A continuous line of light, moreover, would be visible at a far greater distance than is the present single light. The glowing signal lights would best be white, and of course should not change in tint in order to convey their message. This would at once remove all need of discerning whether the line burned white or green or red, with all the risk which the distinction brings.

The mechanical difficulties of introducing the new form of signal would not be great. A row of half a dozen oil-lamps stretched along the front of the signal-arm,—lamps of the type at present used in the block system,—could be counterpoised to prevent their interference with the proper action of the mechanism which controls the arm. Even with such lanterns the new system would have an immense superiority over the old, but no one should regard these weak lights as more than a makeshift; for what is urgently needed is something that will penetrate the smoke and mist and storm. There would be many advantages in using incandescent electric lights throughout the large area where a suitable current is now available—an area rapidly increasing, and doubtless destined soon to cover nearly our whole land. The objection to the use of electric lights, that they are liable suddenly to fail if for any reason the current is interrupted, would not be serious where electricity is also the motive power of the trains; for should the current cease, and the signal-lights go out, the train would at the same time soon be brought to a stop, and there would be no immediate danger from the interruption. But on roads where electricity is not the motive power, the best illuminant for the new signal would perhaps be gas stored under pressure in tanks—gas such as is used in

many of our railway cars or in the gas-buoys set along our shores by the Government. Since these buoys burn untended for months in storm or calm, it would seem that such a light might well be adapted to illuminate the semaphore arm. For if a line of oil lamps were used, the temptation would be strong to economize in weight, and consequently in oil capacity, and thus to have only a moderate brilliancy where a powerful light is needed.

It is true that such a change, like most things that are desirable, would require some additional expense. But since the whole present mechanism by which the semaphores are operated might remain unchanged, the cost of the alteration would certainly not be great. Nor will the country be reluctant to spend money when once there is the clear issue of saving or of sacrificing life. The social earnestness to prevent the needless death of a single person ought to be as great in the case of railroad accidents as it is in regard to the condemnation of an innocent person by a court. But apart from all moral considerations, it is probable that the saving to a railway company by lessened claims for personal injury, not to speak of the lessened damage to its freight and its equipment, would pay a liberal interest on the cost of making the change.

But when we are seeking to avert great danger, we should not be nice about economies; we should come forward with a lavish hand. We should heap safety-devices several deep, and nothing that can materially contribute to make it impossible for an engineer unwittingly to run past a "stop" signal should be omitted. Unquestionably it would add to the security of travel if the setting of a "stop" signal should automatically bring it about that an engine passing such a signal caused the explosion of several torpedoes or bombs of generous size. This would violently coerce the attention of the engineer and his fireman, and, indeed, of every person on the train, and this general warning that a "stop" signal had been unheeded would make it possible to correct the blunder before it became a disaster. An alarm of the kind would also tend to prevent those too frequent cases, often fatal, where an engineer in-

tentionally disregards a signal not to proceed.

Thus the expedients for guarding human life, without in the least interfering with the freedom of travel, are far from exhausted. But while ingenuity has long been tireless in devising ever swifter transit, there seems to have been no such unwearying effort to render travel safe. Yet safety first, and speed only in so far as this safety will permit, must unques-

tionably in the end be the maxim which all will feel bound to respect. And while the safeguards in this region will depend for their discovery on many interests and on many diversities of talent, yet so long as these safeguards are only tools and implements of human attention and human sensibility, the science which is concerned with these mental powers cannot profitably be left out of account.



LINCOLN IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY
TELEGRAPH CORPS

BY DAVID HOMER BATES

Manager of the War Department Telegraph Office and Cipher-Operator,
1861-1866

ABRAHAM LINCOLN has been studied from almost every point of view, but it is a notable fact that none of his biographers has ever seriously considered that branch of the service with which Lincoln was in daily personal touch for four years—the military telegraph; for, during the Civil War, the President spent more of his waking hours in the War Department telegraph office than in any other place except the White House.¹ While in the telegraph office he was comparatively free from official cares, and therefore more inclined to disclose his natural traits and disposition.

During the last four years of Lincoln's all too brief public career, even until the day before his tragic ending, the writer was most fortunate in being able to see him and talk with him daily, and usually several times a day; for he visited the War Department telegraph office regularly, morning, afternoon, and evening, to receive the latest news from the front. His tall, homely form could be seen crossing

the well-shaded lawn between the White House and the War Department with unvaried regularity.

In cool weather he invariably wore a gray plaid shawl thrown over his shoulders in careless fashion, and, upon entering the telegraph office, he would always hang this shawl over the top of the high, screen door opening into Secretary Stanton's room, adjoining. This door was nearly always open. He seldom failed to come over late in the evening before retiring, and when returning to the White House after dark, he was frequently accompanied by Major Eckert, our chief, and nearly always by a small guard of soldiers. He sometimes protested against this latter precaution as unnecessary, but Secretary Stanton's orders to the guard were imperative.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE WAR TELEGRAPH

At the outbreak of the Civil War the writer was employed in the telegraph de-

¹ During the Civil War the Executive Mansion was not as now connected by telegraph, and all the President's telegrams were handled at the War Department

partment of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona. About April 22, 1861, a message was received from Andrew Carnegie, Superintendent of the Pittsburgh Division, but then in Washington with Colonel Thomas A. Scott, organizing governmental control of railroads and telegraphs. This message directed me to go to Washington at once, with other operators, to enter the military telegraph service. Accordingly four of us, David Strouse, Samuel M. Brown (both since deceased), Richard O'Brien, and the writer, started. Reaching Perryville, Maryland, we found that a force of Southern sympathizers from Baltimore, under Marshal Kane and Major Trimble, had destroyed the railroad bridges over the Bush and Gunpowder rivers, so that we were compelled to go by water to Annapolis, where we took train for Washington, and reported to Thomas A. Scott, who had been commissioned colonel of volunteers, and who, on August 1, 1861,

was appointed Assistant Secretary of War. The telegraph instruments were in Chief-Clerk Sanderson's room, adjoining that of the Secretary of War. Upon entering, we could see through the open door two very tall, slim men, President Lincoln and Secretary Cameron, and General Winfield Scott, the old Mexican hero, who was massive as well as tall. To tell the truth, Lincoln's homely appearance did not at first impress us very favorably. We had heard of him as "Old Abe the rail-splitter," and he seemed to us uncouth and awkward, and he did not conform to our ideas of what a president should be; while old General Scott, with

his gold epaulets, sash, and sword, made a magnificent presence. But as afterward I saw Lincoln almost daily, often for hours at a time, I soon forgot his awkward appearance, and came to think of him as a very attractive and, indeed, lovable person.

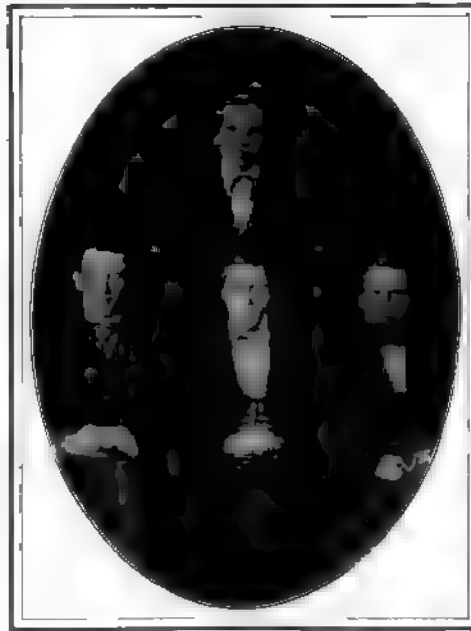
ANDREW CARNEGIE'S SERVICES

The following account of Andrew Carnegie's work in connection with the Military Telegraph Corps was prepared after a recent interview with him, and has received his indorsement:

In the month of April, 1861, just after Sumter's fall, Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, requested President Thomson of the Pennsylvania Railroad to spare Vice-President Thomas A. Scott for a time, to get the railroad and telegraph service under proper control. Colonel Scott asked that Andrew Carnegie, then superintendent of the Pittsburgh division,

should accompany and assist him. President Thomson acquiesced. This was just before the Sixth Massachusetts was assaulted while passing through the streets of Baltimore en route to the capital.

Mr. Carnegie started for Washington immediately. His route was via Philadelphia and Perryville, where the Susquehanna enters Chesapeake Bay, thence to Annapolis by the ferry-boat *Maryland*, which also carried the Eighth Massachusetts. He had drafted from his railway division, and brought with him, the nucleus of a strong railroad force, so that the Government would be able at once to take possession of and operate the rail-



From an amblytype

SAMUEL M. BROWN
DAVID STROUSE RICHARD O'BRIEN
DAVID HOMER BATES

First four operators in the U. S. Military Telegraph Corps, April, 1861

roads about Washington. This force consisted of conductors, trainmen, trackmen, road supervisors, bridge-builders, etc. The four telegraphers before mentioned followed shortly afterward, and additional operators in May and June.

Arriving at Annapolis, Samuel F. Barr of Pittsburg, who was made commissary for Carnegie's party, took possession of a fine mansion which the owners had deserted, and the entire force made that ancient town its headquarters for the time being. Their first work was to repair the railroad- and telegraph-line to Annapolis Junction, and thence to Washington, which had been wrecked by a band of raiders from Baltimore. This occupied them several days. Skilled men detailed from the Eighth Massachusetts rendering valuable service. Meanwhile General Benjamin F. Butler was the first to pass over the repaired line, he and his staff accompanying Carnegie from Annapolis to Washington. Carnegie was on the locomotive, and, when approaching Washington, he saw that the enemy had torn down the telegraph-line, and at one place had pinned the wires to the ground between two poles. Stopping the train, he jumped off, and pulling the stake toward him, the released wires struck him in the face, knocking him over. He came into Washington bleeding profusely. We have always claimed that, so far as is known, the Military Telegraph Corps thus furnished the third man who bled for his country in the Civil War, the two Massachusetts men assaulted by the mob in Baltimore being the first and second.

When Carnegie reached Washington, the need of telegraph-operators directly under Government control at once became evident, and he wired for operators from his railroad line. Carnegie was appointed Colonel Scott's assistant, in charge of military railroads and telegraphs, and made his headquarters in Alexandria, Virginia, to be near the scene of action. His first task was to establish a ferry from Washington to Alexandria and to extend the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad track from the old depot in Washington, just north of the Capitol, along Maryland Avenue, to and across the Potomac, so that locomotives and cars might be

crossed for use in Virginia. Long Bridge, over the Potomac, had to be rebuilt, and I clearly recall the fact that under the direction of Carnegie and his assistant, R. F. Morley,¹ the railroad between Washington and Alexandria was completed in the remarkably short period of seven days. All hands, from Carnegie down, worked day and night to accomplish the task set before them.

At the same time the telegraph-lines were extended, and communication by wire was opened with outlying points. Telegraphers were in great demand, and were called for from all the leading systems, but chiefly from the Pennsylvania railroad, which was drained of many of its best men. Telegraph offices were opened at Alexandria, Burkes Station, Fairfax, and other points. I remember an incident which occurred just before the battle of Bull Run, in July, 1861, and which I have since recalled to Mr. Carnegie's memory. I had gone out on the hastily repaired railroad to Accotink Creek, near Fairfax, where Carnegie's bridge-builders under Colonel Piper were reconstructing a bridge, and I had volunteered to go back a mile or so on a hand-car, to a spring, to get some drinking-water for his men. Several of Ellsworth's New York Fire Zouaves were assigned to propel the car for me, and I sat in the front to catch the breeze, for the day was excessively hot. Upon rounding a curve, we saw a train coming at good speed. There was no time to run back, so we all jumped for our lives, and the engine struck the hand-car and sent the pieces flying in all directions. I was kept busy for a moment on a sandy slope of the cut, trying to hold myself from falling backward on the track.

When the train stopped, I looked around, and the first person I saw was Mr. Carnegie, who called out, "Why, Homer Bates, what are you doing here?"

I answered that I had started to get some spring water for his bridge-builders, but had concluded to give up the task, as I thought it was best for me to stick to the telegraph business.

A few days later, after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, Carnegie's trains were

¹ Morley, the first military railroad superintendent, and Strouse, the first military telegraph superintendent, literally worked themselves to death. They both died before the year was out.

kept busy bringing our retreating troops to Alexandria, the enemy being in close pursuit. The telegraph office at Burkes Station was soon closed, and Carnegie, with other railroad men and telegraph-

whom had remained at their posts of duty.

After the battle of Bull Run, and until November, Carnegie continued his work of organizing and perfecting the



From a photograph by J. E. McClees, Philadelphia. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ANDREW CARNEGIE IN 1861

operators, took the last train to Alexandria. In speaking of this incident, Mr. Carnegie told me that on the following morning he found that some of the railroad men had succeeded in crossing the Potomac into Washington during the night, but not any telegraphers, all of

military railroad and telegraph service, which had then been placed on such a firm basis that he could be spared to return to his former duties at Pittsburg, which post had become of prime importance because of the increasing demands of the Government in the matter

of transportation of troops, guns, and supplies for McClellan's army.

CHANGES IN THE TELEGRAPH SERVICE

THIS, then, was the beginning, and the four young operators mentioned, formed the nucleus of the United States Military Telegraph Corps, which at its maximum strength contained over fifteen hundred members. In 1906, when these pages were written, the survivors numbered fewer than two hundred.

The Military Telegraph Corps was a special organization under the direct control of the War Department, and its members were not considered an integral part of the United States army (excepting only ten or twelve holding positions as assistant quartermasters, to enable them officially to receive and disburse funds and property), nor were we under military control proper, our orders coming direct from the Secretary of War.

Our first superintendent was David Strouse.¹ His health was poor when he reached Washington, and he overworked himself during the succeeding months, dying in October of that year. Samuel M. Brown, another of the original group, died about a year later. James R. Gilmore succeeded Strouse as superintendent, and he in turn was succeeded by Thomas T. Eckert. Gilmore having been ordered to North Carolina in charge of military telegraphs with General Quincy A. Gillmore's expedition. Colonel Gilmore is still living at his old home, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

My first assignment to duty was at the Navy Yard under Captain, afterward Admiral, Dahlgren, who directed the sergeant of the guard to keep a sentry in front of the door leading to the telegraph room, and to allow no one to enter or leave. These orders were obeyed literally, and for four days I was virtually a prisoner, my frugal meals being sent to me. The confinement became so irksome that on one occasion I locked the door and climbed out of the window; but on my return by the same route, the sentry overheard the noise I made, and when I opened the door he warned me that the manoeuvre could be repeated only at the risk of a shot from his gun.

Early in May I was transferred to Annapolis Junction, where on the night of the tenth I was roused from bed by General Butler, who ordered me to open the telegraph office and keep the railroad track clear to Annapolis for the train carrying Ross Winans, whom he had that day arrested in Baltimore for treason. I continued to call the Annapolis office for several hours, but finally concluded that General Butler's train had either safely reached its destination or had encountered obstacles which I could not hope to remove. A fortnight later I returned to the War Department, and remained there on continuous duty until a year after the close of the war, excepting for two weeks in June, 1864, when I served as cipher-operator for General Grant at City Point, Virginia.

THE PRESIDENT'S EARLIEST GRIEFS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS

My second meeting with Abraham Lincoln was when I returned from Annapolis Junction to the War Department Office on May 24, 1861, my first service at that time being to record and deliver to him in person a telegram from an advance office in Virginia, beyond Long Bridge, announcing the shooting of Colonel Elmer Ellsworth of the Fire Zouaves (11th New York) at the Marshall House, Alexandria. Ellsworth had been a student in Lincoln's office before the war, and was held in high esteem by Lincoln, who, upon hearing the sad news of his death, wrote a touching letter of condolence to his parents.

In June, 1861, the telegraph office was moved from the chief-clerk's room to the entresol, or first landing, of the stairway leading to the second story of the War Department building, a railing having been erected to inclose the telegraph-instruments and secure some measure of seclusion. The inner space was small and, during the disastrous days of Bull Run (from July 20 to 22, 1861), when Lincoln came to the office, remaining for hours at a time with General Scott and one or more members of his cabinet, the place was so crowded that the operators found it difficult to attend properly to their work.

¹ His official appointment bears date May 15, 1861.

On Sunday, July 21, when the battle of Bull Run was fought, the military telegraph-line had reached Fairfax Court-House, and an improvised office had been opened at that point. Communication with General McDowell's headquarters at the front was maintained by means of

into effect some urgent measures for protecting the capital.

All the morning and well along into the afternoon, General McDowell's telegrams were more or less encouraging, and Lincoln and his advisers waited with eager hope, believing that Beauregard



From a photograph by Brady

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR

a corps of mounted couriers, organized by Andrew Carnegie, under the immediate direction of William B. Wilson, who then served as our manager. These couriers passed back and forth all day long between Fairfax and the front. Lincoln hardly left his seat in our office and waited with deep anxiety for each succeeding despatch. At times during the awful day, General Scott would confer with the President or Secretary Cameron for a short period, and then depart to put

was being pushed back to Manassas Junction; but all at once the despatches ceased coming. At first this was taken to mean that McDowell was moving farther away from the telegraph, and then, as the silence became prolonged, a strange fear seized upon the assembled watchers that perhaps all was not well. Suddenly the telegraph-instrument became alive again, and the short sentence, "Our army is retreating," was spelled out in the Morse characters. This brief announcement was

followed by meager details concerning the first great disaster that had befallen our troops and the panic that followed.

The crowded telegraph office was quickly deserted by all except the operators, but Lincoln returned at intervals until after midnight, and shortly afterward the outlying office at Fairfax Court-House was abandoned. When morning dawned, our demoralized troops began to straggle, and then to pour, in an ever-increasing stream of frightened humanity over Long Bridge into Washington, the immediate capture of which seemed then to be, and really was, within the power of the Confederate Army, if only they had pressed their advantage. Consternation reigned supreme, and all realized that a great crisis of the war, the next after Sumter, was upon us.

The dark clouds that settled at that time upon Lincoln's already wrinkled brow were destined never to lift their heavy weight, except for that all too brief period of exaltation, just before his tragic ending, when Grant had pushed Lee to Appomattox, and Richmond was at last in our hands.

Our Bull Run experience in the telegraph office showed the necessity for more room and a location where the operators would be free from outside observation; so we were transferred to a large room on the first floor, facing Pennsylvania Avenue, immediately under the library. (Later this first-floor room was occupied by Colonel Robert Williams, Assistant Adjutant-General, who married the widow of Stephen A. Douglas, and our office was moved to a rear room on the same floor.) In 1862 we were transferred to the library, on the floor above.

Lincoln visited us daily in the first-floor room, and from its windows, in September, 1861, watched his friend Colonel E. D. Baker, with his brigade, including the so-called California regiment (71st Pennsylvania Volunteers) marching out on his way to Ball's Bluff and death. A month later, when Lincoln was again in the office awaiting news from Colonel Baker, a message from Poolesville was received over the hastily extended telegraph-line, stating that there had been "a movement of troops across the Potomac at Edwards Ferry under General

Stone, and Colonel Baker is reported killed." Lincoln walked out of the telegraph office in tears and apparently dazed.

Colonel Baker had succeeded Lincoln in Congress, and between the two there had always been a close friendship, which was formed during the years in which they had practised law in Illinois. Lincoln keenly felt the death of his friend as a great personal loss; and, besides, it must have helped to make him realize that the terrible struggle in which the country was engaged would demand the sacrifice of many more such useful lives.

On November 1, 1861, the President issued an order placing Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott upon the retired list, and appointing Major-General George B. McClellan to the command of the army of the United States in his place. The latter established his headquarters in a building facing Lafayette Square, one block from the White House, and for several months thereafter the War Department telegraph office held a somewhat subordinate position, and Lincoln came to it but rarely. Every day, however, he visited the telegraph office at army headquarters, where Thomas T. Eckert (later, our superintendent) was in charge.

Nicolay and Hay, in their "Abraham Lincoln,"¹ say that Stanton "centered the telegraph in the War Department, where the publication of military news, which might prematurely reach the enemy, could be supervised, and, if necessary, delayed," and that it was Lincoln's practice to go informally to Stanton's office in times of great suspense during impending or actual battles, and "spend hour after hour with his War Secretary, where he could read the telegrams as fast as they were received and handed in from the adjoining room." In fact, he did not wait for them to be handed in, but kept in close touch with the cipher-operators, often looking over our shoulders when he knew some specially important message was in course of translation.

LINCOLN IN A HUMOROUS VEIN

FROM January, 1862, until the close of the war, the telegraphic reins of Government were held by a firm and skilful hand

¹ Vol. V, p. 141.

in the War Department, and in their guiding influence upon the affairs of the nation were all-powerful for good. Dating, also, from the appointment of Stanton to the cabinet, Lincoln began to make the War Department telegraph office his lounging-place, and during the winter of 1862 we saw him daily, although our office at that time was crowded and inconvenient. It was in the first-floor rear room that I first heard one of his humorous remarks. General Robert C. Schenck, who after the war became minister to England (but who is perhaps better remembered as the author of a treatise on the gentle art of playing poker, of which game the English public became greatly enamoured about that time), was in command of our forces near Alexandria. One evening he sent a telegram from Drainsville, Virginia, announcing a slight skirmish with the enemy, resulting in the capture of thirty or forty prisoners, all armed with Colt's revolvers. As Lincoln read the message, he turned to the operator, who had handed it to him, and said, with a twinkle in his eye, that the newspapers were given to such exaggeration in publishing army news that we might be sure when General Schenck's despatch appeared in print the next day all the little Colt's revolvers would have grown into horse-pistols.

Many years afterward an Englishman supplied me with a sequel to this story. On March 17, 1905, while crossing the Atlantic on the new Cunard liner *Caronia*, I addressed to the cabin audience some "Recollections of Lincoln," which were listened to by passengers of many nationalities. Reference was made to Lincoln's typical English patronymic, and also, it being St. Patrick's day, to his reputed Irish ancestry, and I repeated the Lincoln story above quoted. On the following day an Englishman accosted me on the promenade deck, and said, "Oh, I was very much amused last evening by your anecdotes of President Lincoln, and particularly by that one about the Colt's revolvers growing up into horse-pistols. That was quite funny, don't you know—but tell me, Mr. Bates, did the newspapers actually print horse-pistols, as Mr. Lincoln said they would?" I was compelled to tell my questioner that so long

a time had elapsed I had really forgotten how the despatch read when published.

Another incident connected with the apparently futile operations of General Schenck led the President to give us a further bit of humor. Upon receiving a despatch one day which, like many others about that time, told of petty skirmishes, with no definite results, Lincoln remarked that the whole business of backing and filling on the part of General Schenck's forces and those of the enemy reminded him of two snappy dogs, separated by a rail fence and barking at each other like fury, until, as they ran along the fence, they came to an open gate, whereupon they suddenly stopped barking, and after looking at each other for a moment, turned tail, and trotted off in opposite directions.

EXCITING TIMES IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE

ON March 9, 1862, the little telegraph room was the scene of great excitement, when the startling news came by wire from Cherrystone Point, on the Eastern Shore, opposite Fort Monroe, that the Confederate iron-clad ram *Virginia*, previously known as the *Merrimac*, had come out of the Elizabeth River from Portsmouth, and after a brief fight, had sunk the *Cumberland*, burned the *Congress*, and run the *Minnesota* aground, and might be looked for up the Potomac within forty-eight hours. In Nicolay and Hay's "Lincoln"¹ this incident is referred to thus: "Telegraph news of these events reached Washington the next morning, Sunday, and the hasty meeting of the Cabinet . . . was perhaps the most excited and impressive of the whole war. . . . Lincoln was, as usual in trying moments, composed but eagerly inquisitive, critically scanning the despatches . . . joining scrap to scrap of information, applying his searching analysis and clear logic to read the danger and find the remedy."

Lincoln alone seemed hopeful that better news would soon be received, and his hopes were fulfilled. While the Sunday quiet of that day was being disturbed by the hurried preparations that were being made by the army and navy to block the

¹ Vol. V, p. 226.

Potomac channel by obstructions sunk at one or more points for the purpose of preventing the ram and her consorts from reaching Washington. Lincoln's hopes were raised by the receipt of the following telegram, dated the day before, but delayed by a break in the cable:

Fort Monroe, March 8, 1862.

SECRETARY OF WAR: The iron-clad Ericsson battery *Monitor* has arrived, and will proceed to take care of the *Merrimac* in the morning.

John E. Wool, Major-Gen'l Com'd'g.

These were hopeful words from the brave old Mexican veteran, and when Lincoln and his cabinet were assembled that evening in the telegraph office, eager and anxious for news of the promised battle, we received the joyful news flashed over the new cable, laid during the day between Cherrystone Point and Fort Monroe, that Ericsson's little cheese-box *Monitor*, under command of Captain John L. Worden, had tackled the iron-clad giant, and sent her back to shelter, which, in fact, she never again forsook. These glorious tidings brought instant relief to all, and especially to the President, who could not refrain from showing his joy by every word and look. Two months later (May 10, 1862), when Norfolk was captured by General Wool, President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, and another member of his cabinet being at Fort Monroe, and directing the movement, the enemy blew up the *Merrimac*, which drew too much water to permit her to retreat up the James River to Richmond.

When in the telegraph office, Lincoln was most easy of access. He often talked with the cipher-operators when alone with us, frequently asking questions regarding the despatches which, looking over our shoulders, he could see we were translating from or into cipher, or which had been filed in the order of their receipt in the little drawer in our cipher desk, where the copies were placed face down, the latest on top.

There were many times after the first Bull Run fight when Lincoln remained in the telegraph office till late at night, and occasionally all night long. One of these occasions was during General Pope's disastrous campaign of 1862, ending in

the second battle of Bull Run. McClellan, lately come from the Peninsula, was at Alexandria with part of his army, which Lincoln and Halleck were vainly urging should be hastened forward to Pope's relief. Telegram after telegram was sent to McClellan, who for some unexplained reason remained almost inactive. When Franklin's Corps did finally move, after several days' futile discussion with the War Department, it was too late, and he was ordered back, after marching out a few miles only.

McClellan arrived in person at Alexandria on the night of August 26. On August 29 he telegraphed that Franklin's Corps was ordered to march to Pope's relief at daylight, August 30. August 26 was the first of those strenuous, anxious days. Lincoln came to the War Department office several times that day, and after supper came again, prepared to stay all night, if necessary, in order to receive the latest news from Pope, who was at the front, facing the enemy, and from McClellan, who was still being urged to hurry forward reinforcements.

Hour after hour of the long night passed with no news from the front until just before dawn, when the following was received:

August 27, 1862, 4:25 A. M.

A. LINCOLN: Intelligence received within twenty minutes informs me that the enemy are advancing and have crossed Bull Run bridge; if it is not destroyed, it probably will be. The forces sent by us last night held it until that time.

H. Haupt.

Lincoln, who was still keeping vigil with the telegraph-operators, at once penned this answer:

August 27, 1862.

COLONEL HAAPT: What became of our force which held the bridge till twenty minutes ago?

A. Lincoln.

Receiving no reply immediately, Lincoln telegraphed again:

August 27, 1862.

COLONEL HAAPT: Is the railroad bridge over Bull Run destroyed?

A. Lincoln.

To this Colonel Haupt replied:

Our latest information is that the Eleventh Ohio held the bridge for a long time, and it is now retreating.

H. Haupt.

During the next succeeding days, Lincoln continued to send brief messages of inquiry to Colonel Haupt, upon whom he, as well as Secretary Stanton and General Halleck, seemed to depend for accurate and early military information far more

generals. On May 25, he wrote as many more, and from one despatch to half a dozen on nearly every succeeding day for months. It is also worthy of special remark that Lincoln's numerous telegrams, even those sent by him during his



From a steel engraving by Geo. E. Perine

GENERAL THOMAS THOMPSON ECKERT

General Eckert was Chief of the War Department Telegraph Corps, 1861-1866. The engraving was made from a photograph by Kurtz taken soon after the Civil War

than upon General McClellan or General Pope.

During the entire war, the files of the War Department telegraph office were punctuated with short, pithy despatches from Lincoln, which were nearly always written while he was seated at Major Eckert's desk, his favorite resort. For instance, on May 24, 1862, Mr. Lincoln sent ten or twelve telegrams—all prepared in his own handwriting—to various

two weeks' stay at City Point in March and April, 1865, and the less than half a dozen which he sent after his return to Washington, were almost without exception in his own handwriting, his copy being remarkably neat and legible, with seldom an erasure or correction.

While Mr. Lincoln was sometimes critical and even sarcastic when events moved slowly, or when satisfactory results that seemed to be demanded by the immediate

conditions were lacking, yet he did not fail promptly to commend when good news came; for instance, note the following:

August 17, 1864, 10:30 A. M.

LIEUT.-GEN'L GRANT, City Point, Va.: I have seen your despatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are: Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip and chew and choke as much as possible.

A. Lincoln.

MESSAGES WITHHELD FROM MCCLELLAN

A GREAT deal has been written by Civil War historians concerning the strained relations between McClellan and the Administration, and the consensus of opinion of such writers is that McClellan was greatly to blame not only in respect of his military service, but also of his correspondence with the President and Secretary of War. The following incidents, however, are greatly to his credit.

In the latter part of April, 1862, Major Eckert was ordered by Secretary Stanton to go to Fort Monroe to look after telegraph matters, and while there several long messages were received from New York city, addressed to McClellan, whose headquarters were at White House on the Pamunkey, about twenty miles from Richmond. These messages were signed by a prominent New Yorker, who was then chairman of the National Democratic Committee, and were of such an extraordinary character that Eckert, on his own responsibility, concluded not to forward them over the headquarters line, but to hold them until he could deliver them in person. In effect, they advised McClellan to disregard interference by the Administration with army matters, and to act on his own judgment. In that case, his adviser said, he would be sustained by the people of the North, who were becoming weary of having military affairs directed by civilians at Washington.

Before Eckert could go to McClellan's headquarters, the President and Secretary of War, with Captain Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, came to Fort Monroe, in order to be on hand when the movement against Norfolk should be made. That movement resulted (on May 10) in the capture of that place by the Union

forces, and the blowing up of the Confederate ram *Merrimac*. Eckert showed the messages to Stanton, who asked if any answers had been sent. Eckert said no, because the messages had not yet been delivered to McClellan.

Stanton then called Lincoln's attention to the matter, and, after a long discussion, it was decided to have Eckert go at once to White House Landing, and deliver the delayed messages to McClellan. This was done, and when the General read them, he asked whether they had been withheld by order of Stanton. Eckert said no; that Stanton had not seen them, nor had he known anything about them until that very morning, when Eckert had told him about them.

McClellan said: "Thank God, Major, that Stanton had a man in your position who not only had the good sense, but the courage to suppress these messages!" McClellan added, that if he had received them promptly, he would have felt compelled to make some reply that would probably have placed him in a false position. McClellan then sat down and wrote a letter to Stanton, stating that he was glad that Eckert had withheld the messages, and that he had not received any others of a similar kind from any one.

A FATHER-IN-LAW'S INDISCRETION

MCCLELLAN not only suffered at that time from the injudicious suggestions and the adulation of his political admirers, but also from the indiscretions of his father-in-law, General Marcy, Inspector-General of the Army of the Potomac, who was naturally ambitious for the success of his son-in-law. About the end of May, 1862, when our army was moving toward Richmond, a considerable skirmish took place, resulting in our favor. McClellan being at the front, Marcy, at headquarters, wrote a glowing and exaggerated account of the incipient battle, and sent it to Washington over McClellan's name. When this telegram was received, it was observed by the cipher-operators that it lacked certain details to make it consistent, and also that it was not in harmony with other despatches received about the same time; and, besides, its wording was so unlike

McClellan's usual diction that its authenticity was doubted.

When the despatch was delivered to Stanton and the inconsistencies were pointed out, he directed Eckert to report the matter to the President and then to apply to Colonel Rucker, Assistant Quartermaster, for a boat to carry him that afternoon to the Pamunkey for the purpose of learning the facts. The major arrived at McClellan's headquarters about two o'clock the next morning and found Colonel Colburn, one of McClellan's aides-de-camp, who took him directly to McClellan's tent. The General, clad only in a red flannel shirt and drawers, awoke, and rubbing his eyes, asked Eckert what was up. Eckert showed him a copy of the telegram received at the War Department, and told McClellan that it was believed to be a forgery, and that Secretary Stanton had sent him down to find out what the General knew about it.

McClellan said he had not sent any such telegram, and he could offer no explanation at the moment. He asked Eckert to go to the telegraph office and get the original. Eckert found Caldwell, McClellan's cipher-operator, asleep on a cot, who, when shown the troublesome despatch, at once said that it had been handed in the day before by General Marcy, and as it was signed "Geo. B. McClellan," he had every reason to believe it was duly authorized. Eckert asked Caldwell to indorse these facts upon the back of the copy, and then returned to McClellan, who for the second time within a month acknowledged his obligations to the Military Telegraph Corps for protecting him against his would-be friends and admirers, whose lack of caution had already caused more or less trouble and friction between the War Department and himself.

MAJOR ECKERT ON A DELICATE MISSION

ONE must believe that McClellan at that time was sincere in this expression of friendly feeling toward the Administration, although we know that after the bloody Seven Days' fighting, and

when his nearly demoralized army had been brought to the banks of the James at Harrison's Landing, he had drifted into an attitude of open hostility to the Administration, and had brought railing accusations against the Washington authorities.¹

It was in consequence of this insubordination, the defeats already sustained by McClellan, and the imminent danger of the capture of Washington by the enemy, that the President decided to transfer the Army of the Potomac to Alexandria, and to put General Pope in immediate command; and it was Major Eckert to whom was assigned the delicate task of carrying to General McClellan the order for his release from the supreme command of the Army of the Potomac, and for its transfer to the vicinity of Washington.

So, for the third time, Major Eckert visited McClellan as the confidential medium of communication from the Administration; but naturally on this occasion he was not so welcome as in the other two cases, for McClellan yielded to the inevitable most unwillingly and even ungraciously, using language which Eckert deemed it wise not to report at Washington. There were unexplained delays in the transfer of the army to Alexandria, and after McClellan had reached that place, all of his troops did not promptly support Pope, as the War Department daily had been urging. However, his "Own Story" offers some facts and arguments in his favor which should be considered by those wishing to be fair and just to him.

MCCLELLAN UNDER CENSORSHIP

WHEN the war began, there was no Government telegraph organization. The American Telegraph Company, the lines of which reached Washington from the North, extended its wires to the War Department early in April, 1861, and opened an office in the room of the chief-clerk.

There was no appropriation by Congress to meet the expenses of a telegraph service, and for six months or more Edwards S. Sanford, president of the American Telegraph Company, paid all the

¹ See his telegram of June 28, 1862, in his "Own Story" of this campaign, referred to elsewhere in this series.

bills, aggregating many thousand dollars, for poles, wires, instruments, etc., and for salaries of operators and other employes in the Government telegraph service. This was a generous and patriotic act on the part of Sanford, and it was gratefully acknowledged by the President and by both Secretary Cameron and Secretary Stanton. The American Telegraph Company was, of course, reimbursed later through an appropriation by Congress.

Colonel Sanford was a fine man in every way. He had a round face, with bright blue eyes, which beamed good nature, and he had the full confidence of President Lincoln and Secretaries Cameron and Stanton. On February 25, 1862, he was appointed military supervisor of telegrams, by Secretary Stanton, and commissioned colonel in the army. On March 13, 1865, he was appointed brevet brigadier-general of volunteers for meritorious service. He died in 1882.

Colonel Sanford's relations with the newspapers were always cordial and pleasant, notwithstanding the delicate and sometimes trying position that he occupied as military censor. What his blue pencil erased from newspaper reports had to be left out, and the reporters frequently spent hours in procuring some choice bit of news which was never transmitted over the wires. Colonel Sanford even took liberties with an official telegram from General McClellan addressed to Secretary Stanton. The despatch was from Harrison's Landing, dated June 28, 1862. It announced the retreat of the Army of the Potomac to the banks of the James, and the closing paragraph read thus:

· If I save the army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.

Such language was insubordinate, and might fairly be held to be treasonable. When it reached the War Department, Major Eckert sent for Colonel Sanford, who at once said that the charge made by McClellan was false, and that he, as military supervisor of telegrams, would not allow it to go before the Secretary of

War. He therefore directed the despatch to be recopied, omitting the last paragraph, and the copy, so revised, was delivered to Stanton.

McClellan's biographer, W. C. Prime, referring to this incident, charges Secretary Stanton with having received McClellan's scathing condemnation without denial or comment; but neither Stanton nor Lincoln ever knew that Sanford had suppressed an important part of an official despatch, at least, not until long after the event.

The mutilated copy, so delivered, is contained in the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, Vol. I, p. 339. The fact of the omission, so far as it means anything, supports my statement that Colonel Sanford, Military Supervisor of Telegrams, took upon himself the grave responsibility of mutilating an official communication from the General Commanding the Army of the Potomac addressed to the Secretary of War. In other countries, under strict military rules (which might well have applied to this case if the facts had been known at the time), officers have been court-martialed and shot for a lesser offense.

In McClellan's official report, dated August 4, 1863, of his military service between July, 1861, and November, 1862, the despatch is given just as it was written by him and telegraphed to Washington, including the paragraph excised by Sanford, and consequently it was by his own act that the expunged lines were first made public.

MAJOR ECKERT'S VARIED ACCOMPLISHMENTS

WHEN the war broke out, Eckert was employed as superintendent of a gold mine in North Carolina, whence he escaped with his wife and three young children in July, 1861, his Northern birth and antislavery views having placed them in peril. On his arrival at Atlanta, the day after news had been received of the battle of Rich Mountain, (West) Virginia, and the death of the Confederate general, Garnett, he found the old railway station filled with an excited crowd of people, and upon inquiring the cause

of the tumult, was told that a Northern man had been hanged just outside the depot an hour before. Pressing his inquiries, he learned the name of the victim, who had been employed in a mine only twenty miles from the one he had been superintending. He was also told that the mob were looking for another Northern man from the North Carolina mines. Meantime he had gone to the office of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, who had been a room-mate in Washington of Eckert's cousin, George Eckert, when they were both members of Congress. While Stephens and Eckert were talking, the door having been locked, a loud knocking was heard. On opening the door, three men entered, one of them saying they wanted that man down-stairs, pointing to Eckert. Stephens interposed his slight frame between Eckert and the delegation and said: "This man is my guest and friend, and I will be responsible for him. He is all right." The men thereupon withdrew, and Eckert, with his family, through Stephens' help, got safely out of Atlanta. But their further journey north was a very anxious one, as they were held up and closely questioned at several points, and when they finally reached Louisville, they were penniless, and Eckert was forced to ask help from his old friends in the railroad and telegraph service. He at last reached his former home in Cleveland, and Amasa Stone (for whom Eckert had rendered a service of some importance before the war), recommended him to Colonel Scott, Assistant Secretary of War, and he was ordered to Washington, arriving there in September, 1861. He was at once assigned to McClellan's staff as captain and aide-de-camp in charge of the military telegraph, and shortly afterward he was appointed superintendent of the corps. Eckert was then a perfect specimen of physical manhood, erect and fine-looking, as, indeed, he still is at the age of eighty-four.

I recall an incident which occurred in 1862, in the room of John Potts, chief clerk of the War Department, where a supply of soft-iron pokers had just been received for use at the open fires by which the building was then heated. Eckert chaffed the chief clerk about his pur-

chase, and to prove his statement that the pokers were of poor quality, he took one of them in his right hand and with a smart blow struck it across the tense muscles of his left forearm, bending the poker quite noticeably. On a later occasion Potts bought a lot of pokers which turned out to be cast-iron of poor quality, four or five of which Major Eckert actually broke over his arm in the presence of President Lincoln, who remarked to the chief clerk: "Mr. Potts, you will have to buy a better quality of iron in future if you expect your pokers to stand the test of this young man's arm."

Eckert always commanded the full confidence of the President and Secretary Stanton, and was intrusted with military and state secrets, and charged with special commissions not at first disclosed to the cipher-operators. It was at Eckert's desk in the cipher-room that Lincoln habitually sat when he came to the telegraph office. It was Eckert who received the Confederate spy (to whom I shall again refer in a later paper), as he passed through Washington on his way to and from Canada; and on January 30, 1865, when it was learned that the Confederate government had sent Peace Commissioners—Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell—from Richmond to Grant's headquarters en route, as they hoped, to Washington, to confer with President Lincoln, it was Eckert who was selected by the President to go to City Point with written instructions to General Grant to procure for Eckert an interview with the three commissioners, at which interview Eckert would decide whether they ought to be allowed to proceed farther North. Meantime, however, Lincoln concluded to send Secretary Seward to meet the commissioners; but the result of Eckert's conference with them was such as to induce the President to go in person, and on February 3, 1865, he and Secretary Seward met the three Confederate commissioners on board the President's steamer off Fort Monroe. As is well known, this interview was barren of results. Eckert's part in the negotiations, however, was highly creditable to him, and the manner in which he carried out his instructions still further increased the confidence and

regard of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton.

CONCEALING TELEGRAPH NEWS FROM LINCOLN

THE story of how Captain Eckert received his promotion to be major touches Mr. Lincoln at several points. The order of Secretary Cameron assigning him to duty on the staff of General McClellan required him to deliver all military telegrams received at Washington to the Commanding General, and, therefore, the Secretary of War and the President were to a large extent ignorant of the daily movements of the army, and the President, who visited McClellan's headquarters almost daily, was unable to learn what was going on excepting as McClellan might, from time to time, communicate the facts to him. For reasons of his own, McClellan appears to have withheld army news from the President as well as from the Secretary of War. On one occasion, in October, 1861, as General Eckert has recently told me, an important despatch had reached headquarters from General Stone's command, about the time of the battle of Ball's Bluff, which Eckert, under the strict interpretation of his order of appointment, withheld from the President until McClellan had first seen it, although the President, expecting news from General Stone, asked Eckert if any messages had come. It must be borne in mind that in the early part of the war, before Lincoln's unique personality and masterly qualities became known to the members of his cabinet, to the heads of departments, and to leading men in Congress, his freedom of intercourse with the public and the readiness with which he gave out military information had been taken advantage of by newspaper correspondents and others.

From McClellan's "Own Story" we learn that from the first he had no confidence in Lincoln's military ability or discretion, and he believed that whatever information was communicated to him would be freely divulged to congressmen and others, and therefore thought it best to give him as little news as possible. The President, when he afterward learned of the receipt of the important despatch from General Stone,

called on Eckert for an explanation. Eckert offered as an excuse that when the President made his inquiry he did not really have the despatch in question. Further questioning, however, disclosed the fact that, upon Lincoln's appearance in the office, Eckert, in fulfillment of what he believed to be his duty, had deftly placed the office copy of the despatch under the blotter, so that his reply to Lincoln's question was technically true. Thereafter, when told there was no news, Lincoln would often ask us, "Is there not something under the blotter?"

A SUSPECTED LEAK OF OFFICIAL NEWS

EARLY in 1862 the market-price of securities having gone down, while gold was going up, it seemed evident to the War Department authorities that there was a leak of military news somewhere, and that there was some connection between the two facts. Naturally the telegraph department was suspected. Stanton, before his appointment as Secretary of War in January, 1862, had been the legal adviser of McClellan; but when he entered the cabinet, it seems that almost immediately the relations between him and McClellan began to be strained. Stanton directed the Assistant Secretary, Peter H. Watson, to investigate the supposed telegraph leak, and Watson devoted a part of his time for a week or so to this inquiry. His report to Secretary Stanton, while not locating the leak in the news, was to the effect that Captain Eckert was not giving close attention to his duties, and particularly that he had withheld important military despatches from the knowledge of the President and the Secretary of War. An order was thereupon made out for his dismissal. Secretary Stanton telegraphed for Edwards S. Sanford, President of the American Telegraph Company, to come from New York and take charge. This was in February, 1862. Sanford had a high opinion of Eckert's abilities, faithfulness, and honesty, and so reported to Secretary Stanton, who, however, preferred to trust Mr. Watson's report. At once, upon learning from Sanford that there was dissatisfaction with his service, Eckert wrote out his resignation, and sent it by mes-

senger¹ to the War Department. This was on a Saturday afternoon. Secretary Stanton was surprised and indignant that an officer under charges, and whose order of dismissal had been prepared, should have received an inkling of the facts, and should have sent in his resignation before the dismissal could be served on him. This placed Sanford in an unpleasant situation, and he went to Secretary Stanton's house early Sunday morning to intercede for Eckert, and finally obtained Stanton's consent to an interview.

LINCOLN'S CONFIDENCE IN ECKERT

CAPTAIN ECKERT, accompanied by Sanford, went to the War Department that afternoon, and was ushered into the Secretary's presence, and, as he has recently told me, he and Sanford stood for at least ten minutes while Stanton continued to write at his desk, without looking up to see who his callers were. Finally Stanton turned, and asked Eckert what he wanted.

The latter replied, "Mr. Sanford tells me that you sent for me, and I am here."

Then Stanton, in a loud voice, said he understood that Captain Eckert had been neglecting his duties, and was absent from his office much of the time, and allowed newspaper men to have access to the telegraph office; also that he was an unfit person for the important position he occupied. Pointing to a large pile of telegrams, all of which were in Eckert's handwriting, he demanded to know why copies had not been regularly delivered to the Secretary of War at the time of receipt.

Eckert replied that his order of assignment from Secretary Cameron expressly required all military telegrams to be delivered to the Commanding General and to no one else.

"Well," Stanton retorted, "why have you neglected your duties by absenting yourself from your office so frequently?"

Eckert replied that he had not neglected his duties; that he had attended to them strictly and faithfully; that any statements to the contrary were false; that for over three months he had been at

his post of duty almost constantly, and had hardly taken off his clothes during that time except to change his linen; that he had remained in his office many times all night long, and that he seldom slept in his bed at his hotel; and finally, inasmuch as it appeared that his services were not acceptable, he insisted upon his resignation being accepted.

Just then Eckert felt an arm placed on his shoulder, and supposing it to be that of Sanford, who had all this time remained standing with him, turned round, and was surprised to find that, instead, it was the hand of the President, who had entered the room while the discussion was going on.

Lincoln, still with his hand on the captain's shoulder, said to Stanton: "Mr. Secretary, I think you must be mistaken about this young man neglecting his duties, for I have been a daily caller at General McClellan's headquarters for the last three or four months, and I have always found Eckert at his post. I have been there often before breakfast, and in the evening as well, and frequently late at night, and several times before dawn, to get the latest news from the army. Eckert was always there, and I never observed any reporters or outsiders in the office."

Governor Brough of Ohio, who had known Eckert several years before, in connection with an early telegraph-line on Brough's railroad in Ohio, which Eckert had inspected and rebuilt, happened to come into the Secretary's room while Eckert was uttering his denial of the charges against him, and after Lincoln had finished his statement, Brough went up to Eckert, took his hand, and addressed him in a most cordial manner. Then turning to Stanton, he told him that he would vouch for anything that Eckert would say or do; that he believed him to be the ablest and most loyal man who could be selected for the place.

Stanton was so impressed by the intercession of Lincoln, Sanford, and Brough that he quietly took from his desk a package of papers, and opening one said, "I believe this is your resignation, is it not, sir?"

Captain Eckert said it was; whereupon

¹ This messenger, an enlisted soldier, named John C. Hatter, is still (1907) living in Brooklyn. It was through Hatter that O'Laughlin, one of the

conspirators, was identified as the member of the band who, on the night of April 13, 1865, tried to get into Secretary Stanton's house.

Stanton tore it up and dropped the pieces on the floor. He then opened another paper and said, "This is the order dismissing you from the army, which I had already signed, but it will not be executed." He then tore up the order of dismissal, and said: "I owe you an apology, Captain, for not having gone to General McClellan's office and seen for myself the situation of affairs. You are no longer Captain Eckert; I shall appoint you major as soon as the commission can be made out, and I shall make you a further acknowledgment in another manner."

So, from that Sunday afternoon, in February, 1862, until just before the close of the war, Eckert's military title was "Major." The additional acknowledgment referred to by Secretary Stanton, consisted of a horse and carriage, purchased for Eckert's use in the performance of his official duties.

The day after the interview described above, Secretary Stanton detached Eckert from General McClellan's staff, and ordered him to make his office in the War Department, and to connect all wires with that building, leaving only enough instruments at Army headquarters to handle the separate business of the Commanding General. This order naturally offended McClellan, and it was doubtless one of the influences which operated to create or increase the bad feeling between him and Stanton, which was never allayed.

On March 13, 1865, Major Eckert was honored with a commission as Brevet Brigadier-General, "for meritorious and distinguished service." He was also appointed Assistant Secretary of War.

AN ENORMOUS BRIBE OFFERED FOR NEWS WHICH WOULD AFFECT THE STOCK MARKET

IN a recent interview, General Eckert described to the writer an incident growing out of the meeting between President Lincoln and the Confederate Peace Commissioners in early February, 1865. I relate it here on account of its bearing on the question of "leaks" in the military telegraph office. The news of the visit of Secretary Seward and President Lincoln to Hampton Roads to meet the Confederate Peace Commissioners had been

spread abroad by telegraph, and the newspapers were full of references to the matter, many persons believing, and all hoping, that a practical basis of settlement would be reached and the war soon ended. The financial market, in its nervous expectancy, reflected the wavering opinions and hopes of the public, and if the meeting had resulted favorably, there would have been instant response on the gold and stock exchanges of New York and elsewhere, and those possessing the earliest news would be able to buy securities and gold and make large profits.

To save time, the President's party came up the Chesapeake Bay by boat to Annapolis, instead of by the longer route up the Potomac. Secretary Stanton had provided a special engine and car to meet the party at Annapolis, and when they reached the old railroad station, the platform was crowded with people, each and all eager to catch a glimpse of the President. In the crowd there were many newspaper reporters and others interested in obtaining definite news, or even a hint, from Lincoln, Seward, or Eckert, as to the outcome of the momentous meeting. On the platform Eckert recognized an acquaintance, who managed to draw him aside and in a hurried conversation, which he said must be strictly confidential, asked him for the result of the conference, at the same time placing in his hands an envelop, saying that the contents would recompense him for his trouble.

Eckert, after some parleying, returned to the car where Lincoln sat, and in his presence opened the envelop and showed him a certified check for \$100,000, telling him how it came into his hands. Lincoln asked who gave it to him.

Eckert replied: "I am not at liberty to say, but when the train is ready to leave, I will be on the platform, and hand the envelop to the man from whom I received it, so that you can see who he is." This was done, Eckert telling the man that he was obliged to decline the offer, and could give him no news of the conference. Lincoln saw the transaction, and recognized the man as one prominent in political affairs, and who had held a responsible official position in one of the Western States.

Upon returning to the car, Lincoln

remained silent for a long time, but afterward, when he and Eckert could converse together without attracting Secretary Seward's special attention, it was agreed between them that neither should disclose the incident to any one excepting only Secretary Stanton, Eckert contending that the effect on public opinion generally, and especially as it related to the Administration, of an announcement of such an offer having been made, would be very injurious at a time of such extreme tension, and that if the public were to learn of the failure of the Peace Conference without at the same time receiving Lincoln's own clear explanation, they would be inclined to criticize him for having once more defeated possibly well-meant efforts to bring the bloody war to an end.

Upon reaching Washington, Secretary Seward's carriage took him direct to his home, while Eckert rode in the President's carriage. At the White House they met Secretary Stanton, and gave him a full account of the recent abortive

Peace Conference, and also of the incident of the \$100,000 check above referred to, and all three agreed that, for obvious reasons, they must keep the affair strictly confidential between themselves. It is believed that until now no mention of the incident has ever been made, nor has the name of the person who made the offer ever been disclosed.

In 1866 General Eckert entered the service of the Western Union Telegraph Company as general superintendent of the Eastern Division, afterward becoming general manager, and later president. He is now chairman of the board, and although over fourscore years of age, is still active and vigorous. His staff of cipher-operators in the War Department—Tinker, Chandler, and myself—have been associated with him in business positions of trust and responsibility for many years. The quartet has not yet been disturbed by the grim reaper Death, although we sometimes fancy we can hear him sharpening his scythe, as we journey down the narrowing lane of life.

(To be continued)



"WERE LIFE BUT THOUGHT"

BY TIMOTHY COLE

"LIFE IS BUT THOUGHT."—COLERIDGE

WERE life but thought and were it nothing more,
 Then were it drear and of but little worth,
 As those bleak summits, lone and whitened o'er,
 Are dead to all the valley's warmth and mirth.
 Or as the moon, pale mistress of the night,
 Forever brooding o'er earth's darkened mold,
 Serenely sails unmindful that her bright,
 Refulgent beams no warm pulsations hold.
 But what this joy that flutters at the breast
 Like the caged lark that would to heaven aspire?
 And what of song that cannot be repressed,
 But with glad harmony of voice and lyre
 Would mount the bright elysium of Jove?
 Oh, life is more than thought: 't is joy; 't is love.



Drawn by Harry Penn from a government sketch

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION—RALEIGH SQUARE AND THE
GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS

JAMESTOWN

THE CRADLE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION¹

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

"It is not a work for every one to plant a Colony; but when a house is built, it is no hard matter to dwell in it."

John Smith.

"In kingdoms, the first foundation, or plantation, is of more noble dignity and merit than all that followeth."

Lord Bacon.

CLOSE to the northern bank of the winding and placid James, some two-score miles above where it pours its waters through Hampton Roads into the Chesapeake, into which flow more than a score of rivers, several of them among the noblest on the globe, lies a narrow island. Steeped in the sunshine, or soaked by the rains, it has until yesterday, as it were, lain asleep for the last two hundred and more years, just as it had lain, with the exception of some threescore years, since the Powhatan at flood cut it from its neighboring shore. At the upper end, on the river side, in a clump of trees, and what was until lately a tangle of shrubbery, on the edge of which are piled the remains of an old redout, a relic of the Civil War, stands a brick ruin—a single surviving fragment of the first Protestant Church built in America. About it lie the traces of a once extensive graveyard, where of late the pious work of loyal women has

uncovered and preserved a few broken tombs, graven with armorial escutcheons and bearing the names of a very few among those whose ashes have lain for nearly three hundred years embosomed in Virginia's soil.

The eye of the born antiquary may detect out on the plateau in the sun the faint traces of ancient streets and houses; but to the ordinary passer-by there has been, until just now, nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary Virginia river-plantation dozing in the sunshine.

Yet here on this very spot, at the head of this little island, was Jamestown, the birthplace of the American people; the first rude cradle in which was swaddled the tiny infant that in time has sprung up to be among the leaders of the nations; the torch-bearer of civilization, and the standard-bearer of popular government. Here was planted, three hundred years ago, the first surviving colony of the

¹ See copies of original records published in "The Genesis of the United States," and "The First Republic in America," by Alexander Brown, D.C.L., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

English-speaking race, which has since occupied this continent and spread over the globe. Here was established the first outpost and earliest settlement of the American nation, since then dedicated to the principle that "Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

On the morning of the 13th day of May, 1607, James I being then King of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and Philip III being King of Spain, the American continent, when the sun rose, belonged absolutely to Spain. When the sun set, it belonged to England. This was accomplished by a little band of six-score men who, "after long toil and pain," landed that day about the hour of four from three small ships, the *Susan* or *Sarah Constant*, the *Good Speed*, and the *Discovery*, and planted the flag of the Anglo-Saxon on the point, which they promptly proceeded to fortify and call "James Fort," or "James Town," after their king.

Space forbids in this paper to give even a bare outline of the steps which, extending through a hundred years of aspiration, struggle, and heroic endeavor, led up naturally to this achievement of the English race.

Men were beginning to awaken from the lethargy in which they had been steeped by ecclesiasticism. The long struggle was on between the old and the new.

Happily for the world, just at this time the crown of England fell on the brow of the hard-headed daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, and, yet more happily, she found herself at the head of an awakened and eager people, alive in every fiber of their being, and, most of all, alive to the peril of allowing Spain to go unchecked in her career of conquest over body and mind.

Even on the Catholic continent there was a great revolt against Spain's rising power. Francis I had sent his great rival Charles V a message, demanding whether he thought God had given him the earth. And as early as 1534, France had established a colony on the St. Lawrence, and Huguenots had attempted to plant colonies in Florida, only to be destroyed by the Spanish governor, Menendez, whose ferocity made such an impression on the

minds of Englishmen as to be mentioned as a warning in the instructions given to the first colonists of the Anglo-Saxon race who effected a permanent settlement.

All through this century the struggle was going on between the two countries and the two peoples, and before it was three fourths over, Fame was filling her trumpet with the names of a score of English captains, many of whom survive in history to-day: Hawkins, Drake, the Gilberts, Grenville, Frobisher, and, finally, Sir Walter Raleigh. All contributed their part; but to him who came to be known as "the Shepherd of the Seas," more possibly than to any other one man, Spain owed the wresting of North America from her grasp.

England had her well-founded claim based on John Cabot's discovery, in 1497, of the coasts north of Florida, of which the only record left is the entry in the privy purse—expenses of Henry VII—"£10. to hym who found the New land." She was now alive to the vast importance of the work. But Sir Walter Raleigh was the one who inspired and equipped and despatched the fleets which opened the way to the settlement of Virginia and of America. He gave Virginia her name, and was her first Governor.

Raleigh, half-brother of the gallant Gilberts, when a student at college, was so aroused by the story of the Spanish attack on Hawkins's fleet in the harbor of San Juan d'Ulloa, that he left the university and went to the Low Countries to fight the Spaniard. From this time he vowed his life to warfare with Spain, and though he finally fell a victim to her hate, it was not until he had planted on the shores of Virginia a colony which was to lead in the work of wresting America from her grasp.

Previous to the final and successful effort, there had been several attempts to plant here colonies fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh, which failed. That on Roanoke Island might have succeeded had not the Spanish war and the peril of the Spanish Armada kept supplies from being sent over-seas to their relief.

The destruction of the Spanish Armada left the seas open for England's schemes for colonization to go into effect. When, however, Governor White returned to

Virginia, his little colony had disappeared, and though the one word "Croatan" was carved upon a post, as though to show where they had gone, no trace of them was ever found. The Roanoke Colony, with little Virginia Dare, the first child of English parentage born on this continent, was lost in the dim limbo that surrounds the name "Croatan."

The blotting out of this colony was a heavy blow even to English enterprise, and, as one of the old writers declared, "all hopes of Virginia thus abandoned, it lay dead and obscured from 1590 to this year, 1602." By this time the end of the long war with Spain was in sight, and the English public, the English church, and the English government, once more turned their eyes to that far-off but "sweet, wholesome, and fruitful country."

Though the efforts made had all failed, the spirit still remained. Even the death of the great queen, in 1603, was not able to quench it. National pride, religious zeal, the spirit of adventure and of cupidity—all combined to make the effort time after time to establish a foothold where all previous efforts had failed.

The tales of Spain's El Dorado united the purse-strings of the London companies. But there was another and loftier motive. The zeal of the children of those who had suffered at Smithfield and Tower Hill under the Queen of Philip II could not with languor see the church of Torquemada and Alva bringing vast tribes within their fold.

The cities of England were full of soldiers returned from the wars in the Low Countries; the spirit of adventure was abroad, and much more the hatred of Spain. The state reflected it; the poet sang of it; the writers wrote of it.

Thus, in 1606, despite the failure of all earlier attempts, an expedition was ready to set forth to try once more to seize the American continent for England and her king and people.

On April 19th, 1606, the warrant for the proposed Virginia Charter prepared by the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, was passed under the Great Seal of the Lord Chancellor. It was stated to be "for the furtherance of so noble a work as the planting of Christianity among the Heathens," and claimed for the crown of England the whole of North America

between 34 degrees and 45 degrees north latitude, commonly called Virginia. Two companies, one for planting a colony in south Virginia, between 34 degrees and 41 degrees north, with a grant of fifty miles inland and out to sea, and the other for planting a similar colony in north Virginia were incorporated in the same charter. "The inhabitants and their children were to have the privileges of British subjects." The lands were to be holden of the crown.

The colonization of the northern part of Virginia, patronized by Sir John Popham, C. J., met with difficulties—at first, as Sir Ferdinand Gorges wrote, from "so many citizens and tradesmen being appointed Counsellors." "All the gentlemen that before weare willing to be large adventurers withdraw themselves and by no means will have to doe therein."

Saturday, December 10th, 1606, after prayers and religious services in the churches, the first expedition to establish "the first Colony in Virginia" sailed from London under command of Captain Christopher Newport.

They numbered sixscore men, of whom fifty-four were "gentlemen," besides fifty odd mariners. No women accompanied them; for the memory of Menendez and the lost colony was fresh in all minds.

They did not reach the Downs until three weeks later, and "there the winds continued contrary so long that they were forced to stay some time, where they suffered great storms." Here, pounding up and down for weeks in sight of their homes, their courage was sustained largely by the heroic devotion of "Worthy Master Hunt," the simple parson, the first apostle of the Anglo-Saxon race to the Americas, whose name never appears in the somber records of that time that it does not illuminate it alike with service to his fellow-man and the Most High God.

It was not until three months later that, having sailed the old route by the West Indies, they sighted the Virginia shore.

On the 26th of April, about four o'clock in the morning, they reached the mouth of the Chesapeake, and dropped anchor inside the Capes of Virginia. They anchored this continent to the Protestant religion and the English civilization.

Here that night the box containing



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

BUST OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, BY MAJOR GENERAL
R. S. S. BADEN POWELL.

their sealed orders was opened, and they discovered who were to be thenceforth their rulers.

The first President was to be elected by the Council, who were composed of gentlemen, the most noted of whom in after time was a young captain, John Smith, who just then was a prisoner under charge of having plotted a conspiracy.

The first President elected was Edward Maria Wingfield, a brave and high-minded gentleman, though, unhappily, not a man qualified to deal with the situation that confronted them.

The broad James, under another name, poured its flood, then as now, into the inland sea, and, seeking a secure abiding-place, to establish themselves at "some spot up one of the rivers sufficiently high—at least one hundred miles—to prevent the Spaniard," who is ever on the horizon, from coming on them as Menendez had done on the Huguenots, and pulling them out of their seat, they quickly discovered this noble river.

For many days they worked their way up the broad stream which was to become so historical in after time, likening themselves to the band of Æneas, "in the country called Latium (on the river Tyber)," until, on the 13th day of May, three hundred years ago, on this small island in this Virginia river, the little band of sea-worn adventurers disembarked and planted the flag of the Anglo-Saxon race, which, though often threatened, and sometimes endangered, has never since that day been lowered.

There were bickerings and contentions and quarreling, squalid and disheartening enough. For the majority of the Council had the power to remove the Governor at any time—a power which they exercised whenever they saw fit. There were occasions when it appeared as though almost all spirit had deserted them, and their great enterprise must fail. But it is well for the Anglo-Saxon race to pause and take note of the one great fact that, however their perils may have alarmed them and their vast isolation may have awed them, there always remained spirit enough to preserve them, and they remained in this far and perilous outpost of the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and with the devotion of the vestal virgin of old, kept the fire, however dim its spark, ever alight on the

sacred shrine. Life in its most perilous and exacting form was the best to which they could look forward. Sickness and wounds, and death in its most terrible shape, ever confronted them, whether by the terror by night, or the arrow that flyeth by day, the pestilence that walked in the darkness, or the destruction that wasteth at noonday. Before them, as they turned their faces back to the mother-country, months and months away of toilsome, tedious, and perilous travel, they found the Spaniard, with sword and rack and stake, on the horizon. But their direst enemy was one more lurking than the savage Indian and more fell than the cruel Spaniard. They had pitched upon a landing-place simply because of the security which it offered against their enemies, without knowing aught of the climate and its perils; and it proved to be a spot so malarial that before the summer was out sixty men of the one hundred and twenty, among them the brave Gosnold, who had commanded the *Good Speed*, were dead of wounds and disease, the first victims of the six thousand who laid down their lives in Virginia or on the way thither in the first nineteen years of her heroic history. Their sufferings so impressed that scholarly historian, George Percy, fourth President of the colony, that he pictured them in one of his reports, the virility of which is to-day the wonder of English writers.

"Burning fevers destroyed them; some departed suddenly, but for the most part they died of mere famine. There were never Englishmen left in a foreign country in such misery as we were in this new-discovered Virginia." "There was groaning in every corner of the Fort most pitiful to hear." "If there was any conscience in men," says the historian, "it would make their hearts to bleed to hear the pitiful murmurings and outcries . . . some departing out of the world, sometimes three and four in a night; in the morning their bodies trailed out of the cabins like dogs to be buried." It came to the point "when ten men could neither go nor stand."

Then came the exploration of the Chickahominy and the Pamunkey, during which occurred the picturesque incident over which historians of late have quarreled so much, when, according to Smith's

account, his life was saved by the young Indian princess, Pocahontas. Time fails to repeat the arguments in this place. They appear to establish the fact beyond reasonable question. However that may be, that winter and the following summer the small remnant of men, under Captain John Smith, explored and charted the waters of the Chesapeake, with its noble tributaries, from the Falls of the James to the Falls of the Potomac, above where the capital of the nation now stands, as within a short period afterward they explored the northern Chesapeake and the Susquehanna, mapping their discoveries with an accuracy which is the wonder of the present time.

Smith himself came near falling a victim to partizan faction. He was tried and sentenced to death for having lost his men during his exploration up the Pamunkey, but his life was saved by the unexpected, for, as he records, "it pleased God to send us Captain Newport that same evening." The brave Christopher had been to England and come back with provisions and reinforcements for the colony. Among these was an element which possibly did more to establish the new plantation than even the provisions, for among the new immigrants were a number of women.

Once more came the starving time; but young Pocahontas appears to have been the guardian angel of her new-found friends.

The time is filled with exploration, with attacks on their Indian enemies, and counter attacks by them, with charges and countercharges; but all the time the little colony was establishing itself. And meanwhile in England a new and broader character was being secured.

A vast step was made the next spring when Captain Samuel Argall, "an ingenious, active, and forward young gentleman," following the instructions of the adventurers, sailed straight across the sea and proved that there were no currents or constant winds to prevent a direct passage.

Argall brought news of the new charter, and also the announcement that Captain Smith had been superseded in the office of President.

And that September, Smith having been grievously wounded by an explosion of gunpowder while returning from a puni-

tive expedition against the Indians near the Falls of the James, went back to England, leaving George Percy as President, who at the time was so ill that he could scarcely stand. Smith never returned to southern Virginia, but some five or six years later he explored and charted the coast of northern Virginia, to which he gave the name of New England. Thus this doughty captain, though he may not have done all that he claimed, unquestionably did more than any other man of his time to secure the permanency of the colonies both in southern and northern Virginia.

He declared many years afterward that he had "not one foot of ground in Virginia; not the very house he had builded, nor the ground he had digged with his own hands." But he has left a more abiding memorial of his work than if at his death he had owned a province.

After his departure, what with murder, starvation, and fever, the colonists, who now numbered several hundred, were reduced to the lowest ebb. "Some of the common sort" are alleged even to have resorted to cannibalism. Their despair was relieved by the providential arrival of Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers from the "still-vest Bermoothes" in the two little boats, the *Patience* and the *Deliverance*, built in the Summer Isles after the *Sea Venture* had been wrecked in a storm, the account of which gave a London playwright the theme of his immortal "Tempest." But so low had they gotten, and so slender was the provision left, that it was decided to embark for England by way of the Newfoundland fisheries, which were even then well-known. Happily, however, just as they embarked and started, appeared the pin-nace *Virginia*, sent by Lord Delaware, who had just entered the James with a year's provision.

The Governor's first act, when he landed at the south gate of the fort, where Gates, with his fever-stricken men stood ready to receive him, like that of an earlier and greater admiral, was to kneel and offer up a prayer of thanksgiving.

The new Governor quickly began to right matters. He set up as a real viceroy, and held a real court. His style was criticized by the old soldiers, some of whom said that "in Virginia a plain soldier who

could use a pickax and spade is better than five Knights that could break a lance." But there was one Knight in Virginia worth many plain soldiers, and that was Sir Thomas West himself. He straightened out matters at Jamestown, and, in place of the little church which had first been built, he erected the first church in America worthy to be called a church—an edifice sixty feet by twenty-four, with pews and chancel of cedar, and a communion-table of black walnut, with a baptismal font and a high pulpit, and two bells at the west end. He attended service in full dress, attended by the Lieutenant-General, the Admiral, the Vice-Admiral, the Master of the Horse, and Council, and a guard of fifty halberdiers in red cloaks. He sat in the choir in a green velvet chair, and had a velvet cushion to kneel on; while the Council were ranged in state on the right hand and on the left. It looks as though it were a good deal of style for the wilderness; but he put his style to good use. He punished the Indians for their hostilities, got corn from the tribes of the Potomac, built forts in various places, and set Virginia on a sound basis of government. Moreover, he set the stamp on the Virginia life which it has never since lost.

When his health gave way and he sailed for England, naming, on the way, Delaware Bay, in which he took refuge from a storm, men fell once more into lax ways. But the arrival in the following May of Sir Thomas Dale, High Marshal of Virginia, a soldier who had seen service in Flanders, "a man of great knowledge in Divinity, and of a good conscience in all things," served to carry on the good work. He found men playing at bowls in the streets, but he quickly put a stop to this. His government became unpopular enough for the old soldiers to plot a conspiracy; but, discovering it, he arrested the ringleaders and inflicted the death penalty in what was charged to be a "cruel, unusual and barbarous method at one time customary in France." Twelve years later certain burgesses signed a paper, stating what they had seen: he had chained a man to a tree with a bodkin thrust through his tongue, and left him to perish. Sir Thomas Dale was, however, an able ad-

ministrator, and the arrival of some three hundred new settlers enabled him to found a new town, called Henricus, on the plateau in a loop of the James at what is now Dutch Gap. Here he built his own "fair mansion," where "excellent Mr. Whittaker," the apostle of Virginia, "exercized every Saturday night." And here was opened the first university founded on this continent, and the first hospital.

By this time Virginia was established on a permanent basis. It had been found in England that the form of government under the King's charter bred many inconveniences, and a new charter had been granted on June 2, 1609, which contained the provision that the settlers and "all their children and posterity which shall happen to be born in any of the limits, shall have and enjoy all liberties, franchises and immunities of free denisons and natural subjects within any of our other Dominions to all intents and purposes as if they had been abiding and born within this our realm of England." This was the Magna Charta of America. Moreover, the charter contained a grant running from sea to sea.

The enthusiasm in Virginia caused by the change in the charter was such, says Strachey, "that not a year of Roman Jubilee, no, nor the ethnic Queen of Ephesus can be said to have been followed with more heat and zeal."

This charter itself was remodeled and enlarged by a new one secured in March, 1612, which transferred the power and government of the colony from the London Council to the Virginia Company. It was this latter company, with its power to sit once a week, or as often as they chose, and to hold four general courts in a year, that led to the affairs of the colony being conducted according to the will of the people and not according to the will of the king.

"The Great Parliament of Virginia Adventurers" became known throughout England, and was the talk of London. It proved the far sight of the Spanish ambassador, who told James I that "the Virginia Courts are but a Seminary to a seditious Parliament."

It bore rich fruit. Within a generation a "seditious Parliament," in which were many men who had been interested in this

Virginia experiment, brought the head of King James's son to the block.

By this time the coast of Virginia from the Carolinas to the French border was known and charted, and Virginia began to protect her coasts.

It having become known that the French had planted a colony at Mt. Desert Island, within the limits of Virginia, Captain Argall was sent by Sir Thomas Dale to root the colony up, and did it most effectively. Then sailing back to Virginia, he went up the Hudson as far as Albany, where the Dutch had established a trading-station, and ordered these intruders off as well. They promised to obey, but obeyed rather in the letter than in the spirit, as the following year they settled on Manhattan Island, where Peter Minuit having a little later cleared his title by paying the Indians \$24.00 for the entire island, they remained until dispossessed by the English in 1664.

Thus the Jamestown Colony protected the entire Virginia coast to Nova Scotia. The following year this part of the coast of northern Virginia received its baptismal name of New England at the hands of Captain John Smith, who, in order to chart the coast for himself, had, while on a whaling expedition, rowed, as he claims, along its whole extent, in order to draw and "Map from Point to Point, Isle to Isle, and Harbor to Harbor, with the soundings, sands, rocks and landmarks."

When, in 1616, Sir Thomas Dale returned to England, he took with him John Rolfe and "the Lady Pocahontas." His strong hand had done much to establish the colony in Virginia. He left behind him order and peace. The settlements extended a hundred miles up into the interior.

The new town, Henrico, was built partly of brick, and not only did it contain, in 1619, a university, endowed with ten thousand acres of land, besides £1500 raised by the bishops in England, but, as early as 1613, it contained also a hospital with eighty lodgings, the beds for which had been sent over for the care of the sick and the wounded. A part of this had been accomplished by the liberal-minded Yardley, who succeeded Dale, and possibly more by the ingenious, active, and forward

young gentleman, Samuel Argall, who came over again, in 1617, as Deputy-Governor and Admiral of Virginia. He set up an iron rule, affixing the penalty of three years' slavery to the colony for violation of his edicts. Failure to attend church services was punished with a night's imprisonment and a week's enforced labor for the first offense; for the second offense, with a month's enforced labor; and for the third, a year and a day.

Governor Yardley, however, was at work in England with other friends of liberty, who had won a great victory, the greatest yet achieved. They had secured for the Virginians the right to have thenceforth a representative government of their own. Armed with the power to summon a representative assembly, Governor Yardley returned to Virginia, arriving on April 19, 1619, and immediately issued writs therefor.

Thus, on the 30th of July, 1619, assembled at Jamestown the first legislative body of America, prototype of every general assembly and congress that has sat since. Eleven boroughs sent their burgesses, two from each; and the body held their session in the choir of the old church at Jamestown. The burgesses sat with their hats on, claiming the privilege of the English Commons. The charter brought by the Governor was read and referred to a committee, who were to consider and report whether it contained anything "not perfectly squaring with the state of the colony, or any law binding or pressing too hard," "Because this Great Charter is to bind us and our heirs forever." The spirit of the assembly may be judged from the petition to the company in London to grant them authority "to allow or disallow of their orders of Court as His Majesty has given them power to allow or disallow our laws."

In fact, the "patriot party" had won a signal victory over the "Court Party."

Thus, in 1619, the plantation of Virginia had spread until it had become a commonwealth, with an elective representative assembly.

When the year 1622 opened, Virginia appeared to be in so prosperous a condition as to justify the wildest hopes of the Virginia Company. With her many settlements, her numerous forts, her long chain of plantations up and down the

wide rivers, her excellent hospital, her college well endowed and beginning to take on the form of a real institution of learning, everything appeared auspicious, when suddenly out of the blue a bolt fell. A plot had been secretly hatched with consummate art, under the old Indian chief, Opechancanough, and on the morning of the 1st of April, 1622, from one end of the colony to the other, from the Falls of the James to South Hampton Hundred on the Chesapeake, the Indians by concert fell upon the unsuspecting settlers, butchering over four hundred men, women, and children out of a total population of about thirteen hundred. A friendly Indian had on the eve of the massacre betrayed the plot to friends at Jamestown, and thus, although six members of the Council had been slain, the capital of the colony was enabled to protect itself, and escaped.

But although Jamestown was saved, the new city of Henricus, with its endowed college and hospital, had been absolutely destroyed; the new light of learning had been quenched in blood. For a time Virginia was forced to apply all her energies to the work of making her citizens secure against the Indians.

That the great massacre of 1622 did not destroy the colony of Virginia, as it had been planned and was expected to do, is proof of the strength to which the colony had attained. Indeed, by this time Virginia was really what she was called, a commonwealth, and after a little her progress was rapid. She was established by the gentry class of England, and in her structure this class was always dominant. The form of her social system was distinctly aristocratic. The companies that promoted and organized her government and controlled her destinies were composed of men of rank. Of the one hundred and four men of the first colony who landed on Virginia soil, fifty-four were gentlemen; that is, men of the arms-bearing class. Of the first charter members, a very large majority were men of title; nearly all were members of Parliament. Of the three hundred and twenty-five charter members of 1612, twenty-five were peers of the realm; one hundred and eleven were knights; sixty-six were esquires, and thirty were "gentlemen." In fact, not less than six-

score of the incorporators were members of Parliament, or had been such. Indeed, the colonization of Virginia was a great national object, which appealed distinctly to the upper class, and was accomplished by the upper class. The perils and the hazards of the undertaking were just the things which appealed to this class; and though many of them grew weary and fainted by the way, Virginia was settled by the gentry of Great Britain, who sent their younger sons, their retainers and tenants to clear the way, and then sent over whomever they might get to help establish the country: even "idle persons who followed the Court," and waifs of the London streets, though the shipment of these elements continued for a very short time. Thus, Virginia was settled under the leadership of the gentry; but all classes came to make up the body of the people, and thus, possibly, more than any other colony it represented all phases of English life, and therefrom took on itself a countenance not unlike that of England. From the first there were distinctions drawn between the gentry and the lower classes.

The Kendall conspiracy was divulged by a man named Read when on the gallops for the crime of having struck President Ratcliffe when Ratcliffe was beating him; and in 1673 a tailor of York County was fined one hundred pounds of tobacco for putting up his mare in a race with the horse belonging to a gentleman, the stake being two hundred pounds of tobacco.

Slavery, introduced in the year 1619 by Samuel Argall, and the system of indentured service emphasized the class distinctions by building up a company of great landowners whose fine, old colonial mansions are to-day among the most interesting relics of our past history. But although devoted to the crown, they were much more devoted to their own welfare and their own rights.

From the earliest period of her history the colony stood for those principles on which she was originally founded: the service of God, according to the Protestant faith; the establishment of English civilization; the rights of English-born citizens. Through the long contest with the crown she stood valiantly for her rights. When, contrary to the orders of

her assembly, her records were given up to the crown, she stood up in the pillory the clerk who gave them, and clipped his ear.

When the Revolution broke forth in England, she stood on her rights as a commonwealth, and Cromwell deemed it expedient to make a treaty with her as with an independent power.

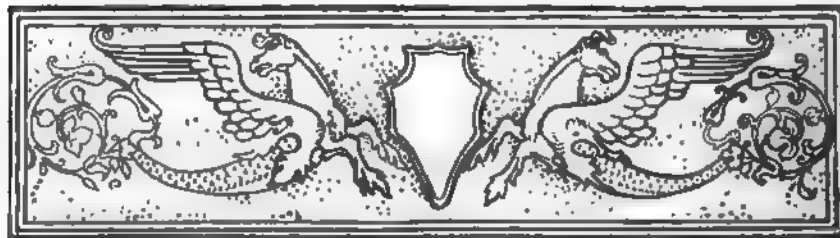
Before many years had gone by, other colonies had been planted along the coast. Maryland, hard by, had been granted to Lord Baltimore; Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, had been started on the same bay where Bartholomew Gosnold had landed in 1602; Georgiana, further to the northward, had been founded almost on the same lines on which Virginia herself had become established. The Dutch had long settled at the mouth of the great river named for the great discoverer, Henry Hudson. And soon the Carolinas had followed. By the time that the first of these made good their footing, however, Virginia possessed a civilization substantially as much like that of England as was a generation ago that portion of Canada which lay along her western frontier. She had her vice-regal court; she had her established church and ritual; she had her manorial system and her monthly courts; she had her House of Burgesses and Council patterned on the British Parliament, and, if possible, they were more jealous of their rights than the Parliament in the old country.

Within half a century or a little more she was a state powerful enough to assert her rights, and, on their denial, to rise in revolution. This revolution ended at the time in the defeat and death of the gallant leader, Nathaniel Bacon, and the

execution of many of his followers. But, however it ended, this point is clear: that twelve years before the English people themselves rose in revolution to establish their charter of liberties, the Virginia people had risen to make good theirs. It took them just one hundred years more to achieve their purpose. But Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Mason, Henry, Nelson, the Lees, the Blands, the Randolphs, and their fellow-patriots were the products of the civilization established first on this continent at Jamestown.

If credit is to be given in measure as intrepid daring and first accomplishments are rated, those three little unknown vessels, the *Susan Constant*, the *Good Speed*, and the *Discovery*, with their company of sixscore men who established the first English settlement on this continent, are entitled to far more credit than any vessel or company whatever which succeeded them. They seized and held the country; they explored and charted the coast—they and their successors. They and their successors drove the French back to Canada on the north, and formed a bulwark against the Spanish on the south; they built forts and towns; established law and order and finally English civilization on the continent, with churches, schools, a university, and a legislative government. So all who came after found the way cleared and a land ready for complete settlement. And when it was settled at last, the colony of Virginia stamped her impress upon it indelibly for all generations.

Truly, as says Sir Francis Bacon, "In kingdoms, the first foundation, or plantation, is of more noble dignity and merit than all that followeth."



THE RENEGATION OF HOGG

BY HERMAN WHITAKER

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

THE air was pleasantly warm, and, tricked out in leafage of crimson and gold, the Ontario woods slumbered under the drowsy spell of Indian summer. In his chair under the eaves of the log tollhouse on the Twelfth Concession of Zorra,—Scotch townships of western Ontario,—Jeames Ross, the toll-man, also slumbered, albeit neither so peacefully nor so gracefully as the somber maples. His performance was marred by grunts, groans, gasps, and chokings, with occasional dives after the pipe which slid at regular intervals through his relaxed fingers. Yet if his sleep lacked the esthetic, it was as sincere as it could be under the conditions. Called to wait on a public whose highest ambition was "to bilk the gate," he always kept one ear turned to the rattle of approaching travel, and so started up wide-awake when, far down the line, a red threshing-mill emerged from a whorl of yellow dust.

"Yon 'll be the Englishman," he muttered.

Leaning folded arms on the gate, he screwed his eyes into points, and pursed his wide mouth till the corners formed square with his chin—indications of intense cerebration that continued until the thresher reined in opposite, and opposed to the concentrated wisdom of his expression that obstinacy of countenance which a certain type of Englishman shares with a famous breed of bulldog.

The toll-keeper spoke first. "Noo, the man Dickens? Ye 'll no' ha' the audacety to claim as he can hold a candle to Walter Scott?"

His expression, which implied that, accustomed as he, Jeames Ross, was to his, the thresher's, imbecilities, this particular claim transcended even the limits

of his known follies, told that this was the renewal of an old argument. Its beginnings, indeed, went back to the day when, four years before, Hogg invaded the Zorras with his power threshing-mill, said invasion having been regarded as a public insult, the greatest, perhaps, suffered by the community since the first red-haired wave slopped over the Highlands of Scotland and flooded the Ontario backwoods. The idea! Him, an Englisher whose forebears had been whipped by Bruce at Bannockburn, introducing innovations among good Scots! The cheek of him! Not that they had refused his services. But if they recognized the superiority of power-threshing over the old method of flailing out grain by hand, and so employed Hogg, it was also because, being cautious and skeptical in the matter of machinery, they believed that his presumption carried the seeds of its own punishment in that the new-fangled invention would probably land him in bankruptcy. Trust them to miss a chance to kill two birds with one stone.

Deprived, however, by the nature of his occupation from deriving profit from Hogg while awaiting Nemesis, Jeames Ross had striven to bring the Englishman to a proper sense of national inferiority in his own peculiar way.

"There 's Jeames, First an' Second; twa Charlies. What would ye English ha' done wi'out Scottish kings?"

In this startling manner, without preface, preamble, or preparatory hint, the toll-keeper had loosed his batteries when the thresher presented himself for the first time at the gate. The question was afterward conceded a sticker by such of the Custom as heard it from Jeames.



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"HOGG STARED AT JENNY"

Evolving it from deeps of thought, his mental machinery had creaked like a new rope on a wooden windlass; wherefore was it inconsiderate, to say the least, of Hogg to answer offhand.

Yet he did, and with a deadly historical accuracy that simply paralyzed Jeames.

"We tried to blow up one; cut the 'cad off the second; third drank his'sel' to death; we chased the fourth away. Since then we 've lived pretty 'appy."

He left Jeames gasping, but Jeames came back at the man the following year.

"Aye, that 's s—oa, yes. Ye committed yon outrages; but, mon, England 'll no' be forgettin' Robert Bruce awbiles?"

In view of the fact that his countrymen have used the Bruce as a projectile for the smashing of English pride through six centuries of wordy war, Hogg might very well have answered that it would be hard for England to forget. He retorted in more primitive fashion:

"Bruce? Bruce? Let me see."—Here he aided memory with a forefinger. "Bruce? There was one o' the name at Culloden when Butcher Cumberland cut the Scotties up into 'ams an' bacon."

On that dark blot on Scotia's scutcheon Jeames ruminated for another year, turning it over and over as a cow her cud, but without resultant sweetness. Cul-

loden would not down; so, last year, he had laid for the thresher on a new tack.

"Ye 'll dootless ha' heard as classical scholars are sayin' that Will'am Shakspeare 's no' a pimple on the nose o' Rabbie Burns?"

It is doubtful whether Hogg had heard of either poet, but, if not, the fact cut no figure in his scathing answer: "I did 'ear as you could n't see the nose for the pimple."

And so the war had gone, a year between shots, a leisurely method which affords facilities for the polishing of retort, but which fails in that eternity is required to make an end. It might have gone that limit (provided Providence had cast Jeames and the thresher for the same sphere in after-life), if, casting about for a suitable answer for the Dickens-Scott comparison, the thresher's eye had not chanced on Jenny McCloud, the orphan niece who kept Jeames's house. She was—

But the scene merits description. Whether it be Cæsar Augustus under the moonlit Sphinx, or Napoleon glooming over wide seas from rocky St. Helena, the mind of man loves to pause at the spectacle of greatness in touch with fate. And here were come together the threads of three lives that were to be woven into

the most curious tangle in the chronicles of Zorra. So we may picture Jeames, his pipe between thumb and forefinger, awaiting a deliverance from Hogg, who, however, gazes raptly at Jenny.

According to the flimsy ideals of city folk, she was not much to look at. Turned three and thirty, her breadth-line well-nigh equaled her height; her scanty red hair was tousled; her nose tipped ambitiously upward. But Hogg saw none of this. He was attracted by the ease and celerity with which she soused in the scalding-tub the pig she had just killed. In, out, turn about, t' other end in, fetch him out, her rhythm was perfect, though the pig would presently turn the scale at a hundred and fifty, dressed. So nicely had she tempered the scald with ash-lye that the barrel edge cleaned the body of bristles. In twenty minutes, during which Hogg never even winked, the pig was cleaned, hung, quartered. With its final passage into pork, love's arrow had transfixed the thrasher's vitals.

FORGETTING Scott, Dickens, and all such sublunary matters, he dug ten cents toll from his jeans, and drove on, oblivious of the fact that Jeames had just repeated his question: "Ye 'll no' ha' the audac-

eety to maintain as Dickens can hold a candle to Walter Scott?"

It is to be feared that Jeames misconstrued the enemy's silence, for he contemplated his departing back with that pleased expression which a cow bestows on a salt pail. Also he detailed his triumph to Sib Sanderson, the cattle-buyer, and John "Death" McKay, who were making one leg home from market in the same wagon, for the easement of tolls.

"An' he admeeted it?" Sib eagerly inquired, scenting victory.

"Well," Jeames answered with Scotch caution, "ye 'll be seeing yersel' as he did na' deny it."

"Juist gave ye his back an' drove on?" John "Death" commented. "Then he was surely stickit. Silence gi'es consent; the p'int 's to ye, Jeames, mon."

Being of the same opinion, the toll-man gaped when, the following evening, Hogg came striding down from his first setting, two miles up the line. To avoid the appearance of incivility in not answering Mr. Ross in the case of Dickens and Scott, he had come back to offer apologies for his abstraction, and to file an exception to Jeames's opinion.

"Ye 'd need a search-light," he said, "to fin' Scott when Dickens was around."



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"AY, MON, AN' WHAT 'LL THIS BE!"



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'AN' WHAT SAID YE TILL THE FULE, JEAMES!'"

With that the war was on. Locking horns, they traversed the fields of war, science, invention, letters, and the arts, both that and succeeding evenings. At least Jeames did. For while he was describing the able manner in which Scottish generals had won England's wars, Hogg stared at Jenny, contenting himself with the amount of opposition required to keep Jeames in the business.

By many Jeames was afterward blamed for his blindness in such evident premises; and, expressing majority opinion at the gate, after the climax, Elder Peter Murray, a cadaverous Hie'lan'man, said: "She 'll pe a great fule—Jeames. What 'll she pe thinkin' aff? Reelin' her tales aff Bannockburn while the English stuffs Jenny wis love-looks and motto-lozenges?"

Judging, however, that Elder Peter had not sufficiently allowed for the preternatural acuteness to love-signs which is bred in a widower with a marriageable daughter, like himself, a minority pointed

out that there was much to be said for Jeames. It argued that, to say nothing of the heat and dust of battle, the very fury of Hogg's love-making had proved its best ambush. In Zorra, marrying had always been held a very serious business. Studying a possible partner afar in her relation to baking, brewing, and spinning; noting her lightness of hand with the butter, its heaviness with small brothers and sisters; a prospective wooer, once satisfied on these necessary bases of love, considered a month a fair interval between visits. The courtship might consume, after that, seventeen months or seventy, but was more likely to approximate to the latter. How, then, should Jeames be expected to suspect a man who came every night, and who, in the second month of acquaintance, he caught with his arm about the girl?

"Sal! ye would na' ha' kenned what to mak' o' it yersel'," exclaimed the minority.

To inexperience the minority also laid

Jeames's slowness when confronted with the aforesaid phenomenon of love in his back garden. Both his interested stare and the following question, "Ay, mon, an' what 'll this be?" evidenced a belief that the embrace inhered in some foolish English custom not comprehensible to serious Scottish minds. But when Hogg explained, no man could complain of Jeames or assert that he fell below Highland tradition in the matter of Lowland *mésalliances*.

He fronted the hardy lover with the sneer of his life. "I 'm no' dooting that ye want her, no; but who 'll be hoeing my corn an' 'taties?"

To a fair mind—that of Jeames, for instance—the question cast Hogg as inconceivably ridiculous. Looking at the matter through the toll-keeper's spectacles, it would be seen that he had taken Jenny on her mother's death, assuming all of the anxieties and responsibilities entailed by guardianship of a giddy girl of twenty-eight. In return he had gotten, as yet, a meager five-years' work out of her; so was it likely, with girls so scarce for the

hiring, that he would let her go short of forty-five or fifty? That would be early enough for her marrying. Dods, yes!

Then there was the loss of prestige which had accrued to him for his philanthropic act. Rolling home from market, the Custom was wont to comment on the fine appearance Jeames made, smoking on the stoop, one eye on the tolls, the other on Jenny's hoeing. Should he, therefore, of his own act, abolish a spectacle so well calculated to stir altruistic emotion in its bottom deeps? Little enough of that in the worl', Gude kens!

More ridiculous, even, was Hogg's fatuity in appealing to Jenny herself against the decision. "As if," Jeames contemptuously confided to the Custom—"as if the lassie did na' ken o' the gulfs as Providence fixed betwixt the Scotch an' the English!"

"Ay," the Custom, as represented in the person of Sib Sanderson, answered: "she 'll just ha' drawn him on a bit, Jeames—just for his foolin', of course—that, an' the silk kerchief, motto-lozenges, an' ither compliments he made her."



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"I 'VE SEEN HIM MAK' A PRETTY EYE AT A WOMAN"



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"SHE GLOWERED AT HOGG ALL THROUGH THE SERMON,"
SIB SANDERSON'S WIFE REPORTED"

"I would na' say no till that," Jeames replied, with due caution. "But naething beyond it, ye 'll mind."

"Naething, naething," Sib agreed. "An' what said ye till the fulc, Jeames?"

"That he micht as weel ask Elder Peter for his Libby."

To Sib, as to Jeames, the ultimatum, as thus couched, expressed absolute impossibility, as Elder Peter's dislike for the English was surpassed only by that of his daughter. "T was a neat way to put it, Jeames," he said admiringly. "He 'd wriggle when ye said that. An' how 's Jenny taking it?"

"Shumps!" This ejaculation—one of Jeames's own invention—approximated to a groan, a sneeze, and a sneer, and, when delivered with gusto, as now, it blew the stoutest opposition into thin air. "She 'll ha' had her whimperings, oh, yes. A woman body frets always if ye come betwixt her an' a chance of catchin'

a man. But there 's naething like field labor for sweatin' the love-sickness oot o' a woman. To-morrow she goes to Elder Peter for hayin', harvest an' threshin'."

"Ay, he 's a hard one, too," Sib felicitated. "He 'll tak' it oot o' her. But are ye no' feared that he 'll be makin' up till her himsel'? A wife come a sight cheaper than a hired girl, an' if the Elder is lang, thin, an' dry, the old Adam 's no' dead i' him yet. I 've seen him mak' a pretty eye at a woman."

Jeames snorted. "Pish, man! Let me see the woman that 'll march him oot from under Libby's nose." Wherefore, feeling secure in his monopoly against both Highland friend and English foe, Jeames spent the fall months pleasantly meditating in the shade of his porch upon the dollars that would accrue to his pouch through Jenny's labors, in doing which he tempted the Fates, whose particular

business concerns itself with seasoning mortal happiness with the salt of sadness.

The foreshadowing came as, one day, he was awakened by the rattle of Sib Sanderson's wagon from a doze in which Jenny's dollars were increasing at the wonderful interest peculiar to dreams. A slower man than Jeames could have read the tidings that were writ large on Sib's extensive countenance. His mouth, indeed, was bulged like that of a breathing frog in his efforts to suppress the news till the amenities of conversation had been achieved. But when the wind, weather, and crops had received their due, he burst out:

"What 's the maist unbelievable thing ye can think of, Jeames?"

"Presbytery 's called a Methody minister?" Here Jeames bordered on the sacrilegious, and Sib frowned down the untimely levity.

"I did na' ask ye the maist fulish thing ye could think of, though it 's nigh as bad as that. Yon English thrasher toted Libby Murray to evenin' kirk last Sawbath."

"Peter's Libby?" Jeames gasped his unbelief.

"Peter's Libby," Sib confirmed.

"Ye dinna' say so?" Surprise, wonder, contempt, played hide-and-seek among Jeames's leather wrinkles for full five minutes, then were caught up by the humor of the situation. He vented a hoarse chuckle. "Mon, but I 'd give three cents to see Peter's face if Lib married on the thrasher."

Sib's answering grin endangered the stability of his ears, yet it achieved even a wider breadth after he had driven on beyond Jeames's hearing. "It 's maist funny!" he exclaimed, laughing explosively. "Him laughin' at Peter, that had his own Jenny out to morning service!"

Sib was so full of the joke that it slopped out and overflowed the market, whence, in one day, it ran out in widening ripples over the length and breadth of the Zorras. Every one heard it but Jeames. Going through the gate in the following weeks the Custom kept him informed of Lib Murray's goings on with the thrasher, but never dropped a whisper of Jenny and Elder Peter. For your Zorra Scot hoards his jokes as his silver, making one do the work of three, and so saving the mental energy required to find new mat-

ter of amusement. So if Jeames heard of Lib and the thrasher's loiterings in the gloaming, no one told how the Elder would wait till Libby was out of sight Sabbath mornings before he coupled up with Jenny for the homeward walk. He got exactly one half of the gossip that buzzed like the hum of swarming bees through the townships.

Never had there been such excitement. The famous "War of the Precentors," the battle over the kirk organ, the vote on fusion with episcopacy, paled by comparison. Five hundred pairs of eyes were seeking for a sign, as many ears were cocked for a word, that should indicate the outcome of this triangular contest. Did a neighbor spy Elder Peter on the road to or from market, he quickened or slackened his speed, to be on hand when the Elder paid his toll. Thus it was that John "Death" McKay came to witness the first tilt between toll-keeper and Elder.

"Ay, Peter?" Jeames said, winking at "Death" behind the Elder's back, "I 'm hearin' yon crazy thrasher 's hangin' aboot your premises. Ye 'll please keep an eye till my girl."

"She will that, Jeames." Position prevented the Elder from looking at John, but the latter rightfully interpreted a wiggle of the elderly shoulders. "Ay, Jeames, she wull so. Thrasher 'll no' be gettin' Jenny aff me."

"Did ye ever hear the like?" Jeames grinned after the Elder had driven on. "Mon, but I 'm near forgivin' Hogg."

Sib Sanderson was witness to the occasion when the thrasher gave Libby a lift in to town with her butter and eggs. "Jeames," Sib passed the story round, "was that upliftit to the length of bringin' out a dram. 'Here 's till ye,' he toasts them; 'an' ye 'll surely be namin' the first after me.' An' Libby skirled oot laughin' so that Hector Ross heard her at the plowin' a half-mile away."

From such straws public opinion augured that Lib and the Elder were to make it a stand-off, each permitting the other to marry. This forecast, however, was somewhat clouded by the report of a slap administered to the Elder by Jenny under the eyes of Ronald, the Elder's hired man. Still, allowances were made even in this. "The Elder 's no' as young

as he micht be," said the wise ones. "Not exactly tender meat for young teeth, ye 'll ken. She 's a bit kittlish; but, mind ye, four hundred acres of maple land 's no' to be turned down for a white beard. Jenny 'll come to the trough, ye 'll see."

It was the women, keen-eyed always in affairs of the heart, who picked further doubt from Jenny's eyes. "She glowered at Hogg all through the sermon," Sib Sanderson's wife reported after service one Sabbath. "Juist like she wisht she had him under her churn-dasher."

To the stock of public information, Ronald, the Elder's hired man, as afore-said, added the news that Jenny and Libby Murray had not spoken for a week, though living in the same house. Then came Sandy Sutherland with a tale that was stricken from the record as incompetent and irrelevant because heard while said Sandy was lying drunk in the ditch by the Elder's gate.

"Ye can ha' him for me," Libby was saying when they passed in on their way home from prayer meeting. "I 'm no' caring a whistle for him. Would n't ha' touched him wi' the other end of a pole if father had no' begun to daunder round you. What 's more, he 's no carin' for me. So, if you 'll—" Sandy heard no more, but it throws a glint of light on the situation, and leads up to that frosty dawn when a shout and the jangle of sleigh-bells brought Jeames running to the tollhouse door.

Hogg's bob-sleigh and smoking team were standing there. "Open! Quick!" he demanded. "I 'm in a hurry!"

A furious jangle of distant sleigh-bells explained his need clearly enough to Jeames; but instead of unlocking the gate, he turned a deliberate eye on the woman who sat beside Hogg. A muffler veiled her face from the frost, but Libby Murray possessed the only genuine Paisley shawl in Zorra. As Jeames gloated upon it, there blossomed within him the inspiration of his life.

"Yon 'll be Elder Peter's bells," he casually remarked. "There 's no' anither string o' that tone i' the twa Zorras."

The thrasher swore.

"Hoot, mon!" Jeames gravely reproved the naughtiness. "Siccan a language, an' wha' 's the need? Ye have

the heels o' Peter, and 'll beat him easy till the kirk. The minister 'll fix ye up in a jiffy after I 'm through with ye. It 's quick wark that they make o' such a hard knot—beats a' but hangin'." And while the thrasher fretted and fumed, listening to the approaching bells, Jeames shook a grave head over the despatch and irrevocability of ministerial practice.

"Ain't you goin' to let us^a through?" the thrasher yelled.

Jeames leaned calmly on the gate. "Easy wi' it! Easy, mon! Presently, after I 'm through. Noo, mon,"—he assumed the air of a father catechising a child—"noo, ye 'll please tell me what ye consider the world's greatest battle?" This was the inspiration. Having delivered himself of it, he looked off and away over the snow-fields, while Hogg eased his feelings by language that caused the woman to slip a hand over his mouth. Also she whispered in his ear while he sat fighting between love and patriotism. Love won.

"Bannockburn."

Turning, Jeames beamed upon him. "Fine! Mon, but we lickit ye there! An' which 'll be the world's greatest poet?"

"Burns."

The plunge once taken, the thrasher followed by the nose while Jeames led across realms of science, through poetical groves, to mountain peaks whence he could properly survey old Scotia's greatness. "Ye 're improvin', ye 're surely improvin'," Jeames exclaimed at every admission. "Noo, to sum up, which is the finest country?"

"Scotland." Hogg's renegation was complete.

"Gran'! gran'!" Jeames chuckled and chortled in his triumph. "For that ye go through." As he swung the gate, he added: "An' it 'll no' be Libby's fault if ye dinna' find it so. Aff wi' ye! The Elder 's no' goin' to get by here this half hour."

In view of what follows, it is well to state that Jeames was perfectly within his rights in relocking the gate before he went inside. Every man knows that "early an' late" are the chosen seasons for young dashing sprigs to "rin the gate." There may be more rhyme in Elder Peter's contention that he saw Jeames peek out of the window as his

sleigh pulled up at the door. Be all of which as it may, a heavy snoring answered his knock, and continued during the half hour in which his shouts and bangings disturbed the quiet woods.

In the meantime travel drifted in from both directions, so that when Jeames did finally emerge, a large audience witnessed the realistic manner in which he knuckled the sleep from his eyes.

"It 's yerself, Peter?" he greeted. "An' have I kept ye? I dreamed as a wood-pecker was tappin' on the wall. Ye 'll see I was roused twice i' the night, an' again by yon crazy thresher an hour ago."

"She treamed?" The Elder's white beard quivered with emotion. "She treamed—whiles—"

"I 'm sorry for ye, Elder, real sorry." Jeames took secret note of his audience, which was nodding, snickering, exchanging whispers. He was making history. Children's children would tell how he, Jeames Ross, acted in this juncture; of his masterly handling of the situation. From posterity his eye came back to the Elder. "It 's sair for ye; sair to look forward to a troop of English grandsons. We can on'y hope as Libby lets ye aff easy."

"Libby? Libby?" Elder Peter turned to Ronald, beside him. "Wha' 's the fule talkin' aboot? Is she crazy? Libby will pe at home."

Ronald shook his head. "Crazy or fulish, ye canna' prove it be me. I 've

seen sa many doddered old fules of late I 'm gettin' mixed."

"Meanin' me?" The Elder wrathfully interpreted Ronald's unflattering glance.

"Yersel' an' ithers."

Dumfounded by a horrible suspicion that was based on a whisper behind him, Jeames had been stricken with silence. Now he weakly inquired, "Ye 're no' tellin' me as 't was—"

"Jenny?" Ronald nodded.

"But yon shawl?" Jeames clung to that as to the skirts of hope.

"Libby's." Not unmindful of the part he himself was now playing in this, Zorra's only elopement, Ronald glanced around the circle of gaping settlers. "Ye see, Libby kenned that Peter, the old fule, had his eye on Jenny; an' considerin' it was burying he ought to be thinkin' of instead of marryin', she juist played the thresher till Jenny was jaloused to the point of rinnin' awa'."

There ensued a frosty silence. Even the audience paused in its snickering the better to observe events. In great moments it is not always given to the mind of man to grasp their full significance, but one corollary gradually percolated through the Elder's disappointment.

He turned on Jeames. "She 'll be hafin' my sympathy, oh, yes. English nephews will pe a sair trial, Jeames. She will pray that Jenny lets her aff easy."



RIP VAN WINKLE

BY CLARA MARSHALL

WHERE amid mountains towering steep
A darksome river rolled,
Distraught, a young man fell asleep,
To waken old.

Where sun-kissed breakers rose to leap,
And palms their banners hung,
Calmly an old man fell asleep,
To waken young.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE LIVE WIRE

AN old story-reader was lately discussing human affection as the subject of that which the journalistic idiom of our day denominates the "fiction story." He expressed it somewhat in this way: "Is it not curious that non-experts are permitted and even expected to deal critically, as in love-stories, with a theme which, though not generally supposed to be scientific, surely has a scientific basis, and should be approached in the scientific spirit? Any youth is let to describe, judge, analyze, and comment upon the manifestations of passion,—in a dramatic form,—no matter how little he or she may know about the subject; no matter how short a time he or she has had in this world to note the workings of the attractions or repulsions of sex in his or her own experience and the experience of others.

"Why," said the old hand, "no man or woman should be permitted to write love-stories until arrived at the age of sixty years! Seventy would be a still better limit, because this would allow some ten years for comparatively calm, unprejudiced, and scientific observation." (It is evident that this "old hand" had in mind the saying not only about that time of life "when the girls are not afraid of the man," but the still farther advanced condition "when the man is not afraid of the girls.") "At the age of sixty," the wisacre insisted, "a writer of love-stories is able to look upon the sentiment between the sexes as something in the nature of electricity. Between certain individuals of opposite sexes there are attractions that are as inevitable as those called electrical. The disasters in the world of the affections are much like those connected with electrical phenomena. In love affairs, as in electrical affairs, contact with the 'live wire,' is likely to prove fatal.

"Almost every day," continued the philosopher, "I read in the papers of accidents in these two domains—that of electricity and that of the affections. Some poor fellow becomes involved with a live wire, and is shocked to death; some unfortunate mortal becomes entangled in an affair of the passions, and goes to pieces. In both cases there is a ghastly tragedy.

"Now, in the electrical trouble the experts have their say—the men who know all about the currents carried by the wire, all about the proper methods of isolation, all about the proper safeguards. No one is permitted to discuss electrical disturbances and electrical catastrophes except the acknowledged experts; but utterly inexperienced persons or else persons distinctly prejudiced, perhaps warped, by their own private experiences, are permitted to set up what may be called hypothetical cases,—that is, fictions,—in which all the elements of the passion of love are present, and proceed to discuss the phenomena with an assumption of authority which would never pass muster under skilful cross-examination.

"No wonder that this gratuitous and quite uninformed combined portrayal and criticism of the chief feature of our mortal lives should constantly prove misleading. A note of sentimentality is constantly struck, when what is needed, in order to understand the situation in all its bearings, is the note of common sense. The youthful love-story-writer perhaps attributes praiseworthy traits to his hero or heroine in cases where the one or the other is merely giving way to a strong impulse which it would be wiser, even nobler, to resist; just as it would be vastly more sensible and right-minded for one to let go than to hang on to a death-dealing 'live wire.'

"The youthful concocter of love-stories,—and most stories seem to be love-

stories,"—continued the talking reader, "not only is apt to write in abundant ignorance, but with extraordinary self-conceit. He seems at times to think that the more fully his characters surrender to mutual attraction, the more admirable they are, and the more of a genius is he, their creator. In fact, these absurd young persons, while assuming that they are glorifying strength of character, are really exalting the lamentable opposite—helpless weakness."

The reader, and talker, referred to, when asked what he thought was the proper corrective for errors in the construction of the love-stories that he depicted, said that, besides the remedy he had proposed,—that only the aged should be allowed to write love-stories,—was the farther remedy of the cultivation of the sense of humor both in story-writers and in story-readers. He said he did not mean that all love-stories should be humorous (he found many, he said, unintentionally very funny indeed), but that the writers of love-stories should cultivate in their minds the saving faculty of humor, so that they might be saved from taking seriously all the phenomena of the affections whatever; and he further held that a fine sense of humor would prevent readers from being taken in by the immaturities and falsities of the amatory fictionists.

As to the remedy to be secured by pro-

hibiting the publication of all love-stories not written by sexagenarians or still older romancers, the suggester might have been reminded that there is no fool like an old fool. The most aged story-writers are sometimes guilty of the most melodramatic love-scenes. Or when a writer speaks of his hero in recorded conversations as "the young man" and of his heroine as "the young woman," attention is apt to flag.

On the other hand, there are old fellows who write love-scenes in just the right mood. No matter how impulsive their lovers, the writers, as such, keep themselves well in hand. The authors' hearts may be warm, but their heads are cool. So there may be something in the idea that boy fiction-writers should be kept to stories of adventure, and girl fiction-writers to the delineation of the delightful eccentricities of the child world, leaving the depiction of the passions to the purely scientific observer. The great difficulty in carrying out this plan rests in the fact that stories treating of love solely from the point of view of science and age might lack readers.

However, as story-writing and story-reading seem to be, between them, absorbing a good part of the time and energies of the people of the twentieth century, these reflections of an old story-reader are worthy of thoughtful, and not altogether humorous, consideration.

OPEN LETTERS

Country Life in America

MR. WARDON ALLAN CURTIS in his article entitled "The Light Fantastic in the Central West" in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February has given us an interesting and, no doubt, truthful picture of the racial characteristics of some of our foreign-born population as observed in Wisconsin, but in one regard he is likely to give an erroneous impression of country life in America. He says:

"Let me pause to answer a query that rises in the reader's mind. He has gained the impression that our country dances . . .

are as much occasions of combat as social diversion. There is a good deal of truth in this inference from what I have said. The social entertainment where men do not fight is the last flower of the best of modern civilization. In bucolic communities primitive instincts still rule. . . . The country dance that does not count two or three fights is the exception. The sight of woman arouses the immemorial instinct to fight, and emulation, and the desire for renown in her eyes. The excitement of the crowd, the music, and the strong drink add circumstance to instinct."

I was born and reared on a farm in northern Illinois, a few miles from the Wisconsin line, amid American, English, Irish, and German inhabitants, and have attended scores of country dances. I never witnessed an altercation of any sort at one of these dances, let alone a fight. I do not, of course, seek to deny that fights may and do occur at country dances, as elsewhere, but I do deny that they are characteristic of country living. Undoubtedly strong drink is a powerful circumstance in promoting brawls, but strong drink is not a characteristic of the country. I have just finished a two months' sojourn in a rural community, and I am told that for twelve miles in one direction and thirty miles in the other not a saloon exists in village or country. I further deny that farmers are less civilized than their brothers and sisters who dwell in

the cities or that brutality is induced by country life.
Thomas F. Hunt.

Lorna Doone

In the CENTURY's series of Heroines of Fiction, Mr. de Ivanowski has attempted the difficult task of realizing Lorna Doone (see the frontispiece), whose beauty and charm have survived the forty years since Blackmore's novel was published. She is truly of the stuff of which are made the heroines of all time, for in her hands are the mighty deeds of heroes, and in her eyes the power which makes of Jan Ridd one of the immortal lovers. She has the air of stately courts commingled with the fragrance of winds blowing over Exmoor primroses in the spring, and all her days, whether in the stronghold of Doone-glade or among the fat fields of her lover's homestead, step to the music of a high romance. *B.*



Mother Goose, Ph.D.

"THE WORLD AND THE INDIVIDUAL"

THIS is the House that Descartes built.

Two distinct substances, mind and matter,
lay in the House that Descartes built.

This is the Locke, who by his experience
guarded the substances, mind and matter,
that lay in the House that Descartes built.

This is the Berkeley, who tried the Locke,
and said that no matter could be in the
House that Descartes built.

This is the Hume, who knew only ideas,
who doubted all matter and doubted all
mind, and thought to demolish entirely the
House that Descartes built.

This is the Kant, transcendently wise, who
rebuilt from Hume, who denied mind to
Berkeley, who tried the Locke, who by
his experience guarded the House that
Descartes built.

Hegel this is, who abstraction denies, who
succeeded to Kant, transcendently wise,
who rebuilt from Hume, who knew only
ideas, who denied mind to Berkeley, who
said "no matter," who attacked the Locke,
who guarded the substances, mind and
matter, distinct in the House that Des-
cartes built.

This is the Royce, with his high surmise, who
interpreted Hegel's obscure disguise, who
looked beyond Kant, transcendently
wise, who rebuilt from Hume, who knew
only ideas, who denied mind to Berkeley,
who said "no matter," while trying the
Locke, whose daily experience guarded the
House that Descartes built.

This is the James, who the "many" des-
cries, who with purpose pragmatic does
pluralize, who opposes the Royce, with his
high surmise, who can diverse, devious
thoughts devise, which in ultimate oneness
he unifies, who interpreted Hegel's obscure
disguise, who in three-fold thought-forms
did theorize, who succeeded to Kant, tran-
scendently wise, who by categories did
characterize, who rebuilt from Hume, who
knew not his own mind, who cared not for
Berkeley, who tried the Locke, whose daily
experience guarded the substances, mind
and matter, that lay in the House that
Descartes built.

A PHILOSOPHICAL DIFFICULTY

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,

Studying Hume for exam;
And she said, "I can't see,
If ideas are me,

Just exactly where all of me am!"

DISCUSSION

JOHN BOYCE would not read Royce;
His friend would not read James;
So they monized and they pragmatized,
And called each other names.

TWO SCHOOLS OF PHILOSOPHY

HICKORY, dickory, dock!
The pluralist looked at the clock;
The clock struck one,
And away he run;
Hickory, dickory, dock!

Hickory, dickory, do!
The monist looked also;
The clock struck ten,
And he looked again,
And said, "It is three hours slow!"

Mary Jessie Gidley.

Man and Superman

As a rule, man 's a fool.
When it 's hot, he wants it cool;
When it 's cool, he wants it hot—
Always wanting what is not,
Never wanting what he 's got.
As a rule, man 's a fool.

(Old Saw)

As a rule, woman 's wise.
When she can't get what she wants,
Then she cries.
Man cannot withstand her tears,
So he "gives up" to the dears.
As a rule, woman 's wise,
When she can't get what she wants,
Then she cries.

(New Saw)

Frederick Willis Davis

True Spring

WHAT, spring, because a day is fair,
Because a brook is flowing,
Because a maple here and there
A flash of red is showing,

Because the frost has lost a tooth,
And ice-packs jar and splinter?
You call it spring because, forsooth,
It simply is n't winter!

No, spring has gladder signs than these;
I'll know that spring is coming
When lilacs blow, when velvet bees
In apple-boughs are humming,

When softer shadows fall aslant
The fragrant meadow mazes:
I'll call it spring when I can plant
My foot on seven daisies.

Arthur Guiterman.



"I HATES TO THINK OF DYIN'!"

The Sorrows of a Skipper

BY WALLACE IRWIN

WITH PICTURES BY H. B. BIRCH

"I HATES to think of dyin'," says the Skip-
per to the Mate;
"Starvation, shipwrecks, heart-disease I
loathes to contemplate.
I hates to think of vanities and all the
crimes they lead to"—
Then says the Mate,
With looks sedate,
"Ye does n't reely need to."

"It fills me breast with sorrer," says the
Skipper with a sigh,



"WHY CONTEMPLATE!"

"To conjer up the happy days what careless
has slipped by.
I hates to contemplate the day I ups and
left me Mary"—
Then says the Mate,
"Why contemplate,
If it ain't necessary?"

"Suppose that this here vessel," says the
Skipper with a groan,
"Should lose 'er bearin's, run away, and
bump upon a stone;
Suppose she 'd shiver and go down when
save ourselves we could n't"—



"WE MIGHT AS WELL DIE CHEERFUL"

The Mate replies,
"Oh blow me eyes!
Suppose, ag'in, she should n't?"

"The chances is ag'in' us," says the Skipper
in dismay,
"If Fate don't kill us out and out, it gits us
all some day.
So many perish of old age, the death-rate
must be fearful"—
"Well," says the Mate,
"At any rate
We might as well die cheerful."

"I read in them statistic books," the nervous
Skipper cries,
"That every minute by the clock some feller
ups and dies.
I wonder what disease they gits that kills
in such a hurry"—



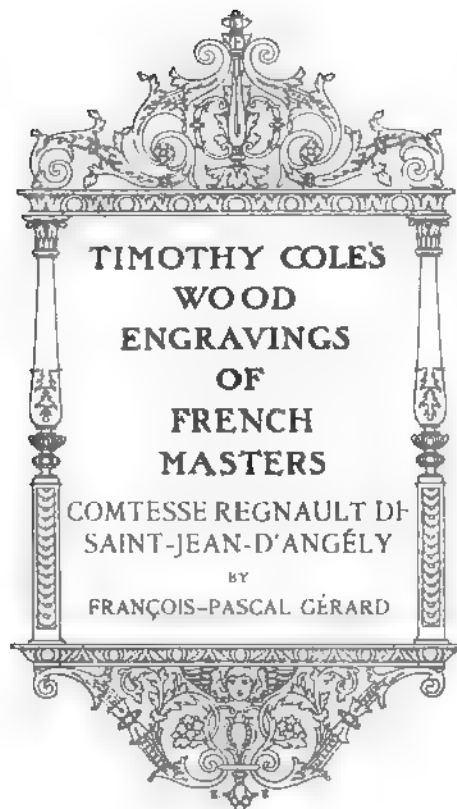
"THEY MOSTLY DIES O' WORRY"

The Mate he winks
And says, "I thinks
They mostly dies o' worry."

"Of certain things," the Skipper sighs, "me
conscience won't be rid,
And all the wicked things I done I sure
should not have did.
The wrinkles on me inmost soul compel me
oft to shiver"—
"Yer soul 's fust rate,"
Observes the Mate;
"The trouble 's with yer liver."



"THE TROUBLE 'S WITH YER LIVER"





From the painting in the Louvre. See "Open Letters"

COMTESSE REGNAULT DE SAINT-JEAN D'ANGÉLY BY FRANÇOIS-PASCAL GÉRARD

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS-4)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXIV

JUNE, 1907

No. 2

VICTOR HUGO ON "LES MISÉRABLES"

HIS OBJECT IN WRITING THE ROMANCE, AND ITS RELATIONS TO SOCIAL PROBLEMS

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

THE letter of Victor Hugo which follows is from a manuscript version in Italian, probably the translation by Victor Hugo's secretary, and was written in response to an inquiry from Count Victor A. Pepe of Italy, as to Hugo's purposes in writing his great romance. The letter, which is signed in the writer's autograph, has been furnished to THE CENTURY by the Countess Rozwadowska, daughter of the gentleman to whom it was addressed. We have not been able to find it in the correspondence of Hugo, and it is believed to be unpublished. In any event, it will be read with special interest in view of its relations to current social problems, though general conditions in Italy have become more favorable since it was written.—THE EDITOR.

Hauteville House, October 18, 1862.

YOU are right, Sir, when you say that "Les Misérables" is written for all peoples. I do not know whether all will read it, but assuredly I composed it for all. It is addressed to England as well as to Spain, to Italy as well as to France, to Germany equally with Ireland, to the republics that have slaves as much as to the empires that have serfs. Social problems cross the frontiers; the sores of the human race—vast sores that cover the globe—do not halt at the blue or red lines traced on the atlas. Wherever man is ignorant and in despair,

wherever woman sells herself for bread, wherever a child suffers for lack of a book to teach him and of a hearth to warm him, the book of "Les Misérables" knocks at the door, saying, "Open! I am here for you."

In the stage—still so dark—of civilization in which we exist, the name of the miserable is Man: he suffers in every clime; he groans in every tongue.

Your Italy is not more exempt than our France from ill; your marvelous Italy bears on her own soil every species of misery. Perhaps brigandage, which is an insane sort of pauperism, does not dwell

on your mountains? Few nations are as deeply corroded as Italy by the ulcer of monasteries, which I endeavored to probe. Although you possess Rome, Milan, Palermo, Turin, Siena, Pisa, Mantua, Bologna, Ferrara, Genoa, Venice, an heroic history, sublime ruins, magnificent monuments, superb cities, you are as poor as we: you abound in wonders and in rotteness. The sun of Italy is indubitably splendid, but, alas! the blue of the sky does not take away man's rags!

Like us, you have prejudices, superstitions, tyrannies, fanaticisms, and blind laws which prop up ignorant customs. You taste nothing of the present and future except there is mixed in it some flavor of the past; and you have among you a barbarian—the monk, and a savage—the *lazzarone*. The social question is the same for you as for us. Your people die a little less of hunger, and a little more of fever; your hygiene is not much better than ours; the clouds of darkness, which are Protestant in England, are Catholic in Italy, but, under different names, the *vescovo* is identical with the bishop, and there is an obscurantism of almost the same kind. The wrong interpretation of the Bible amounts to the same as the misunderstanding of the Gospels.

Must I go on? Must I demonstrate more completely this mournful parallelism? Perhaps you have no needy ones? Look down. Perhaps you have no parasites? Look up. Perhaps before your eyes, as before ours, there does not oscillate the loathsome scales in whose two pans pauperism and parasitism balance each other so sadly?

Where is your army of schoolmasters, the only one which civilization recognizes? Where are your free, obligatory schools? Can it be that in the land of Dante and Michael Angelo all know how to read? Have you transformed your barracks into prytanea? Have you not, like us, an exorbitant war-budget and a ridiculous appropriation for education? Have you not also that passive obedience out of which a brutal soldiery is so easily made? Have you not a militarism which obeys discipline even to the point of firing on Garibaldi—which is the same as firing on the living honor of Italy?

Let us examine your social organization; let us take it just as it is, and reveal its flagrant iniquity: show me your woman and your child. We measure the degree of civilization by the sum of the protection accorded to these two weak creatures. Can it be that prostitution is less deplorable at Naples than at Paris? What patrimony of truth is contained in your laws, what quantity of justice emanates from your tribunals? Have you by chance the joy of not knowing the meaning of these gloomy words—public vengeance, legal infamy, the galleys, scaffold, hangman, death penalty? Italians! Beccaria is dead, and Farinaccio lives among you as among us. And then, let us observe your State régime. Have you, indeed, a government which comprehends the identity of the moral and the political? Are you on the point of amnestying your heroes? Even in France they did something like that. And, now, let us pass miseries in review, let everybody bring his burden here: behold, you are as rich as we! Have not you also, like us, two damnations: the religious, pronounced by the priest, and the social, decreed by the judge? O great people of Italy, thou resembllest the great people of France! Alas, my brothers, you are like us "misérables."

From the depth of the gloom in which we all are plunged, you do not see much more distinctly than we the splendid and remote parts of Eden. Moreover, the priests deceive themselves in maintaining that those parts are behind us, whereas, instead, they lie before us.

I sum up what I have said. This book of "Les Misérables" is a mirror of our conditions, just as it is of yours. There are men and castes that rebel against it, and I understand why: mirrors tell the truth, and are accordingly hated; but they do not cease, on that account, to be useful.

As for me, I wrote for all; with a profound love for my country, but without preoccupying myself more for France than for any other people. Little by little, as I advance in life, I grow simpler and become more and more the patriot of humanity.

Besides, this is the tendency of our epoch, the law of the development of the French Revolution; and, in order to cor-



Drawn by André Cassagne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

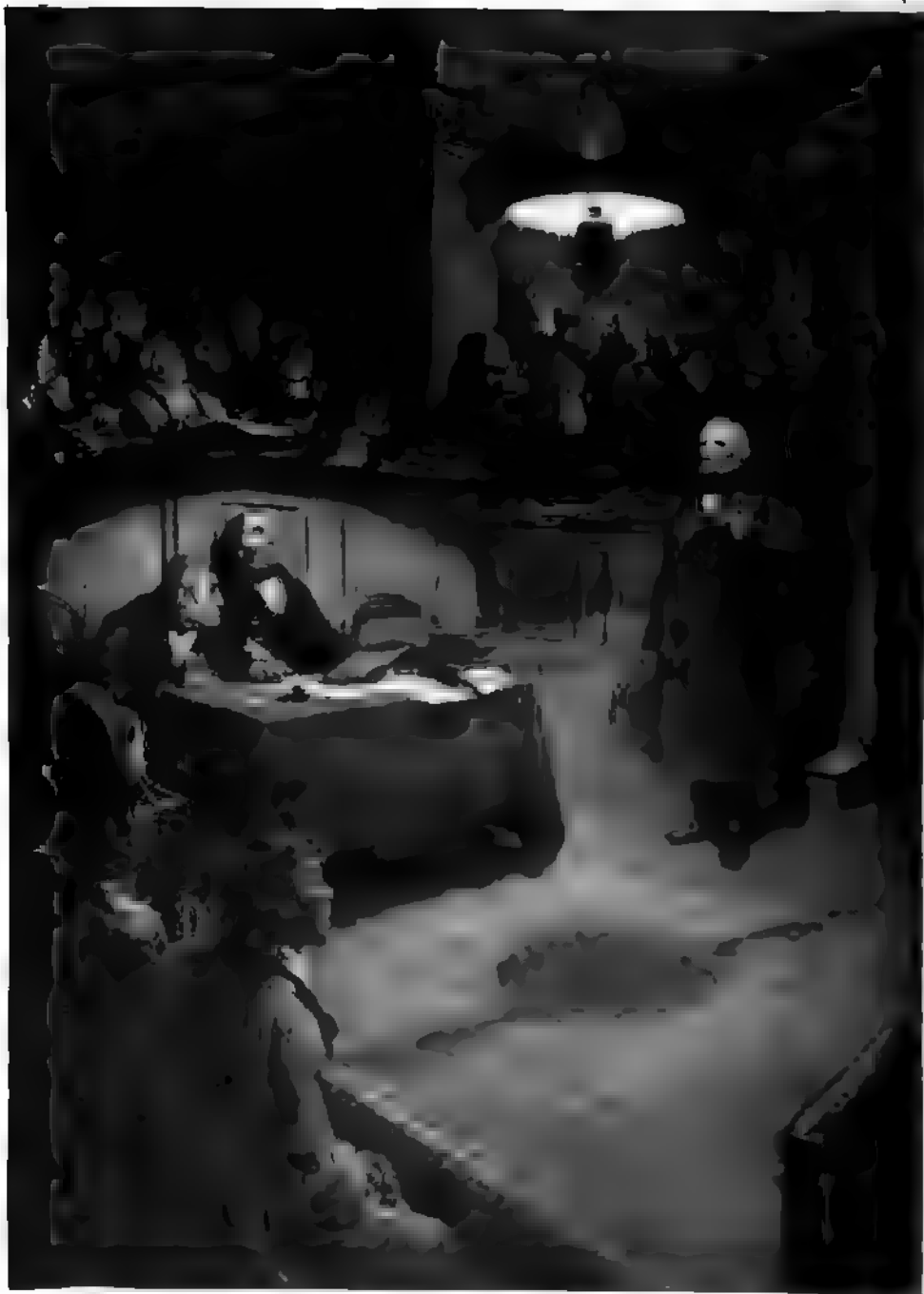
COSETTE AND MARIUS IN THE GARDEN—"ST DENIS," BOOK V, CHAPTER VI





Drawn by André Castaigne Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

JEAN VALJEAN AND COSETTE WATCHING THE CHAIN OF CONVICTS—
"ST. DENIS," BOOK III, CHAPTER VIII



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merim.

JEAN VALJEAN ACCUSING HIMSELF—"FANTINE," BOOK VII, CHAPTER XI

respond to the perpetual extension of civilization, books must cease to be exclusively French, Italian, German, Spanish, English, to become European, and, still more, human. Hence a new logic of art and certain necessities of composition, which modify everything, even the conditions—so narrow in the past—of taste and language, which must now, like everything else, be broadened.

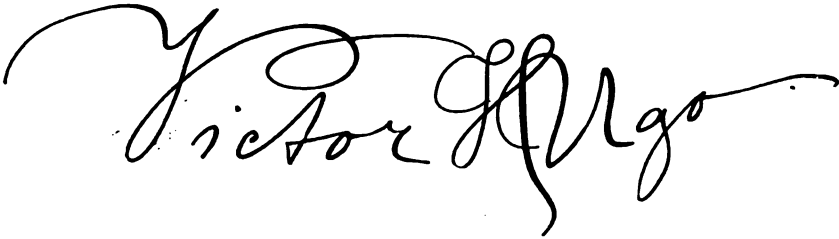
Some French critics have reproved me, to my great joy, because they find me outside of what they call French taste: I wish that the eulogy were deserved.

In short, I do what I can: I suffer from the universal pain, and seek to lessen it; and, having only the poor strength of one man, I cry to all, "Help me!"

There you have, Sir, what your letter has impelled me to say to you; and I say it for you and for your country. If I

have been so emphatic, it is because of a phrase in your writing, in which you report that "there are Italians who say, 'This book of *Les Misérables* is French, and does not concern us. Let the French read it as a history, but let us, on the contrary, read it as a romance.'" Alas! I repeat, be we Italians or Frenchmen, the misery concerns us all. Since History first wrote and Philosophy first meditated, misery is the garment of the human race: would that the moment might come at last for stripping off those rags, and for substituting on the limbs of the Man-People, for the accursed patches of the past, the great purple mantle of dawn!

If you deem this letter of use for enlightening any minds and for dissipating any prejudices, you may publish it. Accept, I beg you, this new assurance of my distinguished sentiments.



(HUGO'S SIGNATURE TO THE FOREGOING LETTER)



SIGN AND SYMBOL

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS

READ me the riddle of the shows of things;
 Dance of the seven stars, and stormy spray
 Of mighty sunsets beyond mountain rings;
 The sad and level light of ebbing day
 Along the corn; the autumn bounteousness
 Of trees thick-fruited, dreaming in pale air;
 The still and pastoral fields where slow flocks press;
 The mellow thunder of far seas and fair.
 What teems behind the blue mask of the sky?
 What exquisite light were dark save for the rose?
 What word unspoken but for yonder high,
 Rapt peak with its austerity of snows?
 The meaning of the symbol who divines?
 Or wins the secret shadowed in the signs?



From a photograph made in 1905 by Alvin Langbein & Co.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

TWO POEMS

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

(REPRINTED FROM THE CENTURY FOR MAY, 1890, AND JANUARY, 1892)

"I VEX ME NOT WITH BROODING ON THE YEARS"

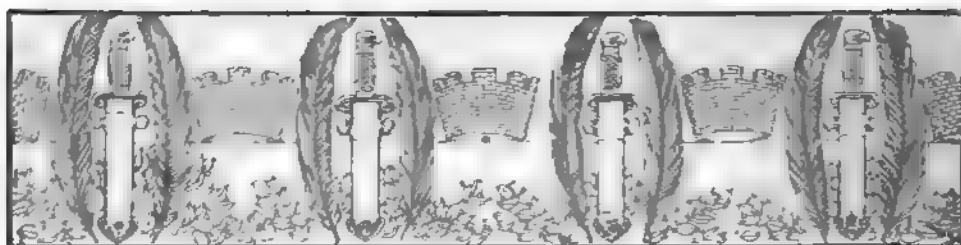
I VEX me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath: why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now amid a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Ofttimes indeed strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

DEATH DEFIED

THERE dwells one bright Immortal on the earth,
Not known of all men. They who know her not
Go hence forgotten from the House of Life,
Sons of oblivion.

To her once came
That awful Shape which all men hold in dread,
And she with steadfast eyes regarded him,
With heavenly eyes half sorrowful, and then
Smiled, and passed by. *And who art thou*, he cried
That lookest on me and art not appalled,
That seem'st so fragile, yet defiest Death?
Not thus do mortals face me! What art thou?

But she no answer made: silent she stood;
Awhile in holy meditation stood,
And then moved on thro' the enamoured air,
Silent, with luminous uplifted brows—
Time's sister, Daughter of Eternity,
Death's deathless enemy, whom men name Love.



GARIBALDI IN NEW YORK'

BY HENRY TYRRELL

"**THERE** is around the name of Garibaldi a halo which nothing can extinguish. A whole life devoted to one object—his country; consecrated by deeds of honor, first abroad, and then at home; valor and constancy more than admirable; simplicity of life and manners which recalls the men of antiquity; all the most mournful trials and losses manfully endured; glory and poverty! Every particular relating to such a man is precious."—*Mazzini*.

IN an obscure little street of Clifton, Staten Island,—now incorporate as Richmond Borough in the "Greater" City of New York,—stands a dingy and deserted frame dwelling, marked with a marble slab, once white, bearing this inscription:

QUI VISSE ESULE DAL 1851 AL 1853

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

L' EROE DEI DUE MONDI

8 MARZO 1884 ALI'UNI AMICI POSERO

This shabby looking house, facing the big red brick brewery, has been for half a century past a shrine cherished by patriotic Italians, and the object of pilgrimages innumerable, prompted by the personal interest which men of all nationalities take in Garibaldi, the justly cele-

brated "Hero of the Two Worlds." Garibaldi was born at Nice, July 4, 1807. Entered the Italian navy, and, in 1834, proscribed, as belonging to Mazzini's secret society of "Young Italy." Fleed to South America, entered service of the republic of Rio Grande do Sul, 1836-1848 in the service of Uruguay. In 1848 returned to Italy, and commanded troops in defense of the short-lived Republic of Rome. In 1850, again an exile, came to New York. In 1854 went back to Italy, and settled on the island of Caprera. In 1859 commanded "Alpine Hunters" in the war of Sardinia and France

against Austria. In 1860 invaded Sicily and captured Naples. In 1861 retired again to Caprera. In 1862 organized an expedition against Rome, and was defeated by national troops at Aspromonte. In 1866 operated against the Austrians in the Tyrol. In 1867 led an expedition against the Pope, and was defeated at Mentana. In 1870 served in French army against Prussia. In 1871 elected to French Chamber of Deputies. In 1874 entered Italian Parliament. Participated in government work for sanitation of the Pontine marshes around Rome. Died at Caprera, June 2, 1882.

The fact that on this same memorial tablet, put up by compatriots and personal friends of Garibaldi within two years of his death, the dates "1851 to 1853" are misleading, if not positively incorrect, shows how vague and conflicting are the data upon which a systematic compiler has to depend for clues. Yet the time and labor are well spent, in piecing together for historical record this chapter of a life-story the interest of which is not merely adventitious, but perennial, and the simplest happenings of which took on a kind of legendary glamour even to familiar contemporaries.

The Hon. William M. Evarts, in his speech in the United States Senate on the

occasion of the dedication of the Martegani bust of Garibaldi in the Capitol at Washington (August 23, 1888), said:

Giuseppe Garibaldi was for two years a resident of New York or its vicinity, where he became well known to our citizens; and his marked character, although not then distinguished by famous achievements, encouraged in the knowledge and expectations of those about him the hope that he would have great things to do for Italy . . . And now, Garibaldi's name, his inextinguishable name, shall be one to conjure with, for liberty and love of country, so long as and wherever those great sentiments shall warm the human breast.

The year 1850 was the most unsettled, and probably the saddest, of Garibaldi's whole life. Returning to Italy in the revolutionary days of '48, after his twelve years' odyssey in South America, he had fought desperately but in vain for the short-lived Roman Republic; had defied the victorious Austrians, in the North, in a guerilla campaign of prodigious valor; and had seen his heroic wife, Anita, ever at his side in the midst of combat, perish a fugitive in the marshes of Ravenna. A proscribed and exile, barely escaping with his own life, racked with rheumatism and fever, he fled to Tangier, to Gibraltar, and finally, via Liverpool, to these United States of America, landing in New York about the middle of June, 1850.

Garibaldi came here, in company with his friend Francesco Carpanetto, with the well-defined idea of acquiring American citizenship, and of taking command of a merchant vessel, to be built by the coöperative subscriptions of certain of his comparatively well-to-do countrymen. New York at that time was full of Italian political refugees, some of whom had been Garibaldi's companions in arms, while others had lately escaped the dungeons of Austria, Bourbon Naples, and papal Rome. Among these latter was Michele Pastacaldi, to whose residence, in Irving Place, Garibaldi went immediately upon his arrival in this city.

It was at Pastacaldi's house that Garibaldi met Theodore Dwight,¹ his subsequent biographer, to whom he intrusted

for translation and publication the manuscript of his personal memoirs up to that period. Garibaldi at that time was forty-three years of age, and in the prime of his physical manhood, notwithstanding the lifelong arthritic troubles contracted in South America. Dwight's first impression is vividly set down in a note which appears only in the initial edition of his book, dated 1859; for Garibaldi, after having freely given the materials, requested that the publication be deferred until a more propitious season, and that did not arrive until nine years later, when the campaign of the Cacciatori delle Alpi aroused the admiration of the world.

Garibaldi has a broad and round forehead; a straight and almost perpendicular nose, not too small, but of a delicate form; heavy brown moustache and beard, which conceal the lower part of his face; a full, round chest; free and athletic movements, notwithstanding ill health and a rheumatism which disables his right arm; a full, dark eye, steady, penetrating and pensive, but mild and friendly; an easy, natural, frank and unassuming carriage, with a courteous nod and a ready grasp of the hand, as a recognition of one introduced by his friends Pastacaldi and Foresti . . . Speaking French and Italian, his freedom of utterance, and the propriety and beauty of his language, would have been noticeable even in one making pretence to academic culture, which he never did. To my surprise, I found my thoughts turned, in part, from fields of battle, the siege of Rome, and the sortie of San Marino, to the philosophic principles of the Italian revolution, and the true doctrines of Christianity, perverted by the enemies of liberty. I recollect that I made a silent reflection, as I left his company, that although I had heard men speak eloquently and impressively before, had admired their characters and approved their principles, Garibaldi raised my mind and impressed my heart in a manner altogether new, surprising and indescribable.

Still a convalescent, and disliking ever the noisy life of the city, Garibaldi temporarily took up his abode at the Pavilion Hotel on Richmond Terrace, West Brighton, Staten Island, at that time the social center of a picturesque and aristocratic suburb. Jenny Lind gave a number of concerts there, at which Salvi, the well-known Italian baritone, also sang. Salvi was a friend of Antonio Meucci, who

¹ Author of "A Tour in Italy in 1821," "The Roman Republic in 1849," etc. Died, 1865.



GARIBOLDI AT HIS FARM ON THE ISLAND OF CAPRIA
 Giuseppe Garibaldi, a hero of the Italian Revolution of 1848, was given by Mussolini to Antonio Manno, who in
 Garibaldi's hand is described as "my dear boss"

lived at Clifton in a house owned by Max Maretzek, the operatic impresario.

As soon as Garibaldi got his bearings, so to speak, he said:

"Here we are, a colony of Italian exiles, with nothing to do but talk. Now, our talk is never going to free Italy—it's *this*," striking out a herculean blow from the shoulder. "We must await our opportunity, and, in the meantime, get to work."

Any kind of labor, however severe or humble, Garibaldi urged, was preferable to idleness and dependence; and he always earnestly recommended to his fellow-exiles here the rejection of pecuniary aid from others. He conferred upon the matter with Carpanetto and Pastacaldi, and they took a suggestion from Antonio Meucci, who was an inventive genius and a practical workman, and had a place convenient for the experiment. Meucci proposed that they should start a sausage factory on his premises. This scheme was promptly put into execution, and gave temporary employment to a considerable number of the poorer Italian expatriates. Colonel Bovi, who had lost an arm at the siege of Rome, acted as foreman, or superintendent.

But sausage-making seems to have been a precarious business then, as now, and the enterprise failed. It was immediately replaced by the candle factory, of historic renown. In this latter, Garibaldi worked at the commonest manual labor, not because he was obliged to, but probably for the sake of setting a good example. Giovanni P. Morosini, whom to-day we know as a prominent New York banker, was in 1850 an adventurous youth seeking his fortune on Staten Island, and got a job at Meucci's. When he is in the mood, he can give piquant reminiscences of the days when he and an Irishman named Pat Fitzpatrick used to be sent out with Garibaldi to the old Vanderbilt Landing to bring up barrels of tallow for the boiling-vat, the remains of which are still to be seen on the grounds of the old Lazzari place.

In his latter-day memoirs, which were published by his son Menotti, at Florence, in 1888, six years after the father's death, Garibaldi makes brief but characteristic mention of the honest Meucci, and "la Signora Ester, sue moglie":

Un brav' uomo mio amico, Antonio Meucci fiorentino, si decide a stabilire una fabbrica di candele e mi offre di aiutarlo nel suo stabilimento. Detto fatto . . . Lavori per alcuni mesi col Meucci, il quale non mi trattò come un suo lavorante qualunque, ma come uno della famiglia, e con molta amorevolezza. (A worthy friend of mine, Antonio Meucci, a Florentine, decided to start a candle factory, and offered me a position as assistant in his establishment. No sooner said than done . . . I worked several months with Meucci, who treated me in no wise as an employee, but rather as one of his family, and with much loving kindness.)

It was not long, however, before a committee of New York's leading citizens sought out Garibaldi in his modest Staten Island retreat, desiring him to accept the honors of a public reception in this hero-worshipping metropolis. His reply, dated August 3, 1850, was a courteous but decided refusal, which Dwight translates from "the refined Italian original" as follows:

GENTLEMEN: I much regret that my very poor health does not allow me to take part in the demonstration which you have appointed for next Saturday. The slowness of my convalescence, and the uncertainty of the time of my recovery, still render it impossible for me to fix a day when I may be able to accede to the wishes expressed in your affectionate and flattering invitation. I hope you will allow me to repeat, more strongly than at first, my desire that you entirely abandon the proposed testimonial.

Such a public exhibition is not necessary to secure for me the sympathy of my countrymen, of the American people, and of all true republicans, for the misfortunes which I have encountered, and for the cause which has occasioned them.

Although a public manifestation of that sympathy would be most grateful to me, exiled from my native land, separated from my children, and weeping over the fall of my country's liberty by foreign intervention; yet, believe me, I would rather avoid it, content that it be allowed me tranquilly and humbly to become a citizen of this great Republic of free men, to sail under its flag, to engage in commerce in order to earn my livelihood, and to await a moment more favorable for the redemption of my country from oppressors, both domestic and foreign.

In regard to the cause to which I have consecrated myself, there is nothing I hold in higher esteem than the approbation of this great people; and I believe it will be sufficient for them to know how I have honestly and



Drawn by Harry Penn from a photograph

THE MEUCCI GARIBALDI HOUSE AT CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND, AS IT IS TO-DAY

faithfully served the cause of liberty, in which they themselves have given such a noble example to the world.

That the gentlemen of the reception committee rightly appreciated the force and significance of this letter is evident from their published acknowledgment, which closes with these words:

"We lament the modesty of General Garibaldi, which, more than his retarded convalescence, has prevented the success of our urgent requests."

They got along better with Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, who visited New York late in 1851. Kossuth had his headquarters at the Howard House, on Broadway, opposite the City Hall; went about in military state, attended by a Magyar guard in dashing uniforms; and attended public receptions galore. One of these was tendered him at the old Nautilus Hall, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, by a committee composed of Dr. Ephraim Clark, Dr. Westervelt, Samuel French, and Richard Adams Locke, on which occasion, the annals conspicuously record, General Garibaldi was among those present, and made a brief address in French.

In his humble retirement at Clifton, Garibaldi naturally did not give all his

time and thoughts to candle-making. He had set himself a characteristic literary task, which was nothing less than the writing of a series of personal sketches, intended as a tribute to those of his late companions in arms whose loss he mourned with the outspoken, passionate grief of a great yet simple heart. First and foremost of these was Anita Garibaldi. In a note to Dwight he writes:

According to promise, I send you the first biographical sketch—and do not be surprised that it is of my wife. She was my constant companion, in good and evil fortune—sharing, as you will see, my greatest perils, and surpassing the bravest of the brave. Please consult Foresti regarding the manuscripts and translations, and frankly give me your opinion.

After completing about half a dozen of these sketches, including eloquent notices of Hugo Bassi and Angelo Brunetti (Ciceruacchio), both martyrs of the disaster at Cesenatico, in 1849, and of his South American comrades, Anzani and Carniglia, Garibaldi was obliged to excuse himself to Dwight for desisting from further writing, on account of the fatigue he felt after the day's work. These epic chapters, aglow with the sacred fire of emotion, and full of impassioned anti-

popery protest, for some reason, perhaps not altogether past divining, never survived the first edition of Dwight's book, now long since out of print; nor do they appear in anything like their first shape in the aforementioned posthumous memoirs edited by Menotti.

What those memoirs *do* record, however, with touching frankness, is the almost intolerable obsession of melancholy and restlessness under which Garibaldi passed these first few months in New York. He tells how, on one occasion, unknown to Meucci, he yielded to the momentary impulse of despair, and, equipped with his few imperfect words of English, went down to the Staten Island docks, resolved, if possible, to ship as a sailor on one of the many English and American clippers lying there. He asked if he could "help"; the gruff skippers misunderstood him as soliciting help for himself, and so the ex-commander of the republican fleet of Brazil was ignominiously despised and rejected.

He said nothing, but returned to Meucci's house and resolutely fought the blue devils of nostalgia, ennui, and vain regrets. There was work to be done, and no lack of homely distractions. Meucci rigged up a cat-boat with a felucca sail, painted it, red, white, and green, and with laudable but misdirected sentiment named

it the *Hugo Bassi*. In this boat the two friends enjoyed many a fishing excursion down the bay and among the lagoons of Long Island. Garibaldi also loved to wander off alone for a day's shooting among the wooded Dongan Hills. This led to his arrest, on one occasion, for the unwitting violation of some petty township ordinance. He was haled before the local magistrate, who, upon the identification of Garibaldi by his indignant friends, promptly dismissed the case. To the protests and condolences of these latter he sturdily replied:

No, friends, these officers of the law have done nothing more than their duty, and I deserved the correction. The Americans make and enforce the laws proper to the regulation of their own communities, just as we hope some day to do with ours in Italy.

He constantly bore in mind the fact that he was a guest in this country, a foreigner, and a democrat.

Another instance of Garibaldi's appearance in a New York court of justice—voluntary, this time—is related by Henry Vandervoort, the veteran clerk of the City Court of Sessions. Garibaldi had witnessed a case of assault and battery on the Staten Island ferryboat, and, with his usual chivalric impulse, offered to testify in favor of the injured party. His pres-



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a water-color sketch by Walton H. Roberts

RUINS OF THE CANDLE-MAKING FURNACE AND CALDRON AT CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND, AS THEY APPEARED ABOUT 1884

ence in the court-room naturally caused a sensation, though, as Mr. Vandervoort notes—

the General's demeanor was modest and unassuming, and he spoke in a low voice, his testimony being translated by an interpreter. He used dramatic emphasis at one point only, and that, as I subsequently ascertained, was where he declared "it was cowardly to pitch upon the little fellow so, even though he did manage to defend himself."

He describes Garibaldi's costume, on this occasion, as—

a sort of blue cloth surtout, with frogs for trimming around the buttonholes. He always wore a large black neckerchief, wound twice around, to cover the scar of an old South American gunshot wound in his neck. His trousers were large and loose, worn sailor-fashion, close-buttoned around the waist.

This tallies with the recollections of the few Staten Islanders still living, or but recently passed away, such as Morosini; Captain Richard Christopher (who died in January, 1907); James Thompson, the carpenter and builder; the late "Uncle John" Garretson; and the late Daniel Pelton, the well-known poet and religious writer, who for sixty-five years was a resident of West New Brighton. These all knew Garibaldi by sight. They used to meet him walking on the Richmond Terrace at Livingston, or on St. Mary's Avenue, Rosebank, or coming to market at Stapleton, or perhaps indulging in a game of *bocci* (open-air bowling) at the Italian resort of one Bergamo, on New York Avenue, near the water's-edge. He seems to have left the same impression with all—"like a workingman," "simple and plain—anybody could speak to him," and "the most generous, chivalrous man I ever met—the Chevalier Bayard of the oppressed." Ira K. Morris, the historian of Staten Island, sums it all up in the following quaint and kindly words:

He was in private intercourse the most gentle and unassuming of men. Children would run to play with him. If in a crowded room you would have looked around for some one to whom you would have given a wife or sister in charge, you would have singled out General Garibaldi amongst hundreds, there

was such a stamp and impress of one of Nature's gentlemen about the man.

Garibaldi's almost lifelong affiliation with Freemasonry was one of the determining factors of his career. Through the Carbonari, and then the Giovine Italia, with Mazzini, he had served his patriotic apprenticeship in the allied secret orders; and it was most natural and fitting that, having taken up his residence on Staten Island, he should lose no time in connecting himself with the Masonic organization to which his friend Meucci belonged. This was the Tompkinsville Lodge, No. 401, in which Garibaldi took degrees, and of which his portrait and autograph signature are proud possessions to-day. In 1889, nearly forty years after Garibaldi's sojourn, this same lodge buried Antonio Meucci, from whom it inherited sundry relics and souvenirs destined for permanent preservation in the Garibaldi pantheon about to be dedicated.

One of these relics is none other than a veritable *camicia rossa*, or red shirt, worn by Garibaldi at the siege of Rome in 1849. Its legend is as follows:

Garibaldi, the "proud despiser of pay and money," was always penniless; so that when he had occasion to give, which was constantly, it became necessary for him to borrow or else to sacrifice his personal belongings, such as trinkets and wearing apparel. One day he brought home an Italian exile who, he explained, was poorer than himself. "I have two shirts, and he has none at all; so I purpose to divide with him." But one of Garibaldi's two shirts was in the wash, so that had he stripped the other garment off his back to give to his needy compatriot, as he would have been capable of doing without the least hesitation, the division would still have been, for the moment, unequal. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "There is the red shirt, in my trunk, that I have n't worn since Rome. He shall have that." Here Meucci intervened, and offered to give one of his own shirts in exchange for the Garibaldian red badge of courage, which he declared he would never thenceforth part with until his dying day. He kept his vow, as presently we shall see.

"Women," as one of them frankly writes, "all through his life, made a dead

set at Garibaldi." Some day, possibly, a biographical specialist will do for him what Masson has done for Napoleon, and give to the world, after painfully minute research, a volume about "Garibaldi et les Femmes." He may find plenty of material for such a work, but little or none of it will fall within the Staten Island period of 1850-52. Those were doubly years of mourning for Garibaldi.

the time to be the more life-like and characteristically leonine. Albert L. Rawson, the venerable New York artist, writer, traveler, and mystic, whose wife was Laura Keane, a popular actress of the fifties and sixties, said, in answer to inquiries by the present writer:

Garibaldi was distinctively the leonine type of man, both morally and physically. He



From a photograph by Maull and Fox, London

GARIBALDI IN 1863

Society and public life never attracted him, and now he studiously shunned them. His few intimate associates were men, mostly compatriots who had been associated with him in the Italian revolution—among others, Foresti, Pastacaldi, Bovi, Righini, Filopanti, Minelli, Oregoni, and General Avezzana, the ex-Minister of War of the Republic of Rome.

Of the two portraits of Garibaldi made in New York in 1850-52, the steel engraving after the original daguerreotype by M. A. Root and S. Root (not reproduced here) was generally conceded at

had the lion nobility of nature, all dignity, strength and gentleness, with hot flashes of anger, quick and generous forgiveness, and absence of all rancor, malice, or uncharitableness.

In the oil portrait, from life, painted for Pastacaldi in 1851, Daniel Pelton thought there was something about the head, with its long hair and tawny mane, that suggested the Christ type as conceived by the medieval Italian painters. "But," he added, "with more of the serpent's wisdom expressed in the eye." Garibaldi replied:

This Christ type, as you call it, is not uncommon on the Ligurian coast, where I was born; and perhaps it may be accounted for by the wives of sailors in peril going to pray before pictures and images of Jesus. As for the serpent's wisdom, or wariness, that undoubtedly was induced by the danger in which the population, including my own ancestors, has stood for centuries past from Algerine pirates.

In Fulton street, near Broadway, New York, over the doorway of an old-time brick building occupied by what is now an ordinary drinking saloon, may still be seen a signboard, weatherbeaten by the storms of more than half a century, bearing the name of Lorenzo Ventura. Within the place is a museum of antique prints, playbills, and other historical relics; and conspicuous among the latter is a round marble-topped table at which, according to well-authenticated tradition, Garibaldi used to play dominoes and chat with his friends. Ventura's, in the middle of the last century, was a favorite cosmopolitan rendezvous for the actors of the adjacent Park Theater, and the journalists and "literati" of Printing House Square. Here it was that Garibaldi first met John Anderson, the rich tobacconist, who became prominently identified thereafter with the Italian cause.

Anderson's shop was in Nassau street, just around the corner from Ventura's. In the early forties, it had been one of the scenes connected with the tragedy of Mary Rogers, a pretty cigar-girl employed there, and upon the newspaper reports of whose murder Edgar Allan Poe, then living in Philadelphia, based his well-known "detective" tale, "The Mystery of Marie Roget." It must have been through the conversations of Anderson and Meucci, both of whom had visited Havana, and were intimately acquainted with the political conditions there, that Garibaldi became interested in the idea of a revolution for Cuban independence. Of these conversations, of course, no record remains; but one saying of Garibaldi's, which has been preserved, seems to us to-day singularly prophetic. In answer to a remark that the native Cubans were hopelessly destitute and unarmed, he exclaimed:

"Un valoroso sa sempre trovare un' arme."
("The brave can always find a weapon.")

He had in mind the machete, then the implement of the sugarcane-cutter's daily toil, now the sword of Free Cuba.

When, early in the year 1851, Garibaldi and Carpanetto somehow found themselves in a position to take the *San Giorgio*, a small trading vessel, on what was ostensibly a voyage of commercial speculation to Central America, they sailed first to Havana, where it appears they had important, though mysterious, business. Garibaldi himself, in his posthumous memoirs, tells us that he assumed the name of Giuseppe Pane, an alias which he had previously used in his association with the Young Italy movement as far back as 1834. It may not have been a filibustering expedition, this Central American voyage of 1851, precise dates and details of which remain in impenetrable obscurity. Very likely, however, the true relation of Garibaldi to Cuban independence would make more of a story than has ever yet been set forth in cold print.

He crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and went south to Lima, and there embarked upon a new enterprise, taking command of the ship *Carmen* for a trip to China and back. Then he captained a ship with a cargo of copper from Chile to Boston. Returning to New York, he spent here the few weeks which, in his biographies, pass for "the year" of 1852.

Under commission to a certain Captain Figari, Garibaldi went to Baltimore and superintended the overhauling of an "ocean tramp," which was rechristened the *Commonwealth*, and then sent on two or three trips around Cape Horn, and across the Pacific to China. Finally, in 1853, he took the *Commonwealth* to Newcastle, England, for a cargo of coal. Morosini, who accompanied him as a common sailor, has often related how the Italians, going barefoot about the decks, would shudder in fear of the heavy hob-nailed shoes of the English navvies who came aboard to load on the coal.

"Look out, Nanni!" Garibaldi would cry. "If they ever tread on your toes with those horseshoes, you'll be crippled for life."

On the 10th of May, 1853, the *Commonwealth* put in at the port of Genoa, and Garibaldi landed once again on his native shores, this time to stay there. A



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

FROM A WATER-COLOR SKETCH BY ANGELO ACHINI OF MILAN, PAINTED AFTER A LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT IN OIL
MADE BY THE SAME PAINTER TWO MONTHS BEFORE THE DEATH OF GARIBALDI

OWNED BY GENERAL RUSH C. HAWKINS



From a photograph

GROUP OF GARIBALDI VETERANS AT ROSEBANK, STATEN ISLAND

Antonio Meucci is the old man with the white beard in the foreground

small legacy from his brother, who had died the year before, enabled him to purchase an eyrie on the rocky islet of Caprera, near the northeastern coast of Sardinia. The Russian war, and the skilful diplomacy of Cavour, were preparing events which did not culminate until 1859, but which inspired Garibaldi with hope to watch and with patience to wait. Thenceforth Caprera was his castle, his home. To-day it is his sepulcher.

A year or two after Garibaldi's death, which occurred on June 2, 1882, the present writer accompanied a young English artist, Mr. Walton Roberts, upon a pilgrimage to the home of Antonio Meucci, at Clifton, Staten Island. The old man received us with simple cordiality, showed us his treasured souvenirs, and entertained us with his reminiscences during the greater part of an entire afternoon. In his workshop, at the rear of the building, were the tools and many mechanical odds and ends with which he and Garibaldi had busied themselves thirty years before; for Meucci was an inventor, and in his

youth had been a stage carpenter and engineer in the opera-houses of Florence, Milan, and Rome, and later in Havana.

An up-stairs room, with low ceiling and small windows, at the northeast corner of the house, looking out toward New York harbor, had been Garibaldi's. On his narrow iron bedstead lay neatly folded the famous red shirt, with facings or trimmings of green, a style of garment originally adopted from the Uruguayan *gauchos*, or cowboys, and made the uniform of the Italian legion in South America, subsequently to attain world-wide renown as the Garibaldian *camicia rossa*. Other personal relics, religiously preserved by Meucci and his wife, were a couple of walking-sticks, a silver-mounted stiletto, a cameo pin, and a bronze medal. In the little parlor down-stairs were three large altar-candles, in the Italian colors, red, white and green, which Meucci told us he and Garibaldi had amused themselves at making in a leisure moment, "to illuminate the Campidoglio of Rome when the Italian army should enter the Eternal

City and make it the capital of United Italy." When Rome was recovered, Meucci made three other candles in the Italian colors and sent them to Garibaldi.

Chief treasure of all, however, was a photograph received from Caprera in the latter years of Garibaldi's life, bearing his signature, and the inscription: "*Al mio caro principale, Antonio Meucci*"—"To my dear old boss," as Meucci affectionately translated it. It shows the veteran liberator in the austere but peaceful and patriarchal retirement of his rock-bound island farm.

"He always kept up correspondence with his friends in America," said Meucci, "and he had a lot of agricultural implements sent over to Italy from New York. At the time of the Civil War, Garibaldi offered his sword to Abraham Lincoln, and at a word he would have come over here to fight for the preservation of the Union."

Roberts made the water-color sketch, herewith reproduced, of the ruined brick furnace and caldron, all that remained of the old candle-making plant. It stood then in the yard of the brewery, across the street from the Meucci domicile; but shortly afterward it was removed to the adjoining grounds of Lazzari's "Hotel and Garden of Caprera," for some years

¹ Ho veduto nel giornale che mi mandaste, che il principe Torlonia amerebbe fare acquisto della camicia rossa del generale Giuseppe Garibaldi. Ora vi dico che molti americani e inglesi mi domandano la stessa cosa non solo, ma vorrebbero tutti gli oggetti appartenenti già all' Eroe e che con-

a much-frequented suburban resort. Here Garibaldi's youngest son, Manlio, now an officer in the Italian navy, made the pilgrimage of filial piety when his ship came to New York to participate in the Columbian celebration and naval parade. Lazzari's is no more, but there, on its site, still stands "Garibaldi's kettle," as the people of the neighborhood call it, and thither the house itself has been removed while these notes are being prepared for the press. Meucci died there in 1889.

An epilogue to this history comes to light in a letter dated Staten Island, July 10, 1882, from Antonio Meucci to Celso Cesare Moreno, the eminent Italian geographer and linguist. After lamenting the recent passing of Garibaldi, he adds:

I see by the newspaper you send me that Prince Torlonia desires to purchase the red shirt of General Giuseppe Garibaldi. Many Americans and English have asked the same thing of me, not only concerning this, but all the other objects once appertaining to the Hero which remain in my possession. But to all I answer No, as I will not make barter of such relics. I am extremely poor, but, come what may, I shall always religiously keep these souvenirs, so as to be sure that when I die they will not fall into unworthy hands.¹

servo religiosamente in mio possesso: ma a tutti dico di no, perchè non voglio fare interesse con tali reliquie. Sono estremamente povero, ma ad ogni modo custodirò religiosamente tali ricordi e provvederò onde alla mia morte non vadano in mano d'immeritevoli persone.



THE REVOLUTION AT SATAN'S TRAP

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

Author of "Doctor Luke of the Labrador," etc.

JEHOSHAPHAT RUDD of Satan's Trap was shy; able-bodied, to be sure, if a gigantic frame means anything, and mature, if a family of nine is competent evidence, but still as shy as a child. Moreover, he had the sad habit of anxiety: whence tense eyelids, an absent, poignant gaze, a perpetual pucker between the brows. His face was brown and big, framed in tawny, soft hair and beard, and spread with a delicate web of wrinkles, spun by the weather—a round countenance, simple, kindly, apathetic. The wind had inflamed the whites of his eyes and turned the rims blood-red; but the wells in the midst were deep and clear and cool. Reserve, courageous and methodical diligence at the fishing, a quick, tremulous concern upon salutation—by these signs the folk of his harbor had long ago been persuaded that he was a fool; and a fool he was, according to the convention of the Newfoundland outports—a shy, dull fellow, whose interests were confined to his punt, his gear, the grounds off the Tombstone, and the bellies of his young ones. He had no part with the disputations of Satan's Trap; no voice, for example, in the rancorous discussions of the purposes and ways of the Lord God Almighty, believing the purposes to be wise and kind, and the ways the Lord's own business. He was shy, anxious, and preoccupied; wherefore he was called a fool, and made no answer: for doubtless he *was* a fool. And what did it matter? He would fare neither better nor worse.

Nor would Jehoshaphat wag a tongue with the public-spirited men of Satan's Trap: the times and the customs had no interest, no significance, for him; he was troubled with his own concerns. Old

John Wull, the trader, with whom (and no other) the folk might barter their fish, personified all the abuses, as a matter of course. But—

"I 'low I 'm too busy t' think," Jehoshaphat would reply uneasily. "I 'm too busy. I—I—why, I got t' tend my *fish*!"

This was the quality of his folly.

It chanced one summer dawn, however, when the sky was flushed with tender light, and the shadows were trooping westward, and the sea was placid, that the punts of Timothy Yule and Jehoshaphat Rudd went side by side to the Tombstone grounds. It was dim and very still upon the water, and solemn, too, in that indifferent vastness between the gloom and the rosy, swelling light. Satan's Trap lay behind in the shelter and shadow of great hills laid waste, a lean, impoverished, listless home of men.

"You dunderhead!" Timothy Yule assured Jehoshaphat. "He 've been robbin' you."

"Maybe," said Jehoshaphat, listlessly. "I been givin' the back kitchen a coat o' lime, an' I is n't had no time t' give t' thinkin'."

"An' he 've been robbin' this harbor for forty year."

"Dear man!" Jehoshaphat exclaimed, in dull surprise. "Have he told you that?"

"Told me!" cried Timothy. "No," he added, with bitter restraint; "he 've not."

Jehoshaphat was puzzled. "Then," said he, "how come you t' know?"

"Why, they *says* so."

Jehoshaphat's reply was gently spoken, a compassionate rebuke. "An I was you,

"Timothy," said he, "I would n't be harsh in judgment. 'T is n't quite Christian."

"My God!" ejaculated the disgusted Timothy.

After that they pulled in silence for a time. Jehoshaphat's face was averted, and Timothy was aware of having, in a moment of impatience, not only committed a strategic indiscretion, but of having betrayed his innermost habit. The light grew and widened and yellowed; the Cottages of Satan's Trap took definite outline, the hills their ancient form, the sea its familiar aspect. Sea and sky and distant rock were wide awake and companionably smiling. The earth was blue and green and yellow, a glittering place.

"Look you! Jehoshaphat," Timothy demanded, "is you in debt?"

"I is."

"An' is you ever been out o' debt?"

"I is n't."

"How come you t' know?"

"Why," Jehoshaphat explained, "Mister Wull *told* me so. An' whatever," he qualified, "father was in debt when he died, an' Mister Wull told me I ought t' pay. Father was *my* father," Jehoshaphat argued, "an' I 'lowed I *would* pay. For," he concluded, "'t was right."

"Is he ever give you an account?"

"Well, no—no, he have n't. But it would n't do no good, for I 've no learnin', an' can't read."

"No," Timothy burst out, "an' he is n't give nobody no accounts."

"Well," Jehoshaphat apologized, "he 've a good deal on his mind, lookin' out for the wants of us folk. He 've a *wonderful* lot o' brain labor. He 've all them letters t' write t' St. John's, an' he 've got a power of 'rithmetic t' do, an' he 've got the writin' in them big books t' trouble un, an'—"

Timothy sneered.

"Ah, well," sighed Jehoshaphat, "an I was you, Timothy, I would n't be harsh in judgment."

Timothy laughed uproariously.

"Not harsh," Jehoshaphat repeated quietly—"not in judgment."

"Damn un!" Timothy cursed between his teeth. "The greedy squid, the devil-fish's spawn, with his garden an' his sheep an' his cow! *You* got a cow, Jehoshaphat? *You* got turnips an' carrots? *You* got ol' Bill Lutt t' gather soil, an'

plant, an' dig, an' weed, while you smokes plug-cut in the sunshine? Where 's *your* garden, Jehoshaphat? Where 's *your* onions? The green lump-fish! An' where do he get his onions, ah' where do he get his soup, an' where do he get his cheese an' raisins? 'T is out o' you an' me an' all the other poor folk o' Satan's Trap. 'T is from the fish, an' *he* never cast a line. 'T is from the fish that we takes from the grounds while he squats like a lobster in the red house an' in the shop. An' he gives less for the fish 'n he gets, an' he gets more for the goods an' grub 'n he gives. The thief, the robber, the whale's pup! Is *you* able, Jehoshaphat, t' have the doctor from Sniffle's Arm for *your* woman? Is *you* able t' feed *your* kids with cow's milk an' baby-food?"

Jehoshaphat mildly protested that he had not known the necessity.

"An' what," Timothy proceeded, "is you ever got from the grounds but rheumatiz an' salt-water sores?"

"I got enough t' eat," said Jehoshaphat.

Timothy was scornful.

"Well," Jehoshaphat argued, in defense of himself, "the world have been goin' for'ard a wonderful long time at Satan's Trap, an' nobody *else* have n't got no more n' just enough."

"Enough!" Timothy fumed. "'T is kind o' the Satan's Trap trader t' give you that! I 'll tell un," he exploded; "I 'll give un a piece o' my mind afore I dies."

"Don't!" Jehoshaphat pleaded.

Timothy snorted his indignation.

"I would n't be rash," said Jehoshaphat. "Maybe," he warned, "he 'd not take your fish no more. An' maybe he 'd close the shop an' go away."

"Jus' you wait," said Timothy.

"Don't you do it, lad!" Jehoshaphat begged. "'T would make such a wonderful fuss in the world!"

"An' would you think o' that?"

"I is n't got *time* t' think," Jehoshaphat complained. "I 'm busy. I 'low I got my fish t' cotch an' cure. I is n't got time. I—I—I 'm too busy."

They were on the grounds. The day had broken, a blue, serene day, knowing no disquietude. They cast their grapnels overside, and they fished until the shadows had fled around the world and were hurrying out of the east. And they reeled their

lines, and stowed the fish, and patiently pulled toward the harbor tickler, talking not at all of the Satan's Trap trader, but only of certain agreeable expectations which the young Timothy had been informed he might entertain with reasonable certainty.

"I 'low," said Jehoshaphat, when they were within the harbor, "I understand. I got the hang of it," he repeated, with a little smile, "now."

"Of what?" Timothy wondered.

"Well," Jehoshaphat explained, "'t is your first."

This was a sufficient explanation of Timothy's discontent. Jehoshaphat remembered that he, too, had been troubled, fifteen years ago, when the first of the nine had brought the future to his attention. He was more at ease when this enlightenment came.

OLD JOHN WULL was a gray, lean little widower, with a bald head, bowed legs, a wide, straight, thin-lipped mouth, and shaven, ashy cheeks. His eyes were young enough, blue and strong and quick, often peering masterfully through the bushy brows, which he could let drop like a curtain. In contrast with the rugged hills and illimitable sea and stout men of Satan's Trap, his body was withered and contemptibly diminutive. His premises occupied a point of shore within the harbor—a wharf, a storehouse, a shop, a red dwelling, broad drying-flakes, and a group of outbuildings, all of which were self-sufficient and proud, and looked askance at the cottages that lined the harbor shore and strayed upon the hills beyond.

It was his business to supply the needs of the folk in exchange for the fish they took from the sea—the barest need, the whole of the catch. Upon this he insisted, because he conscientiously believed, in his own way, that upon the fruits of toil commercial enterprise should feed to satiety, and cast the peelings and cores into the back yard for the folk to nose like swine.

Thus he was accustomed to allow the fifty illiterate, credulous families of Satan's Trap sufficient to keep them warm and to quiet their stomachs, but no more; for, he complained: "Is n't they got enough on their backs?" and, "Is n't they

got enough t' eat?" and, "Lord!" said he, "they 'll be wantin' figs an' joolry next."

There were times when he trembled for the fortune he had gathered in this way—in years when there were no fish, and he must feed the men and women and human litters of the Trap for nothing at all, through which he was courageous, if niggardly. When the folk complained against him, he wondered, with a righteous wag of the head, what would become of them if he should vanish with his property and leave them to fend for themselves. Sometimes he reminded them of this possibility; and then they got afraid, and thought of their young ones, and begged him to forget their complaint. His only disquietude was the fear of hell: whereby he was led to pay the wage of a succession of parsons, if they preached comforting doctrine and blue-penciled the needle's eye from the Testament; but not otherwise. By some wayward, compelling sense of moral obligation, he paid the school-teacher, invariably, generously, so that the little folk of Satan's Trap might learn to read and write in the winter months. 'Rithmetic he condemned, but tolerated, as being some part of that unholy, imperative thing called l'arnin'; but he had no feeling against readin' and writin'. There was no other trader within thirty miles.

"They 'll trade with me," John Wull would say to himself, and be comforted, "or they 'll starve."

It was literally true.

IN that winter certain gigantic forces, with which old John Wull had nothing whatever to do, were inscrutably passionate. They went their way, in some vast, appalling quarrel, indifferent to the consequences. John Wull's soul, money, philosophy, the hopes of Satan's Trap, the various agonies of the young, were insignificant. Currents and winds and frost had no knowledge of them. It was a late season: the days were gray and bitter, the air was frosty, the snow lay crisp and deep in the valleys, the harbor water was frozen. Long after the time for blue winds and yellow hills the world was still sullen and white. Easterly gales, blowing long and strong, swept the far outer sea of drift-ice—drove it in upon the land, pans and bergs, and heaped it

against the cliffs. There was no safe exit from Satan's Trap. The folk were shut in by ice and an impassable wilderness. This was not by the power or contriving of John Wull: the old man had nothing to do with it; but he compelled the season, impiously, it may be, into conspiracy with him. By and by, in the cottages, the store of food, which had seemed sufficient when the first snow flew, was exhausted. The flour-barrels of Satan's Trap were empty. Full barrels were in the storehouse of John Wull, but in no other place. So it chanced that one day, in a swirling fall of snow, Jehoshaphat Rudd came across the harbor with a dog and a sled.

John Wull, from the little office at the back of the shop, where it was warm and still, watched the fisherman breast the white wind.

"Mister Wull," said Jehoshaphat, when he stood in the office, "I 'low I 'll be havin' another barrel o' flour."

Wull frowned.

"Ay," Jehoshaphat repeated, perplexed; "another barrel."

Wull pursed his lips.

"O' flour," said Jehoshaphat, staring.

The trader drummed on the desk and gazed out of the window. He seemed to forget that Jehoshaphat Rudd stood waiting. Jehoshaphat felt awkward and out of place; he smoothed his tawny beard, cracked his fingers, scratched his head, shifted from one foot to the other. Some wonder troubled him, then some strange alarm. He had never before realized that the lives of his young were in the keeping of this man.

"Flour," he ventured weakly—"one barrel."

Wull turned. "It 's gone up," said he.

"Have it, now!" Jehoshaphat exclaimed. "I 'lowed last fall, when I paid eight," he proceeded, "that she 'd clumb as high as she could get 'thout fallin'. But she 've gone up, says you? Dear man!"

"Sky high," said the trader.

"Dear man!"

The stove was serene and of good conscience. It labored joyously in response to the clean-souled wind. For a moment, while the trader watched the snow through his bushy brows and Jehoshaphat Rudd hopelessly scratched his head,

its hearty, honest roar was the only voice lifted in the little office at the back of John Wull's shop.

"An' why?" Jehoshaphat timidly asked.

"Scarcity."

"Oh," said Jehoshaphat, as though he understood. He paused. "Is n't you got as much as you *had*?" he inquired.

The trader nodded.

"Is n't you got enough in the storehouse t' last till the mail-boat runs?"

"Plenty, thank God!"

"Scarcity," Jehoshaphat mused. "Mm-m-m! Oh, I *sees*," he added vacantly. "Well, Mister Wull," he sighed, "I 'low I 'll take one of Early Rose an' pay the rise."

Wull whistled absently.

"Early Rose," Jehoshaphat repeated, with a quick, keen glance of alarm.

The trader frowned.

"Rose," Jehoshaphat muttered. He licked his lips. "Of Early," he reiterated, in a gasp, "Rose."

"All right, Jehoshaphat."

Down came the big key from the nail. Jehoshaphat's round face beamed. The trader slapped his ledger shut, moved toward the door; but stopped dead, and gazed out of the window, while his brows fell over his eyes, and he fingered the big key.

"Gone up t' eighteen," said he, without turning.

Jehoshaphat stared aghast.

"Wonderful high for flour," the trader continued, in apologetic explanation; "but flour 's wonderful scarce."

"'T is n't *right*!" Jehoshaphat declared. "Eighteen dollars a barrel for Early Rose? 'T is n't right!"

The key was restored to the nail.

"I can't pay it, Mister Wull. No, no, man, I can't do it. Eighteen! Mercy o' God! 'T is n't right! 'T is too *much* for Early Rose."

The trader wheeled.

"An' I *won't* pay it," said Jehoshaphat.

"You don't have to," was the placid reply.

Jehoshaphat started. Alarm—a sudden vision of his children—quieted his indignation. "But, Mister Wull, sir," he pleaded, "I got t' have it. I—why—I just *got* t' have it!"

The trader was unmoved.

"Eighteen!" cried Jehoshaphat, flushing. "Mercy o' God! I says 't is n't right."

"'T is the price."

"'T is n't right!"

Wull's eyes were now flashing. His lips were drawn thin over his teeth. His brows had fallen again. From the ambush they made he glared at Jehoshaphat.

"I says," said he, in a passionless voice, "that the price o' flour at Satan's Trap is this day eighteen."

Jehoshaphat was in woeful perplexity.

"Eighteen," snapped Wull. "Hear me?"

They looked into each other's eyes. Outside the storm raged, a clean, frank passion; for nature is a fair and honest foe. In the little office at the back of John Wull's shop the withered body of the trader shook with vicious anger. Jehoshaphat's round, brown, simple face was gloriously flushed; his head was thrown back, his shoulders were squared, his eyes were sure and fearless.

"'T is robbery!" he burst out.

Wull's wrath exploded. "You bay-noddie!" he began; "you pig of a punt-fisherman; you penniless, ragged fool; you man without a copper; you sore-handed idiot! What you whinin' about? What right *you* got t' yelp in my office?"

Of habit Jehoshaphat quailed.

"If you don't want my flour," roared Wull, fetching the counter a thwack with his white fist, "leave it be! 'T is mine, is n't it? I *paid* for it. I *got* it. There's a law in this land, you pauper, that *says* so. There's a law. Hear me? There's a law. Mine, mine!" he cried, in a frenzy, lifting his lean arms. "What I got is mine. I 'll eat it," he fumed, "or I 'll feed my pigs with it, or I 'll spill it for the fishes. They is n't no law t' make me sell t' *you*. An' you 'll pay what I 'm askin', or you 'll starve."

"You would n't do that, sir," Jehoshaphat gently protested. "Oh, no—*no*! Ah, now, you would n't do that. You would n't throw it t' the fishes, would you? Not flour! 'T would be a sinful waste."

"'T is my right."

"An', Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat argued, with a little smile, "'t is yours,

I 'll admit; but we been sort o' dependin' on you t' lay in enough t' get us through the winter."

Wull's response was instant and angry. "Get you out o' my shop," said he, "an' come back with a civil tongue."

"I 'll go, Mister Wull," said Jehoshaphat quietly, picking at a thread in his faded cap. "I 'll go. Ay, I 'll go. But—I got t' have the flour. I—I—just *got* to. But I won't pay," he concluded, "no eighteen dollars a barrel."

The trader laughed.

"For," said Jehoshaphat, "'t is n't right."

Jehoshaphat went home without the flour, complaining of the injustice.

JEHOSHAPHAT RUDD would have no laughter in the house, no weeping, no questions, no noise of play. For two days he sat brooding by the kitchen fire. His past of toil and unflinching recompense, the tranquil routine of life, was strangely like a dream, far off, half forgot. As a reality it had vanished. Hitherto there had been no future; there was now no past, no ground for expectation. He must, at least, take time to think, have courage to judge, the will to retaliate. It was more important, more needful, to sit in thought, with idle hands, than to mend the rent in his herring seine. He was mystified and deeply troubled.

Sometimes by day Jehoshaphat strode to the window and looked out over the harbor ice to the point of shore where stood the storehouse and shop and red dwelling of old John Wull. By night he drew close to the fire, and there sat with his face in his hands; nor would he go to bed, nor would he speak, nor would he move. In the night of the third day the children awoke and cried for food. Jehoshaphat rose from his chair, and stood shaking, with breath suspended, hands clenched, eyes wide. He heard their mother rise and go crooning from cot to cot. Presently the noise was hushed: sobs turned to whimpers, and whimpers to plaintive whispers, and these complaints to silence. The house was still; but Jehoshaphat seemed all the while to hear the children crying in the little rooms above. He began to pace the floor, back and forth, back and forth, now slow, now in a fury, now with list-

less tread. And because his children had cried for food in the night the heart of Jehoshaphat Rudd was changed. From the passion of those hours, at dawn, he emerged serene, and went to bed.

AT noon of that day Jehoshaphat Rudd was in the little office at the back of the shop. John Wull was alone, perched on a high stool at the desk, a pen in hand, a huge book open before him.

"I 'm come, sir," said Jehoshaphat, "for the barrel o' flour."

The trader gave him no attention.

"I 'm come, sir," Jehoshaphat repeated, his voice rising a little, "for the flour."

The trader dipped his pen in ink.

"I says, sir," said Jehoshaphat, laying a hand with some passion upon the counter, "that I 'm come for that there barrel o' flour."

"An' I s'pose," the trader softly inquired, eyeing the page of his ledger more closely, "that you thinks you 'll get it, eh?"

"Ay, sir."

Wull dipped his pen and scratched away.

"Mister Wull."

The trader turned a leaf.

"Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat cried angrily, "I wants flour. Is you gone deaf overnight?"

Impertinent question and tone of voice made old John Wull wheel on the stool. In the forty years he had traded at Satan's Trap he had never before met with impertinence that was not timidly offered. He bent a scowling face upon Jehoshaphat. "An' you thinks," said he, "that you 'll get it?"

"I does."

"Oh, you does, does you?"

Jehoshaphat nodded.

"It all depends," said Wull. "You 're wonderful deep in debt, Jehoshaphat." The trader had now command of himself. "I been lookin' up your account," he went on softly. "You 're so wonderful far behind, Jehoshaphat, on account o' high livin' an' Christmas presents, that I been thinkin' I might do the business a injury by givin' you more credit. I can't think o' *myself*, Jehoshaphat, in this matter. 'T is a business matter; an' I got t' think o' the *business*. You sees,

Jehoshaphat, eighteen dollars more credit—"

"Eight," Jehoshaphat corrected.

"Eighteen," the trader insisted.

Jehoshaphat said nothing, nor did his face express feeling. He was looking stolidly at the big key of the storehouse.

"The flour depends," Wull proceeded, after a thoughtful pause, through which he had regarded the gigantic Jehoshaphat with startled curiosity, "on what I thinks the business will stand in the way o' givin' more credit t' you."

"No, sir," said Jehoshaphat.

Wull put down his pen, slipped from the high stool, and came close to Jehoshaphat. He was mechanical and slow in these movements, as though all at once perplexed, given some new view, which disclosed many and strange possibilities. For a moment he leaned against the counter, legs crossed, staring at the floor, with his long, scrawny right hand smoothing his cheek and chin. It was quiet in the office, and warm, and well-disposed, and sunlight came in at the window.

Soon the trader stirred, as though awakening. "You was sayin' eight, was n't you?" he asked, without looking up.

"Eight, sir."

The trader pondered this. "An' how," he inquired at last, "was you makin' that out?"

"'T is a fair price."

Wull smoothed his cheek and chin. "Ah!" he murmured. He mused, staring at the floor, his restless fingers beating a tattoo on his teeth. He had turned woe-begone and very pale. "Jehoshaphat," he asked, turning upon the man, "would you mind tellin' me just how you 're 'lowin' t' get my flour against my will?"

Jehoshaphat looked away.

"I 'd like t' know," said Wull, "if you would n't mind tellin' me."

"No," Jehoshaphat answered. "No, Mister Wull—I would n't mind tellin'."

"Then," Wull demanded, "how?"

"Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat explained, "I 'm a bigger man than you."

It was very quiet in the office. The wind had gone down in the night, the wood in the stove was burned to glowing coals. It was very, very still in old John Wull's office at the back of the shop, and old John Wull turned away, and went absently to the desk, where he fingered the

leaves of his ledger, and dipped his pen in ink, but did not write. There was a broad window over the desk, looking out upon the harbor; through this, blankly, he watched the children at play on the ice, but did not see them. By and by, when he had closed the book and put the desk in order, he came back to the counter, leaned against it, crossed his legs, began to smooth his chin, while he mused, staring at the square sunlight on the floor. Jehoshaphat could not look at him. The old man's face was so gray and drawn, so empty of pride and power, his hand so thin and unsteady, his eyes so dull, so deep in troubled shadows, that Jehoshaphat's heart ached. He wished that the world had gone on in peace, that the evil practices of the great were still hid from his knowledge, that there had been no vision, no call to revolution; he rebelled against the obligation upon him, though it had come to him as a thing that was holy. He regretted his power, had shame, indeed, because of the ease with which the mighty could be put down. He felt that he must be generous, tender, that he must not misuse his strength.

The patch of yellow light had perceptibly moved before the trader spoke. "Jehoshaphat," he asked, "you know much about law?"

"Well, no, Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat answered, with simple candor; "not *too* much."

"The law will put you in jail for this."

Constables and jails were like superstitious terrors to Jehoshaphat. He had never set eyes on the brass buttons and stone walls of the law.

"Oh, no—*no*!" he protested. "He would n't! Not in *jail*!"

"The law," Wull warned, with grim delight, "will put you in jail."

"He *could* n't!" Jehoshaphat complained. "As I takes it, the law sees fair play atween men. That 's what he was *made* for. I 'low he put *you* in jail for raisin' the price o' flour t' eighteen; but not me—not for what I 'm bound t' do, Mister Wull, law or no law, as God lives! 'T would n't be right, sir, if he put me in jail for that."

"It will."

"But," Jehoshaphat persisted doggedly, "t' would n't be *right*!"

The trader fell into a muse.

"I 'm come," Jehoshaphat reminded him, "for the flour."

"You can't have it."

"Oh, dear!" Jehoshaphat sighed. "My, my! Pshaw! I 'low, then, us 'll just have t' *take* it."

Jehoshaphat went to the door of the shop. It was cold and gloomy in the shop. He opened the door. The public of Satan's Trap, in the persons of ten men of the place, fathers of families (with the exception of Timothy Yule, who had qualified upon his expectations), trooped over the greasy floor, their breath cloudy in the frosty air, and crowded into the little office, in the wake of Jehoshaphat Rudd. They had the gravity of mien, the set faces, the compassionate eyes, the merciless purpose, of a jury. The shuffling subsided. It was once more quiet in the little office. Timothy Yule's hatred got the better of his sense of propriety: he laughed, but the laugh expired suddenly, for Jehoshaphat Rudd's hand fell with unmistakable meaning upon his shoulder.

John Wull faced them.

"I 'low, Mister Wull," said Jehoshaphat, diffidently, "that we wants the storehouse key."

The trader put the key in his pocket.

"The key," Jehoshaphat objected; "we wants that there key."

"Moses!" old John Wull snarled, "you 'll all go t' jail for this, if they 's a law in Newfoundland."

The threat was ignored.

"Don't hurt un, lads," Jehoshaphat cautioned; "for he 's so wonderful tender. He 've not been bred the way *we* was. He 's wonderful old an' lean an' brittle," he added gently; "so I 'low we 'd best be careful."

John Wull's resistance was merely technical.

"Now, Mister Wull," said Jehoshaphat, when the big key was in his hand, and the body of the trader had been tenderly deposited in his chair by the stove, "don't you go an' fret. We is n't the thieves that break in an' steal nor the moths that go an' corrupt"—Jehoshaphat's idea of the moth was of the very vaguest—"We is n't robbers, an' we is n't mean men. We 're the public," he explained impressively, "o' Satan's Trap. We got together, Mister Wull," he con-

tinued, feeling some delight in the oratory which had been thrust upon him, "an' wè 'lowed that flour was worth about eight; but we 'll pay nine, for we got thinkin' t' that if flour goes up an' down, accordin' t' the will o' God, it ought t' go up now, if ever, the will o' God bein' a mystery, anyhow. We don't want you t' close up the shop an' go away, after this, Mister Wull; for we got t' have you, or some one like you, t' do what you been doin', so as we can have minds free o' care for the fishin'. If they was anybody at Satan's Trap that could read an' write like you, an' knowed about money an' prices—if they was anybody like that at Satan's Trap, willin' t' do woman's work, which I doubts, we would n't care whether you went or stayed; but they is n't, an' we can't do 'ithout you. So don't you fret," Jehoshaphat concluded. "You set right there by the fire in this little office o' yours. Tom Lower 'll put more billets on the fire for you, an' you 'll be wonderful comfortable till we gets through. I 'll see that account is kep' by Tim Yule of all we takes. You can put it on the books just when you likes. No hurry, Mister Wull—no hurry. The prices will be them that held in the fall o' the year. 'cept flour, which is gone up t' nine by the barrel. An', ah, now, Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat pleaded, "don't you have no hard feelin'. 'T would n't be right. We 're the public; so *please* don't you go an' have no hard feelin'."

The trader would say nothing.

"Now, lads," said Jehoshaphat, "us 'll go."

In the storehouse there were two interruptions to the transaction of business in an orderly fashion. Tom Lower, who was a lazy fellow and wasteful, as Jehoshaphat knew, demanded thirty pounds of pork, and Jehoshaphat knocked him down. Timothy Yule, the anarchist, proposed to sack the place, and him Jehoshaphat knocked down twice. There was no further difficulty.

"Now, Mister Wull," said Jehoshaphat, as he laid the key and the account on the trader's desk, "the public o' Satan's Trap is wonderful sorry; but the thing had t' be done."

The trader would not look up.

"It makes such a wonderful fuss in the world," Jehoshaphat complained, "that

the crew had n't no love for the job. But it—it—it jus' had t' be done."

Old John Wull scowled.

For a long time, if days may be long, Jehoshaphat Rudd lived in the fear of constables and jails, which were the law, to be commanded by the wealth of old John Wull; and for the selfsame period—the days being longer because of the impatience of hate—old John Wull lived in expectation of his revenge. Jehoshaphat Rudd 'lowed he 'd stand by, anyhow, an' go t' jail, if 't was needful t' maintain the rights o' man. Ay, *he 'd go t' jail*, an' be whipped an' starved, as the imagination promised, but he 'd be jiggered if he 'd "*'pologize*." Old John Wull kept grim watch upon the winds; for upon the way the wind blew depended the movement of the ice, and the clearing of the sea, and the first voyage of the mail-boat. He was glad that he had been robbed; so glad that he rubbed his lean, transparent hands until the flush of life appeared to surprise him; so glad that he chuckled until his housekeeper feared his false teeth would by some dreadful mischance vanish within him. Jail? ay, he 'd put Jehoshaphat Rudd in jail; but he would forgive the others, that they might continue to fish and to consume food. In jail, ecod! t' be fed on bread an' water, t' be locked up, t' wear stripes, t' make brooms, t' lie there so long that the last little Rudd would find its own father a stranger when 't was all over with. 'T would be fair warning t' the malcontent o' the folk; they would bide quiet, hereafter. All the people would toil and trade; they would complain no more. John Wull was glad that the imprudence of Jehoshaphat Rudd had provided him with power to restore the ancient peace to Satan's Trap.

ONE day in the spring, when the bergs and great flocs of the open had been blown to sea, and the snow was gone from the slopes of the hills, and the sun was out, and the earth was warm and yellow and merrily dripping, old John Wull attempted a passage of the harbor by the ice, which there had lingered, confined. It was only to cross the narrows from Haul-Away Head to Daddy Tool's Point, no more than a stone's throw for a stout



Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"OLD JOHN WULL WAS ADRIPT AND BOUND OUT"

lad. The ice had been broken into pans by a stiff breeze from the west, and was then moving with the wind, close-packed, bound out to sea, there to be dispersed and dissolved. It ran sluggishly through the narrows, scraping the rocks of the head and of the point; the heave of the sea slipped underneath and billowed the way, and the outermost pans of ice broke from the press and went off with the waves. But the feet of old John Wull were practised; he essayed the crossing without concern, indeed with an absent mind. Presently he stopped to rest; and he stared out to sea, musing; and when again he looked about, the sea had softly torn the pan from the pack.

Old John Wull was adrift, and bound out.

"Ahoy, you, Jehoshaphat!" he shouted. "Jehoshaphat! Oh, Jehoshaphat!"

Jehoshaphat came to the door of his cottage on Daddy Tool's Point.

"Launch that rodney,"¹ Wull directed, "an' put me on shore. An' lively, man," he complained, "I 'll be cotchin' cold out here."

With the help of Timothy Yule, who chanced to be gossiping in the kitchen, Jehoshaphat Rudd got the rodney in the open water by the stage-head. What with paddling and much hearty hauling and pushing they had the little craft across the barrier of ice in the narrows before the wind had blown old John Wull a generous rod out to sea.

"Timothy, lad," Jehoshaphat whispered, "I 'low you better stay here."

Timothy kept to the ice.

"You been wonderful slow," growled Wull. "Come 'round t' the lee side, you dunderhead! Think I wants t' get my feet wet?"

"No, sir," Jehoshaphat protested. "Oh, no; I would n't have you do that an I could *help* it."

The harbor folk were congregating on Haul-Away Head and Daddy Tool's Point. 'T was an agreeable excitement to see John Wull in a mess—in a ludicrous predicament, which made him helpless before their eyes. They whispered, they smiled behind their hands, they chuckled inwardly.

Jehoshaphat pulled to the lee side of the pan.

"Come 'longside," said Wull.

Jehoshaphat dawdled.

"Come 'longside, you fool!" Wull roared. "Think I can leap three fathom?"

"No, sir; oh, no; no, indeed."

"Then come 'longside."

Jehoshaphat sighed.

"Come in here, you crazy pauper!"

Wull screamed, stamping his *rage*

"Come in here an' put me ashore!"

"Mister Wull."

Wull eyed the man in amazement.

"Labor," said Jehoshaphat, gently, "is gone up."

Timothy Yule laughed, but on Haul-Away Head and Daddy Tool's Point the folk kept silent; nor did old John Wull, on the departing pan, utter a sound.

"Sky high," Jehoshaphat concluded.

The sun was broadly, warmly shining, the sky was blue; but the wind was rising smartly, and far off over the hills of Satan's Trap, beyond the wilderness that was known, it was turning gray and tumultuous. Old John Wull scowled, wheeled, and looked away to sea; he did not see the ominous color and writhing in the west.

"We don't want no law, Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat continued, "at Satan's Trap."

Wull would not attend.

"Not law," Jehoshaphat repeated; "for we knows well enough at Satan's Trap," said he, "what 's fair as atween men. You jus' leave the law stay t' St. John's, sir, where he 's t' home. He is n't fair, by no means; an' we don't want un here t' make trouble."

The trader's back was still turned.

"An', Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat entreated, his face falling like a child's, "don't you have no hard feelin' over this. Ah, now, *don't*," he pleaded. "You won't, will you? For we is n't got no hate for you, Mister Wull, an' we is n't got no greed for ourselves. We just wants what 's fair—just what 's fair." He added: "Just on'y that. We likes t' see you have your milk an' butter an' fresh beef an' nuts an' whisky. *We* don't want them things, for they is n't ours by rights. All we wants is just on'y fair play. We don't want no law, sir: for, ecod!" Jehoshaphat declared, scratching his head in bewilderment, "the law looks

¹ A rodney is a small, light boat, used for getting about among the ice packs, chiefly in seal-hunting.

after them that *has*, so far as I *knows*, sir, an' don't know nothin' about them that *has n't*. An' we don't want un here at Satan's Trap. We won't *have* un! We—we—why, ecod! we—we can't 'low it! We 'd be ashamed of ourselves an' we 'lowed you t' fetch the law t' Satan's Trap t' wrong us. We 're free men, is n't we?" he demanded indignantly. "Is n't we? Ecod! I 'low we *is*! You think, John Wull," he continued, in wrath, "that *you* can do what you like with *we* just because you an' the likes o' you is gone an' got a law? You can't! You can't! An' you can't, just because we won't 'low it."

It was an incendiary speech.

"No, you can't!" Timothy Yule screamed from the ice, "you robber, you thief, you whale's pup! I 'll tell you what I thinks o' you. You can't scare *me*. I wants that meadow you stole from my father. I wants that meadow—"

"Timothy," Jehoshaphat interrupted quietly, "you 're a fool. Shut your mouth!"

Tom Lower, the lazy, wasteful Tom Lower, ran down to the shore of Haul-Away Head, and stamped his feet, and shook his fist. "I wants your red house," he shouted. "I wants your cow an' your raisins an' your candy! We got you down, you robber! An' I 'll *have* your red house; I 'll have your wool blankets, I 'll have you—"

"Tom Lower," Jehoshaphat roared, rising in wrath, "I 'll floor you for that! That I will—next time I cotch you out."

John Wull turned half-way around and grinned.

"Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat asked propitiatingly, "won't you be put ashore?"

"Not at the price."

"I 'low, then, sir," said Jehoshaphat, in some impatience, "that you might as well be comfortable while you makes up your mind. Here,"—He cast a square of tarpaulin on the ice, and chancing to discover Timothy Yule's jacket, he added that—"There!" he grunted, with satisfaction; "you 'll be sittin' soft an' dry while you does your thinkin'. Don't be long, sir—not overlong. *Please* don't, sir," he begged; "for it looks t' me—it looks wonderful t' me—like a spurt o' weather."

John Wull spread the tarpaulin.

"An' when you gets through considerin' of the question," said Jehoshaphat, suggestively, "an' is come t' my way o' thinkin', why all you got t' do is lift your little finger, an' I 'll put you ashore,"—A gust of wind whipped past,—*"if I 'm able,"* Jehoshaphat added.

Pan and boat drifted out from the coast, a slow course, which in an hour had reduced the harbor folk to black pygmies on the low rocks to windward. Jehoshaphat paddled patiently in the wake of the ice. Often he raised his head, in apprehension, to read the signs in the west; and he sighed a deal, and sometimes muttered to himself. Old John Wull was squatted on the tarpaulin, with Timothy Yule's jacket for a cushion, his great-coat wrapped close about him, his cap pulled over his ears, his arms folded. The withered old fellow was as lean and blue and rigid and staring as a frozen corpse.

The wind had freshened. The look and smell of the world forboded a gale. Overhead the sky turned gray. There came a shadow on the sea, sullen and ominous. Gusts of wind ran offshore and went hissing out to sea; and they left the waters rippling black and flecked with froth wherever they touched. In the west, the sky, far away, changed from gray to deepest black and purple; and high up, midway, masses of cloud, with torn and streaming edges, rose swiftly toward the zenith. It turned cold. A great flake of snow fell on Jehoshaphat's cheek, and melted; but Jehoshaphat was pondering upon justice. He wiped the drop of water away with the back of his hand, because it tickled him, but gave the sign no heed.

"I 'low, Mister Wull," said he, doggedly, "that you better give Timothy Yule back his father's meadow. For nobody knows, sir," he argued, "why Timothy Yule's father went an' signed his name t' that there writin' just afore he died. 'T was n't right. He did n't ought t' sign it. An' you got t' give the meadow back."

John Wull was unmoved.

"An', look you! Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat continued, pulling closer to the pan, addressing the bowed back of the trader, "you better not press young

Isaac Lower for that cod-trap money. He 've too much trouble with that wife o' his t' be bothered by debt. Anyhow, you ought t' give un a chance. An', look you! you better let ol' Misses Jowl have back her garden t' Green Cove. 'The way you got that, Mister Wull, is queer. I don't know, but I 'low you better give it back, anyhow. You *got* to, Mister Wull; an', ecod! you got t' give the ol' woman a pound o' cheese an' five cents' worth—no, ten—ten cents' worth o' sweets t' make her feel good. She *likes* cheese. She 'lows she never could get *enough* o' cheese. She 'lows she *wished* she could have her fill afore she dies. An' you got t' give her a whole pound for herself."

They were drifting over the Tombstone grounds.

"Whenever you makes up your mind," Jehoshaphat suggested diffidently, "you lift your little finger—jus' your little finger."

There was no response.

"Your little finger," Jehoshaphat repeated. "Jus' your little finger—on'y that."

Wull faced about. "Jehoshaphat," said he, with a grin, "you would n't leave me."

"Jus' would n't I!"

"You would n't."

"You jus' wait and see."

"You would n't leave me," said Wull, "because you could n't. I knows you, Jehoshaphat—I knows you."

"You better look out."

"Come, now, Jehoshaphat, is you goin' t' leave an old man drift out t' sea an' die?"

Jehoshaphat was embarrassed.

"Eh, Jehoshaphat?"

"Well, no," Jehoshaphat admitted frankly. "I is n't; leastways, not alone."

"Not alone?" anxiously.

"No; not alone. I 'll go with you, Mister Wull, if you 're lonesome, an' wants company. You sees, sir, I can't give in. I jus' *can't*. I 'm here, Mister Wull, in this here cranky rodney, beyond the Tombstone grounds, with a dirty gale from a point or two south o' west about t' break, because I 'm the public o' Satan's Trap. I can die, sir, t' save gossip; but I sim-plee jus' is n't able t' give in. 'T would n't be *right*."

"Well, I won't give in."

"Nor I, sir. So here we is—out here beyond the Tombstone grounds, you on a pan an' me in a rodney. An' the weather is n't—well—not quite *kind*."

It was not. The black clouds, torn, streaming, had possessed the sky, and the night was near come. Haul-Away Head and Daddy Tool's Point had melted with the black line of coast. Return—safe passage through the narrows to the quiet water and warm lights of Satan's Trap—was almost beyond the most courageous hope. The wind broke from the shore in straight lines—a stout, agile wind, loosed for riot upon the sea. The sea was black, with a wind-lop upon the grave swell—a black-and-white sea, with spume in the gray air. The west was black, with no hint of other color—without the pity of purple or red. Roundabout the sea was breaking, troubled by the wind, indifferent to the white little rodney and the lives o' men.

"You better give in," old John Wull warned.

"No," Jehoshaphat answered; "no; oh, no! I won't give in. Not *in*."

A gust turned the black sea white.

"You better give in," said Jehoshaphat.

John Wull shrugged his shoulders and turned his back.

"Now, Mister Wull," said Jehoshaphat, firmly. "I 'low I can't stand this much longer. I 'low we can't be fools much longer an' get back t' Satan's Trap. I got a sail, here, Mister Wull; but, ecod! the beat t' harbor is n't pleasant t' *think* about."

"You better go home," sneered old John Wull.

"I 'low I *will*," Jehoshaphat declared.

Old John Wull came to the windward edge of the ice, and there stood frowning, with his feet submerged. "What was you sayin'?" he asked. "That you 'd go home?"

Jehoshaphat looked away.

"An' leave me?" demanded John Wull. "Leave *me*? *Me*?"

"I got t' think o' my kids."

"An' you 'd leave me t' *die*?"

"Well," Jehoshaphat complained, "'t is long past supper-time. You better give in."

"I won't!"

The coast was hard to distinguish from the black sky in the west. It began to snow. Snow and night, allied, would bring Jehoshaphat Rudd and old John Wull to cold death.

"Mister Wull," Jehoshaphat objected, "'t is long past supper-time, an' I wants t' go home."

"Go—an' be—!"

"I 'll count ten," Jehoshaphat threatened.

"You dass n't!"

"I don't know whether I 'll *go* or not," said Jehoshaphat. "Maybe not. Anyhow, I 'll count ten, an' see what happens. Is you ready?"

Wull sat down on the tarpaulin.

"One," Jehoshaphat began.

John Wull seemed not to hear.

"Two," said Jehoshaphat. "Three—four—five—six—seven."

John Wull did not turn.

"Eight."

There was no sign of relenting.

"Nine."

Jehoshaphat paused. "God's mercy!" he groaned, "don't you be a fool, Mister Wull," he pleaded. "Does n't you *know* what the weather is?"

A wave—the lop raised by the wind—broke over the pan. John Wull stood up. There came a shower of snow.

"Eh?" Jehoshaphat demanded in agony.

"I won't give in," said old John Wull.

"Then I got t' say ten. I jus' *got* to."

"I dare you."

"I will, Mister Wull. Honest, I will! I 'll say ten an' you don't look out."

"Why don't you *do* it?"

"In a minute, Mister Wull. I 'll say it just so soon as I get up the sail. I will, Mister Wull, honest t' God!"

The coast had vanished.

"Look," cried Jehoshaphat, "we 're doomed men!"

The squall, then first observed, sent the sea curling over the ice. Jehoshaphat's

rodney shipped the water it raised. Snow came in a blinding cloud.

"Say ten, you fool!" screamed old John Wull.

"Ten!"

John Wull came to the edge of the pan. 'T was hard for the old man to breast the gust. He put his hands to his mouth, that he might be heard in the wind.

"I give in!" he shouted.

Jehoshaphat managed to save the lives of both.

OLD JOHN WULL, with his lean feet in a tub of hot water, with a gray blanket over his shoulders, with a fire sputtering in the stove, with his housekeeper hovering near—old John Wull chuckled. The room was warm, and his stomach was full, and the wind, blowing horribly in the night, could work him no harm. There he sat, sipping herb tea to please his housekeeper, drinking whisky to please himself. He had no chill, no fever, no pain; perceived no warning of illness. So he chuckled away. It was all for the best. There would now surely be peace at Satan's Trap. Had he not yielded? What more could they ask? They would be content with this victory. For a long, long time they would not complain. He had yielded; very well: Timothy Yule should have his father's meadow, Dame Jowl her garden and sweets and cheese, the young Lower be left in possession of the cod-trap, and there would be no law. Very well; the folk would neither pry nor complain for a long, long time: that was triumph enough for John Wull. So he chuckled away, with his feet in hot water, and a gray blanket about him, bald and withered and ghastly, but still feeling the comfort of fire and hot water and whisky, the pride of power.

And within three years John Wull possessed again all that he had yielded, and the world of Satan's Trap wagged on as in the days before the revolution.



THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XXV

"WE BEGAN TO MARRY THEM, MY
GOOD FELLOW"

LORD DUNHOLM and his eldest son, Lord Westholt, sauntered together, smoking their after-dinner cigars on the broad-turfed terrace overlooking park and gardens, which seemed to sweep without boundary-line into the purplish moorland beyond. The gray mass of the castle stood clear-cut against the blue of a sky the twilight of which was still almost daylight, though in the purity of its evening stillness a star already hung here and there and a young moon had risen. The great spaces about them held a stillness the exquisite entirety of which was marked at intervals by the distant bark of a shepherd dog driving his master's sheep to the fold; their soft, intermittent plaints—the mother ewes' mellow answering to the tender, fretful lambs—floated on the air, a lovely part of the ending day's repose. Where two who are friends stroll together at such hours, the great beauty makes for silence or for thoughtful talk. These two men—father and son—were friends and intimates, and had been so from Westholt's first memory of the time when his childish individuality began to detach itself from the background of misty and indistinct things. They had liked each other, and their liking and intimacy had increased with the onward moving and change of years. After sixty sane and decently spent active years of life, Lord Dunholm, in either country tweed or evening dress, was a well-built and handsome man. At thirty-three his son was still like him.

"Have you seen her," Lord Dunholm was saying.

"Only at a distance. She was driving Lady Anstruthers across the moor in a cart. She drove well, and—" the son laughed as he flicked the ash from his cigar—"the back of her head and shoulders looked handsome."

"The American young woman is at present a factor which is without doubt to be counted with." Lord Dunholm put the matter without lightness. "Any young woman is a factor; but the American young woman just now—just now—" He paused a moment, as though considering. "It did not seem at all necessary to count with them at first when they began to appear among us. They were generally curiously exotic, funny little creatures with odd manners and voices. They were often most amusing, and one liked to hear them chatter and see the airy lightness with which they took superfluous—and sometimes unsuperfluous—conventions as a hunter takes a five-barred gate. But it never occurred to us to marry them. We did not take them seriously enough. But we began to marry them—we began to marry them, my good fellow."

The final words broke forth with such a suggestion of sudden anxiety that, in spite of himself, Westholt laughed involuntarily, and his father, turning to look at him, laughed also. But he recovered his seriousness.

"It was all rather a muddle at first," he went on. "Things were not fairly done, and certain bad lots looked on it as a paying scheme on the one side, while it was a matter of silly little ambitions on the other. But it is an extraordinary country. there is no sane denying, huge, fabulously resourceful in every way—area, variety of climate, wealth of minerals, products of all sorts, soil to grow

anything, and sun and rain enough to give each thing what it needs; last—or, rather, first—a people who, considered as a nation, are in the riot of youth and who began by being English—which we Englishmen have an innocent belief is the one method of owning the earth. That figure of speech is an Americanism I carefully committed to memory. Well, after all, look at the map—look at the map! There we are."

"They had frequently discussed together the question of the development of international relations. Lord Dunholm, a man of far-reaching and clear logic, had realized that the oddly unaccentuated growth of intercourse between the two countries might be a subject to be reflected on without lightness.

"The habit we have of regarding America and Americans as rather a joke," he had once said, "has a sort of parallel in the condescendingly amiable amusement of a parent at the precocity or whimsicalness of a child. But the child is shooting up amazingly—amazingly, in a way which suggests divers possibilities."

The exchange of visits between Dunholm and Stornham had been rare and formal. The Dowager Lady Anstruthers had been an unattractive neighbor even at a distance of ten miles, and Sir Nigel had made no effort to enter into friendly relations. From the call made upon the younger Lady Anstruthers on her marriage, the Dunholms had returned with a sense of puzzled pity for the little American bride with her wonderful frock and her uneasy childish eyes. During the last few years Lady Anstruthers had been too delicate to make or return calls. One heard painful accounts of her apparently wretched ill health and of the condition of her husband's estate.

"As the relations between the two families have evidently been strained for years," Lord Dunholm said, "it is interesting to hear of the sudden advent of the sister. It seems to point to reconciliation. And you say the girl is an unusual person."

"From what one hears, she would be unusual if she were an English girl who had spent her life on an English estate. That an American who is making her first visit to England should seem to see at once the practical needs of a neglected

place is a thing to wonder at. What can she know about it? one thinks. But she apparently does know. They say she has made no mistakes, even with the village people. She is managing, in one way or another, to give work to every man who wants it. Result, of course, unbounded rustic enthusiasms."

Lord Dunholm laughed between the soothing whiffs of his cigar.

"How clever of her! And what sensible good feeling! Yes, yes; she evidently has learned things somewhere. Perhaps New York has found it wise to begin to give young women professional training in the management of English estates. Who knows? Not a bad idea."

A FEW days later Mrs. Brent, returning from a call on Mrs. Charley Jenkins, was passed by a carriage the liveries of which she recognized half way up the village street. It was the carriage from Dunholm Castle. Lord and Lady Dunholm and Lord Westholt sat in it. They were of course going to call at the Court. Mrs. Brent slackened her steps that she might have the pleasure of receiving and responding gracefully to salutations from the important personages in the landau.

A common-looking young man on a bicycle who had wheeled into the village with the carriage, riding alongside it for a hundred yards or so, stopped before the Clock Inn and dismounted just as Mrs. Brent neared him. He saw her looking after the equipage, and, lifting his cap, spoke to her civilly.

"This is Stornham village, ain't it, ma'am?" he inquired.

"Yes, my man."

"Thank you. That was n't Miss Vanderpoel's eldest sister in that carriage, was it?"

"Miss Vanderpoel's—" Mrs. Brent hesitated. "Do you mean Lady Anstruthers?"

"I 'd forgotten her name. I know Miss Vanderpoel's eldest sister lives at Stornham—Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughter."

"Lady Anstruthers' younger sister is a Miss Vanderpoel, and she is visiting at Stornham Court now." Mrs. Brent could not help adding curiously: "Why do you ask?"

"I am going to see her. I'm an American."

Mrs. Brent coughed to cover a slight gasp.

"The lady in the carriage was the Countess of Dunholm. They are going to the Court to call on Miss Vanderpoel."

"Then Miss Vanderpoel's there yet. That's all right. Thank you, ma'am." And lifting his cap again, he turned into the little public house.

THE Dunholm party had been accustomed, on their rare visits to Stornham, to be received by the kind of man-servant in the kind of livery which is a manifest, though unwilling confession. The men who threw open the doors were of regulation height, well dressed, and of trained bearing. The entrance hall had lost its hopeless shabbiness. The change suggested magic. The magic which had been used, Lord Dunholm reflected, was the simplest and most powerful on earth.

The drawing-room wore a changed aspect, and at a first glance it was to be seen that in poor little Lady Anstruthers, as she had generally been called, there was to be noted alteration also.

That her sister, Miss Vanderpoel, had beauty, it was not necessary to hesitate in deciding. She was not one of the curious, exotic little creatures whose thin, though sometimes rather sweet, and always gay, high-pitched young voices Lord Dunholm had been so specially struck by in the early days of the American invasion. Her voice had a tone one would be likely to remember with pleasure. How well she moved! How well her black head was set on her neck! Yes, she was of the new type, the later generation. These amazing, oddly practical people had evolved it. Lady Dunholm was as pleased as her husband. A really charming girl was an enormous acquisition to the neighborhood.

When they at last all strolled out to look at the gardens, pleased as he was, Lord Dunholm presently gave up his place at her side to Westholt. He must not be a selfish old fellow and monopolize her. He hoped they would see each other often, he said charmingly. He thought she would be sure to like Dunholm, which was really a thoroughly

English old place, marked by all the features she seemed so much attracted by. There were some beautiful relics of the past there, and some rather shocking ones—certain dungeons, for instance, and a Gallows Mount on which in good old times the family gallows had stood. This had apparently been a working adjunct to the domestic arrangements of every respectable family.

"It was then that nobles were regarded with respect," he said, smiling.

He joined his wife and began at once to make himself so delightful to Rosy that she ceased to be afraid of him, and ended by talking almost gaily of her London visit.

Betty and Westholt walked together. The afternoon being lovely, they had all sauntered into the park to look at a certain view, and the sun was shining between the trees. Betty thought the young man almost as charming as his father, which was saying much. She had fallen wholly in love with Lord Dunholm—with his beautifully cut, elderly face, his voice, his erect bearing, his fine smile, his attraction of manner, his courteous ease and wit. He was one of the men who stood for the best of all they had been born to represent. Her own father, she felt, stood for the best of all such an American as himself should be. Lord Westholt would in time be what his father was. He had inherited from him good looks, good feeling, and a sense of humor. Yes, he had been given from the outset all that the other man had been denied.

She was thinking of Mount Dunstan as "the other man," and presently spoke of him.

"You know Lord Mount Dunstan?" she said. Westholt hesitated slightly.

"Yes—and no," he answered, after the hesitation. "No one knows him very well. You have not met him?" There was a touch of surprise in his tone.

"He was a passenger on the *Meridiana* when I last crossed the Atlantic. There was a slight accident, and we were thrown together for a few moments. Afterward I met him by chance again. I did not know who he was."

Lord Westholt showed signs of hesitation anew.

"His going to America was rather spir-

ited," said the mellow voice beside him. "I thought only Americans took their fates in their hands in that way. I know Arizona. For a man of his class to face a rancher's life there means determination. It means the spirit—" with a low little laugh at the leap of her imagination—"of the men who were Mount Dunstons in early days, and went forth to fight for what they meant to have. He went to fight. He ought to have won. He will win some day."

"I do not know about fighting," Lord Westholt answered. Had the fellow been telling her romantic stories? "The general impression was that he went to America to amuse himself."

"No, he did not do that," said Betty, with finality. "An Arizona sheep-ranch is not amusing." She stopped short, and stood still for a moment. They had been walking down the avenue, and she stopped because her eyes had been caught by a figure half sitting, half lying, in the middle of the road, a prostrate bicycle near it. It was the figure of a cheaply dressed young man who, as she looked, seemed to make an ineffectual effort to rise.

"Is that man ill?" she exclaimed. "I think he must be." They went toward him at once, and when they reached him, he lifted a dazed white face, down which blood was trickling from a cut on his forehead. He was in fact very white indeed, and did not seem to know what he was doing.

"I am afraid you are hurt," Betty said, and as she spoke, the rest of the party joined them. The young man vacantly smiled, and making an unconscious-looking pass across his face with his hand, smeared the blood over his features painfully. Betty kneeled down, and drawing out her handkerchief, lightly wiped the gruesome smears away. Lord Westholt saw what had happened, having given a look at the bicycle.

"His chain broke as he was coming down the incline, and, as he fell, he got a nasty knock on this stone," he said, touching with his foot a rather large one which had evidently fallen from some passing cart-load of building material.

The young man, still vacantly smiling, was fumbling at his breast-pocket. He began to talk incoherently in good New

York, at the mere sound of which Lady Anstruthers made a little step forward.

"Superior—any other," he muttered. "Tabulator spacer—marginal release key—call your 'tention—instantly—'justable—Delkoff—no equal on market." And having found what he had fumbled for, he handed a card to Miss Vanderpoel, and sank unconscious on her breast.

"Let me support him, Miss Vanderpoel," said Westholt, starting forward.

"Never mind, thank you," said Betty. "If he has fainted, I suppose he must be laid flat on the ground. Will you please read the card."

It was the card Mount Dunstan had read the day before.

J. BURRIDGE & SON,

DELKOFF TYPEWRITER CO.,

G. SELDEN.

BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"He is probably G. Selden," said Westholt. "Traveling in the interests of his firm, poor chap! The clue is not of much immediate use, however."

They were fortunately not far from the house, and Westholt went back quickly to summon servants and send for the village doctor. The Dunholms were kindly, sympathetic, and each one of the party lent a handkerchief to staunch the bleeding. Lord Dunholm helped Miss Vanderpoel to lay the young man down carefully.

"I am afraid," he said, "I am really afraid his leg is broken. It was twisted under him. What can be done with him?"

Miss Vanderpoel looked at her sister.

"Will you let him be carried to the house temporarily, Rosy?" she asked. "There is apparently nothing else to be done."

"Yes, yes," said Lady Anstruthers. "How could one send him away, poor fellow! Let him be carried to the house."

Miss Vanderpoel smiled into Lord Dunholm's much-approving elderly eyes.

"G. Selden is a compatriot," she said. "Perhaps he heard I was here and came to sell me a typewriter."

LORD WESTHOLT returning with two footmen and a light mattress, G. Selden was carried with cautious care to the house. The afternoon sun, breaking

through the branches of the ancestral oaks, kindly touched his keen-featured, white young face. Lord Dunholm and Lord Westholt each lent a friendly hand, and Miss Vanderpoel, keeping near him, once or twice wiped away an insistent trickle of blood which showed itself from beneath the handkerchiefs. Lady Dunholm followed with Lady Anstruthers. Afterward, during his convalescence, G. Selden frequently felt with regret that by his unconsciousness of the dignity of his cortège at the moment he had missed feeling himself to be for once in a position he would have designated as "out of sight" in the novelty of its importance. To have beheld him borne by nobles and liveried menials, accompanied by ladies of title up the avenue of an English park, on his way to be cared for in baronial halls, would, he knew, have added a joy to the final moments of his grandmother, which the consolations of religion could scarcely have met equally in competition.

The doctor, arriving after he had been put to bed, found concussion of the brain and a broken leg. With Lady Anstruthers' kind permission, it would certainly be best that he should remain for the present where he was. So, in a bedroom the windows of which looked out upon spreading lawns and broad-branched trees, he was established as comfortably as was possible. G. Selden, through the capricious intervention of fate, if he had not "got next" to Reuben S. Vanderpoel himself, had most indisputably "got next" to his favorite daughter.

As the Dunholm carriage rolled down the avenue, there reigned for a few minutes a reflective silence. It was Lady Dunholm who broke it. "That is a nice girl," she said in her softly decided voice.

"That is it," said Lord Dunholm, with a humorous smile. "Thank you, Eleanor, for supplying me with a quite delightful Early Victorian word. I believe I wanted it. She is a number of other things, but she is also a nice girl. If you will allow me to say so, I have fallen in love with her."

"If you will allow me to say so," put in Westholt, "so have I—quite fatally."

"That," said his father, with speculation in his eye, "is more serious."

XXVI

"WHAT IT MUST BE TO BE YOU—
JUST YOU!"

G. SELDEN, awakening to consciousness a few days later, lay and stared at the chintz covering of the top of his four-post bed through a few minutes of vacant amazement. It was a four-post bed he was lying on, was n't it? And his leg was bandaged and felt immovable. The last thing he remembered was going down an incline in a tree-bordered avenue. There was nothing more. He had been all right then. Was this a four-post bed or was it not? Yes, it was. And was it part of the furnishing of a swell bedroom—the kind of bedroom he had never been in before? Tiptop, in fact. He stared, and tried to recall things.

"Well," he said, "if this ain't the limit! You may search *me*!"

A respectable person in a white apron came to him from the other side of the room. It was Buttle's wife, who had been hastily called in.

"Sh—'sh!" she said soothingly. "Don't you worry. Nobody ain't goin' to search you. Nobody ain't. There! 'Sh—'sh—'sh!" as if he was a baby. Beginning to be aware of a curious sense of weakness, Selden lay and stared at her in pathetic helplessness. Perhaps he had got bats in his belfry, and there was no use in talking.

At that moment, however, the door opened and a young lady entered. She was a "looker," G. Selden's weakness did not interfere with his perceiving. "A looker, by Gee!" She was dressed, as if for going out, in softly-tinted exquisite things, and a large, strange hydrangea blue flower under the brim of her hat rested on soft and full black hair. The black hair gave him a clue. It was hair like that that he had seen as Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughter rode by when he stood at the park gates at Mount Dunstan. Bats in his belfry, of course.

"How is he?" she said to the nurse.

"He 's been seeming comfortable all day, Miss," the woman answered; "but he 's light-headed yet. He opened his eyes quite sensible-looking a bit ago, but he spoke quite queer. He said something was the limit and that we might search him."

Betty approached the bedside to look at him, and meeting the disturbed inquiry in his uplifted eyes, laughed because, seeing that he was not delirious, she thought she understood. She had not lived in New York without hearing its argot.

She bent over him with her laugh still shining in her eyes.

"I hope you feel better. Can you tell me?" she said.

His voice was not strong, but his answer was that of a young man who knew what he was saying.

"If I 'm not off my head, ma'am, I 'm quite comfortable, thank you," he replied.

"I am glad to hear that," said Betty. "Don't be disturbed. Your mind is quite clear."

"All I want," said G. Selden, impartially, "is just to know where I 'm at and how I blew in here. It would help me to rest better."

"You met with an accident," the "looker" explained, still smiling with both lips and eyes. "Your bicycle chain broke, and you were thrown and hurt yourself. It happened in the avenue in the park. We found you and brought you in. You are at Stornham Court, which belongs to Sir Nigel Anstruthers. Lady Anstruthers is my sister. I am Miss Vanderpoel."

"Hully Gee!" ejaculated G. Selden, inevitably. The splendor of the moment was such that his brain whirled. As it was not yet in the physical condition to whirl with any comfort, he found himself closing his eyes weakly.

"That 's right," Miss Vanderpoel said. "Keep them closed. I must not talk to you until you are stronger. Lie still and try not to think. The doctor says you are getting on very well. I will come and see you again."

As the soft sweep of her dress reached the door he managed to open his eyes.

"Thank you, Miss Vanderpoel," he said. "Thank you, ma'am." And as his eyelids closed again he murmured in luxurious peace. "Well, if that 's her—she can have *me*—and welcome!"

SHE came to see him again each day, sometimes in a linen frock and garden hat, sometimes in her soft tints and lace and flowers, before or after her drive in the afternoon, and two or three times in

the evening, with lovely shoulders and wonderful trailing draperies, looking like the women he had caught far-off glimpses of on the rare occasion of his having indulged himself in the highest and most remotely placed seat in the gallery at the opera.

Lady Anstruthers came in to see him also, and she several times brought with her a queer, little lame fellow who was spoken of as "Master Ughtred."

His determination, his sharp readiness, his control of temper under rebuff and superfluous harshness, his odd impersonal summing up of men and things, and good-natured patience with the world in general, were, Betty knew, business assets. She was moved by the remote connection of such a life with that of the first Reuben Vanderpoel, who had laid the huge solid foundations of their modern fortune.

One morning Betty, coming to make her visit of friendly inquiry, found the patient looking thoughtful.

"Well, Miss Vanderpoel," he explained, "I was lying here thinking of Lord Mount Dunstan and Mr. Penzance, and how well they treated me. I have n't told you about that, have I?"

"That explains what Mrs. Buttle said," she answered. "When you were delirious, you talked frequently to Lord Mount Dunstan and Mr. Penzance. We both wondered why."

Then he told her the whole story. Beginning with his sitting on the grassy bank outside the park listening to the song of the robin, he ended with the adieux at the entrance gates, when the sound of her horse's trotting hoofs had been heard by them.

"What I 've been lying here thinking of," he said, "is how queer it was it happened just that way. If I had n't stopped just that minute, and if you had n't gone by, and if Lord Mount Dunstan had n't known you, and said who you were, little Willie would have been in London by this time, hustling to get a cheap bunk to get back to New York in."

"Because?" inquired Miss Vanderpoel.

G. Selden laughed and hesitated a moment. Then he made a clean breast of it.

"Say, Miss Vanderpoel," he said, "I hope it won't make you mad if I own up. Ladies like you don't know any-

thing about chaps like me. On the square and straight out, when I seen you and heard your name, I could n't help remembering whose daughter you was. Reuben S. Vanderpoel spells a big thing. Why, when I was in New York, we fellows used to get together and talk about what it'd mean to the chap who could get next to Reuben S. Vanderpoel. We used to count up all the business he does, and all the clerks he's got under him pounding away on typewriters, and how they'd be bound to get worn out and need new ones. And we'd make calculations how many a man could unload if he could get next. One of the boys made up a thing about one of us saving Reuben S.'s life—dragging him from under a runaway auto, and when he says: 'What can I do to show my gratitude, young man?' him handing out his catalogue and saying, 'Should like to call your attention to the Delkoff, sir,' and getting him to promise he'd never use any other as long as he lived."

Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughter laughed as spontaneously as any girl might have done. G. Selden laughed with her. At any rate, she had n't got mad so far.

"That was what did it," he went on. "When I rode away on my bike, I got thinking about it, and could not get it out of my head. The next day I just stopped on the road and got off my wheel and I says to myself: 'Look here, business is business, if you *are* traveling in Europe and lunching at Buckingham Palace with the main squeeze. Get busy. What'll the boys say if they hear you've missed a chance like this. You hit the pike for Stornham Castle, or whatever it's called, and take your nerve with you! She can't do more than have you fired out, and you've been fired before, and got your breath after it. So I turned round and made time. And that was how I happened on your avenue. And perhaps it was because I was feeling a bit rattled I lost my hold when the chain broke, and pitched over on my head. There, I've got it off my chest."

Something akin to her feeling of affection for the nice, long-legged Westerner she had seen rambling in Bond street touched Betty again. The Delkoff was the center of G. Selden's world, as the

flowers were of Kedgers', as the "little 'ome" was of Mrs. Welden's.

"Were you going to try to sell *me* a typewriter?" she asked.

"Well," G. Selden admitted, "I did n't know but what there might be use for one writing business letters on a big place like this. Straight, I won't say I was n't going to try pretty hard. It may look like gall, but you see a fellow has to rush things, or he'll never get there. A chap like me *has* to get there somehow."

She was silent a few moments, and looked as if she was thinking something over. Her silence and this look on her face actually caused to dawn in the breast of Selden a gleam of daring hope. He looked round at her with a faint rising of color.

"Say, Miss Vanderpoel, say—" he began, and then broke off.

"Yes?" said Betty, still thinking.

"C—*could* you use one—anywhere?" he said. "I don't want to rush things too much, but—*could* you?"

"Is it easy to learn to use it?"

"Easy!"—his head lifted from his pillow,—"It's as easy as falling off a log. A baby in a perambulator could learn to tick off orders for its bottle. And, on the square, there is n't its equal on the market, Miss Vanderpoel, there is n't." He fumbled beneath his pillow, and brought forth his catalogue.

"I asked the nurse to put it there. I wanted to study it, now and then, and think up arguments. See—adjustable to hold with perfect ease an envelop, an index-card, or a strip of paper no wider than a postage-stamp. Unsurpassed paper feed, practical ribbon mechanism, perfect and permanent alinement."

As Mount Dunstan had taken the book, Betty Vanderpoel took it. Never had G. Selden beheld such smiling in eyes about to bend upon his catalogue.

"You will raise your temperature," she said, "if you excite yourself. You must n't do that. I believe there are two or three people on the estate who might be taught to use a typewriter. I will buy three. Yes, we will say three."

She would buy three! He soared to heights. He did not know how to thank her, though he did his best. Dizzying visions of what he would have to tell "the boys" when he returned to New York

flashed across his mind. The daughter of Reuben S. Vanderpoel had bought three Delkoffs, and he was the junior assistant who had sold them to her.

"You don't know what it means to me, Miss Vanderpoel," he said; "but if you were a junior salesman you 'd know. It's not only the sale, though that 's a rake-off of fifteen dollars to me, but it 's because it 's *you* that 's bought them. Gee!" He gazed at her with a frank awe the obvious sincerity of which held a queer touch of pathos. "What it must be to be *you*—just *you*!"

She did not laugh. She felt as if a hand had lightly touched her on her naked heart. She had thought of it so often, had been bewildered restlessly by it as a mere child—this difference in human lot, this chance. Was it chance? And, even as she thought these things, G. Selden went on.

"You never can know," he said, "because you 've always been in it. And the rest of the world can't know because they 've never been anywhere near it." He stopped and evidently fell to thinking.

"Tell me about the rest of the world," said Betty, quietly.

He laughed again.

"Why, I was just thinking to myself you did n't know a thing about it. And it 's queer. It 's the rest of us that mounts up when you come to numbers. I guess it 'd run into millions. I 'm not thinking of beggars and starving people. I 've been rushing the Delkoff too steady to get on to any swell charity organization, so I don't know about them. I 'm just thinking of the millions of fellows, and women, too, for the matter of that, that waken up every morning and know they 've got to hustle for their ten per or their fifty per—if they can stir it up as thick as that. If it 's as much as fifty per, of course, seems like to me, they 're on Easy Street. But sometimes those that 's got to fifty per—or even more—have got more things to do with it—kids, you know, and more rent and clothes. They 've got to get at it just as hard as we have. Why, Miss Vanderpoel, how many people do you suppose there are in a million that don't have to worry over their next month's grocery bills and the rent of their flat? Gee! I bet

there 's not ten; and I don't know the ten."

He did not state his case uncheerfully. "The rest of the world" represented to him the normal condition of things.

"Most married men 's afraid to look an honest grocery bill in the face. And they *will* come in—as regular as spring hats. And I tell *you*, when a man 's got to live on seventy-five a month, a thing that 'll take all the strength and energy out of a twenty-dollar bill sort o' gets him down on the mat.

"T ain't the working that bothers most of us. We were born to that, and most of us would feel like dead-beats if we were doing nothing. It 's the earning less than you can live on, and getting a sort of tired feeling over it. It 's having to make a dollar bill look like two, and watching every other fellow try to do the same thing, and not often make the trip. There 's millions of us—just millions—every one of us with his Delkoff to sell"—his figure of speech pleased him, and he chuckled at his own cleverness—"and thinking of it, and talking about it, and under his vest half afraid that he can't make it. And what you say in the morning when you open your eyes and stretch yourself is: 'I 've *got* to sell a Delkoff to-day, and suppose I should n't, and could n't hold down my job.' I began it over my feeding-bottle. So did all the people I know. That 's what gave me a sort of a jolt just now when I looked at you and thought about you being *you*—and what it meant."

She had a much more intimate knowledge of New York than she had ever had before when their conversation ended, and she felt it a rather rich possession. She had heard of the "hall bedroom," previously, and she had seen from the outside the "quick lunch" counter, but G. Selden unconsciously escorted her inside, and threw upon faces and lives the glare of a flashlight.

"There was a thing I 've been thinking I 'd ask you, Miss Vanderpoel," he said just before she left him. "I 'd like you to tell me if you please. It 's like this. You see those two fellows treated me as fine as silk. I mean Lord Mount Dunstan and Mr. Penzance. And they both of 'em did say they 'd like to see me again. Now, do you think, Miss Vander-

poel, it would look too fresh, if I was to write a polite note and ask if either of them could make it convenient to come and take a look at me, if it would n't be too much trouble? I don't *want* to be too fresh, and perhaps they would n't come anyhow; and if it is, please won't you tell me, Miss Vanderpoel?"

"I think you might write the note," she said. "I believe they would come to see you."

"Do you?" he said with eager pleasure. "Then I'll do it. I'd give a good deal to see them again. I tell you, they are just *it*—both of them."

XXVII

LIFE

MOUNT DUNSTAN, walking through the park the next morning on his way to the vicarage just after post-time, met Mr. Penzance himself, coming to make an equally early call at the Mount. Each of them had a letter in his hand, and each met the other's glance with a smile.

"G. Selden," Mount Dunstan said. "And yours?"

"G. Selden also," answered the Vicar. "Poor young fellow! What ill luck! And yet—is it ill luck? He says not."

"He tells me it is not," said Mount Dunstan. "And I agree with him."

Mr. Penzance read his letter aloud:

DEAR SIR: This is to notify you that owing to my bike going back on me when going downhill, I met with an accident in Stornham Park. Was cut about the head and leg broken. Little Willie being far from home and mother, you can see what sort of fix he'd been in if it had n't been for the kindness of Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughters—Miss Bettina and her sister Lady Anstruthers. The way they've had me taken care of has been great. I've been under a nurse and doctor same as if I was Albert Edward with appendyccetus (I apologize if that's not spelt right). Dear Sir, this is to say that I asked Miss Vanderpoel if I should be butting in too much if I dropped a line to ask if you could spare the time to call and see me. It would be considered a favor, and appreciated by

G. Selden,

Delkoff Typewriter Co., Broadway.
P. S. Have already sold three Delkoffs to Miss Vanderpoel.

"Upon my word," Mr. Penzance commented, "I like that queer young fellow.

He does not wish to 'butt in too much.' Now, there is rudimentary delicacy in that. And what a forceful figure of speech! Some butting animal—a goat I seem to see, preferably—forcing its way into a group, or closed circle, of persons."

"Shall we ride over together to see him this morning?" Mount Dunstan said. "An hour with G. Selden, surrounded by the atmosphere of Reuben S. Vanderpoel, would be a cheering thing."

"It would," Mr. Penzance answered. "Let us go, by all means. We should not, I suppose,"—with keen delight,—"*be 'butting in' upon Lady Anstruthers too early? Like G. Selden, I should not like to 'butt in,'*" he added.

"Let us go," answered Mount Dunstan. "One can call on an invalid at any time. Lady Anstruthers will forgive us."

In less than an hour's time they were on their way. They laughed and talked as they rode, their horses' hoofs striking out a cheerful, ringing accompaniment to their voices. There is nothing more exhilarating than the hollow, regular ring and *click-clack* of good hoofs going well over a fine, old Roman road in the morning sunlight. They talked of the junior assistant salesman and of Miss Vanderpoel. Penzance was much pleased by the prospect of seeing "this delightful and unusual girl." He had heard stories of her, as had Lord Westholt.

"It is the new life in her which strikes me," Mount Dunstan said. "She has brought wealth with her, and wealth is power to do the good or evil that grows in a man's soul; but she has brought something more. She might have come and gone and left a mind-dazzling memory and nothing else. A few sovereigns tossed here and there would have earned her a reputation for life; but, 'by Gee!' to quote Selden, she has begun *living* with them, as if her ancestors had done it for six hundred years. And what I see, is that if she had come without a penny in her pocket, she would have done the same thing." He paused a pondering moment, and then drew a sharp breath. "She's life," he said. "She's *life* itself. What a thing it is for a man or woman to be Life, instead of a mass of tissue and muscle and nerve, dragged about by the mere mechanism of living."

When they rode through Stornham village they saw signs of work already done and work still in hand. The whole village wore the aspect of a place which had taken heart and was facing existence in a hopeful spirit.

As they entered the hall at the Court, Miss Vanderpoel was descending the staircase. She was laughing a little to herself, and she looked pleased when she saw them.

"It is good of you to come," she said, as they crossed the hall to the drawing-room. "But I told him I really thought you would. I have just been talking to him, and he was a little uncertain as to whether he had assumed too much."

"As to whether he had 'butted in,'" said Mr. Penzance. "I think he must have said that."

"He did. He also was afraid that he might have been 'too fresh,'" answered Betty.

"On our part," said Mr. Penzance, with gentle glee, "we hesitated a moment in fear lest we also might appear to be 'butting in.'"

Then they all laughed together. They were laughing when Lady Anstruthers entered, and she herself joined them. But to Mount Dunstan, who felt her to be somehow a touching little person, there was manifest a tenderness in her feeling for G. Selden. For that matter, however, there was something already beginning to be rather affectionate in the attitude of each of them. They went up-stairs, to find him lying in state upon a big sofa placed near a window, and his joy at the sight of them was genuine. Here these two swells came as friendly as you please. And that nice old chap that was a vicar, smiling and giving him "the glad hand!"

After a short time Betty and Mount Dunstan left Mr. Penzance talking to the convalescent. Mount Dunstan had asked to be shown the gardens. He wanted to see the wonderful things he had heard had been already done to them.

They went down the stairs together and passed through the drawing-room into the pleasure-grounds. The once neglected lawns had already been mown and rolled, clipped and trimmed, until they spread before the eye huge measures of green

velvet. Even the beds, girdling and adorning them, were brilliant with flowers.

"Kedgers," said Betty, waving her hand. "In my ignorance, I thought we must wait for blossoms until next year; but it appears that wonders can be brought all ready to bloom for one from nursery gardens, and can be made to grow with care, and daring, and passionate affection. I have seen Kedgers turn pale with anguish as he hung over a bed of transplanted things which seemed to droop too long. They droop just at first, you know; and then they slowly lift their heads, as if to listen to a Voice calling. Once I sat for quite a long time before a rose, watching it. When I saw it *begin* to listen, I really trembled. It was life coming back."

She had begun gaily and then her voice had changed.

"One feels it so much in a garden," she said. "I have stood in a potting-shed and watched Kedgers fill a shallow box with damp, rich mold, and scatter over it a thin layer of seeds. Then he moistens them, and carries them reverently to his altars in a greenhouse. The ledges in Kedgers' greenhouses are altars. I think he offers prayers before them. Why not? And when one comes to see them, the moist seeds are swelled to fullness, and when one comes again they are bursting. And the next time tiny green things are curling outward. And at last there is a fairy forest of tiniest pale green stems and leaves, and one is standing close to the secret of the earth."

Mount Dunstan turned and looked at her.

"Do you know," he said, "that, as we were on our way here, I said of you to Penzance, that *you* were life—*you*!"

For a few seconds, as they stood so, their eyes involuntarily held each other. Something softly glowing in the sunlight, falling on them both, something raining down in the song of a rising skylark trilling in the blue a field away, something in the warmed incense of blossoms near them, was *calling*, though they did not know they heard. A splendid blush rose in a flood under her skin. She was conscious of it, and felt a second's impatience that she should color like a school-girl, suspecting a compliment. ~~He~~

did not look at her as a man looks who has made a pretty speech.

Her feeling about the blush melted away as the blush itself had done.

"That was a beautiful thing to say," she answered. "I have often thought that I should like it to be true."

"It is true," he said.

Then the skylark, showering golden rain, swept down to earth and its nest in the meadow, and they walked on.

SHE learned from him, as they walked together, and he also learned from her, in a manner which built for them, as they went from point to point, a certain degree of delicate intimacy, gradually, during their ramble, tending to make discussion and question possible. She made no confidences, beautifully candid as her manner was; but he saw that she clearly understood the thing she was doing, and that if her sister had no son, she would not have done this, but something totally different. He had an idea that Lady Anstruthers would have been swiftly and lightly swept back to New York, and Sir Nigel left to his own devices; in which case Stornham Court and its village would gradually have crumbled to decay. It was for Sir Ughtred Anstruthers the place was being restored. She was quite clear on the matter of entail. He wondered at first, not unnaturally, how a girl had learned certain things of which she had an obviously clear knowledge. As they continued to converse he learned.

Through the closeness of her affectionate intimacy with her father she had become, without any special process, familiar with the technicalities of huge business schemes, with law and commerce and political situations. Even her childish interest in the world of enterprise and labor had been passionate. As the companion of a great business man she had acquired, inevitably, while almost unconsciously, a remarkable education.

"If he had not been *himself*, he might easily have grown tired of a little girl constantly wanting to hear things; constantly asking questions," she said. "But he did not get tired. We invented a special knock on the door of his private room. It said, 'May I come in, Father?' If he was busy, he answered with one knock on his desk, and I went away. If

he had time to talk, he called out, 'Come, Betty'; and I went to him. He told me of great things even before he had talked of them to men. He knew I would never speak of what was said between us in his room. He said once that it was a part of the evolution of race that men had begun to expect of women what in past ages they really only expected of one another."

Mount Dunstan hesitated before speaking.

"You mean absolute faith, apart from affection?"

"Yes. The power to be silent even when one is tempted to speak, if to speak might betray what it is wiser to keep to oneself, because it is another man's affair. The kind of thing which is good faith among business men. It applies to small things as much as to large, and to other things than business."

As they walked on, they found themselves laughing together and talking without restraint. They went through the flower- and kitchen-gardens; they saw the once fallen wall now rebuilt with the old brick; they visited the greenhouses, and came upon Kedgers entranced in business, but enraptured at being called upon to show his treasures.

"He's stronger to-day, Miss," he said, as they paused before a new wonderful bloom. "What he's getting now is good for him. I had to change his food, Miss; but this seems all right. His color's better."

Betty herself bent over the flower as she might have bent over a child. Her eyes softened; she touched a leaf with a slim finger as delicately as if it had been a new-born baby's cheek. As Mount Dunstan watched her, he drew a step nearer to her side. For the first time in his life he felt the glow of a normal and simple pleasure untouched by any bitter-

XXVIII

SETTING THEM THINKING

To old Doby, sitting at his open window with his pipe and illustrated papers on the table by his side, the advantage of a window giving upon the village street unspeakably increased. For many years he had greatly preferred the chimney-corner. But now the window was a better place to sit near. Carts went by, with men

whistling as they walked at the horses' heads; loads of things wanted for work at the Court. New faces passed,—faces of workmen,—sometimes grinning, "impudent youngsters" who larked with the young women and called out to them as they passed their cottages, if a good-looking one was loitering about her garden gate. And there were gentry's carriages, with fine, stamping horses, and jingling silver harness, and big coachmen, and tall footmen, and such like that had long ago dropped off showing themselves at Stornham.

The carriages came and came again, and stately or unstately far-off neighbors sat at tea upon the lawn under the trees, and it was observed that the methods and appointments of the Court had entirely changed. Nothing looked new and American. The silently moving men-servants could not have been improved upon; there was plainly an excellent *chef* somewhere; and the massive silver was old and wonderful. Upon everybody's word, the change was such as it was worth a long drive merely to see.

The most wonderful thing, however, was Lady Anstruthers herself. She had begun to grow delicately plump. Her once drawn and haggard face had rounded out, her skin had smoothed, and was actually becoming pink and fair; a nimbus of pale, fine hair puffed airily over her forehead; and she wore the most charming clothes—all of which made her look fifteen years younger than she had seemed when, on the grounds of ill health, she had retired into seclusion.

On the lawns at the garden-parties Betty's height and her long, slender neck held her delicate head above those of other girls, and the dense black of her hair made a rich note of shadow amid the prevailing English blondness. Her mere coloring set her apart. Rosy used to watch her with tender wonder, recalling her memory of nine-year-old Betty with the long, slim legs and the demanding and accusing child eyes. She had always been this creature even in those far-off days. At the garden-party at Dunholm Castle it became evident that she was, after a manner, unusually the central figure of the occasion. It was not at all surprising, people said to one another. Nothing could have been more desirable

for Lord Westholt. He combined rank with fortune, and the Vanderpoel wealth almost constituted rank in itself. Both Lord and Lady Dunholm seemed pleased with the girl. Lord Dunholm showed her great attention. When she took part in the dancing on the lawn, he looked on delightedly. He walked about the gardens with her, and it was plain to see that their conversation was not the ordinary polite effort to accord usually marking the talk between a mature man and a merely handsome girl. Lord Dunholm sometimes laughed with unfeigned delight, and sometimes the two seemed to talk of grave things.

"Such occasions as these are a sort of yearly taking of the social census of the county," Lord Dunholm explained. "One invites *all* one's neighbors, and is invited again. It is a friendly duty one owes."

"I do not see Lord Mount Dunstan," Betty answered. "Is he here?"

She had never denied to herself her interest in Mount Dunstan, and she had looked for him. Lord Dunholm hesitated a second, as his son had done, at Miss Vanderpoel's mention of the tabooed name. But, being an older man, he felt more at liberty to speak, and gave her a rather long, kind look.

"My dear young lady," he said, "did you expect to see him here?"

"Yes, I think I did," Betty replied. "I believe I rather hoped I should."

"Indeed. You are interested in him?"

"I know him very little; but I am interested. I will tell you why."

She paused by a seat beneath a tree, and they sat down together. She gave with a few swift, vivid touches a sketch of the red-haired second-class passenger on the *Meridiana* of whom she had only thought that he was an unhappy, rough-looking young man, until the brief moment in which they had stood face to face, each comprehending that the other was to be relied on if the worst should come to the worst. She had understood his prompt disappearance from the scene, and had liked it. When she related the incident of her meeting with him when she thought him a mere keeper on his own lands, Lord Dunholm listened with a changed and thoughtful expression. He was touched by certain things she said about the "First Man."

"He is one of them," she said. "They find their way in the end. But just now he thinks there is none. He is standing in the dark—where the ways meet."

"You think he will find his way?" Lord Dunholm said. "Why do you think so?"

"I *know* he will," she answered; "but I cannot tell you *why* I know."

"What you have said has been interesting to me, because of the light your own thought threw upon what you saw. It has not been Mount Dunstan I have been caring for, but for the light you saw him in. You met him without prejudice, and you carried the light in your hand. You always carry a light. My impression is," he added very quietly, "some women do."

"The prejudice you speak of must be a bitter thing for a proud man to bear. Is it a just prejudice? What has he done?"

Lord Dunholm was gravely silent for a few moments.

"It is an extraordinary thing to reflect," his words came slowly, "that it may *not* be a just prejudice. I do not know that he has done anything but seem rather sulky, and be the son of his father and the brother of his brother."

"And go to America," said Betty. "He could have avoided doing that; but he cannot be called to account for his relatives. If that is all, the prejudice is *not* just."

"No, it is not," said Lord Dunholm; "and one feels rather awkward at having shared it. You have set me thinking again, Miss Vanderpoel."

XXIX

THE THREAD OF G. SELDEN

THE Shuttle, having in its weaving caught up the thread of G. Selden's rudimentary existence, and drawn it, with the young man himself, across the sea, used curiously the thread in question in the forming of the design of its huge web. As wool and coarse linen are sometimes interwoven with rich silks for decorative or utilitarian purposes, so perhaps was this previously unvalued material employed.

It was indeed an interesting truth that the young man, during his convalescence, without his own knowledge, acted as a

species of magnet which drew together persons who might not easily have met otherwise. Mr. Penzance and Mount Dunstan rode over to see him every few days, and their visits naturally established relations with Stornham Court much more intimate than could have formed themselves in the same length of time under the ordinary circumstance of country life. Conventionalities lost their prominence in friendly intercourse with Selden. It was not, however, that he himself desired to disperse with convention. His intense wish to "do the right thing" and avoid giving offence was the most ingenuous and touching feature of his cosmopolitan good-nature.

"If I ever make a break, sir," he had once said with fervor, in talking to Mr. Penzance, "for the Lord's sake, tell me and set me on the right track. No fellow likes to look like a hoosier; but I don't mind that half as much as—as seeming not to *appreciate*."

"I tell you that 's fine," he said to Ughtred, who brought him a flower from the garden. "I appreciate that."

To Betty he said more than once:

"You know how I appreciate all this, Miss Vanderpoel. You *do* know I appreciate it, don't you?"

He had an immense admiration for Mount Dunstan, and talked to him a great deal about America, often about the sheep-ranch, and what it might have done and ought to have done. But his admiration for Mr. Penzance became affection.

These two being frequently absorbed in conversation, Mount Dunstan was rather thrown upon Betty's hands. When they strolled together about the place or sat under the deep shade of green trees, they talked not only of England and America, but of divers things which increased their knowledge of each other. It is points of view which reveal qualities, tendencies, and innate differences or accordances of thought, and the points of view of each interested the other.

"Mr. Selden is asking Mr. Penzance questions about English history," Betty said on one of the afternoons in which they sat in the shade. "I need not ask you questions. You *are* English history."

"And you are American history," Mount Dunstan answered.

"I suppose I am."

At one of their chance meetings Miss Vanderpoel had told Lord Dunholm and Lord Westholt something of the story of G. Selden. Westholt had felt that he must ride over to Stornham to see the convalescent. He wanted to learn some New York slang. He would take lessons from Selden, and he would also buy a Delkoff—two Delkoffs, if that would be better.

"Heath ought to have a typewriter," he had said to his father. Heath was the house-steward. "Think of the letters the poor chap has to write. Invest in one for Heath."

Betty had said: "Do you know, I shall be very glad if you decide to buy one—or two—or three," with an uplift of the Irish blue eyes to Lord Dunholm. "The blood of the first Reuben Vanderpoel stirs in my veins; also I have begun to be fond of G. Selden."

Therefore it occurred that, on the afternoon referred to, Lady Anstruthers crossed the sward with two male visitors in her wake.

"Lord Dunholm and Lord Westholt," said Betty, rising smilingly.

For this meeting between the men, Selden was, without doubt, responsible. While his father talked to Mount Dunstan, Westholt explained that they had come athirst for the catalogue. Presently Betty took him to the sheltered corner of the lawn where the convalescent sat with Mr. Penzance. But for a short time Lord Dunholm remained to converse with Mount Dunstan.

Dunholm beautifully eliminated the years; he eliminated all but the facts that the young man's father and himself had been acquaintances in youth, that he remembered Mount Dunstan himself as a child, that he had heard with interest of his visit to America. Whatsoever the young man himself felt, he made no sign which presented obstacles.

Lord Dunholm progressed admirably with him. He soon found that he need not be upon any strain with regard to the eliminations. The man himself could eliminate, which was an assistance.

They talked together when they turned to follow the others to the retreat of G. Selden.

"Have you purchased a Delkoff?" Lord Dunholm inquired.

"If I could have afforded it, I should have bought one."

"I think that we have come here with the intention of purchasing three. We did not know that we required them until Miss Vanderpoel recited half a page of the catalogue to us."

"Three will mean a 'rake off' of fifteen dollars to G. Selden," said Mount Dunstan. It was, he saw, necessary that he should explain the meaning of a "rake off," and he did so, to his companion's entertainment.

They were all kind to G. Selden, and he, on his part, was an aid to them. Mr. Penzance it was who suggested that he should now try the strength of the leg.

"Yes," Mount Dunstan said. "Let me help you."

As he rose to go to him, Westholt good-naturedly got up also. They took their places at each side of his invalid's-chair, and assisted him to rise and stand.

"It's all right, gentlemen. It's all right," he called out with a delighted flush when he found himself upright. "I believe I could stand alone. Thank you. Thank you."

He was able, leaning on Mount Dunstan's arm, to take a few steps. Evidently in a short time he would find himself no longer disabled.

Mr. Penzance had invited him to spend a week at the vicarage. He was to do this as soon as he could comfortably drive from the one place to the other. After receiving the invitation, he had sent secretly to London for one of the Delkoffs he had brought with him from America as a sample. He cherished in private a plan of gently entertaining his host by teaching him to use the machine. The vicar would thus be prepared for that future in which surely a Delkoff must in some way fall into his hands. Indeed, Fortune having at length cast an eye on himself, Selden thought, might chance to favor him further, and in time he might be able to send a "high-class machine" as a grateful gift to the vicarage. Perhaps Mr. Penzance would accept it because he would understand what it meant of feeling and "appreciation."

DURING the afternoon, Lord Dunholm had managed to talk a good deal with

Mount Dunstan. In the smoking-room at Dunholm that night he and his son talked of their chance encounter.

"I am not at all proud of the way in which we have taken things for granted," was his father's summing-up. "It is perhaps worth observing,"—taking his cigar from his mouth and smiling at the end of it as he removed the ash,—"that but for Miss Vanderpoel and G. Selden we might never have had an opportunity of facing the fact that we may not have been giving fair play."

XXX

A RETURN

AT the close of a long, warm afternoon, Betty Vanderpoel came out upon the square stone terrace overlooking the gardens and that part of the park which, enclosing them, caused them, as they melted into its greenness, to lose all limitations and to appear to be only a more blooming bit of the landscape.

Upon the garden Betty's eyes dwelt as she stood still for some minutes taking in their effect thoughtfully.

Kedgers had certainly accomplished much. His close-trimmed lawns did him credit; his flower-beds were flushed and azured, purpled and snowed, with bloom. Sweet, tall spires hung with blue or white or rosy flower-bells lifted their heads above the color of lower growths. Only the fervent affection, the fasting and prayer of a Kedgers, could have done such wonders with new things and old. Without assistants he could have done nothing, but he had been given a sufficient number of under-gardeners, and had even managed to inspire them with something of his own ambition and solicitude.

Betty, descending the terrace steps, wandered down the paths between the flower-beds, glancing about her as she went. The place was not the one she had come to a few months ago. Hot-houses, out-buildings, and stables were in repair. Work was still being done in different places. In the house itself carpenters or decorators were enclosed in some rooms and at their business, but exterior order prevailed. In the courtyard, stablemen were at work, and her own groom came forward, touching his forehead. She paid a visit to the horses. They were fine creatures, and when she

entered their stalls, made room for her and whinnied gently, in well-founded expectation of sugar and bread, which were kept in a cupboard awaiting her visits. She smoothed velvet noses and patted satin sides, talking to Mason a little before she went her way.

Then she strolled into the park. She was in a listening and dreaming mood—one of the moods in which bird, leaf, and wind, sun, shade, and scent of growing things, have part. And yet her thoughts were of mundane things.

It was on this avenue that G. Selden had met with his accident. He was still at Dunstan vicarage, and yesterday Mount Dunstan, in calling, had told them that Mr. Penzance was applying himself with delighted interest to a study of the manipulation of the Delkoff.

The thought of Mount Dunstan brought with it the thought of her father. This was because there was frequently in her mind a connection between the two. How would the man of schemes, of wealth and power almost unbounded, regard the man born with a load about his neck—chained to earth by it, standing in the midst of his hungering and thirsting possessions, his hands empty of what would feed them and restore their strength? Would he see any solution of the problem. She could imagine his looking at the situation through his gaze at the man, and considering both in his summing-up.

"Circumstances and the man," she had heard him say; "but always the man first."

Being no visionary, he did not underestimate the power of circumstance. This Betty had learned from him. And what could practically be done with circumstances such as these? The question had begun to recur to her. What could she herself have done in the case of Rosy and Stornham if chance had not placed in her hand the strongest lever? The great, beautiful, blind-faced house awaiting its slow doom in the midst of its lonely, unfed lands! What could save it—and all that it represented of race and name and the stately history of men—but the power one professed to call base and sordid—mere money?

And if a man could not earn money, or go forth to rob richer neighbors of it, as in the good old marauding days, or

accept it if it were offered to him as a gift, what could he do? Nothing. If he had been born a village laborer, he could have earned by the work of his hands enough to keep his cottage roof over him and have held up his head among his fellows. But for such a man as Mount Dunstan there was no mere labor which would avail. He had not that rough honest resource.

BETTY stood, all white from slim shoe to tilted parasol, and either the result of her inspection of the work done by her order or a combination of her summer-day mood with her feeling for the problem had given her a special radiance.

She had paused to look at a man approaching down the avenue. He was not a laborer, and she did not know him. Men who were not laborers, usually rode or drove, and this one was walking. He was neither young nor old, and though at a distance his aspect was not attractive, she found that she regarded him curiously, and waited for him to draw nearer.

The man himself was glancing about him with a puzzled look and knitted forehead. When he had passed through the village he had seen things he had not expected to see; when he had reached the entrance gate and, for reasons of his own, dismissed his station trap, he had looked at the lodge scrutinizingly, because he was not prepared for its picturesque trimness. The avenue was free from weeds and in order; the two gates beyond him were new and substantial. As he went on his way and reached the first, he saw at about a hundred yards' distance a tall girl in white standing watching him. Things which were not easily explainable always irritated him. That this place, which was his own affair, should present an air of mystery did not improve his humor, which was bad to begin with. He had lately been passing through unpleasant things which had left him feeling himself tricked and made ridiculous—as only women can trick a man and make him ridiculous, he had said to himself. And there had been an acrid consolation in looking forward to the relief of venting oneself on a woman who dared not resent.

"What has happened, confound it?" he muttered when he caught sight of the girl. "Have we set up a house-party?"

And then, as he saw more distinctly, "I say! What a figure!"

By this time Betty herself had begun to see more clearly. Surely this was a face she remembered, though the passing of years and ugly living had thickened and blurred somewhat its always heavy features. Suddenly she knew it and the look in the eyes—the look that, as a child, she had unreasoningly hated.

Nigel Anstruthers had returned from his private holiday.

As she took a few quiet steps forward to meet him their eyes rested on each other. After a night or two in town his were slightly bloodshot, and the light in them was not agreeable.

It was he who spoke first, and it is possible that he did not quite intend to use the expletive which broke from him. But he was remembering things also. Here were eyes he, too, had seen before—twelve years ago in the face of an objectionable, long-legged child in New York. And his own hatred of them had been founded, in his own opinion, on the best of reasons. And here they gazed at him from the face of a young beauty; for a beauty she was.

"Damn it!" he exclaimed, "it is Betty!"

"Yes," she answered, with a faint but entirely courteous smile; "it is. I hope you are very well."

She held out her hand. "A delicious hand" was what he said to himself as he took it. And what eyes for a girl to have in her head were those which looked out at him between shadows! Was there a hint of the devil in them? He thought so; he hoped so, since she had descended on the place in this way. But *what* the devil was the meaning of her being on the spot at all? He was, however, far beyond the lack of astuteness which might have permitted him to express this last thought at this particular juncture. He was only betrayed into stupid mistakes, afterward to be regretted, when rage caused him utterly to lose control of his wits. And though he was startled and not exactly pleased, he was not in a rage now. The eyelashes and the figure gave an agreeable fillip to his humor.

"How could one expect such a delightful thing as this?" he said. "It is more than one deserves."

"It is very polite of you to say that," answered Betty.

"May I ask you to excuse my staring at you?" he inquired with what Rosy had called her "awful, agreeable smile."

"When I saw you last you were a fierce, eight-year-old American child. I use the word 'fierce' because—if you'll pardon my saying so—there was a certain ferocity about you."

"I have learned at various educational institutions to conceal it," smiled Betty.

"May I ask when you arrived?"

"A short time after you went abroad."

"Possible did not inform me of your arrival."

"She did not know your address. You had forgotten to leave it."

He had made a mistake, and realized it; but she presented to him no air of having observed his slip.

"When I drove through the village," he said next, "I saw that some remarkable changes had taken place on my property. I feel as if you can explain them to me."

"I hope they are changes which meet with your approval."

"Quite, quite," a little curtly; "though I confess they mystify me. I—though I am the son-in-law of an American multimillionaire—could not afford to make such repairs myself."

A certain small spitefulness which was his most frequent undoing made it impossible for him to resist adding the innuendo in his last sentence. And again he saw it was a folly. The impersonal tone of her reply simply left him where he had placed himself.

"We were sorry not to be able to reach you. As it seemed well to begin the work at once, we consulted Messrs. Townlinson & Shephard."

"We?" he repeated. "Am I to have the pleasure," with a slight wryness of the mouth, "of finding Mr. Vanderpoel also at Stornham?"

"No; not yet. As I was on the spot, I saw your solicitors, and asked their advice and approval—for my father. If he had known how necessary the work was, it would have been done before, for Ughtred's sake." There was in her manner the merest gracious impersonality.

"Do I understand that Mr. Vanderpoel

employed some one to visit the place and direct the work?"

"It was really not difficult to direct. It was merely a matter of engaging lab and competent foremen."

An odd expression rose in his eyes.

"You suggest a novel idea, upon a word," he said. "Is it possible—you say I know something of America—is it possible I must thank you for the working of this magic?"

"You need not thank me," she said rather slowly because it was necessary that she also should think of many things at once; "I could not have helped doing it."

She wished to make all clear to him before he met Rosy. She knew that the unexpendedness of his appearance might deprive Lady Anstruthers of presence of mind.

"I will tell you about it," she said. "We will walk slowly up and down here if you do not object."

He did not object. He wanted to hear the story as he could not hear it from his nervous little fool of a wife. As he listened, he did not lose consciousness of the eyes and the figure. But for these it is probable that he would have gone blind with fury at certain points which forced themselves upon him. The first was that there had been an absurd and immense expenditure which would simply benefit his son and not himself. He could not sell or borrow money on what had been given. Apparently the place had been reestablished on a footing such as it had not rested upon during his own generation or his father's. As he loathed life in the country, it was not he who would enjoy its luxury, but his wife and her child. The second point was that these people—this girl—had somehow had the sharpness to put themselves in the right, and to place him in a position at which he could not complain without putting himself in the wrong.

But while he thought these things, he walked by her side, and both listened and talked, smiling the agreeable smile.

"You will pardon my dull bewilderment," he said. "It is not unnatural, is it—in a mere outsider?"

And Betty, with her beautiful impersonality, said:

"We felt it so unfortunate that even

your solicitors did not know your address."

WHEN at length they turned and strolled toward the house a carriage was drawing up before the door, and at the sight of it Betty saw her companion slightly lift his eyebrows. Lady Anstruthers had been out and was returning. The groom got down from the box, and two men-servants appeared upon the steps. Lady Anstruthers descended, laughing a little as she talked to Ughtred, who had been with her. She was dressed in clear, pale gray, and the soft rose lining of her parasol warmed the color of her skin.

Sir Nigel paused a second and put up his glass.

"Is that my wife?" he said. "Really! She quite recalls New York."

The agreeable smile was on his lips as he hastened forward. He always more or less enjoyed coming upon Rosalie suddenly. The obvious result was a pleasing tribute to his power.

Betty, following him, saw what occurred. Ughtred saw him first, and spoke quick and low.

"Mother!" he said.

The tone of his voice was evidently enough. Lady Anstruthers turned with an unmistakable start. The rose lining of her parasol ceased to warm her color. In fact, the parasol itself slipped aside, and she stood with a blank, stiff, white face.

"My dear Rosalie," said Sir Nigel going toward her, "you don't look very glad to see me."

He bent and kissed her quite with the air of a devoted husband. After the conjugal greeting, he turned to Ughtred.

"You look remarkably well," he said.

Betty came forward.

"We met in the park, Rosy," she explained. "We have been talking to each other for half an hour."

The atmosphere which had surrounded her during the last three months had done much for Lady Anstruthers' nerves. She had the power to recover herself. Sir Nigel himself saw this when she spoke.

"I was startled because I was not expecting to see you," she said. "I thought you were still on the Riviera. I hope you had a pleasant journey home."

"I had an extraordinarily pleasant sur-

prise in finding your sister here," he answered. And they went into the house.

IN descending the staircase on his way to the drawing-room before dinner, Sir Nigel glanced about him with interested curiosity. If the village had been put in order, something more had been done here. Remembering the worn rugs and the bald-headed tiger, he lifted his brows; but the rich sobriety of color and form left no opening for supercilious comment, which was a neat weapon of which it was annoying to be robbed.

The drawing-room was fresh, brightly charming, and full of flowers. Betty was standing before an open window with her sister.

"You know," he said, approaching them, "I find all this very amazing. I have been looking out of my window at the gardens."

"It is Betty who has done it all," said Rosy.

"I did not suspect you of doing it, my dear Rosalie," he said, smiling. "When I saw Betty standing in the avenue, I knew at once that it was she who had mended the chimney-pots in the village and rehung the gates."

For the present, at least, it was evident that he meant to be sufficiently amiable. At the dinner-table he was conversational, and asked many questions, professing a natural interest in what had been done. He did not know how things would turn out, in Betty's case, and it was a little confusing to find oneself watching her with a sense of excitement. He would have preferred to be cool, and he realized that he could not keep his eyes off her.

"I remember with regret," he said to her later in the evening, "that when you were a child we were enemies."

"I am afraid we were," was Betty's impartial answer.

"I am sure it was my fault," he said. "Pray forget it. Since you have accomplished such wonders, will you not, in the morning, take me about the place and explain to me how it has been done?"

WHEN Betty went to her room, she dismissed her maid as soon as possible and sat for some time alone and waiting. She had had no opportunity to speak to Rosy in private, and she was sure she would

come to her. In the course of half an hour she heard a knock at the door.

Yes, it was Rosy, and her newly-born color had fled and left her looking dragged again. She came forward, and dropped into a low chair near Betty, letting her face fall in her hands.

"I am very sorry, Betty," she half-whispered, "but it is no use."

"What is no use?" Betty asked.

"Nothing is any use. All these years have made me such a coward. I suppose I always was a coward, but in the old days there never was anything to be afraid of."

"What are you most afraid of now?"

"I don't know. That is the worst. I am afraid of *him*—just of himself—of the look in his eyes—of what he may be planning quietly. My strength dies away when he comes near me."

"What has he said to you?" she asked.

"He came into my dressing-room and sat and talked. He looked about from one thing to another, and pretended to admire it all, and congratulate me. But though he did not sneer at what he saw, his eyes were sneering at me. He talked about you. He said that you were a very clever woman. I don't know how he manages to imply that a very clever woman is something cunning and debased; but it means that when he says it." She put out a hand and caught one of Betty's.

"Betty, Betty," she implored, "don't make him angry! Don't!"

"I am not going to begin by making him angry," Betty said. "And I do not think he will try to make me angry—at first."

"No, he will not," cried Rosalie. "And—and you remember what I told you when first we talked about him?"

"And do you remember," was Betty's answer, "what I said to you when I first met you in the park? If we were to cable to New York this moment, we could receive an answer in a few hours."

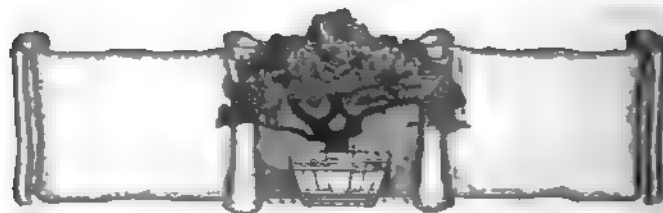
"He would not let us do it," said Rosy. "He would stop us in some way, as he stopped my letters to mother, as he stopped me when I tried to run away. Oh, Betty, I know him, and you do not."

"I shall know him better every day. That is what I must do. I must learn to know him. He said something more to you than you have told me, Rosy. What was it?"

"He waited until Detcham left me," Lady Anstruthers confessed more than half reluctantly. "And then he got up to go away, and stood with his hands resting on the chair-back, and spoke to me in a low, queer voice. He said: 'Don't try to play any tricks on me, my good girl, and don't let your sister try to play any. You would both have reason to regret it.'"

"Ah, if I am a clever woman," Betty said, "he is a clever man. He is beginning to see that his power is slipping away. That speech was what G. Selden would call 'bluff.'"

(To be continued)



SELFISHNESS

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN

Author of "Georgie"

"YOU 're always talking about the 'Things that Matter,' with big capitals," said Rosette, flippantly. "What are the 'Things that Matter,' anyhow? Do you mean the right kind of music, and books, and pictures, and *that* sort of thing, or mere virtues?"

"Not virtues, certainly," said I, with haste.

"Oh!" said Rosette, resting her elbow on her knee, and lifting her curtain of black lashes, to my confusion.

"Yet the question of virtues is interesting," I added quickly, to cover my mistake. "And, Rosette, I should like to know,—you always say how utterly unprincipled you are, don't you?—I should like to know what *you* consider the virtues that matter."

"Well—kindness first," she replied promptly, then lapsed into deep thought. I wished, with a sigh, that this might include a deepened kindness to me, but I was afraid I was hardly in the reckoning. "Kindness and tolerance, and a certain form of sincerity and charity—the kind that judgeth not, you know, and always gives a hand to the undeserving and—" She stopped.

"Unselfishness," I suggested. Rosette shook her head rather forcibly.

"I have my doubts about unselfishness," said she. "More often than not it's selfish to be unselfish."

"Rosette!"

"People do unselfish things generally for purely selfish reasons,—to be liked, or to please themselves,—and it's almost always bad for the other person. It's certainly more blessed to give than to receive, and the unselfish person goes on collecting blessings without giving other people a chance. There's my sister Jane."

"I thought you must be thinking of Jane," I murmured, with ready sympathy.

"Yes," said Rosette, with warm feeling; "Jane's always getting credit for giving up to me, when really, Jerry, half the things she gives up I don't want. And she has an angelic reputation, though I must say, even if I am her sister, that she's got most of it through making generous offers to do things she knows she'll never be allowed to do. When I think of Jane, it makes me rather out of love with unselfishness."

"She's so dull,"—I excused her in the only possible way,—"*she must be something.*"

"Yes," said Rosette; "that's all very well. Aunt Maria told her, years ago, that as she never could be beautiful, she might as well try to be good; but it's very hard on me. For there are times when I want people to think me sweet-natured as well as pretty, and then Jane slips in to guard *her* monopoly."

I laughed.

"If you love people," Rosette went on firmly, "you take a pleasure in doing things for them. *That's* not unselfishness; but I can't move a finger for Daddy or Mother without Jane being jealous and injured. Unselfishness, indeed!"

"It's a point to be considered, certainly," said I.

"My eldest sister, Penelope, thought she was unselfish to leave a comfortable home,—there were n't so many bills, then,—to marry her precious Dick, who was a pauper; but she was purely selfish. She's never been able to do a thing for Jane and me, and every now and then she tries to borrow money from Daddy. He does n't *lend* it to her, of course; but it upsets us all to hear how they never *can* make both ends met."

I was silent, for I had less money even than her cousin Dick, and I wanted to marry Rosette.

"You see, Jerry, life 's a very difficult thing, and even the simplest virtues are complex when you come to look into them, are n't they?"

"I never do," said I, truthfully. "It 's a mistake—like inquiring into motives."

"Well, you beware of unselfishness," said she, with a half-smile. "I have n't noticed any strong leanings in that direction in you yet; but one never—"

"Upon my word," I cried, hurt, "it 's only unselfishness which keeps me from making love to—" her uplifted brows warned me—"from pleading my own cause with you, I mean."

Rosette's smile deepened.

"I 'm glad you point out this feat of self-denial," she said dryly; "I had n't noticed any particular restraint in—"

"Why do I leave Vanderdash to make all the running?" cried I.

"Do you? It 's 'berg,' Jerry, not 'dash.' Write it down."

"Because I 'm unselfish," cried I, hotly. "Because he can afford to keep you in the luxury your sordid little soul loves; because he 's a bloated millionaire; because—"

"Because you can't help it." She flushed a little. "It 's for *me* to decide, after all, you see."

"Oh, Rosette!" I collapsed as usual. She smiled again quite kindly, having made her point.

"Don't you be led away by a false ideal, Jerry. Unselfishness is a snare, you know."

"Rosette!" What did she mean? Could she mean that I was at liberty to meet the man of means on a fair and open field? To forget my heavy handicap? To—oh, no.

"I 'll tell you what a pretty mess can be made of a life's happiness by this precious virtue you admire so much," said she, gravely. "You remember Musette?"

"The little mousey girl with brown eyes?" I asked. "With taking ways, rather? Good little person, was n't she?"

"Yes," said Rosette, doubtfully; "I suppose she *was* good—in a way. She had a passion for reforming young men, and she had such a way with her that five

times out of six *she* succeeded. It used to last, too, quite a long time."

"While they were in love with her?" I suggested unkindly.

Rosette shook her head.

"Don't be flippant, Jerry. *She* really did quite a lot of good in her quiet little way. She called it purifying and ennobling their lives; and there were two of them she was specially proud of, and fond of, too—young Billy Charteris and the Lancaster boy. They both were head over ears in love for her—would have died for her, in fact, and Musette gradually began to return their affections."

"What, both?" I asked.

"One particularly; but she never told any one which it was, and went on with her prim little talk of ideals and higher things, and, most of *all*, of unselfishness. Musette was great on unselfishness, although I never heard that she practised what she preached much in that way,"—Rosette is n't always kind to her own sex,—"*So* she talked, talked, talked of unselfishness, self-denial, self-sacrifice, and those blessed boys drank it all in, and put Musette on a pedestal, like a little white saint, and worshiped her. And although they were rivals, they were still great friends. Did I say they were great friends?"

"No. Go on, Rosette."

Rosette laughed compassionately. "The end of it was," said she, "that those precious boys each gave her up for the sake of the other. She had letters from them both one fatal morning, each saying he 'd sailed for Australia or Canada, and that he hoped she 'd be happy with his friend. Poor Musette!"

"Blithering young idiots!" said I, with feeling.

Rosette sighed.

"I think they were rather dears to do it," said she, "though the motive was absurd. And they were her own prize pupils. But it was hard on Musette. I wonder which *was* the one she—"

"What happened when they came back?" I asked.

"They did n't come back. They liked the life too much to want to come back. And Musette's life was completely wrecked. She 's married to a stock-broker now, and has no ideals left. Poor Musette!"

"I 'm not sure," said I, thoughtfully.

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA

BY OWEN JOHNSON

WITH PICTURES BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

THE advent to the American stage of the Russian actress, Mme. Alla Nazimova, is more than the opening of a great career. It is significant both of the evolution of the drama and the development of the art of dramatic interpretation. For nothing is more significant of the last half-century than the evolution of the art of acting in direct response to the evolution of the drama. The classic and romantic schools (which differed in methods rather than ideas) had produced a school of acting often brilliant and grandiose, but operatic, statuesque and artificial, just as the drama itself was an idealization or a sentimentalization of life. When the realistic school arose, it became imperative that new methods should prevail in the dramatic interpretation. The new drama sought the ruthless facts of life. Eleanora Duse headed the revolt that humanized the art and brought the actress from the pedestal on which she had stood, to suffer and rejoice as a woman of the mold of her own audience.

Mme. Nazimova is of the modern revolution, of the revolt of Duse, but a spirit still rebellious and unappeased. She is the natural interpreter, as she is the child, of the intellectual drama that seeks no longer the facts, but the ruthless ideas of life, and voices the rebellion of the individual mind against the ponderous artificial dogmas of society. In this direction lies the new world both for the drama and for the actress. Mme. Nazimova herself has expressed her ideals in saying: "My ambition is not to make my audience laugh or cry; many actresses can do that. I want to feel that when they go away I have made them think."

Mme. Nazimova did not achieve the rank of a great actress in Russia: her ca-

reer there was too brief. Only twenty-seven, she has been on the stage but seven years, four in Russia, and the last three abroad. Born at Yalta, in the Crimea, in 1879, of well-to-do and cultivated parents, she received an unusual education, showing an early aptitude for a career in music. Graduated with highest honors from the Conservatory at Moscow, where, prophetically, she appeared at her commencement in the title-rôle of Ibsen's *Little Eyolf*, she received the right, by virtue of her gold medal, to pass one year as a student in the Stanislavsky Theater.

This experience undoubtedly had a great influence in shaping her methods. Stanislavsky, probably the greatest stage manager of the present time, had gained inspiration early in life at the Théâtre Antoine in Paris. Under him, Mme. Nazimova became an enthusiast for the bold and the imaginative in stage management. At this time, also, she came under the influence of two actresses, Jane Hading and, later, Eleanora Duse. Hading, from whom she took her first dramatic impulses, she first saw while a student at the Conservatory. In company with a fellow-pupil she went timidly and all in a flutter behind the scenes into the dressing-room of the famous artiste. It was at this first interview that Jane Hading, looking into the eager young face, with its dramatic eyebrows, said to her: "This is the head of an actress."

On leaving Stanislavsky she deliberately refused engagements in Moscow, determined to work out her own ideas in the rigorous schooling of the provinces. For three years, with this single purpose, she rejected repeated offers from Moscow, Kazan and Odessa, continuing to develop her art by producing often five plays a

week, even making her own costumes. She sang in operettas and gave pantomimes and played upward of two hundred parts, from *Trilby* and *L'Aiglon* to the heroines of Shakspeare, Schiller, Dumas, Sardou and Ibsen. With this fund of experience in 1903 she went as leading woman to St. Petersburg.

With the outbreak of riots in Moscow, in the year 1904, virtually every theater in Russia was forced to close, and companies of actors sought their fortunes in other countries. Mme. Nazimova joined Paul Orloff as leading woman and stage-manager, and with a small company went to Berlin, and then to London, presenting "The Chosen People," and meeting with a flattering reception. The next spring they arrived in New York, where their appearance was so profitable that a committee of Russians from the East Side arranged with them to return the next year to a theater of their own.

The venture, owing to divided responsibility, and an ignorance of theatrical exploitation, was doomed from the beginning. In May, 1906, after a year of struggle and often of abject want, the company was sent back to Russia by private subscription. Mme. Nazimova remained, although she could then hardly speak a word of English. The impression she had made was so noteworthy that she had received several offers that opened to her an American career. Such was her daring and confidence that even before the company left she accepted a contract to appear in English seven months later.

Purely as an intellectual feat, her mastery of the English language is remarkable. Beginning her studies on the 20th of June, 1906, she produced Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" five months later, and, two months after, "A Doll's House." Nor was this simply a feat of the memory, for during this time she had so absorbed the language that not only did she herself conduct all the rehearsals, but at the first production of "A Doll's House" she actually phrased the early rambling speeches in her own words, without a serious error. Furthermore, on her visit to New Haven in February, 1907, having received the unprecedented distinction of an invitation to address a class in literature at Yale University,—an honor never before given

to an actress—she discoursed for over an hour on the work of Ibsen, answering questions, as they were propounded to her, with the utmost ease.

Her first appearance as *Hedda Gabler* was made on November 14, at a *matinée* in the Princess Theater in New York. For the first time, as she stepped to the wings preparatory to her entrance, it swept over her that she was going on the stage to speak a new language. For the first half of the opening act she moved through her rôle in a daze. But gradually her assurance returned, and she finished triumphantly. So marked was her success that "Hedda Gabler," although produced under the unfavorable conditions of *matinée* performances, ran for nine weeks.

When the time arrived to produce "A Doll's House," Mme. Nazimova became convinced that the performance would be a failure; nor could she be shaken in this belief. The long, chattering speeches of *Nora* in the opening acts were most difficult for her to memorize, and, besides, the spell of *Hedda Gabler* was too much over her. To the alarm of her friends, this depression continued until the very beginning of the performance. But with her first entrance she seized the character and played it with such authority that she produced the impression of a rendering studied out to the minutest detail. Yet it is literally true that most of her effects were improvised. The reception by the press was unique. Without a discordant note, Mme. Nazimova was acclaimed as the new dramatic force in the succession to Duse and Bernhardt. The next day when the evening papers were brought to her in her dressing-room, she said in wonder, with a doubting smile:

"Well, I almost think I must be a great actress, then—for I felt nothing at all."

In her development of the art of impersonation Mme. Nazimova has shown a new standard to her profession. This is in measure due to an unusually changing and diverse personality, and in measure to her exhaustive research for every possible means of differentiation. As the patrician *Hedda*, her face was long and thinly aristocratic, the sweeping lines of the neck were exposed, the beautiful open forehead was revealed by a strangely effective coiffure of the hair, which was drawn back

and up in a semi-hellenic pyramid. The lips were straight and cruel with a scorn of life, the eyebrows in their thin arches brooded over the eyes that slanted in languid ennui. As the doll-wife *Nora*, she brought her hair down into a guirland of curls over a forehead that was seen only in flashes. The face was full, the eyebrows were ruthlessly shortened, so as no longer to dominate the face, the contour of the eyes was rounded, ready to hold a sudden petulant flood of tears; the nose was tipped saucily in the air, while the lips were full and slightly puckered, ready to tease, to pout, or to beguile, but becoming tragic in the contrast of their childish helplessness when the resolute woman emerges at the end of the play. No wonder that at her entrance as *Nora* the audience was dumfounded and refused to believe that Mme. Nazimova was on the stage. In this transition from *Hedda* to *Nora*, she changed not only in face and in height, but in

every movement and gesture. In *Hedda* she had the problem of transforming her own small stature into a figure of commanding and aristocratic height. She did this not only by lengthening the lines by which the eye is accustomed to take its values, but by carefully planning so that each dramatic moment would find her in a position to dominate the scene.

In *Nora* she reversed this process. She was always on tiptoe, always looking up at her husband or Dr. Rank, while her movements, instead of being languid and dignified, were quick and birdlike. Even her voice, instead of the slow, measured

utterance of *Hedda*, took new tones as she chattered volubly and nervously.

Yet those who have seen her only in these sharply contrasted characters have only a small conception of the extent to which she is able to develop this power of identification. Nowhere have I seen a more authoritative exhibition of this than in her interpretations of "The Sea Gull" and "The Abyss," given in Russian in the

spring of 1906. Here she had to differentiate between the personalities of two young girls of the same age, each going to a tragedy, one through an infatuation, the other by the relentless force of poverty, which finally drives her upon the street. In "The Sea Gull" she came tripping on the stage, a timid and frightened child, making awkward half curtsies, giving her hand with a sudden, bashful movement, each gesture cramped and lacking the freedom of the woman. Her figure was unformed; she seemed afraid of even her own

charms, was alarmed at the impulses of life within her, and lived in a world of illusions and vague romance. In "The Abyss" she was an utterly different young girl. Already half a woman, of steady look and determined movement, schooled by worry and responsibility, yet girlish even in the unnatural, saddened mother-instincts with which she served her stricken father, she was still a girl, but one in whom smoldered the steady stoic flame of martyrdom.

Mme. Nazimova is peculiarly a creative actress. She approaches a rôle with the mind of a dramatist, and seizing the theme



Drawn by Sigismund de Ivanowski

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA AS "HEDDA GABLER"



ALLA NAZIMOVA AS "NORA" IN "A DOLL'S HOUSE"

at once starts to create as well as to interpret. Her imagination is so alert that it is impossible to forget a single detail. Yet this process of constant experimentation is not due to outside studies, since, as it is to the impulse to move in a particular fashion. In *Hedda Gabler* especially, each performance is colored by the particular mood of that extraordinary character, which Mme. Nazimova feels up to the most intimate. Naturally with her everything proceeds from within; her gestures, her business-like movements, her expressions, every prearranged but intuitive and spontaneous are constantly changing so that her performance of a role is always some new surprise.

Her presentation of *Hedda Gabler* excited discussion and debate, yet nowhere perhaps is the justness of her creative interpretation been more evident. *Hedda*, an old and Anglo-Saxon misconception of a German point of view, has been accepted as a woman of cruel and wolfish impulses, venomous and unfeminine. Mme. Nazimova conceives her purely and simply as a woman, almost any woman, born in a cruel and ill-mated, ambitious and ill-fated to a repulsive alliance with a man of a station whom she could not marry and who would give her position and wealth. In other circumstances *Hedda* would have been a power for beauty and good. Her tragedy is the tragedy of circumstances, always accent-

uated by the theme of rebellious motherhood. When *Hedda* offends *Miss Tesman* about her bonnet, it is the thoughtless impulse of an unnaturally excited woman, provoked by the gaucherie of her husband—a mood which she explains to *Judge Brack* when she says that such impulses seize her all of a sudden, and she does not understand them. Ibsen is often misinterpreted because it is not perceived that those of his characters which exert an evil influence do so because of natural conditions which have forced them to it. For his point of view is that evil is primarily produced by circumstance and not by character. *Krogstad* in "A Doll's House," whatever the actor may make

him, is not a villain at all, but a shipwrecked man striving to rehabilitate himself. He has the utmost pity for *Nora*, an understanding of the innocence of her forgery, and a fear that she will be driven to desperate measures. He has no desire to ruin her, but wishes to prevent injustice to himself. The proof is that the tragedy comes not through any intention of vengeance, but that he mistakenly listens to *Mrs. Linden's* advice that the time has come for a complete understanding between *Nora* and her worldly-wise husband.

So keenly does Mme. Nazimova perceive this fundamental conception of humanity that on one occasion it led her



Drawn by Sigmund de Ivanowski

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA AS "HEDDA GABLER"

almost to an overturning of the written directions of Ibsen, while perhaps approaching even nearer the spirit of his idea. At one performance of "Hedda Gabler," when *Lorchberg* is leaving, to end all, such an immense feeling of pity seized her that she actually started to the sofa

Nowhere have I seen this more strikingly exemplified than in the close of the third act of "The Abyss," where *Masha*, driven by poverty, leaves the room to sell herself upon the street. At the first performance she took a slow farewell of the room that had been her home, passing



MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA AS "NORA" IN FANCY COSTUME

to give him the lost manuscript. So intense was this feeling that it was only when, to her horror, she found her hand on the pillow that she managed to control herself, and returned to give him the pistol. It was not simply a bit of acting, but a creative emotion.

In the supreme possession of the technique of her art, her creation of a part seems to begin with the first performance.

From object to object with affectionate despair, and shrink out into the abyss of the city. It was a farewell full of sentiment and innocent youth that moved her audience, but it did not satisfy Mme. Nazimova. On the second performance (as a direct result of which Mr. Shubert made her his offer of management), when the final irresistible moment arrived, she gave one sob, and then nothing more,—as

though all sorrow had died in her with that cry,—flung on her hat, jabbing the hatpins, it seemed, into her own flesh, fastened her coat about her, and with heavy tread shouldered her way straight out of the room, tense and defiant, knocking the door open with a blow of her body. It was a moment that no one who saw it can ever forget.

The stern artistic conscience which at the age of twenty impelled her to adopt the arduous and unremitting service of the provinces, instead of a brilliant and facile opening in Moscow, is apparent in everything Mme. Nazimova does. At every point she has made her artistic decisions without compromise and without reckoning the future hardship. The personal consideration of her own charm never even presents itself to her deliberation. Curiously enough, her one appearance while studying stage-management at Stanislavsky's was in the rôle of a hag of sixty, in a scene of famine. It was but a moment of frenzy and despair; but so vivid was the characterization of age and starvation that, though the part was only episodic, criticism of the play marked the incident for comment and appreciation.

In the interpretation of *Nora*, she did not hesitate a moment to sacrifice ruthlessly the beautiful lines and sweeping grace which she had shown as *Hedda*. Nor did anything please her more than to learn the effective results of her bourgeois characterization. One person who saw her for the first time as *Nora*, said in amazement: "How extraordinary it is that she can produce such effects! Why, she is an actress who has neither beauty, nor a good figure, nor graceful movements." When this was repeated to Mme. Nazimova she clapped her hands in delight and exclaimed, "Now, that is the finest compliment I have ever received!"

From the unusual richness of her gifts, Mme. Nazimova is still in a period of experimentation. It is a period of transcendent youth and force, sometimes of too much exuberance and too much vitality, for she has such an abundance of means that she can produce her greatest effects in a dozen different ways. It is for this reason a period filled with a thousand brilliant sketches, from which later the final legacies of her art will be drawn. The one note that is steadfast, constantly growing more insistent, dominating and disciplining the rest, is the note of intellectuality. The great moments—the moments significant of her future—are those where suddenly the amazing virtuosity disappears, and the calm, clear intellect seizes the supreme idea and illuminates it with a prophetic vision. Such a moment marked the dawn of a soul in *Nora*, and again that awful humiliation when *Hedda Gabler*, about to kill herself, stands looking down at her husband and *Ther*, and suddenly realizes that this insignificant woman is destined to inspire her husband, as she formerly had inspired *Lovborg*.

Interesting as are the speculations as to the future of a career that has developed amazingly at the age of twenty-seven, the fact of vital consequence to us is the effect such a force will produce on our drama and our stage, which until now, due no doubt to an exhausting period of commercial struggle, have been content to be simply a source of relaxation and diversion to a public in need of a tonic. For here at last, at the dawn of an era of mental hunger, is a force intensely modern and revolutionary, whose coming has given us an intellectual medium capable of speaking to the minds of men.



COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

v

JACK GALBRAITH replied to Mr. Mar's letter by return of post. He apologized for not writing more at length, but he was up to his eyes in proof-correcting. He was seeing through the press ("Yes, yes; but all that was singularly irrelevant") book about his experiences ("hum! hum!"), extreme northern Siberia ("*Siberia*, forsooth!"); no white man had ever been in before. ("And to think he *might* have spent that time in Alaska!") He was making a genuine contribution to science; oh, yes, quite so; most travelers too imperfectly equipped. ("He could n't have had my letter when he wrote this.") The implication was, of course, that Galbraith's own equipment left nothing to be desired. He even touched airily upon his claims to be considered geographer as well as navigator, electrician, geologist, philologist, biologist, and the Lord knows what beside. Yes, Jack had a large way of envisaging human endeavor, especially his own. But certainly their letters had crossed. He had covered areas in science never before exploited by a single man. The result Mar should presently see. For Galbraith would leave word that a copy of the great work should be sent to his old friend. It would be two years before he himself could see the thing in book form. What's this? "Off again, to join an expedition!" He was going to the Arctic, as Mar was recommending. Not precisely to Norton Bay, but ("Then he *had* got the letter!") with the Swedish explorer Nordenskjöld, to see if by good luck they could find the North Pole. And why should n't they come home via Norton Bay? he asked with irresponsible arrogance, adding characteristically: "I 'll mention it to the

Swede. Perhaps we 'll crawl over the crown of the world and coast down the shore of Alaska till we come up against your Anvil Rock. If we do, I promise to go and see after the gold mine for you. Thank you for saying I 'm to have my share; but thank you most of all for telling me such a mighty fine story when I was a kid. It had a great deal to do with the shaping of my ambition and the direction of my multifarious studies."

And this was Galbraith's good-by.

THESE events had taken place nearly two years before Bella Wayne began her meteoric career at the Valdivia School for Young Ladies.

If Hildegarde had recovered somewhat from her disappointment at Jack's failure to visit California, her father had not ceased silently to lament, and secretly to condemn Galbraith's wounding flippancy in his choice of a route to Alaska.

When Madeleine Smulsky's family took her away to live in Wyoming, Hildegarde would have been even more desolate but for her espousal of Bella Wayne's cause, and consequent preoccupation with that not altogether satisfactory protégée.

For Miss Bella had "ways" that were distinctly rasping. She was abominably selfish, and her big family of brothers and sisters had spoilt her from the day she could toddle.

She was, besides, the uncomfortable kind of little girl in whose eyes you always saw reflected whatever was amiss with you. You might have on a hat of ravishing beauty, but if your belt had worked up and your skirt had worked down, Bella's glance ignored your highly satisfactory top and fastened on your middle. Not until after she had known Bella Wayne for some months did Hildegarde

begin to divine her own shortcomings in the matter of dress. No gulf of years or respect for high standing in the school deterred Bella from letting Miss Mar know that she could never, never wear with success a checked shirtwaist. Why not? Because. And for the same excellent reason Miss Mar must have her things made plainer. No puffing, no shirring. "*I* can wear fluffery, but you can't. You're much too like an old goddess, or Boadicea, or some whacking person like that," which was tepid and discreet in comparison with many of her deliverances. She would ask you a highly inconvenient question as soon as wink, and her own frankness was a thing to make you cold down your back. An eye that nothing escaped, the keenest of little noses for a secret, a ruthless finger for any sensitive spot—that was Bella Wayne at twelve. It was the second time that she was being so kindly helped by Miss Hildegard, and yet more than at the reduction of "those disgusting fractions" Bella looked at her new friend, bent so low over the slate that her sole ornament, a silver locket, swung against the dado of dragons without whose scaly support Bella could never hope to bring her mind down to mathematics for a moment. She reflected that she had never seen Miss Mar without that locket. Was there anything inside it? Her small fingers itched to open it and see. It was suspended round the smooth neck on a narrow velvet ribbon. Bella, supposed to be following the course of reasoning by which it was to be demonstrated that "since 100 pounds of coal cost \$0.33 per hundred-weight, 385 pounds (which are equal to 3.85 times 100 pounds) will cost 3.85 times \$0.33," she was in reality making mental calculation of a quite different character, as she studied the little black velvet bowknot that rested on the milk-white nape of Miss Mar's neck just underneath a flaxen ring of hair. One end of the bow was longer than the other.

"Five times three are fifteen. Five and carry one—see, Bella?"

"Yes." What Bella saw, with that look of luminous intelligence, was that the silver locket was sliding into Miss Mar's lap.

"Eight times three—oh!" But before Hildegard could close her fingers on the

fallen trinket, Bella had snatched it up and carried it away behind the syringas.

"Give me back my locket!" called Hildegard. "Give it back this minute!"

Bella made off to a remoter fastness. Hildegard pursued her. But Hildegard never could catch anybody, and Bella was already the champion runner of the school. "Bella, I never show that to anybody. I won't forgive you if you open it."

"Oh, I *must* see why you say that!"

Bella stopped and tried the fastening. Hildegard rushed at her, but Bella fled at each approach. At last the big girl stopped breathless, and tried moral suasion. The little girl only laughed, and standing just out of reach, had the effrontery to open the locket and make unseemly comment upon what she found within.

"My gracious! *Is n't* he a sweet? Where does he live? Does he go to church? I'm sure *I've* never seen this bee-yew-tiful young man before. Girls, do you want to look at Miss Mar's sweetheart? Come and see this darling duck!" She summoned the laughing group that had been looking on.

But Bella only pretended to show them. Every time anybody came near, she covered the face with her thumb. But Hildegard, lacking the small satisfaction of knowing that, worn out with the race, and scarlet with indignation, breathless, outraged, pursued the fleet little villain from group to group, and, after the bell rang, from garden to hall. In vain.

When Bella appeared at the breaking up of school that day, and restored the locket, Miss Mar received it in a lofty silence, refusing even to look at a little girl so ill-mannered and ungrateful.

But the next day Bella, much subdued by one of her recurrent attacks of homesickness, red-eyed, a little pinched-looking and weebegone, begged pardon so prettily that Miss Mar's heart was melted.

"And I did n't really show it to the others. Ask anybody. I would n't do *that*. Oh, no!" And then betraying the true ground of this pious self-control, she asked: "Is it your brother?"

"No." Hildegard bent her head over the slate.

"Who is it?"

"A friend of my father's."

"Do you love him dreadfully?"



THE TWO GIGGLERS IN FRONT OF THE CONFIDENT YOUNG LADY LOOKING
OUT OF THE SILVER LOCKET (SEE PAGE 40)

"Of course not. I never saw him."

"What makes you wear his picture?"

"I only put it in the locket because I had n't anything else the right size. That 's all."

"Then why did you make such a fuss when I—"

"Because I thought it very rude of you to look into somebody else's locket without permission. And it *might* have been something that mattered."

There was that in the unconverted look on the little face which made Hildegarde hot to her ear-tips.

But Bella said not a word, and only smiled with that returning interest in life that so readily revives in the breast of the shrewd observer. And without a "please" or a "will you?" Bella handed the big girl her slate, with its two days' accumulation of fractions and dragons. Hildegarde's sensibilities were once more so outraged that for a moment she hesitated to accept the task so coolly put upon her.

"I believe you 're a little monster," said Miss Mar in her slow way. "I don't see why I should trouble myself about you or your arithmetic."

"I know why," returned Bella, unmoved.

"Why?"

"Because you 're the nicest of all the big girls."

Hildegarde tried to conceal the fact that she was somewhat softened by this tribute. "I 'm not really the nicest," she said, trying to be modest.

"Well, perhaps you 're not the nicest, but you 've got the longest eyelashes. It 's a good thing they are n't as light as your hair, is n't it?"

"Well, I don't know. Five into—"

"Yes, you do; you know you 'd cry your eyes out if your winkers were as nearly white as your hair is. What do you do to make your eyelashes so long?"

"Nothing. Now pay attention. You reduce thirty-three and a third to thirds, and—"

"Did your mother keep them cut when you were a baby?"

"No, silly."

"I believe she did." The next day Miss Bella appeared without eyelashes. Every individual hair snipped close to the lid.

"I mean to have mine just like Miss

Mar's," she told the group gathered about Hildegarde's desk. "Hers are so immense they *trail*. I 'm sure they must get awfully in the way sometimes."

"Then I wonder you run such a risk. You 'd better have left yours as they were."

"Oh, if mine grow out as long as *that*, of course I shall braid them and tie them up with blue ribbons."

But it was not always admiration to which she treated her patron.

She was once twitted quite, groundlessly with feeling herself obliged to mind Miss Mar.

"Yes," she said, laughing a little wickedly, "I *must*, you see. She 's so massive. Just look at her shoulders. Look at her hips. Even her hair is massive. See what wobs it goes into." This conversation took place in the cloak-room. "Everything about her is so big it scares a little person like me. Look at that hat. You 'd know it must belong to Miss Mar. If it was anybody else's, it would be a parasol. But you can tell it 's a hat because it 's got an elastic instead of a stick. And just look at the size of that elastic. Why, it 's as broad as my garter."

Now and then she would startle Hildegarde's self-possession by an outburst of torrential affection. And so it came about that, in spite of Bella's blithe impertinence, Hildegarde, even in those early days, thought of her with sympathy as a lonely little being who was in reality very grateful for a big girl's friendship. She would follow at Hildegarde's heels like a pet dog, walk with her down to the gate every day after school, and invent one ingenious pretext after another to keep Hildegarde standing there a moment longer. Sometimes when at last she said good-by, there was not regret alone, but tears in Bella's pretty eyes.

"It must have been a little girl at boarding school that found out Friday was an unlucky day," she announced on one occasion. "It 's the miserablest, blackest day of the week. Yes, it is, Miss Mar. It 's just hellish."

"Why, Bella Wayne! what *awful* language!"

"Well, you have to get hold of awful language when you 're thinking of an awful thing. All to-night and all to-morrow, and all to-morrow night, and all

Sunday, and all Sunday night, to live through before I see you again!" The small face worked with suppressed emotion, the small mind with suppressed arithmetic. Both eventually found outward expression: "Sixty-six hours!" she said, while two tears rolled out of her eyes, "Sixty-six hours till you 're back here again. I don't honestly think I can bear it this time. I shall die. I know I shall. I feel very strange already. Would you care if I died? W-would you come to the funeral?" she choked. "W-what would you wear? You 'd look p-perfectly bee-yew-tiful in black. Do wear black! Oh, I *wish* I was dead! It would be so nice to see how you look in black."

Hildegarde was touched to find how wildly delighted the homesick little girl was at the idea of being invited to spend Saturday afternoon at the Mars. A little anxious, too, was Miss Mar, lest the occasion should not come up to such ecstatic expectation. Not that the Mar house was at all the forlorn and dingy place it had been in the days when Mrs. Mar struggled alone with a scant income and three babies. The general impression was that the Mar boys already contributed generously to the family resources. But the fact was that their mother was ingeniously making the very most of what "the Boys" added to the common purse. The amount was as yet quite trifling—"of necessity," she would have added, for they were both young men who looked ahead. But it was really to Hildegarde that the little house owed its air of immaculate freshness and good taste. If she could n't play or sing, she could paint—bookshelves, the floors, even the woodwork. Several years ago she proved that she could paper a room. She managed to cover the old furniture with charming chintz "for a song," and she made curtains out of nothing at all. No one could arrange flowers better or grow them half so well. When she was given money for her clothes, she often spent it on something for the house. Not fully realizing her genius for domestic affairs, she told herself that the reason she did all this was to make the house pretty "for when Jack comes back." He might arrive quite suddenly. He did everything without warning. She might come home from school

any day to find him here! Oh, it lent a wonderful zest to life to remember that.

Bella was pleased to like Miss Mar's garden immensely, but even more she liked Miss Mar's room, with its white curtains and dimity-covered toilet-table, and the scant and simple furniture that looked so nice and fresh since Hildegarde had herself enameled it. When the little visitor looked round with that quick-glancing admiration and said: "Oh, it 's much prettier than mine at home!" "What 's yours like?" asked Miss Mar, politely.

"Oh, it 's all blue silk, and I 'm sick of it. What made you think of having everything white?" Bella asked.

"This, I believe," said her hostess, nodding at the white climbing-rose that looked in at the window. "But it 's partly that I like things that wash and that don't fade."

"Well, I simply love your house. I 'd no *idea* it would be like this."

"Why—what did you think it would be like?"

"Oh—a—kind of—no, I shan't say. You 'd misunderstand."

Hildegarde felt it prudent not to insist. If one did, with this young person, one was exposed to the most horrifying results.

"Who are these?" Bella demanded, inspecting the pictures.

"My brothers. That 's Trenn and this is Harry."

"Will they be at tea?"

"No, they 're on a ranch in ——— County."

"Why, *we 've* got a ranch in ——— County!" She was still looking round, as if expecting to find something that as yet escaped her. "Where 's—where—a—show me your—your ribbons and things."

"I have n't got any. We can't afford ribbons in this family."

"Let me see your collars and ties, then." Hildegarde opened her top drawer. In the course of turning over collars and handkerchiefs and little boxes, the silver locket came to light.

"Why don't you wear it any more?"

"Oh—I don't know."

Bella leaned her head, with its halo of short brown curls, against her friend, and very softly she beguiled her: "Please,

Miss Mar, show me that friend of your father's again."

Hildegarde hesitated a moment, and then she opened the locket. Jack Galbraith's face smiled out upon the big girl and the little girl.

"Did you say you had n't ever seen him?"

"No; he has n't been here for sixteen years. Not since he was a little boy. And he might have been here always, because he was an orphan and his father was my father's greatest friend. But some relations of his that nobody had ever heard of before discovered him when he was nine, and made him come to New York and live with them. But he did n't like it. At least—I don't know—mother thinks *they* did n't like it."

"Why does she think that?"

"Because they let him go away to school. And he spent his vacations boating, climbing mountains, and doing all sorts of queer things rather than live with his relations. Then he went to Harvard, and then he went abroad and studied. He's always studying."

"Gracious! what makes him do that?"

"Oh, he wants to find out about everything. And he's doing it. He's written a book with things in it nobody ever heard of before. Father says it's a work of genius. Mr. Galbraith was coming here two years ago, when he'd finished the book, only just then—"

"I did n't think," Bella interrupted with a sigh—"I did n't think, from his picture, he was so awful old."

"He is n't. He's barely twenty-five."

But Bella shook her head. "If a person's over twenty, he might just as well be a hundred."

"Yes, ordinary people. But it does n't matter *how* old a genius is. Father's awfully excited about Mr. Galbraith just now, for he's been away a year and a half on an Arctic expedition, and we're expecting him back next summer. We may be hearing from him any day after the middle of June. Father and I often talk about it when we're alone together."

"Why don't you talk about it when there's anybody there?"

"Oh, mother's always so down on Mr. Galbraith."

"What's she down on him for?"

"Oh—just because he wants to discover the North Pole."

"Well, don't you think yourself that's rather—"

"No, I don't."

"Not to be wasting two whole years in just hunting round for the Pole? What's the good of the Pole, anyway?"

Hildegarde smiled a smile of superiority.

"My geography," Bella invoked authority that even a big girl must respect—"my geography says—"

"You're too young to understand. It's not the Pole. It's the glory."

"What glory?"

"Nobody's ever yet got there."

"Why *should* anybody! Lots of nicer places."

"A great many people have tried. A good many have died trying."

"Well, that's a good reason for not bothering about it any more."

"You're just like—" but filial respect restrained Miss Mar. "I agree with Mr. Galbraith. He thinks there's nothing in the world half so interesting to do."

"He *must* be silly."

"No, he is n't. He's splendid." But Hildegarde snapped the locket to, and hid it under her best handkerchiefs.

The following Saturday, when Bella asked again to see the locket, Miss Mar declined to bring it out. Bella begged in vain. She discovered that her big, gentle friend could be immovable.

To Hildegarde's dismay, Bella presently dissolved in tears. "Then may I s-see the work of g-genius?"

"Yes, you may look at his book all you like." She even let Bella take it away with her to tide her over Sunday. But Mr. Galbraith's "Winter Among the Samoyedes" had small success with Miss Wayne. "They make me sick, those people! I can't think how anybody likes hearing about their dirty ways," and she even cast reflections on Jack for wasting his time over such "horrors." However, there was another side to it. "What a relief it'll be to him to be with *us* after the Samoyedes!"

"With *us*!" Hildegarde smiled inwardly.

Sitting by the rose-framed window one Saturday afternoon, talking as usual about Mr. Galbraith and how soon he

might be expected back from the Pole, Bella suddenly burst out: "I 'm tired to death of saying 'Miss Mar. I *do* wish you 'd let me call you Hildegarde."

The big girl's breath was taken away. For the gulf between twelve and sixteen is a thing hardly passable in that stronghold of class distinction, a girls' school. It was rare indeed that one of Miss Mar's ripe age stooped to help a little girl over a difficulty in her lessons. It required something of the missionary spirit to take such pity upon homesickness as to give her occasionally the great treat of visiting a big girl on Saturday afternoon; but really to go to the length proposed—

"I sha'n't believe you really love me," the little girl rushed on, "unless you say yes. Oh, do say yes! *Everything* depends on it. I 'll promise always to say Miss Mar before people. But if you 'll let me call you Hildegarde when we 're alone, I 'll *know* you 're my best friend. And then I 'll tell you a secret. I 'll tell you two. Tremendous secrets!"

It was finally arranged.

"Now for the tremendous secrets," said Hildegarde, smiling.

But Bella was portentously grave, even agitated. "Well," she said, bracing herself, "my father 's an Englishman. Don't tell anybody. Cross your heart and hope you may die if ever you tell the girls."

"All right. Cross my heart and hope I may die. But how in the world—"

"It is n't my fault, you see. And I 'm an American all right. I 've always wanted to explain to you ever since you were so angelic about my fractions. It 's because my father 's an Englishman I have to eat milk pudding. Over there,"—Bella flicked a small hand across the American continent, and over the Atlantic deep, to indicate an inconsiderable island where the natives persist in strange customs—"Over there they all do it. Of course the minute I 'm of age I shall insist on pie." They discussed the matter in all its bearings.

"Now about the other secret."

"Well—" even the daring Bella caught her breath and paused. "No, not to-day. I 'll keep the tremendousest one for another time. But *do* get out the silver locket, *dear* Hildegarde—and let 's look at it."

Ultimately she prevailed. The next

time Bella came she found a delightful surprise. The low table was cleared of everything but bowls of roses, and against the white wall great ferns printed plain their tall and splendid plumes, leaving free a little space in the middle where, on a gilt nail, hung the open locket.

Bella was delighted with the whole scheme. "It only wants one thing to make it perfect. No, I won't tell you what it is. I 'll bring it next Saturday."

"It" proved to be a paper of Chinese joss sticks, and a little bronze perforated holder. "We must each burn one to him every week," she said, setting up her contribution below the dangling locket.

"I don't quite know if we ought," Hildegarde said. "Joss sticks are prayers, you know—at least the Chinese think so."

"Well, of course they 're prayers. That 's why I brought them."

While the two joss sticks sent up into the rose-perfumed air faint spirals of an alien fragrance, the two girls sat in front of the confident young face looking out of the silver locket, and talked endlessly about the owner.

Hildegarde found it subtly intoxicating to have so keen an auditor—a sharer even (to the humble extent possible for extreme youth) in the great pivotal romance of existence.

And then Bella had such wonderful inspirations. It was she who saw the larger fitness in Mr. Mar's habit of going fishing on Saturday afternoons. What was that but an arrangement of the gods that he should be so effectually out of the way that Hildegarde might with safety borrow from his desk the Galbraith letters. Sitting close together on a square of Japanese matting, in front of the rose table, an anxious ear listening for Mrs. Mar's return from the Missionary Meeting, the dark head leaned against the fair, while the two girls read and re-read those precious documents, in an atmosphere charged with incense and a palpitating joy. One day, arrived regretfully at the end of the letter they liked best, Bella bent and kissed the signature. Hildegarde's heart gave a great jump. The daring of that deed was well-nigh impious. Hildegarde, when all by herself, had done the same thing, but that was different.

"Now you know my other secret," said

Bella, very pink—"the tremendousest one of all." When the first shock had died away, Hildegard was left with a pitiful tenderness before the disarming frankness of such a confession. Poor little Bella! Why, Jack did n't even know of her existence! He never would, till in some rare idle hour of the glorious future, Hildegard should tell him of a little homesick girl she had befriended once at school.

But Bella could be depended on to break in upon such gracious forecasting of the future with a suddenness that made the picture dance: "Which of us two do you suppose Jack 'll fall in love with?"

Hildegard, almost paralyzed by the presumption this implied, barely managed to bring out: "You're much too little to think of—"

"I sha'n't be little always."

"You 'll always be more than twelve years younger than Mr. Galbraith." Hildegard always said Mr. Galbraith when she wanted to keep the intruder at a distance.

But Bella advanced as bold as brass: "*Anyhow*, I think he 'll fall in love with me."

"Of course a person so modest would be likely to appeal to any gentleman."

"No; it's not my being modest he'd mind about. It's other things."

"What other things?"

"Well—you—of course—you've got your eyelashes, and you're in the full bloom of womanhood. But *I'm* in the first blush of youth. I think he 'll like that best."

It was the second Saturday in June, and school was breaking up next week. Mrs. Mar had finished off the Braut von Messina in the dining-room, and barely begun with the Hindu Mission on the other side of the city. Hildegard had retired to her room to watch not for Bella's coming (the window did not command the front), but for Mr. Mar's going down the garden with rod and creel. What made him so dilatory to-day? While Hildegard wondered, Bella came flying in, shut the door with agitated care, faced about with cheeks of crimson, hat over one ear, and the whisper: "Hildegard, I've seen him! I've seen him! Oh, Hildegard, he's here!" Wherewith she precipitated herself upon her friend's neck and hugged her breathlessly.

"Who? Who?"

"Why, *he*. *He's* here—the only man I ever loved!"

Hildegard took the dancing dervish by the shoulders. "You don't mean"—

"Yes, yes. I do. He came in just before me. He's perfectly glorious. Just to look at him makes you feel—makes you think you've got a windmill shut up inside you. Everything goes whirling round. And when he asked (Bella lowered her pipe to a masculine depth), "Is Mr. Mar at home?" it sounded so beautiful I thought for a moment he was talking poetry. Oh, Hildegard, *Hildegard!*" Again she sunk her ecstasy to whispering as she followed her friend out into the hall. Together they hung over the bannisters. The visitor was talking more poetry, apparently, in the dining-room. The two girls stayed suspended there an eternity. At last with thumping hearts, upon Bella's suggestion, they went down into the entry. "We 'll pretend to be putting on our overshoes. I 'll have Mrs. Mar's!" whispered Bella, excitedly, ignoring the fact that the continued fine weather and dusty streets lent an air of eccentricity to the proceeding. She stopped after drawing on one big overshoe, and shuffled softly to the dining-room door. She put her eye to the keyhole. No use. Notwithstanding Hildegard's whispered remonstrance, she glued her ear to the aperture. The door was suddenly opened, and Miss Bella fell sidewise into the arms of an astonished young man, who said: "Hello! what's this?"

Hildegard, drowned in sympathetic confusion, helped Bella to regain her equilibrium, while she muttered the explanation, "Overshoes!"

"This is my daughter Hildegard, Mr. Cheviot," said Mr. Mar, "and this is our little friend Bella Wayne."

"*Ch—Cheviot!*" stuttered the little friend.

The young man with the laughing eyes said: "Anything wrong with the name?" and having shaken hands with "my daughter Hildegard" he departed.

"Did you say his name was Cheviot?" Hildegard asked her father.

"Yes. The new recruit at the bank. Seems to be an intelligent sort of fellow."

With ease and celerity Miss Bella trans-

ferred her affections from a faded photograph, a packet of letters, and a book of travels, to a real live young man with a square jaw that looked as if he meant business, but with a ready laugh, too, as if the business were not without its diverting aspect. Then he had rough brown hair that "fitted" him. Bella would have told you this was a rarity, most people's beginning too far back from the forehead, or growing too much away from the ears, leaving them with a bare and naked look. Or it grew in a peak. Or it did n't grow low enough on the neck and was like a badly made wig that had slipped forward. Or, worse than anything, it forgot to stop and grew down into the collar, like Professor Altberg's, prompting the irreverent Bella to whisper to her neighbor (while the grave instructor was sitting with head bent over a Latin exercise): "How far do you think it goes? Do you suppose he's hairy *all* down his back?"

However that might be, Cheviot's hair fitted him. Moreover, he had in Bella's estimation a fascinating, if somewhat mocking, air toward little girls, and he helped one little girl gallantly through the dismal Sundays by the simple process of sitting in church where she could watch him. Once in a while, in coming out Bella would catch his eye, and he would laugh and give her a nod. On the rare occasions of his encountering Miss Bella at the Mars', he never failed to stop and mimic her first greeting: "I'm 'Ch-Cheviot' you know. Now, what's the matter with that name?" Which was vastly entertaining, not to say "taking."

John Galbraith came back to America that autumn, but he stayed in the East.

Bella did n't much care what he did now, for she was thirteen, and, in spite of the ugliness of their Hindu protégée, Miss Wayne had joined the Busy Bees. That was because Hildegarde had told her that Louis Cheviot went to their dances. Bella saw at once the fitness of her doing the same. The result was that she seldom waltzed less than twice with the new hero, who, it must be admitted, was a better batsman than dancer. But nobody could help "getting through" with Bella for partner, for she danced divinely. Cheviot should have been better pleased to get her for a partner; but it

was plain that he was unduly preoccupied about "my daughter Hildegarde." Several of the young men were. Bella told herself, with a consciousness of native worth, that she had never minded in the least before. But this was different. She made up her mind that if "Ch—Cheviot" goaded her much further by this display of misplaced devotion, she would just take the misguided young man aside some day and talk to him "as a friend."

She would tell him about Jack Galbraith.

VI

BELLA WAYNE's father had been in the royal navy. His health had given way about the same time as his patience on the vexed question of non-promotion. He retired from the service, went with his American wife and family to California on a visit, became enamoured of the climate, bought a place, and settled there. The three youngest of his seven children were born in Tulare County, but for him "home" was still England, however ungrateful. They all went back every second year to visit his father in Staffordshire, and when Bella's two sisters found English husbands, there were three reasons for the recurrent visit to the old country. The eldest son, Tom Wayne, had made a fortune on the New York stock exchange and married a girl belonging to one of the old Knickerbocker families. Tom's country house on Staten Island proved highly convenient as a half-way station between England and California. Mrs. Tom was a very charming person, and a considerable part of Bella's satisfaction in going abroad lay in the chance it presented of being a few days on Staten Island on the way over and back. Nevertheless, as she never failed to tell Hildegarde on her return, there was no place to be compared with California, no friend and no "in-law" who could make up to her for being away from Hildegarde, and, she might have added, from the neighborhood of that obdurate creature with the cold blue eyes and the colder heart, Louis Cheviot. Those who thought about it at all were surprised that the friendship of the two girls was not more interrupted upon Hildegarde's graduating from the school when Bella was less than fifteen. Not

upon community of tasks, but rather upon something essential in the nature of each, had their alliance been founded—kept vital by wants in each that the other could supply, excesses in each that the other helped to modify. They themselves thought their relation had its deeper roots in a conviction of the peculiar sanctity of girls' friendships—a creed to which Hildegard's fidelity effected Miss Bella's actual adhesion only by degrees and with notable backslidings.

But even in early days Bella felt it was highly distinguished to stand in this relation to one who thought and talked about it as Hildegard did. Had n't she said in that soft, deliberate way of hers that it was capable of being one of the most beautiful things in all the beautiful world? It was something, she said, no man knew anything about. Why, they presumed to doubt its possibility even! Ah, they should have known Hildegard Mar and Bella Wayne! Men believed that all girls were, at heart, jealous of all other girls. They thought meanly of the sex. They pointed to David and Jonathan, to Orestes and Pylades, to instances innumerable of men's faithfulness to men. But what bard or legend celebrates woman's friendship as towards woman? Well, you see, all the chroniclers since the beginning of the world have been of the scoffers' sex. That was why women's friendships had never been celebrated, though men said the real reason was—oh, they spoke blasphemies! And they had n't known Hildegard and Bella. It was Hildegard's theme, but Bella agreed to every word. Yes, yes; *their* friendship would show the world.

For qualities alien to her own, Hildegard came to look upon her little friend with an adoring admiration. Bella's wit and Bella's originality, Bella's entire "mode of being," were at once a tonic and delight. Then, too, behind her provoking charm was a finished daintiness, which with her became elevated into a special quality, distinctive, all-pervading—a certain strangeness of fragility, a physical fineness like the peculiar fineness of a flower, a something suggesting evanescence, and having the subtle pathos of the thing that may not, cannot bide.

It would have been hard to say which was of most use to the other in making

clearer the riddle of life, or more radiant the beauty of the world, or more wonder-waking the mystery of a young girl's heart. They read and walked and talked and worked together, paying their vaunted friendship a finer tribute than words, however honestly uttered; for they grew in each other's company.

The younger, too, was cured of certain of her more inadmissible "ways," while the elder learned from Butterfly Bella many a thing besides the art of making the most of her beauty.

Not that Hildegard despised this last. She had none of the comfort of knowing it was part of her largeness of nature that she should take more easily to beautifying her home than to making the best of herself. Indeed, to the end of time, she required guidance in matters of dress. And who was so well qualified as Miss Bella to give advice? She went further. With her own ingenious little hands she made the most becoming of shirtwaists, trimmed heavenly hats, and firmly forbade fripperies.

"No, no; they're not for the massive." She applauded her friend for not wearing trinkets. She did n't like to see her even with her maternal grandmother's emerald brooch. "No, I don't like you in frills of any sort. They're too insignificant for you. You ought to wear ropes of pearls, or a tiara of diamonds, or, better still, something barbaric. What's *one* little ladylike emerald set in diamond chips? Why, it can't even be seen—on you. Of course the emerald's a pretty little stone, and the old setting's nice. It would shine out on me; but—well, it's simply *lost*, you know, on your vast neck."

Hildegard deplored her size. She carried it even with a sense of heroism, just as she bore with her lack of elegant accomplishments. It was pretty terrible to have to put up with being such a great lump, especially with the ethereal Bella always by to point the advantage of the opposite. Still, there was no blinking the facts. "You're right, I believe: frills of any sort *are* rather wasted on me," Hildegard would say meekly. "I must have felt that when I hardly ever wore them, though I liked them. It takes you, Bella, to explain things."

Nothing was ever allowed to come in the way of their spending their Saturday

afternoons together, and if, as time went on, less was heard about Jack from Hildegard, it was only because so very much more was heard about Cheviot from Bella.

It was a difficult moment when two girls with such lofty ideas of friendship met for the first time after Cheviot had said to Hildegard at a dance: "When are you going to begin to care for me?"

She had been so taken by surprise that she had only smiled and said, "I don't know." But she thought hardly less of Bella at the moment, than she thought of Jack. So the next time that Bella remarked by the way: "Is n't he perfectly fascinating?" Hildegard had hesitated, and she, yes, she was actually getting red. Bella stared. "Why are you coming to—to—"

"No—oh, no! Only—"

"Only what?"

"It 's dreadfully hard, but I have n't forgotten our compact. So I suppose I 've got to tell you what—what he said to me last night."

Bella received the information with a half-hysterical pretence of carrying it off gaily. "Well, what 's there new in that? As if every soul in Valdivia has n't known for perfect ages that he cares about you frightfully. I don't mind you. Because you 're Hildegard; and any man who did n't love you must—well, there must be something pretty wrong about him. I shall give him a whole year—may be even two—to go on like that, and then when I 'm sixteen, or seventeen at the latest, I won't have it any longer."

Hildegard, greatly relieved, laughed and kissed her. "Oh, you nice, funny child!"

"Only promise me again, cross your heart and hope you may die, if you ever keep anything from me about Louis Cheviot."

Hildegard complied, and life went on as before, only that Hildegard showed herself less ready to fall in with Bella's ecstasies. An instinct to forestall a possible jealousy made her cavil from time to time. "Don't you think his shoulders are too broad for his height?"

"No, I don't; and look how splendidly he carries them. You have to see him beside a huge man like Mr. Mar before you realize—"

"Yes, yes; *that 's* true." Hildegard hastened to heal the wound.

"And, anyhow, I don't think it 's kind of you to run Louis down. I am always very nice about Jack."

The end of it was that Cheviot came more and more to the Mar house, and seemed so diverted when he found the lively Bella there that Hildegard gave herself up without reserve to the three-cornered friendship.

He took the girls boating, and organized parties to the Tule Lands, and was altogether a most valuable ally in the agreeable pursuit of being a young lady in her first season.

Still, when Bella praised him absolutely without moderation, "Y-yes," Hildegard would respond, "He *is* nice; only—"

"Only what?" Miss Bella would instantly be on the defensive.

"Well, you know, I prefer big men."

"Of course you do. It 's being so massive yourself. But he 's exactly the right size for me."

"Oh, yes. And he 's quite the nicest of all the Valdivia boys."

"Well, that 's going pretty far," said Bella, with an edge in her voice.

Then the other, with that recurrent though only half-conscious need to show that, after all, she, Hildegard, was n't dazzled,—not being in Bella's state, *she* could see blemishes,—the older girl would add: "And yet, somehow, for all his niceness, and making us always have a good time when he 's there, to my thinking there 's something terribly unromantic about Louis Cheviot."

"Now you only say that," retorted Miss Bella, with sparkling eyes, "because he 's in a bank."

"No—no,"—vaguely,—"but I don't believe he 's got any soul."

"Just because he is n't hunting the North Pole!"

"No. That is n't the reason. I assure you it is n't."

"Then it *can* only be because he likes to laugh at everything."

"He *is* pretty frivolous," said Hildegard, "and he ridicules friendship. But no, it 's not that, either. It 's because he 's kind of chilling—to *me*."

"Chilling to you?" Bella beamed. "Oh, do tell me about that."

"Sometimes he's positively rude."

"To *you*?" Bella could have danced.

"To anybody."

"Oh, but *when* was he positively rude to you? How black-hearted of you, Hildegard, not to tell me that before! You might have known I'd simply *love* hearing about that."

Hildegard laughed.

"Why, I have n't seen you since Thursday."

"Was it at your birthday party?"

"Yes, at the birthday party."

"Well, well, how did he do it? What did he say?"

"It was after we'd all been reading the poem that came with Eddie Cox's present. Louis made fun of it."

"That was only being rude to Eddie." Bella's face fell.

"Wait till you hear. I defended it, of course, and said, 'It is n't as easy as it looks to make birthday odes.' 'It certainly does n't *look* difficult—to make that kind,' he said. 'Then, why,' I said, just to stand up for Eddie—'why have you never written a poem about my airy tread?' And Louis said: 'Well, there may be another reason; but no girl who stands five foot ten in her stockings and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds need ask it.'"

"*That's* the kind of thing."

It was an incident Miss Bella loved to recall. No man could be really in love with a girl he had said *that* to.

But some months later Hildegard was obliged, according to the code, to report that Cheviot had been "going on" again.

Bella insisted on having all the "horrid details."

"It was last night at the taffy pulling. You know how we'd all been laughing at his stories of Miss Monk meeting the Carters' black cow—"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, I was laughing so I could n't stop, and it was so warm in that room the candy was melting. You remember he said—"

"Oh, yes," said Bella, with feeling: "I remember. He said you must come and pull with him."

"Out in the porch, where the candy and I would cool off."

"And you went."

"And he made more jokes on the way

out. I begged him not to talk any more, for I'd get into a silly mood and everything he said made me laugh. 'I know, I know,' he said; 'I labor under the fatal disadvantage of the funny man; but I could make you serious, you know.' And then—then—he had the impertinence—to kiss me."

"Oh, Hildegard!"

"Yes. It was dreadfully grotesque, too. Our hands were stuck together by that great yellow rope of taffy, and I could only stammer and get redder. But I did say I was not going to forgive him. Nobody had ever been so rude to me before. Then he got awfully serious, and said—all kinds of things—"

"*What* kind?"

"And at last he asked me what was wrong with Ch—Cheviot—your old joke, you know."

Bella clenched her hands. Sacrilege! to present *her* joke to another girl! She had always imagined that would be just how he would propose to her. He would say, "Bella, my beautiful, what's the matter with Ch—Cheviot?" Then she said sharply: "Well, go on."

"If I did n't like him enough, he said, what sort of man *was* I going to like? And I thought it only fair to give him some idea, so I tried to soften it by laughing a little.—I'd forgiven him by then, you know, for he'd said *such* things,—"

"What things?"

"Oh, sorry kind of things; and he looked so—so—well, I'd forgiven him. But I told him plainly that if it ever is a question of the sort of man I am to care for, it won't be some one who is just nice and makes one have a good time. It will be some great, gloomy creature who makes me cry—and lifts me to the stars. I was laughing, but I meant it; and I said: 'I'd worship *that* kind of man.'"

"What did he say then?"

"Well, he looked sort of down, I thought; so I said, 'You would n't let me worship you, even if I could.' 'I'd let you love me,' he said."

"Oh—h! What else?"

"We went in after that."

"And he was just as funny as ever," said Bella, clutching at frail comfort.

"Oh, quite," agreed Hildegard.

It was small consolation to Miss Bella

that Cheviot was singular in his obduracy. Before she was eighteen she was uncommonly well accustomed to seeing the stoutest masculine defences go down before her. The two Mar boys had long been her devoted slaves. And Bella had flirted with both of them impartially, taking what she felt was only a becoming share in the interest all Valdivia felt in those go-a-head young men whenever they came home for a visit. They were pointed to as models. Look how they "got on." They did it visibly; while you looked they seemed to have to restrain themselves from rising out of sight. They kept Miss Bella supplied with candy and flowers, and they corresponded with her when she went abroad. Secretly dreading the fascinations of the Britisher, they asked scoffingly how the effete nations were getting on. Bella's view of all this was that, provided the young men were "nice," a girl could hardly have too many of them contending for her favor. It was what they were there for. Each time she came home, she brought the Mar boys a scarf-pin apiece, and pleased them still more by invariably demanding a cent in return. "I can't *give* you a thing with a point. Something dreadful would happen! you must buy them." That looked, they felt, as if she were "taking it seriously." But which was she taking?

The year that Bella was eighteen, after a summer in England, she arrived at Staten Island just in time to celebrate her birthday. She was full of joy at getting back.

The conscious approval that she bestowed on the greater splendor of the American autumn had been generously extended to the profusion of fine fruit that greeted one here at breakfast, to the individual bathrooms, even to the spacious-drawered, behooked, and shelved closets so agreeably numerous in the American house. The same satisfaction with which she had noted these things, consciously revisited her, as she trod the wide, shallow steps of the staircase, that in its descent halted leisurely upon two broad landings, having each a large, unglazed window opening upon the hall below. The observant young eyes paid a fitting tribute to the beautiful woodwork of the balusters, and the great tall doors of the rooms she passed, deciding as she

went: "There 's nothing nicer than a new American house, unless it 's an old (and a very old) English one." Even then, to *live* in, give me the American."

Like so many of the first generation born in "the States," this child of an Old World father was more American in tastes and spirit than any Daughter of the Revolution. But partly as a matter of physical inheritance, partly perhaps because of her frequent visits to England, she bore about her still a good deal of the peculiar stamp of a certain type of English girl. As she came trailing slowly down the wide staircase of Tom Wayne's country house on Staten Island, the practised eye would have little difficulty in detecting a difference between the figure on the stair and the typical "American Beauty," a something less sumptuous and more distinguished. Her head was held not quite so high, and yet in her carriage there was something indefinably more aloof. The longer waist, not quite so ruthlessly stayed and belted, gave an effect of greater ease; the longer neck, the shoulders a little more sloping, the eyes eager, and yet with more vision in them—something in the whole, gracious as the aspect was, that was a little reluctant and more than a little elusive.

The Paquin gown that Bella had brought back and wore to-night for the first time was long and straight and plainer than prescribed by the New York fashion of the moment—a gauze, discreetly iridescent, showing, over a white satin petticoat, shifting lights of pink and pearl and silver, a gown that shimmered as the wearer walked and clothed her in glancing light and soft-hued shadows.

Bella knew that she was very early, and she came down slowly, drawing a long glove up her slim, bare arm. When she reached the square window on the lower landing, she stopped, laid the other glove on the sill, and proceeded to button the one she had on. A slight noise in the hall below made her lean her arms on the broad, polished sill of the opening, and look down.

A man stood by a table facing her, but with eyes bent upon the books he was turning over—a man rather over medium height, sunburnt, with a lean, clean-shaven face, fair hair, and strikingly good mouth and chin. That was all she had

time to take in before he raised his eyes.

"Oh!" ejaculated Bella, involuntarily, and then, after meeting a moment longer the wide, unwinking upward look: "How do you do?" she said.

"How do you do?" echoed the sun-burnt man, and he did not bow or move, but just stood looking at the picture up there on the wall.

Miss Bella was not as a rule easily embarrassed, but she was aware now of feeling a little at a loss.

"I don't know exactly why I am in such a hurry to say how do you do, that I can't wait till I come down. But I do know you, don't I?"

"Of course you know me," he answered; but that time he smiled, and Bella said to herself, "How *could* I have forgotten anybody so—so—"

She picked up her glove with the intention of running down. "But I expect I look rather nice here in the window," she reflected, and instead of going down instantly she said, "It's some time since I was here before."

"Yes, it's a long time," he answered. His tone pleased her.

"And I run about the world such a lot, I can't be expected to remember everybody's name just all at once, can I?"

"Oh, the name does n't matter."

"Does that mean you are n't quite sure of mine?"

"I have n't the faintest notion of it."

"Then how do you know—what made you say, 'of course I knew you'?"

"Because I was sure you did."

"Why should I remember you any more than you should remember me? Are you somebody very special?"

"*Very* special."

"Who?"

"Oh, you'll hear."

"How shall I hear?"

"I'll tell you myself."

"Well, go on."

"I can't now."

"Why not?"

"You—you're too far off."

"When I come down, you'll tell me?"

"*Will* you? Will you ever come down?" He was smiling.

"Why should n't I?" she said, bewildered.

"I never saw it tried before."

"Never saw me try to come downstairs!"

"Never yet."

Had he been here that time she sprained her ankle? "Do you imagine I'm lame?"

"On the contrary, I'm ready to believe you have wings. Please fly down."

"What a very odd person you are! I can't think how I came to forget—" He made no answer. Just stood there, leaning against the heavy table, half smiling, and never turning away his eyes.

She caught up her glove and ran down several steps, but just before she reached the open place where the stair turned abruptly, and the solid wall gave way to a procession of slender pillars, she stopped, overcome by a sudden rush of shyness. Behind that last yard of sheltering wall she waited breathless, while you might count seven, and then turned on a noiseless foot and fled up-stairs, bending low as she passed the square windows, so that not even the top of her brown head should be visible to that very odd man waiting for her down there in the hall.

She reappeared ten minutes later with the first batch of guests, and while they were speaking to their hostess, the sun-burnt man made his way to Bella, and held out his hand.

"It took you a long time," he said. "How did you manage it?"

"Manage what?"

"Getting down. You're the cleverest picture I ever saw on any wall. How long do they give you?"

"Out of the frame?" she said, catching up his fancy with a laugh. "Oh, only long enough to find out what you've done to make you the special person you say you are."

"It's not what I *have* done, but what I shall do."

"Well, I'm very much disappointed. I thought you must be distinguished, and now I see you're only conceited."

He smiled; he was rather wonderful when he smiled.

"Of course I know perfectly well we've met before," Bella went on; "but I don't quite remember who you are."

"I'll tell you some day."

"Some day? How absurd. Why not now?"

"Because the surprise might be too great."

She opened her eyes yet wider, and laughed as a girl will in recognition of a point she sees as yet only with the eye of faith. "Did n't you promise you 'd tell me if I came down?"

"But you have n't come down. You are still far out of reach."

"It's ridiculous of you not to tell me your name."

"My name would n't mean anything to you—not yet. You would n't know it."

"What!" she drew back.

"But we have met," he reassured her hurriedly.

"I was sure of that; but where was it?"

"I can't quite remember, either. It may have been when you were Queen in Babylon and I was a Christian slave."

She drew nearer, with lighted face. "Oh, do you believe in all those delightful things?"

"I believe—" he began on a different and lower note, and then he stopped suddenly. Bella's upturned face silently begged him to go on with his profession of faith.

But just then, Bella's brother, having passed a boring guest on to his wife, came between the two, who stood so oblivious of the rest of the company. The apparition of Tom Wayne brought Bella back to the everyday world, and to a half-frightened self-criticism, in view of the long flight she had taken from it in the last few seconds.

Her brother laid an affectionate hand on the shoulder of the sunburnt man, and said laughingly to Bella: "You must be careful with this person. He's the most desperate flirt."

Bella winced inwardly. But she disguised the little hurt with smiling mockery. "Really! I should *never* have thought it!"

"Oh, yes, goes off with first one heart and then another. And he goes so far! That's the worst of him."

"Where does he go?"

"Lord knows! Let's see; what God-forgotten place was the last book about?"

"Oh, you write books? Then you *are* distinguished."

"You are n't telling me you did n't know who it was?" exclaimed her brother.

"Well, I thought I did; and I've been behaving as if I did."

There was a general movement to the dining-room, but Tom paused long enough to say, with mock formality: "Miss Wayne, Mr. John Galbraith."

"Oh!" ejaculated the girl, growing pink with excitement. "Are you Hildegard's Jack?"

The sunburnt man looked mystified a moment, and then, with sudden daring: "Is your name Hildegard?" he said.

This was on the twenty-fourth of September. Six days later she began a letter to her friend.

Oh, Hildegard, Hildegard. You're quite right: he's the most wonderful person in the world, and I hope you don't mind, but we are engaged to be married—Jack Galbraith and I! It turns out that he's an old friend of Marion's family, and after she married my brother, when Jack came to see them last winter, Tom liked him awfully,—of course everybody does that,—and since then all three have been great friends.

And one of the first things he asked when he heard Tom came from near Valdivia, was all about you—I mean your father. He says such beautiful things about your father, and how kind he was when Jack was a poor forlorn little boy. But, oh, Hildegard, he's the most glorious person now you ever saw in your life. The old, faded photograph is n't a bit like him. I am sending you a new one, and that is n't like him, either. But I am going to get a silver frame for it, and I shall be dreadfully hurt if you don't put it on the altar-table, with the old locket and the roses—if you're really glad of our happiness, you'll even burn a joss now and then for our sake. I'm miserable when I think how little good any photograph of such a person is. You can't imagine what it's like when he smiles. All the whole earth smiles, too. I adore him when he smiles, and when he does n't. I adore him every minute, except when he talks about Franz Josef Land—or something disgusting like that. But then he does n't do it much; never except when Mr. Borisoff is here. Mr. Borisoff is a man I can't stop to tell you about; only I don't like him, and I shall let Jack know some day that I don't think he is a good influence.

But I began to say that you must n't think Jack is the least solemn, as his letters used to sound and as the pictures make out. In fact, he began our acquaintance by flirting quite desperately, but he says it was n't flirting at all. He meant all those things. He says they were a profession of faith upon a miraculous revelation (that's me. I'm the mi-

raculous revelation!), and it only sounded flirtatious because I did n't realize as he did that we had been waiting for one another.

He's waited a good deal longer than I have, poor Jack! He's more than twelve years older than I am. Do you remember how you used to throw that in my face? But it does n't matter the least in the world. Besides, you'd never think he was so old. He's such a darling. And he talks like a poet and a painter and an archangel all rolled into one. I am so wildly happy I can't write a proper letter, only I do want you to know that your mother is mistaken, as we always thought. Jack is a saint—simply a saint. When my father behaved quite horridly and said he could n't have me marrying a man who went away for two or three years on long scientific expeditions, Jack said he would n't do it any more, though I think it cost him something to say that. He was quite silent for hours afterward, and did n't even notice I'd done my hair differently. And that horrid Mr. Borisoff was in such a rage. He did n't say anything, but oh, he looked! But now he's gone away, thank goodness! and I shall try to make Jack not ever see him again. Then another thing, just to show you what a perfect angel Jack is. My mother said I was

delicate, and too young, and things like that; and she got father to agree that I was only eighteen and was the weakling of the family, and they made up their wicked old minds that I must n't be married right away, as Jack and I had arranged. And what do you think? Jack said he would wait for me! A whole year! I cried when they settled that, but was n't he a seraph? Fathers and mothers are very selfish: I shall not treat my daughters like that.

How Jack and I will ever get through a year of waiting is more than either of us know. I am not coming home till the first week in December, and Jack's coming to us for Christmas. And then you'll see him! I hope you are pleased that I'm going to marry the man we've talked so much about. It seems like another bond, does n't it? How is Louis Cheviot? I can forgive him now for always liking you best. I can't imagine how I ever looked at him. Oh, Hildegard, Jack is a perfect—well I never heard the word that was beautiful enough to describe him.

Good-by! I hear him now out in the garden. Jack is the most perfect whistler.

Your loving and devoted

Bella.

NOTE—After the author's proofs of this part of "Come and Find Me" were returned to THE CENTURY Miss Robins sent an urgent request for a foot-note which should explain that when the novel was written she was in ignorance of the fact that any one of the name of Borisoff was identified with life in the Far North. Her mistake has been emphasized by the recent exhibition in London of arctic pictures by M. Borisoff, who is an arctic explorer, as well as a distinguished painter.—THE EDITOR.

(To be continued)

"I FAIN WOULD HAVE MY PLACE IN PARADISE"

BY SUSAN MARR SPALDING

I FAIN would have my place in Paradise,
 With all the broken, blighted things of earth—
 The flowers by north winds strangled at their birth;
 The unwelcome, unloved children, early wise
 In sorrow's lore; the tender faith that dies
 Poisoned by deadly doubt; the bitter dearth
 Of hearts who waste their dear love's priceless worth
 For shallow souls to squander and despise.
 Surely, the fairest spot in Heaven is this,
 Where blighted buds may bloom; where little feet
 May run to gain at last the mother's kiss;
 Where holy trust a holy truth may meet;
 And, oh, my heart, where love its own shall greet,
 And wear, eternal, sure, its crown of bliss!

THE RETURN OF MR. WILLS

BY MARY AUSTIN

Author of "Isidro," etc.

MRS. WILLS had lived seventeen years with Mr. Wills, and when he left her for three, those three were so much the best of her married life that she wished he had never come back. The only real trouble with Mr. Wills was that he should never have moved West. Back East, I suppose, they breed such men because they need them, but they ought really to keep them there.

I am quite certain that when Mr. Wills was courting Mrs. Wills he parted his hair in the middle and the breast pocket of his best suit had a bright silk lining which Mr. Wills pulled up to simulate a silk handkerchief. Mrs. Wills had a certain draggled prettiness and a way of tossing her head, that came back to her after Mr. Wills left, which made one think she might have been the prettiest girl of her town. They were happy enough at first when Mr. Wills was a grocery clerk, assistant Sunday school superintendent, and they owned a cabinet organ and four little Willises. It might have been that Mr. Wills thought he could go right on being the same sort of man in the West—he was clerk at the Bed Rock Emporium and had brought the organ and the children—or it might have been he thought himself at bottom a very different sort of man, and meant to be it if he got a chance.

There is a sort of man bred up in close communities, who is like a cask, to whom the church, public opinion, the social note, are hoops to hold him in serviceable shape. Without these there are a good many ways of going to pieces. Mr. Wills's way was lost mines.

Being clerk at the Emporium, where miners and prospectors bought their supplies, he heard a lot of talk about mines,

and was too new to it to understand that the man who has the most time to stop and talk about it has the least to do with mining. And of all he heard, the most fascinating to Mr. Wills, who was troubled with an imagination, was of the lost mines, incredibly rich ledges, touched, and not found again. To go out into the unmapped hills on the mere chance of coming across something was, on the face of it, a risky business; but to look for a mine once located, sampled, and proved, definitely situated in a particular mountain range or a certain cañon, had a smack of plausibility. Besides that, an ordinary prospect might or might not prove workable, but the lost mines were always amazingly rich.

Of all the ways in the West in which a man may go to pieces this is the most insidious. Out there beyond the towns the long wilderness lies brooding, imperturbable; she puts out to adventurous minds glittering fragments of fortune or romance, like the lures men use to catch antelopes. *Clip!* then she has them. If Mr. Wills had gambled or drank, his wife could have gone to the minister about it, his friends could have done something. There was a church in Maverick of twenty-seven members, and the Willises had brought letters to it; but except for the effect it had on Mrs. Wills it would not be worth mentioning. Though he might never have found it out in the East, Mr. Wills belonged to the church not because of what it meant to him, but for what it meant to other people. Back East it had meant social standing, repute, moral impeccability. To other people in Maverick it meant a weakness which was excused in you so long as you did not talk about it. Mr. Wills did not because

there was so much else to talk about in connection with lost mines.

He began by grub-staking Pedro Ruiz to look for the lost ledge of Fisherman's Peak, and that was not so bad, for it had not been lost more than thirty years, the peak was not a hundred miles from Maverick, and, besides, I have a piece of the ore myself. Then he was bitten by the myth of the "Gunsight," of which there was never any thing more tangible than a dime's worth of virgin silver, picked up by a Jayhawker, hammered into a sight for a gun; and you had to take the gun on faith at that, for it and the man who owned it had quite disappeared. Afterward it was the Duke o' Wild Rose, which was never a mine at all, but merely an arrow-mark on a map left by a penniless lodger, found dead in a San Francisco hotel. Grub-staking is expensive even to a clerk at the Bed Rock Emporium, getting discounts on the grub, and grub-staked prospectors are about as dependable as the dreams they chase, often pure fakes, lying up at seldom visited waterholes while the stake lasts, and returning with wilder tales and more alluring clues.

It was a late conviction that led Mr. Wills, when he put the last remnant of his means into the search for the White Cement Mines, to resign his clerkship and go in charge of the expedition himself. There is no doubt whatever that there is a deposit of cement on Bald Mountain, with lumps of gold sticking out of it like plums in a pudding. It lies at the bottom of a small gulch near the middle fork of Owens's River, and is overlaid by pumice. There is a camp-kit buried somewhere near, and two skeletons. There was also an Indian in that vicinity who was thought to be able to point out the exact location, if he would. It was quite the sort of thing to appeal to the imagination of Mr. Wills, and he spent two years proving that he could not find it. After that he drifted out toward the Lee district to look for Lost Cabin mine, because a man who had immediate need of twenty dollars had, for that amount, offered Wills some exact and unpublished information as to its location. By that time Wills's movements had ceased to interest anybody in Maverick. He could be got to believe anything about

any sort of a prospect, provided it was lost.

The only visible mark left by all this was on Mrs. Wills. Everybody in a mining town except the minister and professional gamblers, who wear frock-coats, dresses pretty much alike, and Wills very soon got to wear on his face the guileless, trustful fixity of the confirmed prospector. It seemed as if the desert had overshot him and struck at Mrs. Wills, and Richard Wills, Esther Wills, Benjy Wills, and the youngest Wills, who was called Mugsey. Desertness attacked the door-yard and the house; even the cabinet organ had a weathered look. During the time of the White Cement obsession the Wills family looked to be in need of a grub-stake themselves. Mrs. Wills's eyes were like the eyes of trail-weary cattle. Her hands grew to have that pitiful way of catching the front of her dress of the woman not so much a slattern as hopeless. It was when her husband went out after Lost Cabin, that she fell into the habit of sitting down to a cheap novel, with the dishes unwashed, a sort of drugging of despair common among women of the camps.

All this time Mr. Wills was drifting about from camp to camp of the desert borders, working when it could not be avoided, but mostly on long, fruitless trudges among the unmindful ranges. I do not know if the man was honest with himself, or if he knew by this time that the clue of a lost mine was the baldest of excuses merely to be out and away from everything that savored of definiteness and responsibility. The fact was, the desert had got him. All the hoops were off the cask. The mind of Mr. Wills faded out at the edges like the desert horizon, which melts in mists and mirages, and finally he went on an expedition from which he did not come back.

He had been gone nearly a year when Mrs. Wills gave up expecting him. She had grown so used to the bedraggled crawl of life that she might never have taken any notice of the disappearance of Mr. Wills had not the Emporium refused to make any more charges in his name. There had been a great many dry waterholes on the desert that year and more than the usual complement of sun-dried corpses. In a general way this accounted

for Mr. Wills, though there was nothing of sufficient definiteness to justify Mrs. Wills in putting on a widow's dress, and, anyway, she could not have afforded it.

Mrs. Wills and the children went to work, and work was about the only thing in Maverick of which there was more than enough. It was a matter of a very few months when Mrs. Wills made the remarkable discovery that after the family bills were paid at the end of the month there was a little over—a very little. Mrs. Wills had lived so long with the tradition that a husband is a natural provider that it took some months longer to realize that she not only did not need Mr. Wills, but got on better without him. This was about the time she was able to have the sitting-room repapered and to put up lace curtains. And the next spring the children planted roses in the front yard. All up and down the wash of Salt Creek there were lean coyote mothers and wild folk of every sort that could have taught her that nature never makes the mistake of neglecting to make the child-bearer competent to provide. But Mrs. Wills had not been studying life in the lairs. She had most of her notions of it from the church and her parents, and, under the new sense of independence and power, she had an ache of forlornness and neglect. As a matter of fact, she filled out, grew stronger, had a spring in her walk. She was not pining for Mr. Wills; the desert had him, though for whatever conceivable use, it was more than Mrs. Wills could put him to. Let the desert keep what it had got.

It was in the third summer that she regained a certain air that made one think she must have been pretty when Mr. Wills married her. And no woman in a mining town can so much as hint at prettiness without its being found out. Mrs. Wills had a good many prejudices left over from the time when Mr. Wills had been assistant superintendent of the Sunday school, and would not hear of divorce. Yet, as the slovenliness of despair fell away from her, as she held up her head and began to have company to tea, it is certain somebody would have broached it to her before the summer was over; but by that time Mr. Wills came back.

It happened that Benjy Wills, who was fourteen and driving the Bed Rock de-

livery-wagon, had a runaway accident in which he had behaved very handsomely and got a fractured skull. News of it went by way of the local paper to Tonopah and from there drifted south to the Funeral Mountains and the particular prospect that Mr. Wills was working on a grub-stake. He had come to that. Perhaps as much because he had found there was nothing in it as from paternal anxiety, he came home the evening of the day the doctor had declared the boy out of danger.

It was my turn to sit up that night, I remember, and Mrs. Meyer, who had the turn before, was telling me about the medicines. A neighbor woman, who had come in by the back door with a bowl of custard, and the doctor, standing in the sitting-room with Mrs. Wills, were present, when Mr. Wills came in through the black block of the doorway with his hand before his face to ward off the light—and perhaps some shamefacedness: who knows?

I saw Mrs. Wills quiver, and her hand went up to her bosom as if some one had struck her. I have seen horses start and check like that as they came over the pass and the hot blast of the desert took them fairly. It was the stroke of desolation. I remember turning quickly, at the doctor's curt signal, to shut the door between the sitting-room and Benjy.

"Don't let the boy see you to-night, Wills," said the doctor, with no hint of a greeting; "he 's not to be excited." With that he got himself off as quickly as possible, and the neighbor woman and I went out and sat on the back steps a long time, and tried to talk about everything but Mr. Wills. When I went in at last he was sitting in the Morris chair, which had come with soap wrappers, explaining to Mrs. Meyer about the rich prospect he had left to come to his darling boy. But he did not get so much as a glimpse of his darling boy while I was in charge.

Mr. Wills settled on his family like a blight. For a man who has prospected lost mines to so great an extent is positively not good for anything else. It was not only as though the desert had sucked the life out of him and cast him back, but as though it would have Mrs. Wills in his room. As the weeks went on, one

could see a sort of dinginess creeping up from her dress to her hair and her face, and it spread to the house and the doorway. Mr. Wills had enjoyed the improved condition of his home, though he missed the point of it; his wife's cooking tasted good to him after miner's fare, and he was proud of his boys. He did n't want any more of the desert, not he. "There 's no place like home," said Mr. Wills, or something to that effect.

But he had brought the desert with him on his back. If it had been at any other time than when her mind was torn with anxiety for Benjy, Mrs. Wills might have made a fight against it. But the only practical way to separate the family from the blight was to divorce Mr. Wills, and the church to which Mrs. Wills belonged admitted divorce only in the event of there being another woman.

Mrs. Wills rose to the pitch of threatening, I believe, about the time Mr. Wills insisted on his right to control the earnings of his sons. But the minister called; the church put out its hand upon her poor staggered soul, which sunk back. The minister himself was newly from the East,

and did not understand that the desert is to be dealt with as a woman and a wanton. He was thinking of it as a place on the map. Therefore he was not of the slightest use to Mrs. Wills, which did not prevent him from commanding her behavior. And the power of the Wilderness lay like a wasting sickness on the home.

About that time Mrs. Wills took to novel-reading again; the eldest son drifted off up Tonopah way, and Benjy began to keep back a part of the wages he brought home. Mr. Wills is beginning to collect misinformation about the exact locality where Peg-leg Smith is supposed to have found the sunburned nuggets. He does not mention the matter often, being, as he says, done with mines, but whenever Peg-leg comes up in talk, I can see Mrs. Wills chirk up a little, her gaze wandering to the inscrutable grim spaces, not with the hate you might suppose, but with something like hope in her eye—as if she had guessed what I am certain of, that in time its insatiable spirit will reach out and take Mr. Wills again.

And this time, if I know Mrs. Wills, he will not come back.

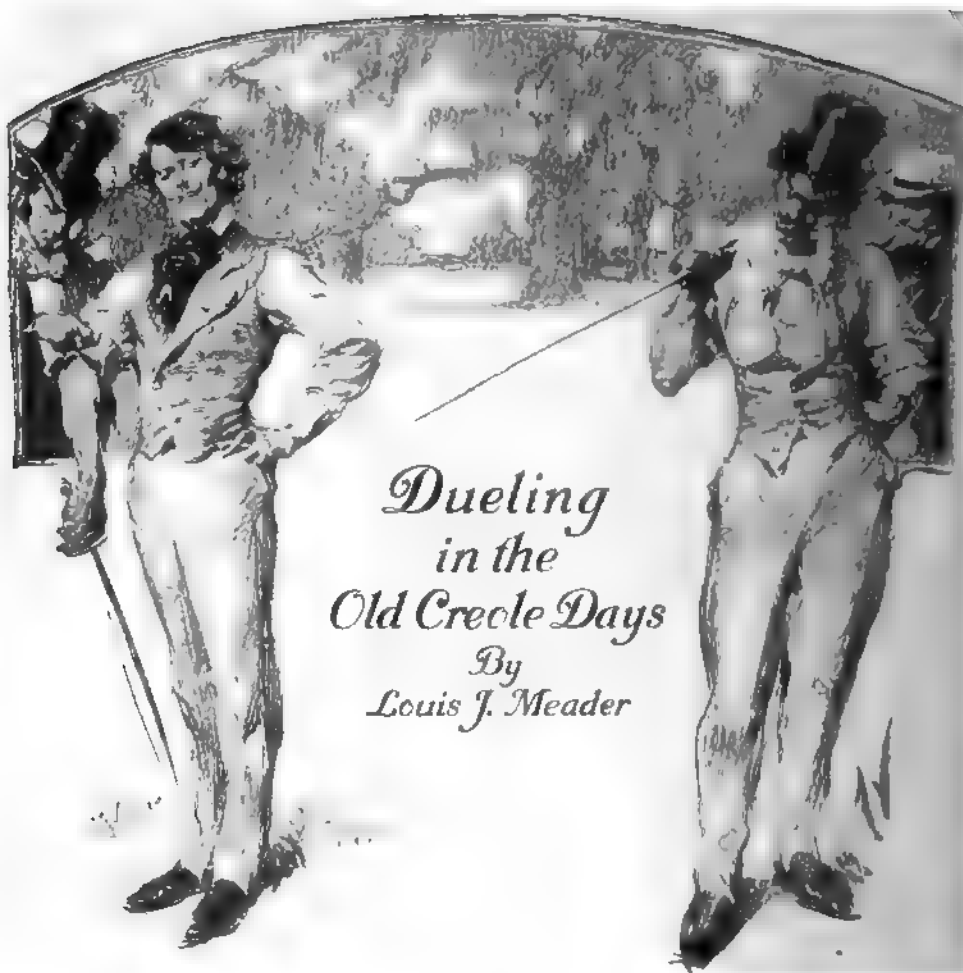


DAWN

BY ALLAN MUNIER

HEART of my heart, in the purpling dusk of the morning,
 Long ere were heard
 Far forest flutings, ere ever the wildest, unawakened
 Wood-wings were bestirred,
 I at east windows watched wistful for warning of light,
 Haggard and worn through stern striving with grief all the night.

Somewhere in bountiful meadows is bursting the clover;
 Swallows fly over;
 Swift is the scurry of timid small feet through the grasses—
 Grasses that cover
 All that soothed dark, that lit dawn with Hope's dreamings come true,
 All that made springtime and summer significant—you!



*Dueling
in the
Old Creole Days*
By
Louis J. Meader

Drawn by Arthur J. Keller

JUST where and when the first *affaire d'honneur* took place is not known, and obviously cannot ever be known. Homer makes frequent reference to single combat, and the story of David and Goliath is only added biblical testimony that duels were known to the early Hebrews and other ancient Asiatics, as they were known to the Arabs at the time of Mohammed. It remained, however, for the barbarians who overran the Roman Empire to apply the first touch of poetry to what had previously been mere brutal conflicts, for they conceived the idea that a wager of battle was an appeal to the decision of the gods and that success was a proof of right.

In this unique theory undoubtedly existed the germ from which subsequently

sprang the "code duello," and certain it is that the even more ancient idea of blood atonement also played a part in the establishment of a system that served to throw a magnetic glamour about the heroes of the Middle Ages and to link itself inseparably with the romance of those chivalrous times. The day of dueling, however, has long passed; the gallant knight, riding afar, full armored and alone, in quest of blood to spill for the redressing of wrong, has retired behind the shadowy veil of history, and his shirt-sleeved counterpart of a later period has likewise disappeared beyond the horizon of the past.

Absurd buffoonery has supplanted the real combat, the significant *à la mort* has vanished from the modern cartel, and

but for an occasional, if not isolated, exception, the *affaires* of our generation savor much of the comic opera and seem to suggest clogs rather than buskins.

When dueling was an actual factor in the social order of this country it had many worthy and notable exponents, including no less distinguished personages than Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Alexander Hamilton, DeWitt Clinton, Stephen Decatur, and others of the same type; but nowhere on this continent was it so much an established institution as in that peculiarly romantic old city of New Orleans. It was woven into the very fabric of the life of the community, and many a crumbling tombstone in the antiquated Creole cemeteries bears grim and silent witness to the fact, though to understand the situation more clearly one should breathe, so to speak, the atmosphere of the period.

New Orleans, while somewhat cosmopolitan even at that time, was essentially a Creole city and under the full influence of traditions that governed that high-strung and chivalrous people. The descendants of the early possessors of the soil—many of whom were of noble birth—gradually metamorphosed into a characteristic race, a distinctive type, constituting a condition unparalleled in the history of this country. What with education in common, intermarriage, the habit of command acquired from the ownership of slaves, and the refining tendency of well-employed leisure, a form of aristocracy was established. To this Louisiana owes much of its romance and many of its most brilliant intellects.

Partly by birth, but largely by manners, breeding, education, and tradition, it was a kind of nobility, and life in the "Crescent City" was a poem of luxury and ease.

New Orleans was not only a great seaport, but, owing to its river facilities, not then antagonized by the railroads, controlled the entire trade of the Southwest with virtually no competition. Money was obtained without the demoralizing effect of continuous labor; time was left to employee as well as to employer for mental and ethical culture; and imagination was not by the very nature of things excluded from the active world.

The women, reared at home under the

jealous guardianship of a mother, and educated for the most part in convents, and invariably treated with the most deferential gallantry by the men, had naturally acquired manners and tastes of great refinement. Society was of courtly brilliancy, merchants and professional men were incidentally poets and wits, and many were accomplished musicians.

Over all this there reigned an almost feudal dignity and a supreme sense of honor, maintained by a strict and unflinching public opinion. The etiquette of the day demanded that bankrupts commit suicide and that fallen women disappear forever; society then permitted no compromise with honor.

Under such conditions, the punctilio among men was carried almost to the point of exaggeration, and the least breach of politeness or the slightest insinuation of unfair dealing, even a bit of awkwardness, was deemed sufficient cause for a challenge. The acceptance, however, did not necessarily mean that a duel would inevitably result; the seconds, two selected by each principal, met and discussed the case dispassionately, sometimes the assistance of a common friend was obtained, and not infrequently an honorable and amicable adjustment was effected.

A blow in retaliation for an insult was not only strictly forbidden, but sufficed to debar the striker from the privilege of a duel. A gentleman who could so far forget himself as to strike another in resentment was ignominiously denied a meeting, and some whose self-possession deserted them at the critical moment have been known to submit to great humiliations in order to obtain from their adversaries a cross of swords or an exchange of shots.

Even an insult was not permitted to go beyond a certain decorum of form, and experienced friends, well versed in the code and its precedents, settled beforehand every point of nicety, so that when gentlemen met on the field, they did so in full equality.

Many a bloody combat had its provocation at ball or opera, where the cause of the difficulty passed unobserved; but the offender was certain to receive a challenge the following morning, and before sundown, perhaps, a neat *coup droit* at



THE OLD FARM HOUSE, NEW YORK, AS IT APPEARED IN FORMER DAYS

"The Oaks," one of the most famous dueling-grounds in the world.

This picturesque though melancholy spot now forms one of the show-places of the Creole city, and they must be more than callous who are not susceptible to the poetic influence of that magnificent grove of forest giants, preserved to this day in all its primeval grandeur—Nature's monument to a dead and well-nigh forgotten past.

What is now Lower City Park was formerly a portion of a wooded plantation belonging to Louis Allard, a scholarly gentleman and a poet. The original tract was extensive, but the portion that now constitutes the park proper, and which includes The Oaks, passed out of his hands through foreclosure sale, and was purchased by John McDonogh, the eccentric millionaire miser and philanthropist who endowed almost the entire public school system of New Orleans.

At McDonogh's death the land was left jointly to the cities of Baltimore (his birthplace) and New Orleans, the latter acquiring full possession at the partition sale.

During the latter portion of his life, Allard, whose inclinations were more literary than commercial, grew wholly indifferent to business, and, becoming crippled in health and fortune, was permitted by special agreement to continue his occupation of the place after the sale. There, under his beloved oaks and among his favorite authors, he spent his declining years, although he did not long survive the sale of his estate, and, in accordance with his dying request, was buried under the stately trees, where a weather-worn tomb still marks his resting-place.

Just a stone's throw from Allard's grave, rearing their patriarchal heads in solemn grandeur, stands the particular grove of trees known the world over as The Oaks, and under the protecting boughs of which ebbed the crimson lifetide of many a brave and noble fellow.

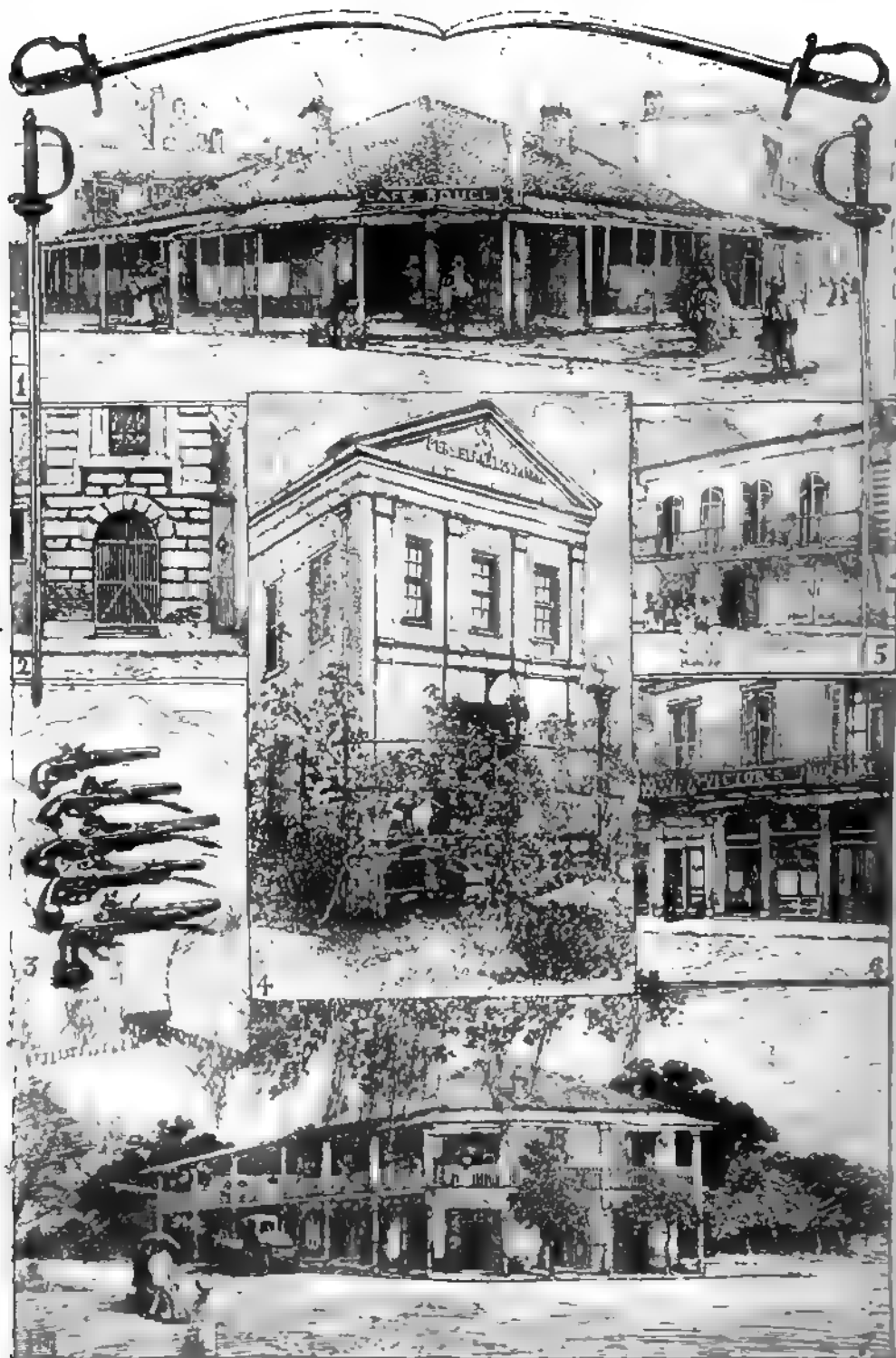
The "Chênes d'Allard," as they were familiarly known, did not become a rendezvous for duelists until the year 1834; prior to this the favorite field was on the old Fortin property (now the Fair Grounds), where the regular winter race-meet takes place. As a matter of fact, New Orleans being then but thinly set-

tled in the outlying regions, there were a number of convenient places where duels were regularly fought without interference. Indeed, there existed a law against the practice, but so strongly was it entrenched in the customs of the people that the statute served only to add a mysterious glamour to the other fascinations of the deadly game, and, so far as effectiveness went, might as well never have been enacted.

Under such conditions it is not surprising that New Orleans became a Mecca for *maîtres d'armes*, most of whom had no personal standing beyond their skill with weapons, and hence lived in a sort of whirl of wine, blood, and profligacy, dividing their time between fencing-rooms and their favorite cafés. The names of many of these swaggering fellows are now forgotten; but there were some of them who regarded their calling as an honored profession, and by their skill in arms, manly characters, and lovable traits, won for themselves not only the respect of the community, but a certain amount of social recognition. Prominent among this class was E. Baudoin, a Parisian, who in his day was exceedingly popular. Emile Cazère also had an aristocratic clientèle; and Gilbert Rosière was probably the favorite of all the fencing masters who ever appeared in New Orleans. There was also a mulatto, Basile Croquère, who was so excellent a swordsman that, notwithstanding the indelible color line, many of the most conservative Creole gentlemen did not hesitate to attend his *salle d'armes* or even to cross swords with him in private.

Others whose fame rested chiefly upon their having killed or been killed in some celebrated duel were Marcel Dauphin, who disposed of his adversary in a combat with shotguns; Bonneval, who was killed by Reynard, also a professional swordsman; L'Alouette, who killed the fencing-master Shubra; and Thimécourt, who, in a broadsword encounter, cut his opponent, Poulaga, to pieces.

The maître who left the best, and certainly the most vivid, record, however, was Rosière, and many of the old inhabitants of the Crescent City still mention with feeling the name of that gay, whole-souled, though irascible fencing-master who answered Beauregard's call and fol-



Drawn by Harry Lee from photographs.

1. Café Rouge 2. Salle St. Philippe 3. Old dueling-pistols 4. Old building in the French quarter where rival fencing-masters gave public exhibitions of their skill 5. Old Orleans Fencing Club 6. Victor's Restaurant 7. Old café near "The Oaks," where the fortunate duelist partook of his "coffee for one." It is known to-day as "Café Renaissance des Chênes Verts," and is one of the points of interest about New Orleans.

lowed the Orleans Guards to Shiloh. A native of Bordeaux, he went to New Orleans when young, with the avowed intention of winning fame and fortune at the bar; but being of reckless disposition, he fell in with the devil-may-care set and, deserting the Code Napoléon for the *code d'honneur*, became a fencing-master, and incidentally the leader in all the escapades and adventures of the "golden youths" of that time. During the Mexican war, he made a fortune teaching officers the art of fencing, although he squandered it as lightly as it was made. He was brave and generous to a fault, and, paradoxical though it may seem, this hero of seven duels in one week was every one's friend, and, in many respects, was as kind and gentle as a woman. He loved battle and would fight men to the death, but would never harm a defenseless thing, and was particularly fond of little children and dumb pets. A passionate lover of good music and delicately sensitive to its melting impressions, his massive shoulders and superb head could be seen almost nightly at the opera, towering conspicuously above the others about him.

Once when deeply touched by the pathos of a well-sung cantilena, he was moved to tears, which brought a laugh from an unfeeling coxcomb in the opposite chair. Instantly Rosière's tenderness turned to anger. "I may weep," said he, "but I also fight." The next day the impudent fellow was taught by sad experience that one does not always grow fat by laughing.

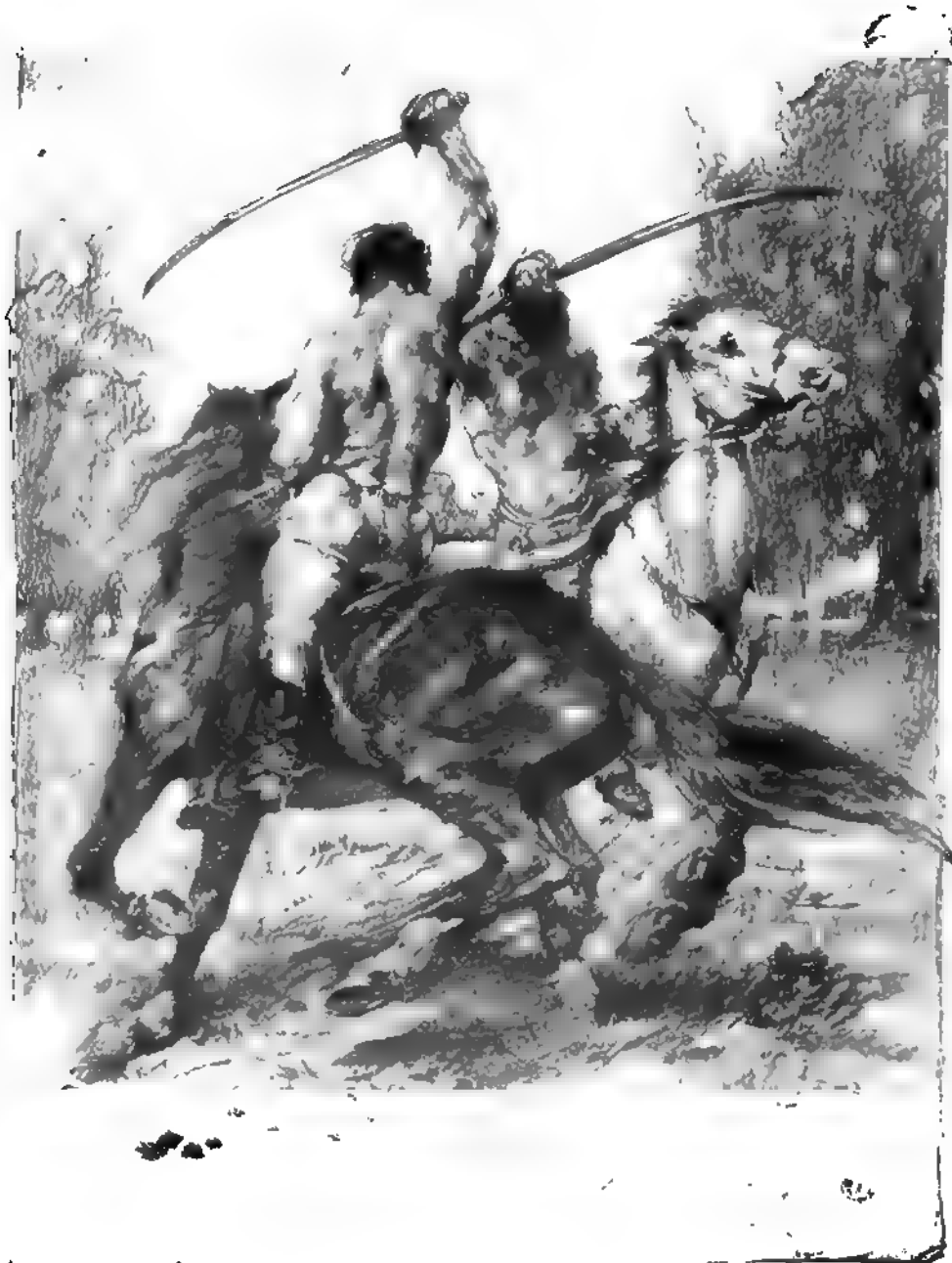
Never a day passed without one or more encounters at The Oaks or other dueling-grounds about the city, and the spirit of the age is expressively summed up in Don César de Bazan's terse words: "Quand je tiens un bon duel je ne le lâche pas." ("When I have a chance to fight I do not let it slip.")

In the spring of 1840 a grand *assaut d'armes* between professional swordsmen took place at the old Salle St. Philippe, which was crowded to its utmost capacity, though only graduated experts were permitted to take part. On this occasion a diploma was as necessary as in the practice of medicine. Pépé Lulla, a valorous young chap skilled in the use of several weapons and afterward famous for a large number of successful duels, was refused the privilege of a bout because

he had no papers to show. Some time after that he challenged a French professor named Bernard, who had insisted upon his producing a diploma, and with a master stroke of broadsword opened the old fencer's flank in two places. This same *assaut d'armes* was the cause of Thimécourt, formerly a cavalry captain, and Poulaga, an Italian professor, fighting a memorable duel. The latter, a veritable Hercules in strength and stature, was there holding his own with a broadsword and bidding defiance to all-comers until opposed and defeated by Thimécourt. This was too much for the Italian's pride, and he remarked with a sneer that his adversary was a fair beginner. "Qu'à cela ne tienne," ("Never mind"), retorted the soldier; "let us adjourn to the field," and without further parley they repaired to The Oaks, where the depreciating Italian was hacked to death at his own game—broadwords. Thimécourt became one of the most noted professors of fence of that period, and upon another occasion had some slight difference with a well-known contemporary named Monthiach, who was rather fleshy and one of the best-natured fellows imaginable, but always ready for a duel, especially with a professor.

Wherever there is skill there is jealousy; but the old *maîtres d'armes* were particularly and aggressively jealous of one another, and as the point at issue in this instance was a "coup," and they disagreed completely, the "logical" way of coming to an understanding was to fight it out; that is, applying the system of logic that prevailed in such matters in those days.

Well, they fought with broadswords, because the disagreement was about that weapon, and the duel was short and decisive. At the first pass Monthiach made a terribly vicious cut at his adversary, evidently intending to decapitate him at one blow, and though the coup was admirably conceived and executed, Thimécourt, who had his own idea, did not parry, but dodged. His hat was cut completely in two, Monthiach's blade just grazing his scalp; at the same time he passed under the other's sword and reached his chest with a splendid *coup de pointe*. They had taken no surgeon with them, and the seconds interfered; the gash was a frightful one, and the blood



DUEL ON HORSEBACK BETWEEN A VILLOLE AND A RETIRED
FRENCH CAVALRY OFFICER

flowed freely from it, yet Monthiach insisted upon proceeding with the fight. The seconds, however, would not permit it, and, to the horror of the bystanders, the wounded duelist drew from his pocket a wad of tow, which he calmly stuffed into the cut to staunch the blood, and walked home in a frenzy, cursing the seconds who had stopped the fight. He declared that his was a beautiful coup, and that he would certainly have whacked off Thimécourt's head had he been given a chance to renew it.

Another affaire that is characteristic of the manners and customs of the period was between M. Pedesclaux and M. Augustin, the former a tall, muscular, athletic young fellow, a favorite in society, and quick-tempered and skilled in the use of arms, and the other a rather slender young lawyer, a great student and devoted to his profession, but also fond of the military.

Both were members of a crack artillery company, and Augustin, who had recently been made a lieutenant, was rather proud of his glittering uniform and trailing artillery saber. Parade had just been dismissed when Pedesclaux came up to his friend and, in a spirit of semi-ridicule, gave the swaggering weapon a knock with his foot, at the same time saying: "What could you do with that thing?" Quick as a flash came the reply: "Follow me to The Oaks, and I will show you." Not another word was said; each selected two friends to act as seconds, and proceeded to the scene of combat.

Augustin was a mere youth, with little experience in such matters, while his antagonist was in the prime of manhood and an accomplished swordsman; but the battle had scarce begun when the latter received a cut on his sword-arm that rendered him helpless, and, as the seconds interfered, the incident closed with a rolling dinner at Victor's.

A while after this, Pedesclaux had a serious quarrel with a retired French cavalry officer who also enjoyed a reputation as a duelist; the cartel was passed with due dignity, and the Frenchman, having the choice of weapons, selected broadswords on horseback.

It was a vicious but handsome combat: both were mounted on blooded stal-

ions and stripped bare to the waist, and as they rode up to each other, nerved for the battle, their muscular development and bearing were positively classic. The Frenchman was a little the heavier of the two and gave evidence of remarkable strength and endurance; Pedesclaux, although lighter in weight, was admirably proportioned, and his youthful suppleness seemed more than to counterbalance the other's brawn.

With a clash of steel that drew sparks from the blades, the two antagonists crossed, and passed each other unhurt. In another moment both horses had been wheeled about by their expert riders, who faced each other again. A terrible head blow from the old cavalryman would have cleft the other to the shoulder-blade if a quick movement had not warded off the death-stroke; then with lightning rapidity, before his adversary could recover his guard, which had been disturbed by the momentum of the blow, the young Creole, by a rapid half-circle, regained his, and with a well-directed lunge drove his blade through the body of the French officer, who reeled in his saddle and fell to the ground, dying shortly after.

Another famous duel on horseback was fought with cavalry sabers by Alexander Cuvillier and Lieutenant Schomberg, U. S. A., on D'Aquin green, a little above what was then the village of Carrollton, but which is now a portion of the city proper. After the second pass, Cuvillier made a vicious cut at his adversary, which, falling short or otherwise being miscalculated, severed the jugular vein of Schomberg's horse, which died on the spot. This put a stop to the duel, and some time afterward Cuvillier died. His brother Adolphe, who had charge of the succession, received a letter from Schomberg recalling the duel and stating that the horse killed in the fight belonged to his colonel, and that he had been required to make indemnity to the extent of five hundred dollars, further hinting that it would be proper for Mr. Cuvillier to pay at least half.

Adolphe replied that as testamentary executor of his brother's estate he had charge of all his affairs, including this quarrel, and that he would cheerfully send a check for two hundred and fifty dollars, and would even be willing to

pay full price for another horse if the lieutenant would agree to renew the fight with him. He never received an answer.

M. Augustin, to whom previous reference has been made, and who afterward became a district judge and general of the Louisiana Legion, was the victor in several other encounters in which the temper of the period caused him to be engaged. One in particular is noteworthy on account of the part it played in an extraordinary freak of fortune. Alexander Grailhe was the offending party, though the insult (or rather provocation, for gentlemen seldom insulted) would in this day be of scant concern. But some cause of action was present, and each was sure that a deadly meeting would certainly follow. They rode together in a carriage with ladies, who, after the duel, commented on their mutual affability during the entire trip, which only serves to show how delicately adjusted was the code of etiquette—especially in the presence of ladies.

They fought at The Oaks, and as soon as the weapons had been crossed and the impressive "*Allez, Messieurs*," pronounced, Grailhe, who was high-strung and hot-blooded—doubly so under the stress of what he regarded as a grievous provocation—lost his temper and furiously charged his antagonist. Augustin, on the contrary, was cool, collected, and agile, parrying each savage thrust, until by a *temps d'arrêt* (sudden pause), judiciously interpolated into a vicious lunge of Grailhe's, he pierced him through the chest. Grailhe, with one of his lungs perforated, remained for a long time hovering between life and death, and when at last he did come out of his room, he was bowed like an octogenarian.

It was now only a question of time for the wounded man, as an internal abscess had formed where it could not be reached,—surgery then was not what it is now,—and the doctors despaired of saving him. Some time after he had been up and about, a quarrel with Col. Mandeville de Marigny resulted in his challenging that distinguished citizen. This duel was also fought at The Oaks, but as Grailhe was too weak to do himself justice with a sword, the weapons chosen were pistols at fifteen paces, each to have two shots, advance five paces, and fire at will. At the first shot, fired simultaneously, the un-

fortunate man fell forward, pierced by his adversary's bullet, which had entered the exact place of his former and yet unhealed wound. Marigny, with pistol in hand and as placid as a marble statue, advanced to the utmost limit marked out, when Grailhe, who was suffering greatly, exclaimed: "Fire again; you have another shot."

With grave dignity Marigny raised his pistol above his head and fired into the air, saying with frigid politeness: "I never strike a fallen foe."

More dead than alive, the stricken duelist was carried home by his friends and consigned to the care of his physician; but instead of sinking rapidly, as was expected, he really began to mend, and by the following morning was much improved. The ball had penetrated to the abscess which had threatened his life, and made an exit for its poisonous accumulations. Some time afterward he walked out of his room as erect as ever, and soon regained his health and stately bearing.

Another case that illustrates the determination with which a desire for satisfaction was pursued when once the breach was made, is that of Frank Yates and Joe Chandler. This duel took place in 1859 and was arranged for The Oaks; but the police authorities interfered at that point, and the principals and seconds retired to another spot near Bayou St. John. Here again they were confronted by officers of the law, and by this time it was getting late, heavy clouds were gathering overhead, and an occasional falling drop suggested a strong probability of rain.

What with this condition of affairs, the melancholy song of katydids, and the croaking of frogs in a neighboring swamp, the situation was far from pleasant. Matters were urgent, however, so the party betook themselves to their carriages and drove to a place just on the outskirts of the city. Darkness had now settled down, and a fine drizzling rain added to the gloom of the surroundings and the dismal appearance of things generally; but there, under the flickering light of an old-fashioned street lamp, pistols were loaded, handed to the principals, who were placed at short range, and the command was given to fire.

After an ineffectual exchange of shots,

Chandler's seconds made an effort to settle the matter peaceably, but were repulsed by the others, and the affair was allowed to proceed. At the third shot Yates reeled backward and fell, dying a few days later.

New Orleans has always been a music-loving city and is specially fond of the opera, which it maintains through a long season annually. It is part of the Creole nature to be extreme in all things, and their taste in this particular respect amounted almost to a passion. Out of a mere discussion over the relative merits of different singers has grown many a fatal combat, and it would require vastly more space than the narrow limits of this article to chronicle even a small part of the duels that were the product of hostility engendered by the opera. A case or two in point, however, will suffice.

During the season of 1857-58, an exceedingly bitter feeling existed between two stars of the French Opera troupe, Mlle. Bourgeois, a contralto, and Mme. Colson, a light soprano. The enmity was occasioned by the latter's having replaced as "*chanteuse légère*" a young woman of great beauty and excellent voice, who was unpopular with the public, though a very dear friend of the contralto, who resented the substitution.

On the occasion of her benefit night, for which she had selected Massé's opera of "*Galatée*," the title-rôle of which properly belonged to Mme. Colson, Mlle. Bourgeois went outside her company and asked the deposed "*chanteuse*," who was still in the city giving music lessons, to sing the part. When this became known, it caused considerable discussion and no little feeling among opera patrons, many of whom felt outraged at what they regarded as an open insult to Mme. Colson, and declared they would not allow Mlle. Bourgeois's friend to sing. She, on the other hand, had her following, who were equally pronounced in their views, and publicly avowed that all those who hissed would regret it. In those days such a threat was sufficient to produce a legion of hisser.

One evening a short while before the performance in question was to take place, a number of gentlemen were lounging about and practising with foils at one of the salles d'armes; Gaston de Coppens and

Emile Bozonier, two of the most popular young fellows in the city, were with the others, and the conversation naturally drifted to the all-absorbing topic of the day. Some one asked Bozonier if he did not intend lending his lusty voice to the proposed hissing; but the issue was of no particular concern to him, and as he was interested in something else at the time, he answered, in a sort of preoccupied fashion, that he thought any man who went to the theater for the sake of hissing a woman was a blackguard and should have his face slapped.

"Do you know," retorted De Coppens, his face growing pale with anger, "that I have proclaimed myself one of those who will hiss that woman down?"

"I do not," replied the other, in the same deliberate tone; "but I nevertheless mean what I said."

"Would you slap a man's face if he hissed on that occasion?"

"If he were close enough to me, I most assuredly would," answered Bozonier, now becoming aroused and interested.

"Well," said De Coppens, "you will have your hands full," and there the matter rested until Mlle. Bourgeois's benefit night.

The old opera-house was packed to its limit, and to even a casual observer it was evident that a feeling of suppressed excitement pervaded the entire auditorium; every one seemed to realize that beneath the gay and glittering surface there burned a smoldering and dangerous fire.

This state of feverish agitation continued until that part where the curtain covering the statue is drawn aside, and *Galatée* begins to live and move; then, as though by common accord, there arose such a din as was probably never before heard in such a place and the like of which, let us hope, will never be heard again.

Applause from one faction, hisses and jeers from the other, each trying to drown out the other, combined to create a bedlam that could be heard far into the street. There, amid the growing tumult, calm and unmoved, the one self-possessed creature in that vast throng, stood the innocent cause of it all, undaunted and without faltering, singing her numbers through to the very end.

Little, indeed, did anybody hear of

Massé's music that evening. Most of the ladies retired after the first clashing outburst, and more than one quarrel begun on that eventful night was concluded next day on the field of honor. That, however, is digressing.

De Coppens had kept his word, and though separated from Bozonier by a dense crowd, their eyes met and a look of defiance passed between them. A few days later they met by chance on the street, and with a sneering smile the former said: "Well, Monsieur, what became of those slaps?"

For a reply he received a stinging smack that sent him spinning, and but for his splendid mastery of himself would have precipitated matters then and there. A challenge followed quickly, and Bozonier, being skilled in the use of neither rapier nor pistol, chose cavalry sabers.

They met at The Oaks, and scant ceremony characterized the opening of the encounter. The first pass showed clearly the fierce fires of animosity that burned within the hearts of both, and the seconds' instructions that the fight was to last until one or the other should be completely disabled seemed wholly superfluous.

Bozonier made a rush at De Coppens and fainted, then, taking advantage of his adversary's effort to parry, quickly passed over his sword and made a swinging stroke at him that would certainly have brought a sudden termination to the struggle had not De Coppens, by a rapid movement, warded off in part the effect of the blow. As it was, the point of the saber slashed De Coppens' cheek and sank deep enough into his chest to fell him to the ground. It was a terrible gash, and for a moment rendered him completely at the mercy of his foe, whose generous nature prevented his following up the advantage.

A momentary pause, and he sprang to his feet like a wounded tiger, reaching Bozonier's sword-arm with a vicious lunge and rendering him almost helpless. Then the battle went the other way; for, with the muscles above the elbow severed, Bozonier could scarcely grasp his weapon, and before the seconds were able to appreciate the danger of the overwhelming handicap, Bozonier fell, bleeding from half a dozen terrible wounds. Both, how-

ever, recovered, owing to their splendid constitutions, and fought with equal valor in the Civil War. De Coppens became colonel of a Louisiana regiment and was killed in the battle of Seven Pines.

A month or two after the duel just referred to, a violent criticism from the pen of Emile Hiriart, a vitriolic writer, appeared in one of the local papers; the same day he received challenges from two gentlemen who had taken exception to his article, and with characteristic spirit he accepted both.

The first was settled without serious results, through action on the part of the seconds, but the other was quite a different affair. This one was with E. Locquet, and the fact that an underlying hatred existed between the two accounted no doubt for the deadly purpose displayed in the choice of weapons—double-barreled shotguns loaded with buckshot, at forty paces. The Creoles were all hunters, and in their hands this was indeed a frightful weapon. Seconds rarely permitted its use except in cases of the gravest provocation, as it was no uncommon occurrence for both principals to be killed in such an encounter.

There was necessarily an air of solemnity about the preliminaries of any duel in those days, but on this occasion it was almost funereal as the ground was measured off and the antagonists were placed in their respective positions.

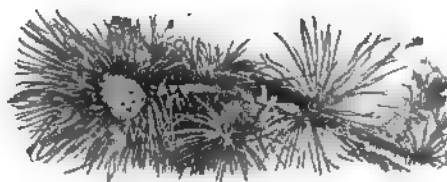
As was customary in such combats, the seconds tossed for the word of command, and Hiriart's friends won it. As both were excellent shots and men of iron nerve, this was regarded as a considerable advantage. The word was given: "Fire, one, two, three," and Hiriart fired as soon as the first word left the speaker's mouth, with Locquet only a fraction of a second behind. Both were struck; the latter, turning completely round and leaping into the air, fell flat upon his face without uttering a sound; his adversary wheeled about, and dropping his gun with the cry, "It is all over," fell apparently lifeless upon the grass.

Locquet was dead, but the offending critic's life was saved by his quick shot, which, it appears, did not give the other time to raise his weapon to the proper level, and, being discharged at an angle, the load merely struck the ground and

glanced upward, stunning, but not seriously injuring, Hiriart.

Anything like a complete record of the duels of that period would be a library in itself, since, for a couple of generations

dueling was a daily occurrence in New Orleans, and those who lived in the vicinity of The Oaks declared that for years there was almost a continual procession of pilgrims to that bloody shrine.



THE PASSING OF THE FOREST

BY ALEXANDER BLAIR THAW

AS long as the forest shall live,
The streams shall flow onward, still singing
Sweet songs of the woodland, and bringing
The bright, living waters that give
New life to all mortals who thirst.
But the races of men shall be cursed.

Yea, the hour of destruction shall come
To the children of men in that day
When the forest shall pass away;
When the low woodland voices are dumb;
And death's devastation and dearth
Shall be spread o'er the face of the earth.

Avenging the death of the wood,
The turbulent streams shall outpour
Their vials of wrath, and no more
Shall their banks hold back the high flood,
Which shall rush o'er the harvests of men;
As swiftly receding again.

Lo! after the flood shall be dearth,
And the rain no longer shall fall
On the parching fields; and a pall,
As of ashes, shall cover the earth;
And dust-clouds shall darken the sky;
And the deep water wells shall be dry.

And the rivers shall sink in the ground,
And every man cover his mouth
From the thickening dust, in that drouth;
Fierce famine shall come; and no sound
Shall be borne on the desolate air
But a murmur of death and despair.

THE AMERICAN WAY

BY JAMES W. STEELE

THERE was a man who had a piece of ground in the valley of the Rio Grande not far from where the miserable adobe hamlet that is called Paraje sits in its bed of sand.

He was one of those who was there simply because he was. The men of the frontier, wherever they were found in those old days, were not in any given locality because it was the best place, or, indeed, for any reliable human reason; and no particular reason long endured even when there was one. For all men were constitutional nomads to the third or fourth occupancy of all the country west of the Missouri. Some were hunters, others miners, and once in a long time one settled permanently to till the soil, being so much a farmer by heredity that he could not let the business alone.

If this man Sandy was a farmer by choice, he might better have settled elsewhere, say a thousand miles or so to the east and north of him. For at about that time they were tumbling ties from flat-cars west of Fort Harker, in what a short time previously had been named "Bleeding Kansas," and the christening of it had actually been with blood. Settlers were moving into the valleys of the trans-Missouri streams. In all the vast grassy region there, from which the buffaloes had not yet entirely vanished and over which the lean Apache still wandered and marauded, a new life was spreading. The homestead law was having its results; and the most momentous, as we see it now, that ever followed the enactment of a civil statute.

If this man who was called Sandy had any other name, he never signed it, or mentioned it, or considered it essential to a description of his personality. He was said to be a Missourian, was a man of thirty-eight or forty, and knew as much

as he ever would know. Regularly or irregularly he had been one of Sibley's men when that Confederate general invaded New Mexico in 1862. The long-range parting skirmish of that conquest was fought at Paraje, and the Confederates, abandoning all or nearly all, dragged themselves and their guns thence southward across the ninety waterless miles of the *Jornada del Muerto* (the Journey of the Dead) to El Paso and the shelter of the southwest corner of Texas.

Sandy abandoned his cause and stayed behind. He bore his name visibly upon him wherever he met his countrymen, who had bestowed it upon him, for he was that—sandy. Freckled, red-headed, blue-eyed, long of limb, and gaunt of frame, he strode about among the Mexicans with whom he had forgathered,—with them, but not of them,—speaking their language and following their ways, but not their ideas or thoughts.

He had a fancy for mules and leathern harness, and owned a wagon that had spoked wheels and iron tires. At one time, indeed, this now ancient vehicle had been furnished with a pale blue body and red wheels, and had borne upon its side the monogram "U. S." General Sibley had got it that day he chased the Union soldiers back into their garrison at Fort Craig, following the renowned battle of Val Verde. He had abandoned it again, starved mules and all, and thenceforth it was Sandy's. And scorning the crooked tree-crotch of the Mexican farmers, he had somehow come by the ownership of a plow with an iron mold-board, and of an American hoe.

Yet Sandy was not eccentric, nor did he depart far from the usual manner of his race as they are in other regions whither they have wandered. He was not a man who cared for laws, for he

knew none, and there was in those days no court to hold jurisdiction over the valley of the mosquito-haunted stream, the waters of which were never regarded as good for anything more than the watering of a strip of soil on each side. There were priests, and perhaps occasionally one of them may have garnered souls even in Paraje. But priests are chiefly for women. So Sandy thought, without differing materially from the common masculine idea in regions where priests are very commonly a chief factor in the management of all the small affairs of life.

Sandy had a pleasure—or it might be called an occupation—that placed him beyond the common necessities of what his countrymen usually know as religion and law. He was a hunter as well as a farmer. Hunters are a law unto themselves wherever they wander, because they wander alone. The three-legged tame doe, the victim of the glancing bullet that had killed its mother, that came without hesitation into the soldiers' camp, and whipped all the military dogs there by jumping on their backs with little, sharp, black hoofs, was Sandy's pet. Hunting is a pastime, often a passion, in which a man takes unto himself again the primary ideas of the human race. Alone in the untrodden fastnesses of the mountains that border the Rio Grande on the west this man spent more than half his days. Possessed of the guiding instinct that the born white hunter shares with Indians and animals, he came and went as he pleased, and no man followed him or noted his going or his return.

It was said of him that he had more than one lodge in the mountain wilderness, and that he lived like a hermit amid rocks and pines and unknown falling waters. He himself, philosophically prosaic, sometimes explained that he did not like the mutton of a land of goats, and that jerked venison was necessary to civilized life. He said also that while he was the only man who owned cows in all the country, his Mexican neighbors would not even milk them while he was absent, and so they had gone half-wild in the hills, and he must needs look after them. He might have gone further into the matter had it been in him to go into anything for the convincing of others. He was making the best of a land that is

the land of the ass and the goat by an inherited Spanish preference that trails downward through the ages. That also may be a reason why New Mexico has remained a Territory for more than fifty years.

But the interest in the story of Sandy clusters as usual about a single fact. There came a woman into the case.

Her name was Inez, and she was the village belle. The family part of her cognomen is not divulged in this story because it had been forgotten by the present writer's informant. It may have been Sanchez or Garcia, or any one of the Smiths and Browns of the Spanish lineage. As Inez she was known up and down the valley for many miles as a kind of general coquette whose good name was untarnished, and of whom it was wondered if some time she would take up with a common goat-herding Mexican because she would know no better.

The man who told the writer the story of Sandy's romance, sitting before the open fire in the back room of the sutler's store at Fort Selden, spoke of the girl as having been something rather extraordinary as the daughters of Spain who have forgotten their country go. She was seventeen or thereabouts, which is rather old among New Mexican girls. She was well accustomed to lovers before she happened to engage seriously the attention of this big *Americano*. Her usual personal garniture was not elegant, albeit sufficiently attractive. A white cotton chemise that was always slipping down over one shoulder or the other, a petticoat, the indispensable *rebosa* for the head, and Mexican-made moccasins, completed her usual attire. There were shoes with high heels and white cotton hosiery when she could get them. But her hair hung far down her back in two thick braids, and her figure was comely. Had there been roses, it is safe to say that there would always have been one fastened over her small, brown left ear. Big, yellow filigree gold rings were in her ears, the same that Mexican goldsmiths have known how to make, without even the tools a Yankee locksmith finds necessary in his business, since the times of Cortez. Plump, petite, vivacious, coquettish, supremely ignorant, yet knowing as much as anybody, the girl was described by those

who had known her well, and big, crude, honest-hearted Sandy was the latest, and last, prey to fall to her prowess as a *conquistadora*.

Yet he was of the class known at sight by all the wise as, in the vernacular, one of those who are "not to be fooled with."

My friend beside the fire was of the opinion that Sandy's infatuation was due, in the first place, to the circumstance of the eggs. He said the story was an old one. Inez was prominent in the poultry business. When a caravan of soldiers and mules and wagons on their way to the lower country passed there and stopped,—and Paraje means a stopping-place,—she appeared upon the scene to sell eggs. These she carried, in incredible numbers for so small a person, inside the fullness of her chemise above the waistband of her other garment, whence she took them by twos, and drove sharp bargains with men to whom the hen was a prehistoric bird and to whom the taste of eggs with bacon was ambrosial.

Her piping voice was heard in the dreary little sandy street as she hastened to her market at the edge of the camp, saying to her companions: "*Vaya! No me tocas mientras estoy lleno de blanquillos.*" Even the serious Sandy must have smiled at the artlessness of a brown and active damsel running along the street and shouting: "Go 'long! Don't touch me now while I am full of eggs." It is a weakness of human nature that it is useless to talk of reforming that all soldiers and Americans, these being her most gullible customers, wanted the eggs of Inez, and would stand there and buy them at any price so long as she could find a remaining one to chase around to the front from behind, and extract deftly from the upper hem of her garment.

Now, in this far region the man Sandy was a man of substance amid almost general penury. He owned mules and harnesses and a wagon, and had land and guns and revolvers, and with these last he could shoot off the head of one of Inez's chickens any time she asked him to. So she married him. They called it that, at least, and when the priest came around, he ratified the union. If he had not, it was entirely in good faith, and binding as a custom in a region that was without

any law or even a plethora of faith. So Sandy came to the village and lived among her kind and kindred, who looked upon him withal as a great convenience in an uncertain world, and an honor to the family, besides.

And he accepted all the facts of the case with the stolid soberness of his kind. Inez was the best-treated peasant girl that ever had been known. She had shoes now, and a "tunica," which is a dress made with body and sleeves and skirt, and a silken *rebosa* with crimson stripes and fringes. She became the distinguished owner of a side-saddle and an ambling pony. These were to Inez days of pride. When her sisters of the region coated their faces thick with *cascarilla*, and donned the calico gown with a train that was *de rigueur*, and wound the striped *rebosa* about their heads, to go to the *baile*, they often rode three on one donkey, while Inez rode ahead on her pony. In the measures of the *cachuca* and the bolero her high-heeled shoes were without rival on the dusty floor. Her airs were the grandest and her laugh was the gayest in all the remote and silent country where these stranded members of a civilization older than the Alhambra had lived alone so long. Where contented and remediless poverty had been the rule for time immemorial she alone was rich, and her man was no thick-set and low-browed peon. Hers was a tall man, and slim, who knew things and had wherewith to do. It was true that he said little and did not attend *bailles* or the church, yet the padre when he came talked more with him than with any others, and from him received what was probably the only cash contribution that cheered his ministry.

Yet Sandy was Mexicanized to the extent that he seemed to have forgotten his own kindred. He did not seek the rare Americans of the North who sometimes passed that way. Yet he declined also to sit on a sheep-skin in front of the little *tienda* and play monte and other simple games through the long summer afternoons. He was always doing something, which was against the unwritten law. He would take a horse and go away, to be gone indefinitely, and when he returned his beast would be loaded with peltries, and there would soon afterward creep into circulation in the village little

pinches of gold-dust carefully dribbled out of the open ends of quills, and little nuggets would be used in the purchase of merchandise.

The house where Inez lived was the biggest and best in the town, and stood on the outskirts beside the trail to the hills. It actually had windows with small glass panes, and the roof did not leak when it rained. The mistress of this mansion was the most envied of her sex, and for a long time now had ceased to sell eggs or to stand in her doorway and shout to her female neighbors a quarter of a mile away. She had, moreover, a chair on which one might rock back and forth, and an actual bed on which she slept. Young peach-trees grew in her back yard beside the *acequia*, which ran all the time. Other women milked her goats, and did her washing under the cottonwood by the river. The façade of her mansion was so gorgeously festooned with red peppers that one could see it afar, and know that it was the home of luxury. It may be added that innumerable relatives did not come and live with her, according to custom, solely because she and they were afraid of the opinions of Sandy upon that subject.

There came to the town one day a man from the lower country. He had a hundred buttons on his trousers-seams and jacket, a hat covered with silver bullion, small boots, long fingers, and a mustache that was twisted at the ends. He lingered at the *tienda*, which was also a country store, a hotel, and every necessary thing else, and proceeded to install a monte lay-out on a sheep-skin at the corner of the rickety porch, and to bet his considerable pile against the piles of the inhabitants as fast as they came. Gambling, in the Spanish mind, is no offense against morals, religion, or law, and so this *caballero* from afar was not frowned upon.

And when his game had become very dull because of the prevailing impecuniosity, he still lingered. It seemed likely that he was going to become a permanent resident, and was so accepted; and yet his sole inducement to remain grew really out of the fact that he had seen Madam Inez as she passed by.

He made her acquaintance, perhaps easily. He was near her at odd times

on the outskirts, and all the women knew it and discussed it, and all the men waited for the reappearance of her husband on the scene from out of the mountain world whither he had for some time been gone.

And when he came, they made bold—the boldest of them—to convey to him hints of what they thought might be the situation. It is true that they touched the matter very lightly; only one old woman, the beldame of the town and a privileged character, making bold to tell him what appearance indicated to her mind. "I am sure a woman of your experience ought to know, mother," he had said as he walked away.

And then he went away again, or seemed to do so. Nobody could guess why. Sandy was notoriously the most silent man in all that chattering country.

And one evening the gentleman from El Paso was actually there on Sandy's premises, talking with Madam Inez first from the road, then from the door, then from inside the door and at last from within, and with the door, so it was mysteriously whispered, actually closed. It was said that he was meantime telling her how it was he knew her man was never coming back, and other things thereunto pertaining.

Notwithstanding all allegations to the contrary, there is no country where feminine indiscretions are more quickly noticed than they are in this far region. It is, however, the letter of the law that kills; for it is a pious community that turns the face of the lithographed Virgin to the wall when any unusual gaiety seems imminent, since the saints are reputed to be almost unreasonably particular. Counting the ikons out, there is the usual feminine suspicion of everything that the other woman does. Sandy's wife had been watched always because of envy of her beauty and wealth. For two weeks or more she had now been a subject of comment and speculation at the water-hole under the tree where the clothes were washed. Everybody was looking for something to happen.

It was late in the summer afternoon when up the straggling village street came the man Sandy, a sudden apparition out of the surrounding wilderness. He walked where all could see him, and



"WE TWO WILL TAKE THIS MAN AWAY."

drove before him a donkey, and this animal he caused to stop in the road before his own house, while all the women gathered in little groups afar off, and wondered one to the other what new thing it was that should give them something to talk about in the dull days to come. When Sandy flung open the door and stood on his own threshold, one long, old-fashioned Colt was pointing directly at his wife's uninvited visitor, while another was held in his left hand, as though he meant to use that, too, if any emergency should arise. It may be added that Sandy had the reputation of being able to shoot in two different directions at the same time.

"Get up," they heard him say, "and come with me." And they knew he had it in his heart to kill them both if they refused, and the two men came out, the gambler first, with his hands held high above his head. He tried to smile and linger, and was thereupon led by the collar of his embroidered jacket to the sorry beast that stood waiting, and almost literally hoisted to his place upon its back. A man will do a thing like this for his life, hoping that something may meantime occur for his relief. The prisoner made but a sorry figure as he sat sheepishly there upon his hairy cushion, the tips of his boots almost touching the ground, and some of the bystanders laughed. But a man twice as big as he was holding the donkey's neck-rope and was looking sorrowfully at the gathering crowd of villagers that, by this time, included all of them that could walk, or toddle, or be carried in arms.

Then the man Sandy proceeded to do the only dramatic thing of his whole life. He did not know it was dramatic, or even the meaning of the word. Also, as he stood there looking sadly at the community, he proceeded to make his only public address. "Go you now," he said to a group of the oldest women, "and bring hither my wife, the Doña Inez."

"To kill her?" they shrieked in high falsetto. "*Por Dios!* No! No!"

By this time even the village dogs were there. Sandy turned again a lugubrious visage toward his fellow-citizens. "No," he said; "not to kill her. I would that she should tell me, and tell you all, whether she has done anything justly to

cause all this chatter I have heard something of. I want to know whether she has anything unusual to confess to the padre when he comes. I want to know first if there is anything the penance for which would be the wearing of a gown made of soldier's gunny-sacks for a year, and the carrying of a lighted candle with her wherever she shall go."

Then they went to bring the Doña Inez, and meantime the big Americano looked his prisoner up and down as he sat upon the burro, and silently waited.

At last she came, not slowly and with reluctance, but rushing at a run, and with disheveled hair, far out into the sandy road.

"I have done nothing—nothing!" she cried to the company assembled. "I have been alone and lonely, and very sorrowful. I have much that I do not want, and lack the one thing—the man who is mine, and who lives away from me in the mountains among his wild beasts. This other man—he has followed me. I wanted him not. I think he is bad, bad. Ah, will you not believe me?" She turned to her husband with open palms and appealing eyes. "Will you not believe me rather than those who have told you tales? I have nothing to tell the padre when he comes. Is there any one here who has the holy cross? Give me a cross that I may swear it."

The same ancient beldame, from whose life had long departed all the loves of this world, came forward and took from her neck a small cross and handed it to the girl. There were doubtless many of the emblems of salvation in that company, for they were all followers of the ancient faith; but the old woman was the nearest and one of the most interested. The girl took it, and thereon, with crossed hands and upturned eyes, kneeling in the sand, she swore her innocence. There was an intense silence. No man or woman of the Spanish blood will do as this woman did and know it to be a lie. Even the stolid Sandy, standing there beside his donkey and his prisoner, looked straight at her while she spoke, and nodded his head as if convinced.

Then he beckoned to her, and she came with bowed head and streaming eyes. "Take you the rope," he said, "and I will come behind." Then he again addressed

his neighbors. "I believe the girl," he said, "and we two will take this man away. Look upon him, all of you, as we go down the street. For I also have a vow. If, after we have set him on his way, I ever see him again, I will kill him where he stands. Go forward, Señora. *Array, Burrico!* Git up!"

All down the squalid street the little procession passed. All the inhabitants looked and wondered, and the elders, men for the most part, finding themselves on the narrow line that lies between tragedy and comedy, smiled knowing smiles behind their hands as they turned away. They did not know, and they had never in all their experience known, a case like this. To kill the man, yes; but to humiliate him in public, to put him on a bare-backed donkey, and escort him out of town, that was new and very ridiculous. "*Adios!*" they said as the procession dis-

appeared behind the flank of a little hill.

They came back, the two together, hand in hand, walking up the village street in the gray of the dawn. Miles away, it was said, there had been a brief but impressive ceremony on the bank of the Rio Grande, and the man from El Paso had taken to the yellow stream, not looking back, and had waded as far as he could, and the rest perhaps he swam—if he could swim. And certainly he never came back. "These Americans of the North are queer people. One must be careful what one does with what they think belongs to them. This man, now, him that I tell you of; he believed what she said. Yet she was young and very handsome. Yes. What I have said is true. The Americans of the North, your people, Señor, are very strange. It is not everybody who can understand the American way."



THE WHITE VEIN

BY ELIZABETH FOOTE

IT wavers in the earth, a crooked mark,
 Ever a clue of whiteness in the dark.
Through it the shy, pale gold has set its stain.
 And men have fought to keep it in their sight,
 And, toiling many years by day and night,
 Have followed the white vein.

They stoop in darkness by the shuddering drills,
 They storm their passage through the iron hills;
Only the subtle gold shall be their gain.
 Ah, there are many seekers that are lost;
 But barren is the life that has not crossed
 The promise of the vein.

He who has found it deep will hold it hard,
 Though step by step the way is always barred;
Only the pure, pale gold shall be his gain.
 Yet he shall force his hope and crush his fears,
 And through dark hours and unmeaning years
 Shall follow the white vein.



Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE CONVENT OF THE BLUE NUNS, FIESOLE

A HAVEN OF REST

THE HOME OF THE BLUE NUNS AT FIESOLE

BY HELEN ZIMMERN

THE most conspicuous object in a northern view of Florence is the flanking, twin-peaked hill, in the hollow of which nestles the erstwhile Etruscan city of Fiesole, that Fiesole whose very name is music, evoking sweet memories of sunshine and art. The whole fertile slope is dotted with dwellings: stately, historic villas; ancient, fortified manors; modern houses, replete with comfort and luxury, enfolded in rich mantles of verdure. Yet, lovely though they be, the fairest spot of all is the old convent of

San Girolamo. Standing against a background of feathery, gray-green olives, just below the summit of the hill where once soared the Etruscan citadel and now stands a Franciscan monastery, it dominates the whole wide, smiling valley of the Arno.

Surely, nowhere on earth could a fairer prospect be offered than that which is spread before its windows. Behind rises ever-picturesque Fiesole, flanked on its eastern side by the honeycombed quarries of Monte Ceceri, the so-called "Mother

of Florence," whence all the stone to build her has been extracted, as well as the cypress-embedded ex-convent of Doccia, said to have been built by Michel-

Dante, that formerly harbored many snares set for little birds, a sport still beloved by the Tuscans. In the "Paradiso," the poet compares this height to



Drawn by M. C. Wyss, Jr.

THE STEPS INSIDE THE GATEWAY OF THE CONVENT

angelo and now the holiday home of an American banker. On the west, cut off by the bed of the Mugnone, stands yet another edifice-crowned hill, from the midst of which rises an ancient turret. This is the Bird Tower, spoken of by

the Roman Monte Mario, whence the Eternal City is first seen from one side. Likewise, the traveler, nearing Florence by the old Bologna road, first sees hence the domes and towers of Florence. Here, too, breaks sharply into view Monte Mo-

rello, the highest Apennine of the district, which serves as a barometer in which every Florentine trusts implicitly. Farther off rise the fantastic, distant peaks of the glittering Carrara Mountains, while on the opposite side runs a noble range, to one mountain of which clings Vallombrosa, its dark forest of firs forming a conspicuous point.

This range divides the Florentine valley from the fertile districts of Monte Falterona, whence spring the Arno and the Tiber. In the middle distance, gently perched on a lower eminence, is seen the white, tower-crowned village of Settignano, where Michelangelo learned to chisel marble, and nearer yet the villa that once was Walter Savage Landor's, that harbors Boccaccio's "Valley of Ladies" in its grounds, through which trickle those poet-sung streamlets, the Affrico and the Mensola. Below, in the Arno-watered basin, lies Florence, with her clustering towers and her one supreme dome and her historic memories, while across, closing the view on the other side, are yet other heights and ridges. On one of these stands San Miniato, that Byzantine mosaic-inlaid basilica; another supports fair Bellosguardo, immortalized in the song of the Brownings, and the home of many a painter and poet before and since.

Indeed, if it did not sound absurd, I should be tempted to call this a cultivated view, in which man, by his intellect and his handiwork, has improved upon nature and emphasized to the full her innate capacities.

From the steep, winding road which was the only approach to Fiesole before electric trams were thought of, close to the spot where an inscription marks the fact that here several early Christians were martyred, an arched gateway gives access to a wide flight of shallow steps which mount between a double row of stately cypress-trees to the triple-arcaded atrium of a little chapel. Just beyond is a modest door. Your ring is responded to by a sweet, serene-faced nun, who answers your inquiry in English, and who, if she has learned that you have a right to enter (some friend to visit or sister to see), cheerfully admits you. As she closes the door behind you, she seems to exclude by that act the outer

world, with all its sordid cares and worries.

Your first step brings you into a little square, arcaded cloister, shrub- and creeper-shaded, and rose-screened, in the midst of which stands a porticoed stone well-head that bears on one side the inscription "Cosimus Medices" and on the other "Flore Dux II." Thus at once you are transported back in time, and the breath of present tranquillity and long-dead repose envelop you. And over all spreads a subtle atmosphere of love, of peace on earth, of good will to men, that visibly emanates from the kindly sisters who are your guides, hosts, or, as the case may be, your nurses.

From this beautiful little courtyard several doors give access to the conventual buildings, as well as to the tiny, dainty chapel and to corridors and cheerful rooms flooded with sunlight and air. For this monastic abode has become adapted to modern use, having been converted into a convalescent home by an order of English nursing sisters who have had the good luck to pitch upon this favored spot. No ascetic bareness marks the apartments of the invalids, nor do the mediæval standards of luxury prevail in any of the arrangements. So skilfully and with such good taste has the blending of old and new been accomplished, such loving care for all that is precious in the old, such tactful concessions to the needs of modern life, that there is no sense of clashing, as is so often the case. Instead, an impression of perfect harmony has resulted.

Harmony, indeed, is the dominant note that greets those who cross the threshold of San Girolamo to-day—harmony in nature; in the lovely gardens, in which every advantage offered by the matchless site has been utilized; harmony in art, in the noble simplicity of the building, and its quiet, sober decoration; harmony, above all, among the human occupants, the cheerful, unselfish devotion of the sisters seeming to spread to all those living within their influence.

The building itself dates from a happy period in Italian architecture, when noble proportions, spaciousness, and light were best understood, only requiring the homelike touch to render it eminently "livable." The windows of the rooms face



A CYPRESS LINED AVENUE

south, and all open on the entrancing view over Florence.

Outer doors, at different levels, in accordance with the steeply rising slope of the ground, lead to the beautiful terraced gardens—Italian gardens in the truest sense of the word, where in cozy rocks, sheltered by old walls and under the shade of ilex and cypress, alant and Jugas tree, every variety of easy chair and couch invites the invalid to enjoy the pure, delicious air. For those well enough to take more extensive strolls, the olive groves which stretch up to the Etruscan wall under the summit of the hill offer new points of view and shady walks under the climbing tendrils of the vines, which fling themselves, Italian fashion, from tree to tree.

In these delightful surroundings the traveler in search of health, or who has been unlucky enough to fall ill en route, finds a haven of rest. Fleeting from the hired service grudgingly given in crowded hotels, she (or he, for the sisters make no distinction of sex) feels herself at once the object of a loving care which has no thought of selfish interest behind it. The cultivated ladies who manage the establishment are as ready to perform services which many an upper servant would disdain as menial, as to put their highly skilled nursing at the disposal of their patients.

"The Little Company of Mary" is the name of the sisterhood that has these claims on the gratitude of travelers, but though this is their correct designation, it has been



CENTRAL COURTYARD AND WELL-HEAD.



A PART OF THE CONVENT GARDEN

shortened in common parlance to that of "The Blue Nuns," in allusion to the color of their veil. They are no ancient order. The "little company" was founded only thirty years ago, and Mother Mary, their foundress, is still alive, and lives in Rome. Their birthplace was Nottingham, where their early years were protected by Bishop Bagshawe.

And here it may be well to mention that the order varies in some particularities in its rule from other existing nursing communities. One of these is the relaxation of the prohibition, usual in most older orders, of a sister traveling alone. This restriction, necessary at a time when women's position was very different, is felt to be an unnecessary hindrance to-day. A Blue Sister can pack her bag and set off in answer to a sick call without being obliged to wait till another sister is at liberty to bear her company.

That the order supplies a want is obvious by the fact that it has already nursing-homes, hospitals, and asylums under

the care of the sisters in England, Ireland, and the colonies. In Australia they have two hospitals, a blind asylum, and a mad-house. They have, also, a house at Chicago, and one at Malta. The hospital of St. John's, Limerick, Ireland, is under their care, and in the East End of London they own a home for fallen girls and a home where only the very poorest of the poor are nursed. In all their good works the sisters are animated by the most truly catholic spirit, for no differences of station, of nationality, or of religion are allowed to stand in the way of their wide charity. It suffices to be sick, bodily or mentally, thus to need their care, and this is ungrudgingly offered. The rich, of course, must pay, but their money is only held in temporary trust, for it is passed on as quickly as possible, and poured into the lap of the poor.

All this is done in no proselytizing spirit. The sisters are forbidden by their rule to engage in religious discussion with their patients; they are directed to keep their religion in their hearts, and not

upon their lips; and scrupulously they observe this rule. It is also against their rule to permit a photograph or drawing of a member of the order to be made for publication.

It is difficult to believe that this thriving spiritual progeny should have sprung from the zeal of one frail little woman. Mother Mary is one of the tiniest of her sex, and so slight and thin that any person of ordinary strength could pick her up and carry her like a baby. And this is not unnecessary, for she has been a chronic invalid for years. She can take no solid food, and has to be carried from her bed to her sofa whenever she is well enough to get up at all. Yet such is the victory of mind over matter, that from her couch of suffering she directs an army of hundreds scattered over the world. From dawn to dusk she writes, reads, dictates, and grants interviews to all who desire to see her on business, whether relating to the order or to their own private affairs. Few women in the plenitude of health and strength get through more in a day than does this fragile invalid.

To return to the site which shelters so much good will and active charity, San Girolamo has gone through many vicissitudes since the building of that fragment of old Etruscan wall which forms part of the boundary of the orchard.

In the early ages of Christianity a little chapel dedicated to St. Jerome (in Italian, San Girolamo) stood here, and later, about 1360, a certain Carlo dei Conti Guidi, who desired to retire from the world, built himself a hermitage beside this chapel. In time he was joined by others, who adopted the same mode of life.

Thus was formed the brotherhood of San Girolamo, whose tiny, rudely built cells may still be seen in the hillside under the foundations of the newer buildings. The object of the brotherhood was to pray for the healing of the great schism between the Eastern and the Western church.

For many years they lived their quiet lives: when their founder died, they pre-

served his head in the little chapel, whence it was later removed to one of the shrines in the church of the SS. Annunziata, in Florence, where it can be seen to this day.

About 1450, Cosimo de' Medici built himself a villa close to the hermitage, a villa that still stands, and is occupied by an English lady; and with the munificence characteristic of his family, he rebuilt the convent in much better style. He also granted the brothers a pension, so that the poor hermits of San Girolamo became a powerful order under the name of Girolamites. Riches, however, do not seem to increase zeal and fervor. By 1668, the brethren had so far declined from their first spirit that the order was adjudged unnecessary, and was suppressed. The conventual buildings passed into lay hands, becoming the property of the Ricasoli family, a member of which, in 1871, left it as a gift to the Society of Jesus, which turned it into the private residence of the general of the order, until, at the end of the nineteenth century, he returned to live in Rome, and the property was then acquired by the Little Company of Mary as a home of rest for their invalids.

It is a home where everything invites to repose, to contemplation, to cultivated study, to peaceful thought, to gentle dreaming, and to poetic visions.

May it not be more than a mere idle legend, that which in winter is still whispered in Fiesole over crackling olive-wood fires or in summer beside the straw-plaiting loom? The fable has it that this rose-wreathed height was once the favorite earthly abode of Atlas, the sky-bearer, and that he chose it as the resting-place for the body of his dearest child. And when he had laid her to rest in eternal slumber, he asked a boon of great Jove. And the boon he craved was for others, not for himself, and perchance this is why it was granted. For Atlas prayed that all future dwellers on this spot might ever find rest for their souls, recreation for their minds, and joy for their hearts.

THE GIFT OF SONG

WITH PRACTICAL ADVICE ON VOICE CULTURE

BY NELLIE MELBA

DURING the years immediately preceding my first and, for me, my most memorable visit to Europe, the late Marquis of Normanby was Governor of Victoria. At that time I was regarded in Melbourne as a very good amateur pianist, much in request for private parties, at which I always played, and on very rare occasions also sang. At one of these functions, given at Government House, I gave some songs between the pianoforte selections, and the Marchioness of Normanby, in thanking me, said, "Child, some day you will give up the piano for singing, and then you will become famous."

That was the simple comment that set me seriously thinking of a career as a singer. I had always felt that I would become a professional in music—pianist, organist, violinist, perhaps, but something in music, at any rate; but from that moment I knew in an irresistible way that I was to be a singer.

That remark of the Marchioness made me understand, and determined me to grasp "the skirts of happy chance." I courted every semblance of opportunity, and I see now, as then, how fateful a factor opportunity must be with all who aim at a public career. Even the born singer may waste divine gifts for want of opportunity, and the possessor of highly developed vocal talent may entirely sink into obscurity without it.

Among students of similar talent and health she who succeeds is the one with alert mind, who is ever on the *qui vive* for her chance. The girl who fails is generally lacking in mental and physical energy—too prone to believe that opportunity on ready foot trips unsought even to the laggard's door. The born or inspired singer always sings, although

in isolated cases want of opportunity may limit the sphere of those rarely endowed people.

While it is true that the present time offers extraordinary scope for art by reason of a widespread knowledge on all subjects, I think the increased chances of success which the growing popularity of music offers have been largely discounted by the numbers of performers and professors who, without proper qualifications, have set themselves up as apostles of music, and unfairly and recklessly overcrowded a profession which should be exceptionally difficult to enter.

No doubt many aspirants—I speak solely of women—are encouraged and flattered by the fact that in the profession of music women fare better than in any other walk of life, and the monetary reward of great singers and teachers may be said to have reached a stage of almost extravagant appreciation.

In my opinion, the great singers of our day would not be so few if there were more competent teachers, and a more complete realization of the greatness of the task. It is not that lovely voices are rarer than formerly, or talent more sparingly given of God. The piano or violin student will devote ten years to the technic of his instrument, while the vocalist or the teacher too often regards research at an end after studying a year or two, or even a few months only.

Just here, however, I should like to make it plain that the student who cannot give a promising account of herself after eighteen months' thorough study is, to my mind, never likely to do really great things. I do not mean for a moment that she should then be a full-fledged singer, but that she should be able

to give clear indications as to future possibilities.

The real study actually begins after one has come before the public, and it is to subsequent development that the most earnest attention should be paid. Year after year the artiste will make striking progress if music be really in her soul, and from life and its varied experiences she will learn interpretative nuances which no other teacher can bestow. Let me say, too, that in this life-long study the singer must not be too rigidly bound by the tenets of technic. She must think and feel for herself, and to a great extent be guided by her individuality.

In too many cases the vocal student has only the merest smattering of knowledge about the marvelous and delicate mechanism that produces the singing voice. Languages and travel, too, are neglected for one reason or another, chiefly through the spirit of haste, the desire to reach ends by short cuts such as were unknown to the old Italian masters, who taught on physiological principles that were, on the whole, marvelously accurate; although in many respects we have greatly progressed since their day.

In every country with which I am familiar, and they are many, I have been struck by the voices maimed or entirely ruined by ignorant tuition. Of course it is not possible for me to hear more than a few of the students who seek my opinion on their voices, for I frequently have thirty or forty such applications in a single day; but almost without exception I find those I can hear following methods which are causing positive injury to the delicate vocal cords.

In all learned and mechanical professions certain technical tests are insisted on before a person is accepted as an authority; but in music it is not so. Any charlatan, whose only qualifications may be confidence and casual observation, may set up as a teacher, and persistently trick the public, which is only too easily deceived. I speak strongly on this subject, having in mind the cruel vocal havoc to which I have just referred. Just as the engineer must know the structure and parts of his engine, or the architect the nature and relative values of material as well as the principles of design, so must the would-be singer understand the easily

injured structure and delicate functions of voice mechanism.

A knowledge of the structure of the larynx, and the general muscular mechanism of voice-production, unequaled in delicacy anywhere in the human body save perhaps in eye and ear, will be a revelation, a very helpful revelation, to the student. And unless the structure of the larynx be understood, the "attack," or application of the air blast to the vocal strands, cannot be perfect.

If the student seeks the best, she must get a complete understanding of the methods of the old Italian masters, as sculptors turn to the Greek for what is soundest and noblest in the plastic art. Together with this recommendation, I join my condemnation of the tremolo and "white" voice so dear to many Italian singers.

I cannot too forcibly insist that the mere possession of a lovely voice is only the basis of vocal art. Nature occasionally startles one by the prodigality of her gifts, but no student has any right to expect to sing by inspiration, any more than an athlete may expect to win a race because he is naturally fleet of foot.

Methods of breathing, "attack," and the use of the registers, must all be perfectly understood by the successful singer, who should likewise be complete master of all details relating to the structure and use of those parts above the voice box, and be convinced of the necessity of a perfectly controlled chest expansion in the production of tone.

For perfect singing, correct breathing, strange as it may sound, is even more essential than a beautiful voice. No matter how exquisite the vocal organ may be, its beauty cannot be adequately demonstrated without proper breath control. Here is one of the old Italian secrets which many singers of to-day wholly lack, because they are unwilling to give the necessary time for the full development of breathing power and control. Phrasing, tone, resonance, expression, all depend upon respiration; and in my opinion musical students, even when too young to be allowed the free use of the voice, should be thoroughly taught the principles of breathing.

Indeed, the science of taking breath is a study peculiarly suited to the years of

childhood and adolescence; for apart from other considerations, there are few things so conducive to good health as good breathing. And, owing to the greater elasticity of the human frame in the time of youth, the chest is then more easily developed and expanded.

Any exercises that give strength to the diaphragm are of special value, since this is the principal muscle of inspiration. Expiration, however, is not so easily controlled as inspiration, and on that score calls for the most careful practice. Faulty or hurried breathing always interferes with the true vibration of the vocal strands, and all circumstances that tend toward either should be scrupulously avoided; more especially at the time of a singer's first entrance on the stage or concert platform, which is always a moment of nervousness and doubt.

It is an excellent practice for a nervous singer to take a few deep breaths on entering, and the inexperienced should avoid numbers with exacting opening bars.

Few people, by the way, realize how much even the most famous of singers is at the mercy of the audience, and how a wave of indifference or apathy borne from the serried thousands of a theater or concert-hall can often take all the color out of the loveliest voice, and all the necessary abandon out of an interpretation. I have known some of the greatest singers of our day—and myself, too—to fall incredibly below their normal standard for no other reason than that of irresponsiveness on the part of their audience. In this respect I confess I am myself extremely sensitive. I can almost always give my best when I feel that the heart of the audience bids me excel.

Even a good general knowledge of music does not imply knowledge of scientific voice production. Correct vocalization is only possible on strict physiological principles. I insist upon this, because it is rational and logical. In this way faults are better recognized and explained; the student may the more surely guide her own development or effectively restore an injured voice, and generally advance her physical welfare, which is a vital point.

Therefore those who do not believe in attainment through patient and intelli-

gent labor would do well to abandon an art career, for that way lies disappointment. "Hasten slowly" applies supremely in the highest voice culture; but, unhappily, this is not the note of our age.

According to my idea, the student of singing can best learn this subtle and complex art in those centers where music has been longest established and most generally practised; where it is, in a word, part of the daily life of the people rather than the recreation or luxury of the few. For this reason I consistently recommend study in Italy, France, and Germany, and particularly for American, Canadian, English, and Australian students. I put my own country last, in the spirit of courtesy; but as a producer of voices it really ought to come first in consideration.

As I have said, I am opposed to every girl with a little knowledge of music embracing the art as a profession merely because she considers it more "genteel" than other avenues to earning a livelihood. A girl should have some real qualification before she looks forward to becoming a professional singer. Kindly and necessarily biased compliments from relatives and friends on the singing of a few ballads in the home-circle or at an amateur concert should not be sufficient to thrust her upon the patience of the musical public. High and unprejudiced authority should be sought for her guidance, preferably from a singer who knows the conditions and atmosphere of the world's greatest musical centers.

In this regard a person who has had only local experience cannot possibly be a good judge of what is needed for the career of a great singer. An invaluable factor in musical success is the study of foreign languages. These are always most successfully acquired in the countries where they are the native tongue.

Thus, residence in the established centers of music in the Old World, and intimacy with their language and traditions, give the student a surety and authority in her work that cannot possibly be gained in any other way. Of course, robust physical health is of paramount importance. Without it a great vocal career is absolutely barred.

I admit that there is much in a singer's life conducive to this physical robustness;

as, for example, the vigorous use of the breathing apparatus. But this may be more than counteracted by late hours, much traveling by night, concentrated efforts, and disappointment resulting from the caprice of public taste or other causes. Plenty of fresh air, plain food, a reasonable amount of exercise, and eight or nine hours' sleep, are all necessary to the young singer, whose larynx is quick to reflect the general physical condition.

At the same time, common sense and individual temperament should be the best of all health rules. I myself always suffer in a steam-heated apartment; I consider the general overheating in America a menace, and never allow the temperature of my rooms to rise above 60 degrees; while at the same time the whole range of my apartments is continually freshened with pure air.

The singer should aim at becoming a hardy plant rather than a hot-house flower. I know that a girl with a voice receives a painful revelation of the delicacy of her vocal organs when she passes from a superheated room to the low temperature of a winter's day outside. But I consider dry feet far more important than the muffling up of the throat on raw, slushy days.

A singer's diet should include plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables. I myself take for breakfast only a cup of tea and a little toast. At luncheon I have a cutlet or a little chicken, some stewed fruit, with a light salad, but no rich food. My chief meal is, of course, dinner, which I take rather late at night, generally at 7:45, unless I am singing, when I take a light—very light—meal about five in the afternoon.

A question often asked me is, How early should a girl begin the more serious business of voice culture? Never before she is seventeen. Even a limited study before that age will interfere with the development of the vocal organs, and perhaps do them serious injury. Among my daily letters are many from girls of fifteen and sixteen asking for a hearing; but I always tell them they are too young, however promising. As to the age limit the other way, I feel it would be impossible to give any good general advice.

I would point out, in this connection,

that some artists of world-wide repute are singing as well to-day as they did twenty years ago, while others have broken down in a few short years, or have become hopelessly defective in their vocal results. It is all a question of correct or incorrect methods.

In my opinion, the greatest living teacher of singing is Madame Mathilde Marchesi of Paris. I think her a marvel of scientific method, and when she goes from us, we shall have lost a personality impossible to replace. The spirit of her method—derived in turn from old Manuel Garcia, and directly through him from the long line of Italian masters—may be crudely summarized as follows: "Change to the middle notes on F. Begin the head-notes on F sharp, and once on the head-notes, always sing pianissimo." While with her, I took only three short lessons every week; but I worked eight hours a day studying theory, tradition, and technic—the old Italian technic that tells a pupil how to "*filare il tuono*"—to spin a tone as subtly and delicately as a spider spins its almost impalpable web of silk.

The student of German vocal art should go to Madame Lili Lehmann. As for Italian teachers, there are several eminent professors in Rome, Milan, and Naples. For myself, I was fortunate enough to study my Italian rôles with Verdi, Leoncavallo, and Puccini, and the French ones with Massenet, Delibes, Saint-Saëns, Ambroise Thomas, and Gounod himself.

The rehearsals with Gounod will always remain in my mind. They took place at the old maestro's house in the Place Malesherbes, Paris, and Gounod himself not only sang the male parts for me, but took great pains to explain the subtle moral differences between the characters of *Juliette* and *Marguerite*.

Apropos of the need for foreign languages, I recall an amusing episode. Not long after my début in Brussels as *Gilda* in "Rigoletto," I began to study the opera of "Lakmé" under the direction of Delibes, its composer. But my pronunciation of French at that time was evidently considered by the directors of the opera as the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe, and they doubted whether I ought to sing in "Lakmé" at all. One day, much per-

plexed in council, they sent for the composer, and told him their troubles. "Qu'elle chante en chinois, si elle veut," cried Delibes, pounding the table with angry fist, "mais qu'elle chante mon opéra!" ("She may sing in Chinese, if she likes, so long as she sings my opera.") But I was really backward in French, and on that account set to work and studied no less than six hours a day under a thoroughly competent Brussels teacher, Mlle. Tordeus.

At the same time, I should warn the student to be careful not to overdo her work, in her enthusiasm for all the musical advantages she sees about her. I think music should be thoroughly *known* before it is sung. It is a serious tax on the voice to sit down at the piano and try to sing an aria with which the singer is not familiar. Half an hour's practice is enough, unless the student has exceptional physique; in that case I should say half an hour every morning and afternoon.

I have met scores of students abroad whose mistaken diligence impels them to practise for hours at a stretch. Such an error may do irretrievable harm to a voice. It is well to realize that the entire vocal mechanism is an exquisitely delicate instrument, capable of being played upon by its owner in a way almost impersonal, so that ignorance may mean fatal injury. For this reason no enthusiasm should induce practice to the extent of tiring the voice.

As to how long this foreign study should last, this of course depends upon the mental capacity of the student. Young singers of many nations cite to me my own case; for after nine months' study in Paris, I came out as a full-fledged prima donna at the Brussels Opera House. But I may say at once that mine was an exceptional case, for I was born with a natural trill and an absolute control of breath, so that as a child of seven I was as far advanced naturally as some mature students are after years of patient study.

In connection with the natural trill, my fellow-pupils at college in East Melbourne, Australia, used to gather round me and say curiously, "Nellie, make that funny noise in your throat." It amused them. But to assume that the *bel canto*

of perfect technic is to be acquired after nine months' foreign study would be unwise. On the other hand, as I have already stated, if a girl cannot give good account of herself after eighteen months' serious study, I think she is not destined to illuminate vocal art.

Still, any ordinary term spent in vocal study cannot be regarded as wasted, for no system of physical exercise is so beneficial to a woman as that involved in the higher branches of vocal culture. At least the disappointed one carries back with her a pleasing and expressive voice for ordinary conversation. Here is a matter to which little attention is paid, yet how much pleasure does a beautiful speaking voice convey! It is surely a valuable asset all through life.

As to extraneous aids to vocal study, there is none so beneficial as the constant hearing of great singers in the rôles which have secured them fame. Indeed, no matter what branch of music a girl selects for her special study, I should strongly urge her to hear all the fine music possible, whether opera, orchestra, concert, or oratorio. She can learn something valuable from all. Let me emphasize this point, for in this way the student will see theory put into practice. It is as if a young painter should visit the marvelous Tribuna of the Uffizi Palace in Florence, where the supreme examples of the great masters are hung; or the young sculptor should study Michelangelo in the vast galleries of the Vatican. Thus no opportunity of hearing accepted interpreters should be lost.

The student who goes to Europe, of course, has exceptional opportunities all the year round; but the American or English girl can hear in New York or London during the musical season a combination of singers, conductors, and instrumentalists that is the best of the entire musical world.

Speaking for myself, I never hear a great work superbly interpreted without being greatly inspired and benefited by it. The other day I heard "Parsifal" for the first time. It moved and agitated me to an extent so profound that I cannot put it into words, and for several days afterward I felt as though I were in a trance, so completely was I absorbed

by the spirit which that great work awakened in me.

I realized again how enormous is the debt we owe Wagner, supreme master of music, and I realized also that I had gained a new and clearer insight into music than had ever been mine before. I felt *nearer* to everything that is beautiful.

In addition, she should read everything authoritative on music and musicians, at the same time *not* confining herself to musical subjects. For a wide and wise reading of everything that broadens the mind and gives one a truer knowledge of art and nature is of supreme importance. Nothing so helps the interpretative sense as a fine and cultivated imagination, and an appreciation of nature's beauties, great paintings, statuary, and the best literature; gives one an artistic grasp not possible to the student who is merely well informed on musical matters.

While I am a strong advocate of foreign study, I think it a pity that so many American and British students elect to swell permanently the overcrowded ranks of the musical profession on the continent of Europe instead of returning to the less crowded centers of their home lands, and giving their compatriots the benefit of their experience and example. It is given to few of us to attain world prominence, and those to whom such fame is manifestly impossible should not fear to try for the best their own country offers, which may be a great and dignified meed.

Adequate study in Europe requires a good deal of money. For most young girls a chaperon or companion is essential; although there are a number of places where a solitary young student may find the comfort and the protection of a home. Where this is possible, the expenses are naturally much less.

The leading professors on the Continent charge from six to ten dollars a lesson, with a certain reduction for an extended term. Three lessons a week are usual. As to the expenses of living, even on the most moderate scale they cannot be reasonably estimated at less than \$25 a week for board, dress allowance, concert and opera tickets, and general expenses. This, with lessons extending

over eighteen months or more, runs into a considerable sum.

To the student with wealth as well as voice the way would appear smooth; yet I would offer a word of warning. First, the flattery of friends and possibly unscrupulous advisers is dangerous. Besides, the fact of affluence tends to diminish the sense of responsibility. Money, it must be borne in mind, cannot buy purity of tone, temperament, or correct breathing. These entail hard work, even with natural gifts. One cannot buy brains with money, or even the ability to appreciate the brains of others, and the loveliest voice that ever charmed the world must be guided and used through the intellect; otherwise it must fall far short of the highest standard.

The point is that a wealthy student may become slack, and forget how wide must be the culture of a great singer. A complete study of piano, counterpoint, and harmony are as necessary as grammar to the spoken language; and all that is best in this big, busy world must be seized upon and brought into service, for divine Music is an exigent goddess.

The poor student with an exceptional voice is unfortunately placed, and advice to her must be of a negative kind. She may fall into the mistake of thinking that if she can get into choir or chorus she will be advancing to some extent. But while a well-trained voice may be used in a chorus without serious harm, the girl who knows nothing about placing her voice, and is prodigal in the use of it, may find chorus work most injurious.

Many ambitious young women save money with the aim of attending a musical college. This is an education I never advocate, for I believe in individual training. No student can attain the best results in a class where personal supervision is a matter of perfunctory duty. Certainly good singers have come from musical colleges, but they have had temperament and personality such as rise above the system. And to work at any trade or profession while cultivating the voice is a questionable arrangement, for the student takes vitality from the voice and places it in another direction.

I doubt if one could with correctness summarily assign characteristics to the

vocal students of the different nations; and, besides, one likes to think of music as cosmopolitan; universal in its inspiration and influence. The Italian girl is perhaps the readiest to help her song by facial expression; the French girl the first to master the poetic message, and the German the most thorough in all-round pursuit of musical knowledge. Many American and British students are too easily satisfied, and often, on securing a certain measure of success at their first public appearance, refrain from further study at the very time that their work should be regarded as beginning in real earnest.

As to the voices of the different nations with which I am familiar, it is a difficult and thankless task to summarize them within the inadequate limit of a few lines. I should say, however, that the voices of Italy are the most natural. They are the voices of the sun; just as in my native land, Australia, the Italy of the Southern Hemisphere, the voices seem to glint and vibrate as if with liquid sunlight. There is in these Southern voices a resonance rarely found in voices of the North.

As to Germany, I should say that the singing voices are more the result of science than of nature; less buoyant, less responsive, yet superb in their own way. The great singers of France, to my mind, could be more accurately described as great *discurs*; so exquisitely are they practised in the art of diction. No singers so effectively show the beauty or importance of the words sung.

The cosmopolitan conditions of America seem to me to have so far militated against the development of any particular voice or school that could be accurately labeled "American," while the English voices are particularly adapted for concert and oratorio singing.

Owing to the characteristic reserve of the English people, they are, as a rule, slow to commit themselves to that temperamental abandon which is essential to operatic interpretation. I am, however, glad to be able to say without any reserve that I consider the English choruses the finest in the world. I refer more specially to the great choirs heard at the English musical festivals. What volume and beauty of tone, what precision and

light and shade, are embodied in their work! Personally, if I can be said to dislike any form of music, it is oratorio; but when I hear an English chorus at a festival in Birmingham, Leeds, Bristol, or Worcester, I am almost persuaded to become an oratorio enthusiast.

This paper would not be complete without some reference to personal appearance as an asset in a singer's career. There is much suggestion, expression even, in the turn of a curl. The woman who knows how to "make up" effectively is more of an artist than the one who does not. The whole thing makes for artistic completeness.

I have known handsome women appear unattractive on the stage or platform merely because they relied entirely on their natural physical gifts without considering how these were affected by the space, and structural and lighting conditions, of the building in which they sang. There are cases where good looks are the main reason for the exploitation of a singer; but such favor is bound to be short-lived, and no artistic reputation can be long maintained on so false a basis.

As to securing an introduction to the public, I have little to say beyond the fact that ability will surely find its way. In my own path great obstacles were placed, but I do not think anything in this world could have hindered me from becoming a singer. I have sung to an audience of two, and such was my girlish enthusiasm that I have even acted as my own bill-poster, with a pot of paste procured from a hotel kitchen. The occasion was a charity concert at an Australian seaside resort for the purpose of repairing a neglected country cemetery. Later I had to abandon proposed concerts because there was not enough support to pay for the lighting of the hall. Yet I persevered, and my chance came. It is well to aim at the highest, yet in my heart of hearts I believe that every really great singer is born rather than made.

No teacher living can impart temperament and an infallible ear for music. A perfect chest, larynx, and resonance chambers, are also gifts of God; and so, too, are the musical intuition, the ravishing voice, the industry, the ambition,

and the perfect physical health, which are all attributes of vocalists who have become really great.

But below that heavenly gifted circle there are many niches which should be filled not by casual observers, but

by qualified musicians, to whom hard and patient work has brought attainments second only to those fortunate creatures who have sprung into the musical arena, like Minerva, fully equipped.



THE BLACK FLEET OF GIBRALTAR¹

BY MARGARET DOANE GARDINER

BLACK looms the shadow of the rock above,
 Grim sentinel and warder of gray stone.
 And mystic Andalusian mountains, far,
 In tender mauve against the orange west,
 Watch us and watch, uncaring, till we sink.
 Anchored forever,—sea-lords once and free,—
 Fouled by the creeping weeds that work unseen,
 Lashed by the mocking winds that erst we bound,
 Dread we the coming of the Southern night.
 Stars that we tamed to guide our prowls of old
 Laugh in their sky of purple tapestry—
 Ay, laugh : we are condemned of man to die!

Ah, that we might have died in open seas!
 I that was once the *Java*, Indiaman,
 With timbers of red teak to stand their stress,
 And silken cargo for the Western nations;
 I that was once the *Vanderbilt*, and steamed
 With smoking funnels, careless of the wind,
 From shore to shore to bind the world together;
 I that was once *Volodya* of the North,
 And ground the heaving ice beneath my bows.
 Why opened not our sides to welcome in
 The green, translucent waves that we had loved,
 Before we were condemned of man to die—
 To lose the flag that marked us on the seas,
 To lose the rigging where the winds had sung,
 To lose the very look and name of ship,
 And join the squadrons of the silent fleet?

Black lie our nameless hulls upon the bay;
 Our blackened masts stand naked to the sky;
 Black gleam the waters where we sink at last—
 We and our cargo of the nation's coal—
 Under the shadow of the lion rock.

¹ A vessel is condemned as unseaworthy; her sails are sold, her spars, her rigging; and when all that can be moved is gone, England may buy the dismantled hulk and moor her in some naval coaling-station. There, black from stem to stern, with a great white number painted on her side, she floats until her timbers rot to pieces.

NINETY-ONE

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

Author of "In the Morning Glow," "Miss Primrose," "Katrina," etc.

"MY dear Aunt Sarah," I said, entering her room, "how well you are looking!" "Who is it?" she inquired, leaning forward in her chair. "John? Why, no," she exclaimed, clasping her hands like a delighted child; "bless me, if it is n't Charles!" "Yes," I assured her, kissing the cheek she offered me, and seating myself so near that I could hold her hands; "it's Charles, come to wish his Great-aunt Sarah many happy returns of her ninety-first birthday."

"Oh, many thanks for remembering such an old—*encumbrance*," she said, with a gracious emphasis, due partly to the difficulty with which she spoke, breathlessly, in a little, high, piping shred of a voice, once lovely, as I remembered it, and partly to her anxiety to be perfectly comprehended, even to the faintest shadow of pleasantries and droll allusions, which were still dear to my Great-aunt Sarah at ninety-one. The emphatic word in her eager, tremulous little sentences was still more surely indicated by a smile and an inclination of her lace-enveloped head; and, if you were near enough, by a gentle and confidential pressure of her hand, as well.

"And how are you, my dear Charles? Still hungry? You shall have some seed-cake. You used to like seed-cake, Charles."

"And do yet," I replied, bringing her the plate from the tea-table.

"Do you know," she said, with an anxious puckering of her brows lest her mind might wander before she finished—she spoke always as if she were remembering something which she might forget—"Do you know, Charles, I—I suppose

I have eaten *thousands* of seed-cakes, in my time."

"Ninety-one years of seed-cakes!" I murmured. "Ninety-one years, Aunt Sarah! How ever did you do it?"

"What are you saying, Charles?"

"I say, what is the secret of your eternal youth, Aunt Sarah?"

"Well, you see," she replied, "for one thing, my dear, I have never—*smoked*."

She tipped back her head but laughter was a serious matter for my dear Aunt Sarah at ninety-one; vocally, at least, it was but the echo of what had once been silvery; it was more light than sound, an illumination rather than a peal of bells.

"And a moderate drinker," I suggested.

"Always, Charles," she assured me, shaking like a leaf in our little gale; "always, from the very first."

She lay back resting, regarding me thoughtfully with eyes that were still very blue and steadfast for ninety-one. It was her pride that she wore no glasses except for reading. Like her hands, her face was not sadly wrinkled: it was of a lily's whiteness, and it was like a lily in its frailty, and in the satin softness of the cheeks. Marking its sweetness, I wondered less at her lovely conquest of Father Time, and wondered more that, whatever blandishments forced the old fellow to lean so leisurely upon his scythe, they had never been lavished on younger and mortal suitors, for my Great-aunt Sarah had been born an Armstrong, and an Armstrong she would die.

"You are your father's boy," she told me, patting my hand. "You have his hair, and you have his eyes. Your father was a very noble and charming gentleman, though I'm sorry to say he was

a little—just a little *flirtatious*, my dear.”

“Oh!” I protested, though I suspected that my Great-aunt Sarah was not so shocked as she appeared. There was that in her eyes which belied her words, and she added with a most insinuating air:

“Now, *you*, dear Charles—of course—are *never* flirtatious.”

“Oh, no, dear Aunt. Never.”

But she shook her head, and mimicked me.

“Oh, no, dear Aunt. *Never!*”

“Really, my dear Aunt,” I assured her, earnestly—but leaning forward, she interposed in a confiding tone:

“We are quite secluded. Now don’t be afraid, my child. Tell me—tell me the *last* one’s name. Do.”

“Oh, my!” I replied. “Why, my dear Aunt, I—”

“Fie, Charles!” she declared. “Why, I ’m old enough to be your—*mother!*” And she sank back delightedly among her pillows; but instantly was up again, patting my hand and whispering: “Your cheeks, my dear, are far, *far* franker than your words. Can it be possible—that her name is—*Crimson*, my love? Or *Scarlet?*”

At this, sally my great-aunt laughed till I grew alarmed for her and brought her smelling-salts. Still she persisted.

“Well, her name,” I confessed, “is Polly.”

“*Is* Polly!” Aunt Sarah repeated. “Mercy me! is it possible that the—last one, dear Charles—still *exists?*”

“I am not a Bluebeard,” I protested.

“Well, it ’s more than I hoped for,” she replied. “I was under the impression that there must have been a—a *tiff*, my dear; or—or that this must be an—*interim*, you understand, between the last one and the one-to-be.”

“But why?” I inquired.

“To what else,” she replied slyly, “dared I attribute the—honor of this rare visit—to your old aunty?”

“Why,” I explained, and as gallantly as possible in the face of the year that had intervened since my previous call, “I came—why, because I wanted to, Aunt Sarah.”

“But you were going to tell me—how you fell in love—the *last* time, dear.”

“Oh,” I replied, “it was very simple.”

“Shocking, did you say, Charles?”

“No, I said *simple*, Aunt.”

“Impossible!” she declared. “Love, my child, is *never* simple. Oh, I ’m sure—I ’m sure it must have been a—a most *complex* affair! You see I—I know a great deal about such things, my dear—and they are almost always *very* complex, and *mysterious*—to those concerned.”

And my Great-aunt Sarah nodded very sagely, and went on patting my hand and talking.

“You see, Charles, I ’ve known many such—affairs—oh, a *great* many, my dear, in the course of my lifetime; for a good many people can fall in love—and fall out again—in ninety-one years.”

I agreed heartily.

“And the remarkable thing about all these affairs,” my aunt continued, “was this, Charles—that each—and every one of them, my dear,—was the most—the most complex, and—and mysterious—and unique—and *holy*, my dear—that ever happened!” She smiled demurely. “Though I confess, dear Charles, that they appeared very—*similar*, to me. Oh, yes,” she went on when she had recovered a little, “I know all about it, my child. Young love—may be very beautiful, my dear—in spite of the Major.”

“And what does he say?” I inquired.

“Poor dear!” she replied. “He does n’t say anything—any more.”

“Dead, is he, Aunt Sarah?”

“Oh, quite, my dear. Dead these twenty years and more.”

“What *did* he say, then?”

“Oh, he—he said that young love—now you must n’t mind what a poor, dear, dead major said, my dear—he said it was *sappy*. But you have n’t told me about your little—your little Chloë. Come!”

“Polly, you mean, Aunt. But it ’s such a long story,” I protested.

“Ah, I told you! I told you it was complex, my dear. Still—even a—even a *synopsis* would be very welcome.”

“Aunt Sarah,” I said, “I believe you are coddling me.”

“Eh—what, my dear?”

“Teasing me, Aunt.”

“Oh, my child,” she protested, “not for the world! You see, I *know*. Love is too serious a matter—oh, *far* too serious—to jest with—unless—unless one

has really been very much in earnest about it—at some time or other."

"I'm afraid, Aunt, I don't comprehend you."

"Have patience," she replied. "You'll know in time, Charles. Wait till you're ninety-one."

"I shall never be ninety-one, Aunt Sarah."

"And why not, my dear?"

"Because," I explained, "I am not so temperate as my beloved aunt."

"But the good," she replied, "die young, they say. I fear—oh, I fear I have been very wicked, Charles—to have lived so long."

"You!" I cried.

"It would seem so," was her rueful answer; but she brightened instantly. "Not half—oh, not half so wicked, my dear—as I might have been!"

My great-aunt said this with the drollest air that could be imagined, and cast down her eyes.

"Indeed!" I said. "And how was that, Aunt?"

"Fie!" she replied. "Do you think I'd be telling, at *my* age?—to *your* age, my dear? If you were ninety-one, now—"

"You think," I said, "that I would be more discreet at ninety-one?"

"Fiddlesticks!" was her answer. "Not at all, my dear Charles. What does a man know—what does a man *ever* know—about discretion? Oh, it's a purely feminine trait, I assure you. But you see, child, at ninety-one—at ninety-one you would be old enough to know the—the *comedy* of life, my dear. Young folks *think* they know it,—dear, dear, yes!—and they think that old age is busy with the—the *tragedy* of life, my dear; but you take my—"

She was now quite breathless, and painfully anxious lest she lose the thread.

"Oh, my child," she went on, smiling and nodding at me, "a person of ninety-one, my dear, may laugh at what a—at what a younger must not even—smile at—dear, no!—must not even *think* of smiling at!"

She sank back, laughing, among her pillows.

"I confess, Aunt, I never thought of old age seeing the comedy of life," I said.

"Of course not," she replied. "What can *you* be expected to know of old age, my child? But you have n't—you have n't told me of your—Amaryllis."

"Polly you mean, Aunt."

"Oh, it's quite the same thing," she assured me. "Polly—or Amaryllis—or Mary Ann—the name does n't matter. Is she dark or fair? Not that *that* matters, either."

"It does to me," I protested.

"Oh, yes, to you," replied my aunt. "To me, it's nothing. Blonde or brunette, the story's the same, Charles. I know it already."

"Indeed!" I remarked. "Has Sis been tattling?"

"Oh, not a word," she assured me. "Not a syllable have I heard from a living soul," and leaning forward, she suddenly placed her cold hand upon my own. "The *dead* have told me," she whispered, and fell back laughing in her chair.

"My, you startled me!" I cried. "Aunt Sarah, I believe you're in league with the—"

"Sh!" she whispered. "I have met the gentleman. He's *very* polite."

"I believe, Aunt Sarah, you're gifted with second sight."

"Oh, not at all, my dear. I loathe conjury."

"But," I protested, "you say the dead—"

"It's only a—it's only a way of speaking, my dear Charles. One knows—oh!—almost everything *worth* knowing, my child—at ninety-one. One knows life, I mean—and love—dear, yes! Why, even *your* love-story, my dear, secret, and strange, and—wonderful though it is—is not past the finding out—at ninety-one—if one searches—here."

And with the prettiest gesture of pride and shyness, my dear Aunt Sarah laid her white hand upon her heart, and fell back smiling. We were both silent. Her eyes were upon me, but I rather fancied that it was not I she saw there, holding her hand.

"Early love," she said at last, leaning forward again, "is not cherished as it—as it used to be. Ah, no! Why, when I was a girl, such things were taken very seriously, dear Charles—believe me. And it was not in the least uncommon to re-

main constant to a young—attachment, my dear—to the exclusion of all later opportunities. You remember the—touching romance of Washington Irving, whose sweetheart—died in the very flower of her youth. Well, there were women, too, my dear Charles—who could not forget."

She smiled scornfully.

"But all that," she declared, "is altered now. You speak of love—you moderns, my dear Charles—quite—oh, quite *scientifically*. Oh, dear, yes! Nowadays it's much like *botany*, my child. Bless you, it's all been analyzed—and classified—and labeled—and *pigeonholed*, my dear Charles—till what was once called love, even though it did come early—when I was a girl—and a very neat, pretty, old-fashioned flower we thought it, too—and worth the pressing, *some* of us believed—is now—" she paused for breath—"is now—how do you call it? Only a *phase*, my dear! Ay, that's the word—that's what you moderns call it—a *phase*, dear Charles. That is to say, something whose arrival—and especially whose *departure*, my dear—are quite—" my aunt pursed up her lips—"oh, quite too utterly—natural, my child—to take any notice of."

"Ah, no," I protested, thinking of Polly. "Some of us nowadays will be true till death."

She only smiled at me. I know that I was red.

"At any rate," I remarked, in defense of the moderns, "the Major did n't think much of early love, you remember."

"Ah, yes," she replied; "but the dear Major was a—a later arrival upon the scene." My aunt confessed this with what I imagined was the faintest shadow of a flush on her pale cheeks. "The Major was more of your—your modern school, dear Charles. He was not of my girlhood at all, although—although I was still very young to be sure. Not more than forty, dear Charles, when I met the Major—forty-five at the most."

"So young, my dear Aunt!"

"Oh, yes. And the Major was fifty if he was a day—and a most *persistent* man. Dear, dear! Yet, after all, to do him justice, one must admit—now that one thinks of it—that it may have been—that it was, in fact—well—rather to the Major's

interest, dear Charles—to pooh-pooh—early attachments."

"I don't doubt that," I replied, beginning to suspect that I was beginning to understand.

"At least I—I inferred as much," said my Great-aunt Sarah, smiling suggestively.

"But early love," I remarked, and as carelessly as possible, "proved too much for the Major, after all."

My aunt did not hear me, so I ventured again, and distinctly enough.

"Early love," I repeated, "was too much for the Major."

"Oh, a *very* cool summer," she replied gravely.

"But the *spring* was warm, Aunt," I remarked slyly.

"Oh, yes," she assented, "it was a beautiful spring. The lilacs—those by the window—were overpowering. I had Maggie cut them. They went so to my poor—head."

I shook my own at her.

"That good old-fashioned, eternal spring, you mean, dear Aunt?"

"Ah, yes," she replied, her face as innocent as a lamb's; "you may well call it old-fashioned, my dear, though the lilacs never went to my head before."

We were both silent.

"Let me see, Charles," she began presently, "you are—how old, my dear?"

"Twenty-three," I said.

She repeated it vaguely.

"Twenty-three — twenty-three — why, when I was twenty-three—"

"Can you remember it?" I asked, for her mind was elsewhere.

"What are you saying, Charles?"

"Can you remember when you were twenty-three, Aunt Sarah?"

She may have heard me.

"Dear, dear," she said, "you never saw any one laugh so heartily."

"At what, dear Aunt?"

"Why—surely—you must know *Pickwick*, my dear!"

"To be sure, Aunt; but who was it laughed at it?"

"Oh, did n't I tell you? Mr. Merri- vale. Mr. Merrivale, of course. I remember his bringing us the book. It was just out, you know—oh, the very latest thing, my dear—and we read it aloud together. Think of it, my dear Charles."

we were the *only* persons in Lyme—who had read *Pickwick*!"

Never had I seen my dear Aunt Sarah in finer feather. She sat quite stiffly in her chair, pride in every feature, quavering in every accent of her voice, tremulous in the very laces about her head—pride sixty-eight years old, if I figure rightly, yet as fresh as ever.

"*There* was distinction for you, my dear," she said. "You did n't know it, did you? You did n't know that your Great-aunt Sarah—is one of Mr. Pickwick's—*oldest* friends."

She inclined her head.

"And who," I asked, when I had exhausted surprise and admiration, "was this Mr. Merrivale, dear Aunt?"

"A very noble young man, my dear—the one who presented us to Mr. Pickwick. He was of Hartford—of the Hartford of Mrs. Sigourney, you must know—and came sometimes to Lyme to visit us. He was tall and distinguished-looking—oh, a great beau, my dear Charles. *All* the young ladies were quite—quite *flustered*, my love—over Mr. Merrivale."

"And which one captured him?" I asked.

"Ah, that is a very difficult question, my dear—as to which one really and—truly captured him. He *married* Janey Black."

"Well, then," I said, "I don't see—"

"It 's a long story," my aunt interposed, "oh, far too long for an old lady out of breath—to tell. But the short of it is, that while he *married* Janey Black—of Norwich, he was—in *love*, my dear, with a girl of Lyme."

"So it was a marriage of convenience," I suggested.

"Well, it proved to be a marriage of—inconvenience, my dear—though Janey was glad enough to have him, at first—oh, yes—you may be sure of that. But to tell the truth, he was *engaged*—secretly, you understand—to that girl in Lyme."

"The villain!" I said.

But my aunt laughed.

"You don't understand, my dear. He was engaged—oh, yes—but he was in a *dreadful* pet, you know—over—over something she had done to him. So he eloped with Janey."

"The fool!" said I.

"Tut!" said my aunt. "Strong lan-

guage, my dear Charles. Janey was a belle."

"But," I protested—

"Ah, yes, I know, Charles; but, you see—you see this other little minx was—a shade too much of a—practical joker, my dear."

"And what did she do, Aunt Sarah?" I ventured to ask. Aunt Sarah laughed.

"It was very silly of her, of course—though I would n't give *that*—for a girl who could, and would n't—be silly, I mean—in a proper manner—at a proper time."

"She played some joke on him, you say, Aunt Sarah?"

"At a party, my dear—oh, a *great* occasion. The half of Connecticut was there. Well—between the dances, you are to understand—this little hussy—"

Here my aunt choked in a fit of merriment.

"The little baggage," she resumed, "inveigled poor Edgar—that 's Mr. Merrivale, you know—into a window—a *dark* window, my dear! Ah, yes!—and *there*—well—when he came out to dance with Janey (Janey, you know, was quite *daft* over poor Edgar—oh, yes,—and the minx knew it)—well, when he came out and danced with Janey, every one *tittered*—for there—there in his hair, my dear—which young men wore longer in those days—oh, not at all like this *barbarous*, prize-fighting fashion you moderns have—there, stuck fast in his curls, my dear, was a George-the-Fourth rose!"

My aunt's face was ominous.

"Now, a George-the-Fourth rose," she explained gravely, "*meant taken*, my dear, when I was a girl,—and *every one* saw it, and tittered—and Janey Black saw it in the midst of the dancing—*saw* it in a mirror, my dear—and *she knew*—what every one knew—that only *one* girl there wore George-the-Fourth roses."

"That Lyme girl," I said.

"Of course," said my aunt, "that naughty little snip of Lyme—and *dearly* she paid for it. He was *terribly* angry—oh, he could n't *bear* to be laughed at, poor dear—and that *very* same night—from that *very* same party—he eloped with Janey!"

My aunt shook with delight.

"But," said I, "think of the consequences! Think of that foolish, runaway



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"WERE N'T FIFTY YEARS LONG ENOUGH TO—TO CRI' IN, MY LOVE?"

match, and its failure. You hinted at failure."

"Oh, yes," said my aunt, "they were *most* unhappy."

"And the girl," I went on. "Think of that girl, deserted, and humiliated, my dear aunt, for a silly jest. What ever became of her?"

"Oh," said my aunt, lightly, "she had time to repent: she never married."

"And so," I observed, "it was a tragedy for her as well."

"To be sure," said my aunt, coolly, "it was a tragedy for her; but only for a—well—not more than fifty years, I should think, my dear."

"*Not more than fifty years!*" I cried. "Good Lord, Aunt, that's half a century! Think of a life *blasted* for half a century!"

"Tut!" said my aunt. "What's half a century? She got over the trouble. Oh, she quite recovered. She outgrew it, my dear, and forever after—"

"Forever after! Forever after, my dear Aunt Sarah! Good heavens! how long did this lady live—forever after?"

"She's still living, my child. As I say, she outgrew the tragedy, you see, and has lived on—oh, for well-nigh as many years as you are old, my dear—enjoying the humor of the thing."

"*The humor of the thing!*" I gasped. "The humor of the—"

"And why not?" asked my aunt, laughing. "Think of the comedy, my dear—one little red George-the-Fourth rose up-

setting three lives! No, four, at the least—and how many more the dickens only knows, my love, for I don't."

I stared aghast at my Great-aunt Sarah, whose face was as soft and innocent as a child's, and with nothing ogreish whatever in those twinkling eyes.

"Why," I gasped, thinking of Polly, "it seems a very singular point of view, dear Aunt, to say the least, to find a comedy in the wrecking of three or four human lives!"

"Highty-tighty!" she cried. "You have only to climb a great mountain, my dear, to see what a—what a little thing man appears—man and his troubles. Oh, mere specks in the valley, I assure you, my child. Wait—wait till *you're* ninety-one."

"Good heavens!" I cried recklessly, still thinking of Polly, "if *that's* being ninety-one, my dear Aunt, I'll die young, thank you, while I've still got a heart in me for suffering humanity."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said my aunt, airily. Then she shook her head sadly and reproachfully at me, and smiled. "And is youth less heartless, my dear," she inquired gently, plucking my sleeve, "when it begrudges to a poor old chair-ridden woman of ninety-one—a little good-humored smiling at the world she's wept in—oh, years enough? Were n't fifty years long enough to—to *cry in*, my love?"

"My dear Aunt," I murmured, "I—I did n't understand."



LINCOLN IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE

II—HIS SPECIAL INTEREST IN THE WORK OF THE CIPHER-OPERATORS

BY DAVID HOMER BATES

Manager of the War Department Telegraph Office and Cipher-Operator,
1861-1866

ANSON STAGER was the author of the first Federal ciphers, which he devised for General McClellan's use in West Virginia, in the summer of 1861, before McClellan came to Washington. They were very simple, consisting merely of cards, about three inches by five, on which was printed a series of key-words and arbitraries, the former indicating the number of lines and columns and the route or order in which the messages might be written, the arbitrary words being used to represent actual names of places and persons. When an important despatch was intrusted to a cipher-operator for transmission, he first rewrote it carefully in five, six, or seven columns, as the case might be, adding extra, or blind, words on the last line, if it was not full. The cipher-card was then referred to, and a key-word was selected to indicate the number of columns and lines and the order in which the words of the message were to be copied for transmission by wire.

For instance, a certain key-word would represent the combination, say, of seven columns and eleven lines, and the route would be up the sixth column, down the third, up the fifth, down the seventh, up the first, down the fourth, down the second. At the end of each column a blind word would be inserted, provided the code so directed, and at the end of the despatch one or more blind words might be added at the discretion of the cipher-operator, for the purpose of increasing the difficulty of translation by un-

authorized persons. The key-word and all the blind words would be discarded by the cipher-operator when translating the despatch into English. The total number of words in a cipher-message in the above-mentioned combination would be $7 \times 12 + 1 = 85$, provided no extra words were added at the end, as above indicated.

This somewhat crude but really effective method was improved upon from time to time by the War Department staff of cipher-operators.

Mr. William R. Plum, in his history of "The Military Telegraph," Vol. I, p. 60, says:

The Cipher System, originated by Anson Stager and developed mainly by him, but in no small degree by others, more particularly T. T. Eckert, A. B. Chandler, D. Homer Bates and Charles A. Tinker, was eminently successful. Copies of messages quite often reached the enemy and some were published in their newspapers, with request for translation, but all to no purpose. To this statement let us add that neither did any Federal cipher-operator ever prove recreant to his sacred trust, and we have in a sentence two facts that reflect infinite credit upon the corps.

It is not within the scope of this paper to describe in detail the various cipher-codes used in the military telegraph service during the Civil War, as Plum's history (two volumes) contains a full and accurate account, to which little can be added except in the way of incident. It will suffice here to say that from time to

time the War Department staff issued varied editions of this cipher-code, numbering twelve in all, in the form of a book of a size suitable for the pocket, containing at first sixteen printed pages, and the latest edition forty-eight pages. The front part of the little book was taken up with key-words, printed in different order and various combinations. The remainder, and larger part, of the book contained on each page a series of printed arbitrary words opposite which, in each case, we wrote by hand the names of persons, places, things, and short phrases most likely to be used in military despatches.

To the President, cabinet officers, and leading generals two, three, and in some cases half a dozen arbitrary words were assigned, so that in any despatch prepared for transmission it would not be necessary to use a word more than once. This precaution was also followed in the key-word section, several different words being set apart to represent each separate combination. Arbitrary words were also used to indicate the month, day, and hour of each cipher-message when copied for transmission.

One example from Plum's history will suffice to show the general plan followed in all our cipher work:

Washington	July	15	18	60	3	for
Si	mon	Cammer	on	period	I	would
give	much	to be	relieved	of the	impression	that
Meade	comma	Couch	comma	Smith	and	all
comma	since	the	battle	of	Get	Ties
burg	Comma	have	striven	only	to	get
the enemy	over	the river	without	another	fight	period
please	tell	me	if	you	know	who
was	the	one	corps	commander	who	was
for	fighting	comma	in the	council	of	war
on	Sunday	night	signature	A. Lincoln	Bless	him

There are in the above message, as thus recorded, eleven lines and seven columns, making a total of seventy-seven body words.

The combination selected was indicated by the key-word "blond" in Number 12 cipher, effective at that time between the War Department and the Army of the Potomac, Secretary Cameron being then on a visit to General Meade's headquarters, south of Gettysburg.

This key-word indicated the combination of columns, lines, and word route specified above. Following these directions, the despatch, when prepared for transmission by wire, was in this form:

Washington, D. C.,
July 15, 1863.

A. H. CALDWELL, *Cipher-operator*,
Gen. Meade's Headquarters:

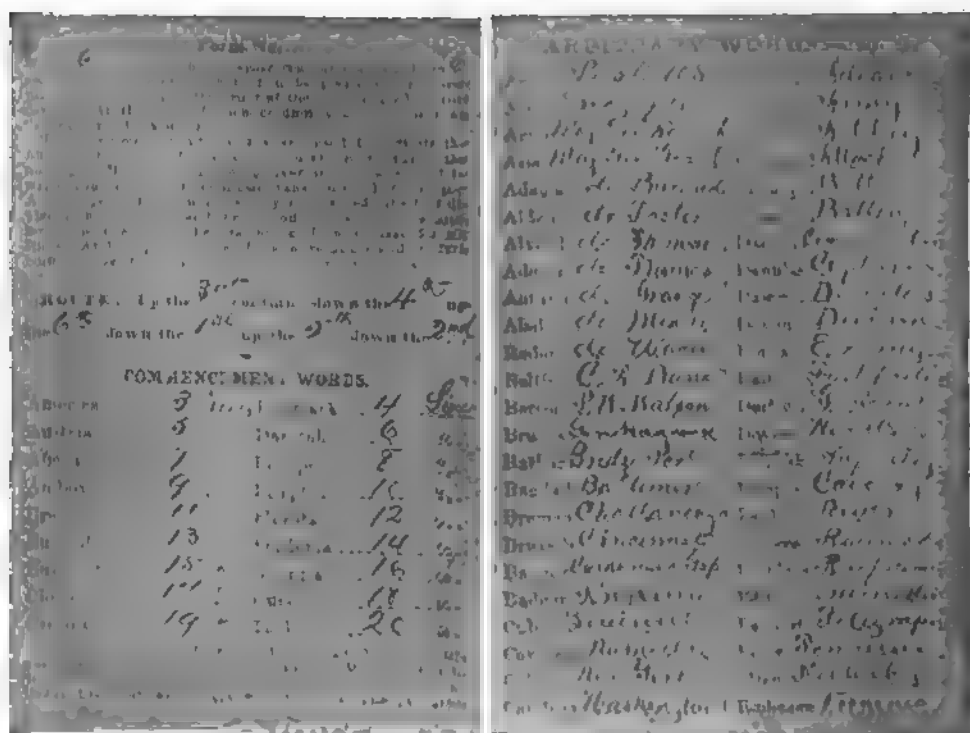
Blonde bless of who no optic to get an impression I madison square Brown cammer Toby ax the have turnip me Harry bitch rustle silk adrian counsel locust you another only of children serenade flea Knox county for wood that awl ties get hound who was war him suicide on for was please village large bat Bunyan give sigh incubus heavy Norris on trammed cat knit striven without if Madrid quail upright martyr Stewart man much bear since ass skeleton tell the oppressing Tyler monkey.—*Bates*.

Total, eighty-five words.

By comparing the two copies one may discover the several arbitrary words used to represent names of persons, places, dates, and various words and phrases. The blind words may also be readily found.

Captain Samuel H. Beckwith, General Grant's cipher-operator during his four campaigns, was an expert with the pen, as will be seen from the specimen of

his work shown by the facsimile of two pages of his cipher-book given on page 293. It is truly a work of art. It was his habit all through the war to recopy with a pen the contents of each new edition of our cipher-book as fast as they were supplied to him, and his written copy would be so elaborately embellished with extraneous matter as to make it not only very attractive from a chirographical point of view, but also wholly unintelligible to



FACSIMILE OF THE TELEGRAPHIC CIPHER CODE USED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IN 1861

The original of this card-form was devised by General Anson Stager, and the arrangement as above was made by Cipher-operator Charles A. Tinker. (Copyright, 1907, by Charles A. Tinker.)

any one else excepting a shrewd cipher-operator.

The book from which these two pages were taken was the last in the War Department series, having been sent to Beckwith on March 23, 1865, and it was this cipher that he used for Lincoln's despatches during his two weeks' stay at City Point and Richmond, March 25 to April 6, 1865, after which time none of the President's telegrams was put in cipher. In fact, after the surrender of Lee's army, Lincoln sent very few telegrams, the occasion for direct communication between the Executive Department and the generals at the front having largely passed away. The only ones of record he did send are one to Governor Pierpont, Alexandria; one to General Gordon, Norfolk; and two to General Weitzel, Richmond, all relating to the proposed assembling of the Virginia legislature. For these reasons Beckwith's cipher-book is of historic interest.

EXTEMPORIZED CIPHERS

DURING Burnside's Fredericksburg campaign in 1862, the War Department operators discovered indication of an interloper on the wire leading to his headquarters at Aquia Creek. These indications consisted of an occasional irregular opening and closing of the circuit and once in a while strange signals, which were evidently not made by any of our own operators. It is proper to note that the characteristics of each Morse operator's sending are just as pronounced and as easily recognized as are the characteristics of ordinary handwriting, so that when a message is being transmitted over a wire, the identity of the sender may readily be known to any other operator within hearing who has ever worked with the sender of such signals. A somewhat similar means of personal identification occurs every day in the use of the telephone.

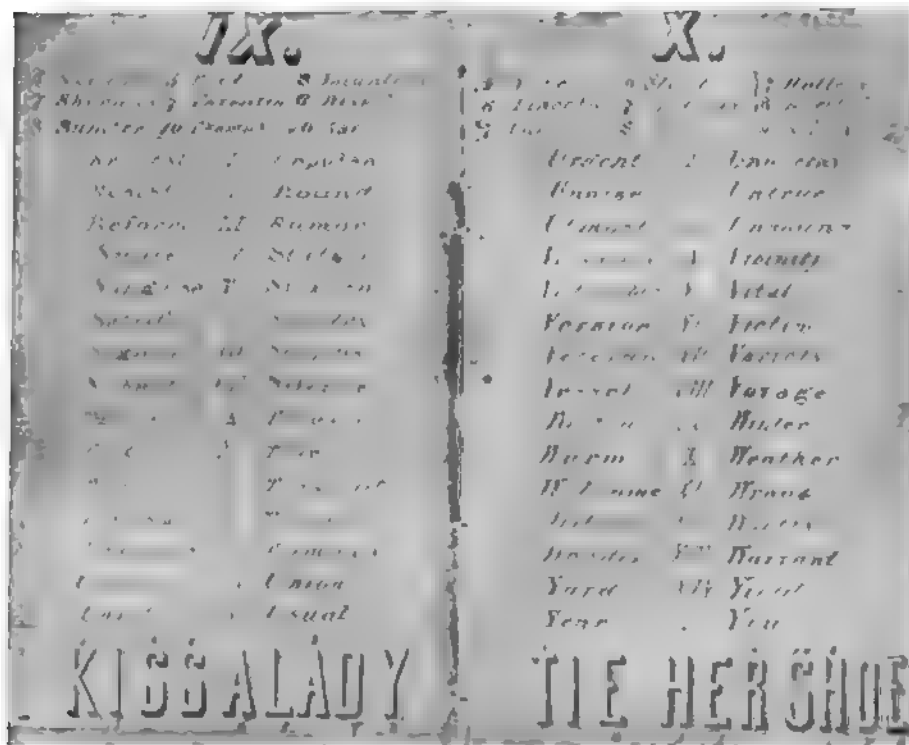
At the time referred to, therefore, we

were certain that our wire had been tapped at an unguarded point. In some way or other the Confederate learned that we suspected his presence on the wire, and he then disclosed to us the fact that he was from Lee's army and had been on our wire for several days, and that, having learned all that he wanted to know, he was then about to cut and run. We gossiped with him for a while and then ceased to hear his signals and knew, or believed, that he had gone.

Meanwhile, we had taken measures to discover his whereabouts by sending out linemen to patrol the line; but his tracks were well concealed, and it was only after the intruder had left that we found the place where our wire had been tapped. He had made the secret connection by means of fine silk-covered magnet wire, so-called, in such a manner as to conceal the joint almost entirely. Meantime, Burnside's operator was temporarily absent from his post, and we

were obliged to have recourse to a crude plan for concealing the text of telegrams to the Army of the Potomac, which we had followed on other somewhat similar occasions when we believed the addressee or operator at the distant point (not provided with the cipher-key) was particularly keen and alert. This plan consisted primarily of sending the message backward, the individual words being misspelled and otherwise garbled. We had practised on one or two despatches to Burnside before the Confederate operator was discovered to be on the wire, and we were pleased to get his prompt answers, couched also in the same outlandish language, which was, however, intelligible to us after a short study of the text in each case. The general and ourselves soon became quite expert in this home-made cipher game, as we all strove hard to clothe the despatches in strange, uncouth garb.

In order to deceive the Confederate



FACSIMILE OF TWO PAGES OF THE LAST CIPHER BOOK IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT SERIES, HERE PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME

The original is in the handwriting of Captain Samuel H. Beckwith, General Grant's cipher-operator, and was used in transmitting Lincoln's telegrams to and from City Point and Richmond, March 25 to April 6, 1865.

**CHARLES ALMFRIN TINKER, CIPHER-
OPERATOR, WAR DEPARTMENT
TELEGRAPH OFFICE,
1861-1869**

From a photograph by Chandler, St. Albans, Vt.



From a photograph by C. M. Peck, Washington, D. C.

**MAJOR ALBERT E. H. JOHNSON, CUSTODIAN
OF MILITARY TELEGRAMS, WAR
DEPARTMENT, 1862-1869**

**DAVID HOMER BATES, MANAGER AND
CIPHER-OPERATOR, WAR DEPART-
MENT TELEGRAPH OFFICE,
1861-1866**

From a photograph by Hargrave, New York



From a steel engraving by the Lewis Publishing Co.

**ALBERT BROWN CHANDLER, CASHIER AND
CIPHER-OPERATOR, WAR DEPARTMENT
TELEGRAPH OFFICE, 1863-1866**

operator, however, we sent to General Burnside a number of cipher-messages, easy of translation, and which contained all sorts of bogus information for the purpose of misleading the enemy. General Burnside or his operator at once surmised our purpose, and the general thereupon sent us in reply a lot of "balderdash," also calculated to deceive the uninitiated.

It was about this time that the following specially important despatch

any accident to the President while on the visit to General Burnside. No record is now found of the actual text of this cipher-despatch, as finally prepared for transmission, but going back over it word for word, I believe the following is so nearly like it as to be called a true copy:

Washington, D. C.,

November 25, 1862.

BURNSIDE, Acquia Creek: Can Inn Ale me withe 2 oar our Ann pas Ann me flesh ends

Head Quarters Armies of the United States,

City. Point, April 3. 1865

Hon. Sec. of War

Washington D. C.

This morning Gen. Grant reports Petersburg evacuated, and he is confident Rich. mona also is - He is pushing forward to cut off if possible, the retreating army - I plan to have a few minutes.

A. Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF LINCOLN'S LAST CIPHER-DESPATCH, IN WHICH HE ANNOUNCED THE FALL OF PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND

from Lincoln was filed for transmission:

November 25, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL BURNSIDE, Acquia Creek, Va.: If I should be in boat off Acquia Creek at dark to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, could you, without inconvenience, meet me and pass an hour or two with me. — *A. Lincoln.*

Although the Confederate operator had said good-by several days before the date of this message, we were not sure that he had actually left. We undertook therefore to put Lincoln's telegram in our home-made cipher, so that if the foreign operator were still on our wire, the message might not be readily made out by the enemy. At the same time extra precautions were taken by the Washington authorities to guard against

N. V. Corn Inn out with U cud Inn heaven day nest Wed roe Moore Tom darkey hat Greek Why Hawk of abbott Inn B chewed I if. — *Bates.*

By reading the above backward, observing the phonetics, and bearing in mind that flesh is the equivalent of meat, the real meaning is easily found. It cannot be said that this specimen exhibits specially clever work on the part of the War Department staff, nor is it likely that the Confederate operator, if he overheard its transmission, had much trouble in unraveling its meaning. As to this we can only conjecture.

Burnside readily translated this cryptogram, if it may be dignified with so high-sounding a name, and replied in similar gibberish that he would meet Lincoln at the place and time specified.

At that meeting on the steamer *Baltimore* was discussed the plan of a movement against Lee's intrenchments which was made three weeks later, and which resulted in our army being repulsed with the loss of many thousands of lives.

LINCOLN'S LAST CIPHER-DESPATCH

ANOTHER instance may be referred to in which a telegram from Lincoln was put into crude cipher form of the sort described above. On April 3, 1865, he wrote a despatch to the Secretary of War at Washington, which Grant's cipher-operator did not put in our regular cipher, but, instead, transmitted in the following form:

City Point, Va.,

8:30 A. M., April 3, 1865.

TINKER, War Department: A Lincoln its in fume a in hymn to start I army treating there possible if of cut too forward pushing is He is so all Richmond aunt confide is Andy evacuated Petersburg reports Grant morning this Washington Secretary War. — *Beckwith.*

The possible reason for adopting this crude form of cipher was to insure its reaching its destination without attracting the special attention of watchful operators on the route of the City Point, Washington wire, because at that crisis every one was on the *qui vive* for news from Grant's advancing army, and if the message had been sent in plain language, the important information it conveyed might have been overheard in its transmission and possibly have reached the general public in advance of its receipt by the War Department.

It is not necessary to give the translation of this cipher-message. To use a homely term, "Any one can read it with his eyes shut." In fact, the easiest way, perhaps, would be for one to shut the eyes and let some one else read it backward, not too slowly. The real wording then becomes plain.

This was the very last message written by Lincoln that was ever put into cipher form, all of his later despatches from City Point and Washington being sent in plain language.

CONFEDERATE CIPHER-DESPATCHES AND SECRET CODES

LINCOLN took a personal interest in our translation of the enemy's cipher-despatches, intercepted by us and brought to the War Department for translation, and whenever he saw the three of us with our heads together he knew we had something on hand of special interest. At such times his anxiety would lead him to ask whether there was anything of importance coming through the mill. One of these occasions was in 1863, during the siege of Vicksburg. General Grant's scouts captured several cipher-despatches from General Joe Johnston, addressed to General Pemberton. The letter inclosing one of them is as follows:

Hdqtrs. Dept. of the Tennessee,

Near Vicksburg, May 25th, 1863.

Col. J. C. Kellon, Asst. Adjt.-Gen.,
Washington, D. C.

COLONEL: Eight men with 200,000 percussion caps were arrested whilst attempting to get through our lines into Vicksburg. The inclosed cipher was found upon them. Having no one with me who has the ingenuity to translate it, I send it to Washington, hoping that some one there may be able to make it out. Should the meaning of this cipher be made out, I request a copy be sent to me.

Very respectfully,

U. S. Grant, Major-General.

INCLOSURE

Jackson, May 25th, 1863.

LIEUT. GENL PEMBERTON: My X A F V. U S L X was V V U F L S J P by the B R C Y A (I) J 200 000 V E G T. S U A J. N E R P. Z I F M It will be G F O E C S Z O (Q) D as they N T Y M N X. Bragg M J T P H I N Z G a Q R (K) C M K B S E When it D Z G J X I will Y O I G. A S. Q H Y. N I T W M do you Y T I A M the I I K M. V F V E Y. How and where is the J S Q M L G U G S F T V E. H B F Y is your R O E E L.

J. E. Johnston.

When General Grant's communication reached Washington, nearly a week after its date, it was at once turned over to the cipher-operators, who soon translated it almost verbatim, as follows:

Jackson, May 25th, 1863.

LIEUT.-GENERAL PEMBERTON, Vicksburg: My (last note) was returned by the bearer. 200,000 caps have been sent. It will be in-

creased as they arrive. Bragg is sending a division. When it comes I will move to you. What do you think the best route? How and where is the enemy encamped? What is your force?

J. E. Johnston.

At various other times our troops intercepted despatches, sent by one Confederate general to another, containing important information in cipher. As a rule, we were able to translate these ciphers after more or less labor. They were generally ordinary letter ciphers, the letters of the alphabet being transposed in various ways. For instance, the foregoing despatch from General Johnston of May 25, was put into a cipher the key-words of which were "Manchester Bluff." In arranging the message, Johnston wrote it out with the letters well spaced, and then on a line above he wrote in due order the letters forming the key-words "Manchester Bluff," repeating them as often as necessary to the end of his real message. Then, by means of an alphabet square, he found one by one the cipher letter for each real letter, thus: beginning with the first letter of the key-word, "M," on the top line of the alphabet square, he ran down the "M" column until he came to the first letter of his real message, then turning to the left or right, as prearranged, he found the end letter (in the A or Z column of that line), and took that end letter as the first for his cipher-despatch; and so on until all the letters had thus been couched in cipher. The reverse method would, of course, be followed by the addressee.

In translating Johnston's despatch we did not have any key-words to guide us, but guessed at the meaning, trying first one word and then another until by analogy we had worked out the entire message. Years afterward (1884), the War Department Record Office published our translation, together with a true copy of the despatch in connection with the key-words as above.¹ The official copy is the

¹See Official Records, Union and Confederate Armies, Vol. XXIV. Part 1, pp. 39-40.

² Duell identified at the trial a cipher letter dated Washington, D. C., April 15, written by one of Booth's band to another one in North Carolina, to whom had evidently been assigned the task of assassinating General Sherman. Duell testified that he had found this letter at Morehead City, North Carolina, and that with the help of a friend

same as our translation, with two or three slight differences.

In other instances the Confederates did not use the alphabet square, with a key-word, but adopted the "Slater" code method of going ahead or back in the regular alphabet a certain number of letters, as prearranged. This plan was followed by Johnston in another despatch to Pemberton, dated June 30, 1863, only four days before the surrender of Vicksburg, which was captured by Grant's scouts on the day of its date, and deciphered by Michael Mason of Waterhouse's Chicago Battery. My record does not show just what method was used by Mason in deciphering this despatch.

In the waistcoat pocket of John Wilkes Booth, when his body was searched after he was shot, was found a copy of an alphabet square exactly like the one used by Johnston and other Southern commanders, and another copy was found in his trunk at the National Hotel, Washington, where he last roomed before the tragedy. In my war diary is this entry:

May 20, 1865.

I was subpoenaed to-day as a witness in the trial of Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Atzerodt, and other conspirators, but did not testify. Presume I will be called next week. My testimony is for the purpose of identifying the Cipher Code found on Booth's body with that used by Jeff Davis and the rebel generals.

In this connection let us refer to the official report of the trial of the conspirators in May and June, 1865, compiled by Benn Pitman. On pages 41 and 42 is given the testimony of Lieut. W. H. Terry, Wm. Eaton, Charles Duell, Colonel Jos. H. Taylor, Assistant-Secretary of War, Charles A. Dana, and General Thomas T. Eckert, chief of U. S. Military Telegraphs, which, taken altogether, prove conclusively that the alphabet square cipher, at least three copies of which were in the possession of Booth and his co-conspirators,² was identical with he had deciphered it by means of the alphabet square.

The following is a copy of Duell's translation of the above-mentioned letter, with important parts omitted:

Washington, D. C. April 15, 1865.

JOHN W. WISE.

Dear John: I am happy to inform you that Pet has done his work well. He is safe and old Abe

the cipher-key found by Mr. Dana in the office of Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of State at Richmond, on April 6, 1865, three days after its evacuation. That evidence also shows that the same cipher-key was used in 1864 (and no doubt at many other times) for official despatches between President Davis and Secretary of State Benjamin at Richmond, and the Confederate agents, Thompson, Clay, Holcombe, and Sanders in Canada. It is inconceivable that Booth was not supplied with this cipher-code by the Confederate government.

A "DOUBLE-DYED" SPY

IN order to keep itself informed upon political and military matters in the North, that Government employed agents, with headquarters in Canada,¹ who maintained secret communication with Richmond, chiefly by means of spies, who went through our lines to and fro in the performance of their very dangerous task. One of these messengers was also in the service of our Government, and as he passed through Washington on his way north or south, he found it necessary to rest and recuperate for a few hours, during which interval he would communicate with Major Eckert, and allow him to inspect his budget, which was always in cipher, and which, on his northward trip, was usually addressed to Jacob Thompson, one of the Confederate agents at Clifton, Ontario. Two extracts from my war diary will suffice to show the situation:

Sunday, October 16, 1864.

A rebel cipher, dated Clifton, Canada, October 13, was brought to the War Department to-day from Jake Thompson in Canada, addressed to Jeff Davis, Richmond.

Thompson says that Washington is sufficiently garrisoned to resist any attack until reinforced; that the re-election of Lincoln is

is in hell. Now sir, all eyes are on you. You must bring Sherman, Grant is in the hands of old Gray ere this. Red Shoes showed lack of nerve in Seward's case but fell back in good order. Johnson must come Old Crook has him in charge . . . Old ——— always behind lost the pop at City Point . . . Number Two will give you this . . . (signed) *Number Five*.
Duell in his testimony said:

"In making the translation I had the assistance of a gentleman in North Carolina who told me he had seen the Cipher Box. We first supposed by its beginning with a W that it was dated Wil-

almost certain and he urges upon Davis the necessity for the South gaining advantages over the Northern armies.

Sunday, October 23, 1864.

The rebel cipher intercepted on October 16th has been to Richmond and a reply from Jeff Davis, dated October 19th, returned, the carrier very kindly traveling via Washington and allowing us to make a copy of his precious document. Davis says Longstreet will soon attack Sheridan and then move north as far as practicable, toward unprotected points.

(Note—This was done last Wednesday, but instead of moving north, the enemy was compelled to retreat south.)

Davis adds that a blow will soon be struck near Richmond on Grant's army, that it is not quite time.²

The movement by the enemy promised by Davis was at first successful, our army being forced back, losing many guns, with "Sheridan twenty miles away," on his return from a visit to Washington. A special train hurried him to the front, and he then made that John Gilpin ride celebrated by T. Buchanan Read in his stirring poem, and the reorganized Union forces routed the enemy, who were commanded by Jubal Early.

As indicated in my diary, these two cipher-despatches were promptly translated by the War Department cipher-operators, and their contents proved of much interest to Lincoln, who always kept close tally on the movements, to and fro, of this messenger, who must have been possessed of great courage, intelligence, and ability, to have secured and held such a responsible and confidential position with both governments.

One of the later Confederate cipher-despatches was from Clement C. Clay, one of Thompson's associates in Canada, and the accommodating messenger allowed us to take a copy. It was addressed to Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, mington. The first evening we tried it with Wilmington but could not make out anything. The next evening we tried the words *Washington* and *April*, and made an alphabet and stuck figures and characters under the letters of the alphabet, and, proceeding in that way, at length worked it out."

¹ A more detailed reference to this secret agency will be made in a subsequent chapter on "The Attempted Burning of New York City."

² Copies verbatim of the two despatches referred to may be found on page 41 of the "Trial of the Conspirators," compiled by Pitman, previously mentioned.

Richmond, and, like many others, was promptly translated by us. It was of special importance, and showed very clearly that the Confederate agents were using Canada as a rendezvous for raids into border towns and that the Canadian government officials were favoring these movements; at least secretly. Secretary Stanton directed the spy to be brought, and asked him one question only. Major Johnson, Stanton's confidential secretary, says he did not hear what that question was, but it was short, and when the man answered, in as brief a manner, the Secretary dismissed him, and turning to President Lincoln, said we should by all means retain the original document signed by Clay, for use as evidence in support of our demand upon Great Britain for heavy damages sustained by us, in consequence of the ready asylum that country was affording our enemies.

This occurred on a Sunday, and the President had come direct from Dr. Gurley's Presbyterian Church, where he had a pew, to the War Department, for conference over the matter. Stanton was for taking instant action and withholding Clay's despatch; but Assistant-Secretary Dana said we had better not break this important line of communication, as we should if we failed to allow the spy to carry the despatch to Richmond.

Lincoln, however, proposed a plan whereby two birds might be killed with one stone. He said: "Why not allow the messenger to depart as usual, and then capture him in Virginia somewhere, take the despatch from him, clap him in prison, and afterward let him escape?" This simple plan was adopted, and General Augur was directed to look out for a Confederate messenger on a certain road that night. The man was captured, his papers were seized, and he was put in the old Capitol Prison, from which he soon escaped after being fired on and wounded by the guard. A reward for his recapture was widely advertised in the newspapers, and when he reported back to Clay and Thompson, and glibly told his story and showed his wounds, his word was credited, and he resumed his double service, trusted even more fully than before.

The identity of this messenger was dis-

closed to the public on the trial of Mrs. Surratt, in May, 1865, when a certain witness gave important evidence against the conspirators, which served to show the great value placed by the Richmond government upon the services of Clay and Thompson in Canada, who were concerned in the scheme for setting fire to certain Northern cities, and also, it was believed, in the conspiracy to kidnap Lincoln.

Apropos of secret despatches carried through the lines, John H. Surratt, then about twenty years old, acted as a Confederate spy traveling between Washington and the enemy's boats on the lower Potomac, carrying his despatches "sometimes in the heel of his boots and sometimes between the planks of a buggy." He said that he never came across a more stupid set of detectives than those employed by the United States government, and that they seemed to have no idea whatever how to search him.

THE CIPHER USED BY THE CONFEDERATE AGENTS IN CANADA

ON December 21, 1863, the War Department cipher-operators were called upon by Secretary Stanton to unravel a Confederate cipher-letter written in New York City by a man named J. H. Cammack, and inclosed in an envelop addressed to Alex. Keith, Jr., Halifax, Nova Scotia. The despatch itself, when we had translated it, was found to be intended for Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of State, Richmond, Virginia. This cipher (see code on page 300) was wholly unlike any we had ever been called upon to translate, and the "Sacred Three" puzzled their brains for hours before they succeeded in making full sense out of the jargon, while the President hovered about us, anxious to know the sequel of our united cogitations. A few days later a second cipher was intercepted. This one was dated New York, Dec. 22, 1863, and was addressed in the inside to the Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, Secretary of War, Richmond. It was quickly deciphered, and proved to be even more important than the first one. The translations of the two despatches were as follows:

[illegible]

P 73. 8 8 4 5 6 7 8 9 C III
S 73. 8 8 4 5 6 7 8 9 C III

FACSIMILE OF THE CONFEDERATE CIPHER-CODE FOUND ON APRIL 6, 1865, BY CHARLES A. DANA, AMONG THE ARCHIVES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATE DEPARTMENT IN RICHMOND. HERE PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

This cipher was used in the correspondence between the highest Confederate officials and the Confederate agents in Canada and New York City. The letters signed "J. H. C." on the next page, were written in a commingling of these six sets of hieroglyphics. From a consideration of such intricacy the reader may judge how remarkable was the feat of the cipher-operators in translating these despatches without any other clues than those derived from ingenuity and patience.

N. Y., Dec. 18, 1863.

HON. J. P. BENJAMIN, SECRETARY OF
STATE, VA.:

Willis is here. The two steamers will leave here about Christmas. Lamar and Bowers left here via Bermuda two weeks ago. 12000 rifled muskets came duly to hand and were shipped to Halifax as instructed.

We will be able to seize the other two steamers as per programme. Trowbridge has followed the President's orders. We will have Briggs under arrest before this reaches you. Cost \$2000. We want more money. How shall we draw. Bills all forwarded to Slidell and recd rectd Write as before.

J. H. C.

The second cipher was prepared in the same way as the first, and its translation is as follows:

New York, Dec. 22, 1863.

Hon. Benj. H. Hill, Richmond, Va.

DEAR SIR: Say to Memminger [Secretary of the Treasury] that Hilton will have the machines all finished and dies all cut ready for shipping by the first of January. The engraving of the plate is superb.

They will be shipped via Halifax and all according to instructions.

The main part of the work has been under the immediate supervision of Hilton, who will act in good faith in consequence of the large amount he has and will receive. The work is beautifully done and the paper is superb. A part has been shipped and balance will be forwarded in a few days.

Send some one to Nassau to receive and take the machines and paper through Florida. Write me at Halifax. I leave first week in January. Should Goodman arrive at Nassau please send word by your agent that he is to await further instructions.

Yours truly,
J. H. C.

The man Cammack, who signed the two cipher-letters, made use of six different sets or alphabets of cryptograms, but made the error—fatal to his purpose—of confining himself, as to any given word, to one particular code or alphabet, instead of using the six sets of hieroglyphics interchangeably.

Our fortunate and prompt translation of these two important despatches resulted in an immediate visit of Assistant-Secretary Dana to New York for conference with General Dix, with the result that in less than a week six or eight of the con-

spirators were arrested, and a quantity of arms and ammunition was seized, which had been packed in hogsheads supposed to contain provisions, and which the cipher-despatches indicated were meant to be shipped on Atlantic liners, a number of the conspirators taking passage at the same time, their intention being suddenly to overpower the crew after sailing, and then use the vessel as a privateer or run the blockade with the cargo into a Southern port.

WHEN Richmond fell into our hands in April, 1865, Assistant-Secretary Charles A. Dana found among the Confederate archives, in addition to the alphabet square code used by Booth, a more complicated cipher-code identical with the key in the hands of Cammack, the Confederate agent in New York, and which was used by him in his two letters of December 18 and 22, 1863, last above referred to. A facsimile of the code is shown on the previous page. This special code was also used at times between Canada and Richmond for the important despatches from or to Jacob Thompson and his associates, notably the despatch herein referred to, dated October 13, 1864, from Thompson to Davis, and the latter's reply of October 19. The War Department operators, however, managed to decipher all these despatches without the aid of an official key.

Mr. Tinker has recently shown me a letter which he wrote to his mother on December 27, 1863, giving a full account of the translation of the two Confederate cipher-despatches of December 18 and 22, 1863, from which the following extract was taken:

"On December 21, after we had worked out the first rebel cipher-letter, it was found to be of such importance that a special cabinet meeting was called, and Asst.-Secretary of War, Chas. A. Dana, was sent by night train to New York to find and arrest the conspirators, which was soon accomplished. On December 24, the second rebel cipher was translated by us and proved to be almost as important as the first one. Secretary Stanton told Major Eckert he would n't give his cipher-operators for the whole clerical force of the Government. Asst.-Secretary of War Watson came into the cipher-room and congratulated us in person upon our mysterious success. He said he would like to make us

a Christmas gift, but could not do so because there was no appropriation for such a purpose, but we would all receive an addition to our pay from Dec. 1.

LINCOLN'S MEASURE OF A CAVALRYMAN

AMONG the last cipher-despatches with which Lincoln had to do, was one from Sheridan to Grant, about March 26, 1865. Sheridan, with his entire cavalry command, was finishing up his great raid from the Shenandoah Valley to join Grant's army on the James, his special object being to cut the railroad and canal to the west of Richmond and then strike to the north for the Pamunkey at White House. By the time he reached that point his horses would be in great need of forage and new shoes. Accordingly, Sheridan wrote a long despatch to Grant, telling him just when to expect him at White House, and asking him to direct General Ingalls, quartermaster, to meet him with plenty of forage for men and horses, and all the horse-shoers in the Army of the Potomac, with their kits. Sheridan then selected three of his best scouts, each taking a different route, one south of Richmond, one directly through that city, and the third to the north of Lee's army. Each man had a copy of the despatch to Grant, which Sheridan's expert cipher-operator, McCaine, had written in small but legible characters on tissue-paper. The copy was then rolled up, incased in tin-foil, and secreted on the scout's person, in one instance resting in front of his upper teeth.

Lincoln, with Mrs. Lincoln and Tad, had just reached City Point from Washington. The party had been supplied with tents close to the telegraph office, in charge of Beckwith, Grant's cipher-operator. The latter told the writer in November, 1906, that a few days after the President's arrival at Grant's headquarters, the flap of the telegraph tent was slowly turned back and there appeared at the opening a tall, slim, long-haired, typical Virginian, who quietly entered, and closed the flap, asking Beckwith, who was the only other occupant of the tent, if his name was Beckwith. Upon receiving an affirmative answer, the stranger, who was dressed in butternut clothing, soiled and worn and incredibly dusty, without fur-

ther word took a small, round tinfoil-covered roll from his person, and handed it to Beckwith with the single word, "McCaine."

Beckwith grasped the meaning at once, and thinking to give the messenger a little pleasure in return for his faithful service, said: "You have risked your life in the cause. Would you not like to deliver this document direct to President Lincoln, who is now in the next tent?" The scout's eyes lighted up and he nodded assent. Beckwith then went into Lincoln's tent and told him there was a man in the telegraph office who had brought a cipher-despatch from Sheridan, and he thought it would be pleasant to have him deliver it direct to the President. Lincoln took in the situation, and returned with Beckwith to the other tent, and greeted the scout pleasantly. The latter then handed the cipher-roll to the President, who slowly and carefully unwound it and pressing out the tissue-sheet, glanced at it long enough to see that the despatch was in cipher. He then passed it over to Beckwith, remarking to the scout that he guessed this young man would have to do some work on it before it would be of any use.

The President then asked about Sheridan's whereabouts, and the route taken by the scout. The latter told where he had last seen Sheridan, when he received the little packet, and added that he was a native Virginian, and had been able to come through the city of Richmond without detection. After some further conversation and an expression of thanks from the President, the scout backed out of the tent and disappeared forever, so far as Beckwith knew. The other two scouts were never heard from, and were probably captured by the enemy. Sheridan's despatch was most welcome to Lincoln and Grant, and 20,000 horseshoes and other much needed supplies were soon on their way to the Pamunkey.

A few days later, Sheridan, with his chief of staff, Captain Forsyth, rode over from White House to City Point. Robert Lincoln informed his father, who was on the *River Queen*, that "Little Phil" had arrived. The President hastened ashore and went to Colonel Bowers's tent to express his personal congratulations to Sheridan, which he did in the most sin-

cere and graceful manner, winding up with this remark: "General Sheridan, when this peculiar war began I thought a cavalryman should be at least six feet four high; but," still holding Sheridan's hand in his earnest grasp and looking down upon the little general, he added, "I have changed my mind—five feet four will do on a pinch." Sheridan measured five feet four and a half, and at this time weighed only one hundred and forty-one pounds on the ground; but in the saddle "he weighed a ton," as his soldiers were wont to say. At the meeting with Lincoln he appeared without sword, sash, belt, or epaulets, and with his old brown slouch-hat in his hand.

LINCOLN'S "FAR SIGHT" AS TO ATLANTIC CABLES

IN his Annual Message to Congress, December, 1863, Lincoln, after referring to the arrangements with the Czar of Russia for the construction of a line of telegraph from our Pacific coast through the empire of Russia to connect with European systems, urged upon Congress favorable consideration of the subject of an international telegraph (cable) across the Atlantic and a connection by telegraph and cable between Washington and our forts and ports along the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico. In the latter scheme he took a deep personal interest, and he had a number of conferences with Cyrus W. Field, the chief exponent of ocean cables.

My war diary refers to one of Field's visits to Washington, when Secretary Stanton assigned to me the duty of transcribing from dictation a memorial to the Government which Field was engaged in preparing. The latter was intensely interested in the subject, and being of an excitable nature, his words flowed from his lips in a rapid, intermittent stream, while his thoughts outran his spoken words ten to one, so that it was not long before I, not being a short-hand writer, was engulfed, and the result was, judging from my notes, that Field's memorial, like an ocean cable, was discernible only at its two ends, with here and there indications of a struggle and a splash. Several weary hours were spent in this way, and when at last some sort of order

had been evolved out of seeming chaos and the memorial finally completed and signed, Field shot out of the door and rushed over to Stanton's room, waving the document as if it were a danger-signal, leaving me alone and in a semi-collapse. Drawing long breaths of relief at the removal of the tension, I returned to my regular cipher-work, resolved never again to act as an amanuensis for Cyrus W. Field.

Probably because of the very large expense involved and the fact that up to that time no long cables had been successfully laid, together with the difficulty of maintenance in working order free from injury by Confederate blockade-runners, Lincoln's cherished plan of a coast cable from Fort Monroe to New Orleans, was not adopted. Had we then known what we do now about cables, their construction, maintenance, protection, and operation, without doubt Cyrus Field's plan, which in its essentials was excellent and entirely feasible, would have been accepted and Lincoln's recommendation acted upon by Congress, and the war brought to a close months earlier. In this case Lincoln's "far sight," as in many other important matters, is now seen to have been prophetic and his broad views, which were further in advance of and more comprehensive than those of others of his time.

"CRAZYGRAMS"

ON many occasions, telegrams from irresponsible persons were received at the War Department, generally addressed to the President, criticising the Administration or some of the generals in the army, and volunteering advice concerning political and military matters. One of these free-lance advisers, named Maxwell, a small dry-goods merchant, lived in Philadelphia, and scarcely a month passed in which he did not telegraph direct to the President. My memory recalls several of these telegrams. I will quote two as fair samples of many others.

During Burnside's unsuccessful campaign before Fredericksburg in 1862, there was a great deal of newspaper talk about certain of his generals, formerly under McClellan, being out of sympathy with and jealous of Burnside, and the court-martial of Fitz-John Porter, then in

progress, had as a basis for its charges the contention that Porter failed promptly to support Pope in August, 1862, because of his partizan friendship for McClellan. The President showed no surprise when he received the following telegram from his unknown adviser:

Philadelphia, December 19, 1862.
 HIS EXCELLENCY A. LINCOLN, *President*:
 Richmond campaign, Franklin remaining,
 foregone conclusion. *Robert A. Maxwell.*

No reply was made to this foolish despatch, nor to several others which were afterward received from Maxwell; but at the time of the New York draft riots he sent the following:

Philadelphia, July 15, 1863.
 A. LINCOLN, *President*:
 Albert Gallatin Thorp, informed me that
 Seymour is well controlled beyond safe limits.
 Why hesitate?

Robt. A. Maxwell,
 1032 Chestnut street.

Washington, D. C., July 15, 1863.
 ROBT. A. MAXWELL, *Philadelphia*:
 Your despatch of to-day is received, but I
 do not understand it.

A. Lincoln.

Maxwell's despatch no doubt had reference to Governor Seymour of New York, who at that time—during the progress of the draft riots, which culminated on that day, July 15, 1863—was supposed, at least by the War Department officials, to be in close sympathy with the Confederate Government, and particularly with the efforts of their Northern agents, Jacob Thompson and others in Canada, to incite opposition in the North to the Administration at Washington, and to hinder the draft, then being enforced under Lincoln's proclamation of January 15, 1863, for 100,000 men, for six months' service.

The next Maxwell telegram of record was received nearly a year later, as follows:

New York City,
 1.30 P. M., September 23, 1863.
 HIS EXCELLENCY A. LINCOLN, *President*:
 Will Buell's testamentary executor George
 Thomas ever let Rosecrans succeed? Is
 Bragg dumb enough to punish Thomas severely and disgracingly?

Robert A. Maxwell.

The President held this impertinent telegram until his evening visit to the War

Executive Mansion.
 Washington Sept. 23. 1863
 Robert A. Maxwell
 New York
 I hasten to pay thee in the state
 of information we have here, nothing could be more
 ungracious than to molest any superior to
 Gen Thomas. It is doubtful whether his hands
 and feet exhibited last morning afternoon, he
 ever been superior in the world.
 A. Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF THE TELEGRAM TO ROBERT A. MAXWELL, WHICH LINCOLN PREPARED FOR THE CIPHER-CODE, BUT SOON AFTER COUNTERMANDED

Department; meantime, no doubt, thinking that some defense of General Thomas by the Administration might serve to allay the already evident wide-spread distrust and anxiety, he wrote the following answer to Maxwell at the White House, brought it with him to the telegraph office, and handed it to Tinker, one of the cipher-operators, for transmission:

"Cipher"

*Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.,
September 23, 1863.*

ROBERT A. MAXWELL, New York: I hasten to say that in the state of information we have here, nothing could be more ungracious than to indulge any suspicion towards Gen. Thomas. It is doubtful whether his heroism and skill exhibited last Sunday afternoon has ever been surpassed in the world.

A. Lincoln.

But the message had been in Tinker's hands only a few minutes, when Lincoln came over to the cipher-desk and said: "I guess I will not send this; I can't afford to answer every crazy question asked me."

Thereafter, adopting Lincoln's description, we always referred to these officious despatches as "crazygrams." Tinker, of course, did not send the message which Lincoln had written, and deeming it of curious interest as a memento, preserved it carefully, with a copy of the message from Maxwell. Several years afterward, he met General Thomas in Washington, and thinking he would be especially gratified to see and possess the documents, he had the pleasure of delivering them into his own hands at Willard's Hotel, Washington, with a letter, of which the following is a copy:

May 27, 1867.

Major-General George H. Thomas,

GENERAL: I have had in my possession since the day it was written, a telegram penned by our late beloved President. Its history is this: Robert Maxwell, a quixotic individual, residing in Philadelphia, has, during the war, and since, humored a propensity for addressing dictatorial and sensational despatches to the President, his cabinet and prominent officials of the Government. By those who were familiar with his character, no consideration was accorded them. On receipt of one of these, a copy of which I inclose, the President wrote a reply, which he handed to me for transmission, but afterwards concluding not to send. I have preserved this

precious autographic document, hoping some time to be honored with an opportunity to present it to you in person, to whom it justly belongs—a priceless tribute to a noble hero, whose dauntless courage on that fateful day saved the Army of the Cumberland.

Very Respectfully Yours,
*Charles A. Tinker, Cipher-operator,
War Dept. Telegraph Office.*

AN ATTEMPT TO BRIBE A CIPHER-OPERATOR

HAVING given the history of one of Lincoln's telegrams which he ordered withdrawn before it was transmitted, it may be well to refer to another telegram which he was asked a month later to send, but which was never even written.

In the summer of 1863, Mr. Richard O'Brien, one of the three operators who went to Washington with me in April, 1861, was stationed at Norfolk, Va., as chief operator. There still remained at Norfolk, which had fallen into our hands a year previously, a large number of Southern sympathizers. Dr. David M. Wright, a leading citizen of Norfolk, belonged to a coterie of former slave-owners, whose slaves had recently become free men under Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. This club met in secret, and among themselves and known friends freely denounced the Federal government, and on one occasion, hearing that negro troops were on their way to Norfolk, their fiery zeal led them to adopt a resolution which provided that one of their number should be chosen by lot to kill the commander of the first detachment of negro soldiers entering Norfolk. Dr. Wright received the fatal ballot, and patiently waited until his heroic opportunity, as he viewed it, should come. One day a colored company arrived. As they marched past the custom house, they were cheered by no outbursts of welcome, but were met by the cold, repellent gaze of many men, women, and children, among whom there were perhaps those who had once been owners of some of the negroes now marching past, wearing the blue uniform of the United States Army and bearing themselves well. Meantime word was signaled to Dr. Wright, who stationed himself in a convenient doorway, and, as the colored troops marched up the street, he came forward and began abusing one of the officers. Suddenly

the sound of a shot broke the silence, and Lieutenant Sanborn, from New England, a lad in years, but a man in heart and action, fell to the ground, killed by a shot fired by Wright, who was arrested with the still smoking revolver in his hands. The following telegram gives the facts:

Norfolk, July 11, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX: Lieut. Anson L. Sanborn of the 1st Colored Regiment was shot at the head of his Company in Main Street this P. M., by Dr. Wright and died immediately. Dr. Wright is in jail, heavily ironed.

A. E. Boway,
Major and Provost Marshal.

Dr. Wright was promptly tried by court-martial, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Richard O'Brien's younger brother, John Emmet O'Brien, was also employed as operator at Norfolk, and Dr. Wright had once attended him for a slight injury. He was therefore specially interested in the case. Dr. O'Brien (now and for many years a prominent physician of Scranton) says that Wright's brave and devoted daughter visited her father one evening and exchanged clothes with him, so that he walked out of prison past the guards, and might have escaped, had not an officer in the street, who had observed the masculine stride of the supposed woman, stopped him and sent him back to his cell.

Knowing Lincoln's merciful nature, numerous petitions were soon on their way to Washington, asking for the pardon or reprieve of Dr. Wright. One was signed by ninety-five "Citizens of Norfolk," and upon the receipt of which Lincoln sent the following telegram:

Washington, D. C., Aug. 3, 1863.

MAJOR GENERAL FOSTER, Fort Monroe: If Dr. Wright, on trial at Norfolk, has been or shall be convicted, send me a transcript of his trial and conviction, and do not let execution be done until my further order.

A. Lincoln.

General Foster answered the same day, stating that the trial had been concluded and that General Naglee had forwarded the proceedings to the President.

Meantime other petitions were received,

¹ Official records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Ser. 1, Vol. XXIX.

² A brief account of this tragic episode by Dr.

urging that Dr. Wright be "restored to his home and family," and protesting that he was insane when he committed the deed. Dr. John P. Gray of Utica, a celebrated alienist, was selected to make an examination of Dr. Wright's mental condition, and on September 10, the President had a long interview with Dr. Gray, who left at once for Norfolk, with Lincoln's autograph letter of instructions in his pocket. Upon Dr. Gray's return with a report that he found no evidence of insanity, the President, having considered all the testimony, approved the sentence of the court and telegraphed General Foster as follows:

October 15, 1863.

Postpone the execution of Dr. Wright to Friday October 23 inst. This is intended for his preparation and is final.

A. Lincoln.

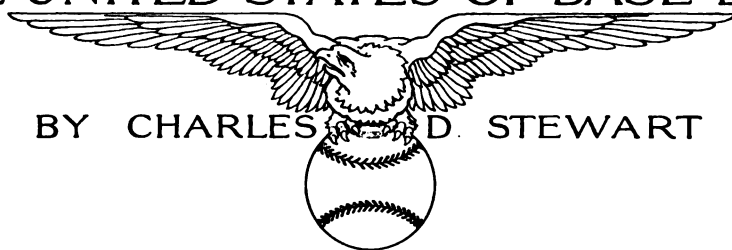
Still the friends of Dr. Wright did not give up all hope of executive clemency, but bombarded the President with telegrams and letters. The Confederate government was also besieged by some of the doctor's relatives in the South; but President Davis and Secretary of War Sedden both decided that they were powerless to help.¹

Secretary Sedden's indorsement refers to the "natural indignation of Dr. Wright at the shameful spectacle [of the negro soldiers] and his prompt vindication of his honor," the latter phrase referring to a conversation between Wright and Lieut. Sanborn, who, it appears, had threatened to arrest Wright for his objectionable language. Of course Wright felt that his honor had been impugned when he was threatened with arrest by negro soldiers.

October 23 dawned, and still no telegram from the President. A few hours before the time for the execution, Richard O'Brien was approached by a man who offered \$20,000 in gold if a forged telegram from the President were delivered, releasing Wright. My comrade refused the bribe, and General Foster telegraphed to General Halleck at 11:20 A.M., Oct. 23, 1863, "Dr. Wright was executed this morning."²

O'Brien in a very interesting article, "Telegraphing in Battle," appeared in THE CENTURY for September, 1889.

THE UNITED STATES OF BASE-BALL



BY CHARLES D. STEWART

SHORTLY after that week of last October when the season's interest in base-ball came to its climax in the championship of the world (we call it that despite the fact that other nations do not play the game to speak of), the victorious White Sox paid a visit to a small town in Wisconsin. From October the eighth to the twentieth every American and his wife had been living on a base-ball world where the newspapers had little space for matters of state, and so when the heroes of it all were coming to a mere town, nothing else was talked of for days. When the town came to greet the players at the train, a little boy who had been brought to see them was much disappointed. He piped up, "Why, they 're only *men*, are n't they!"

This is fairly expressive of the status of the national game in America (by which we always mean the United States). For reasons indicated, base-ball is a subject difficult to approach in the truly academic spirit. The game might be considered from three separate standpoints,—as a matter of investment to the financier, and the policies of it; as a trade or profession, and the conditions under which the workman finds himself; and as a manly sport, as it affects the populace that supports it. But a man can hardly bring forth his facts from either entrance without causing happy throngs to exclaim for the first time, "Why, they 're only *hired men*, are n't they!" Whatever way you start in, the superficial facts want to create a wrong impression before you have brought them to analysis—and no man has a right to prick a bubble unless he is able to blow it up bigger and add a finer iridescence to it. It is not my intention, however, to coax facts into

any figurative point of view of anything, but rather to consider the subject as a whole; and that—as it can only be seen—through the inner spirit and nature of it.

There are two sides to almost anything, and the national game is far from being an exception. From the standpoint of the base-ball enthusiast, "our town has a club in the league." From the standpoint of the professional player, the league has a club in each city. In the heart of the base-ball patriot, our club is a band of heroes going out to conquer other cities and uphold our honor; in the mind of the man with soul so dead, they are stock companies—properly financed. To the excited partizans at a game, each player is an earnest contestant for his side; to the man who is from foreign parts, it would be an important fact that they are hired men,—employees with salaries set by companies that all belong to the same corporation,—and that they get their pay for playing and not for winning. To the public it is a game; to the president of the company it may be a good or bad "performance."

To the base-ball "fan," those players are the free-handed knights of a democratic game in which city copes with city; to the player himself it has appeared that he is under an absolute despotism, a hierarchy called the National Board of Commission, and known as the supreme court of base-ball (because it has all the powers that the comparison implies). To the ardent admirer of this player or that, it might seem as if the player were master of his fate, free to enlist with any city that covets him; but to the hero himself it has seemed that he was the creature of authority, the servant of a something which can fine him and enforce the



From a photograph by Bellsouth, Cincinnati
**JOHN E. BRUCE, SECRETARY OF THE
 NATIONAL COMMISSION**



From a photograph by C. H. Baroom, Cincinnati
**AUGUST HERRMANN, CHAIRMAN OF THE
 NATIONAL COMMISSION**



From a photograph by Carl Horner, Boston
**HARRY C. PHILJAM, PRESIDENT OF THE
 NATIONAL LEAGUE**



From a photograph, copyright by
 F. Chubb, & Co., Boston
**B. B. JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE
 AMERICAN LEAGUE**

fine, which can "blackball" him and disbar him for life, and which, according to the regular courts, can "sell" him. It is not a mere monopoly or "trust," but base-ball law, and he may think betimes of the history of his guild with its fruitless strikes and its ill-starred trials of base-ball socialism. But to the vast majority of our citizens, this organization is the glorious United States of Base-Ball. Its nature, like that of everything that exactly fits the conditions, has been a gradual development, and its latest development, the National Commission, could not run things more to our liking.

All this is rather contradictory; but now it becomes paradoxical. As every one can see, a game which, like base-ball, does not rest its popularity on gambling, must be of such a nature that it can have purely sentimental interest. It requires that a man may be able to choose sides on patriotic principles, staking his local pride or his judgment on one side or the other; and this makes a fine sensitive demand that it be a "fair and square" enthusiastic contest. But here we have players who get their wages for playing, not merely for winning.

The American wants the best playing the "talent" affords, and as the best work is always done professionally, he must have professional players. At the same time he wants a really partizan contest, a battle between men who are so far removed from the desire for money that they would not win or lose for it. While the first requirement calls for a professional, the second calls for an amateur. He wants both at the same time; and how may this be?

Moreover, a team called after the name of any particular city has been recruited from any other cities whatever—under contract for a single season. Thus provincial pride would seem to disappear. New York's team would serve Chicago or Philadelphia quite as well with its name changed; and the same is true of the little towns. And yet it must appear to be a contest between cities. How may this be? How can a populace that likes to conceive base-ball in terms of cities be made to wait with bated breath for the fate of Cincinnati or Pittsburg or Boston?

The American public has shown a

lack of interest whenever the dollar has shown its head anywhere but at the place of admission—the almighty dollar must stop at the gate. And yet the players have the natural openness to "more money," and the gamblers have not all been reformed as yet. How could the desires of such a contradictory people ever be fulfilled? That the problem has been encompassed in some way is proved by the fact that the game is such a "howling success."

It has been done by a sort of statesmanship which has made base-ball a government. Having to do with workmen and their wages, with gamblers who have tried to enter base-ball politics and accomplish its corruption, and with the populace when it is most enthusiastically disposed to be a mob and lynch umpires, it has provided for all emergencies by becoming what statesmen would call the Strong Government. Its senators are naturally the financial interests. Its unbounded success with the people is due to the fact that it governs firmly according to their real desires; and, strange to say, it has aroused no reformers to clamor against the oppression of workmen and to give awful pictures of the state of base-ball. I suppose if any one were to strain his imagination to that view of base-ball (as he might do regarding anything else on equal grounds), he would have the entire American public on his neck. And very rightly, too. A gang of young bloods from that part of Chicago which is under Federal Inspection will take the side of the White Sox so valiantly that it may be dangerous to say in their presence that the Cubs can play better ball. They are the earnest upholders of their part of Chicago, cheering and even fighting for the White Sox—a corporation. How may this be in these days of agitation? The fact is that base-ball is a government of the people as well as by the people—and please note the fine distinction instituting itself between those patriotic propositions. The harmonizing of those contradictory interests of the public has been very astutely and honorably accomplished and approved with every man's pocket-book; and I purpose, with all respect to the Powers-that-be, to explain the nature of it—how they have achieved peace and patriotism in their realm. It has made

base-ball still more expressive of our modes of operation as a people. But first some superficial facts.

ITS SIZE

THE game as nationally organized, is divided into Major and Minor base-ball. This is a distinction which prevails between the players professionally and also between the financial promoters in their understandings with one another—it is both a professional and a commercial division. The two major leagues, the National and the American, are each an association of clubs (or properties, in the financial view) which employ the star players of the country, and handle them according to the business methods made necessary by metropolitan demands. On the other hand, the multitude of minor leagues, also composed of professional players, provide the best that can be afforded by crowds of the second and third magnitude. There are about thirty-three base-ball leagues, and altogether they furnish the regular series of games to 256 cities and towns in the United States and Canada—for Canada has become a part of us in this respect, and crosses our borders regularly to give us pitched battles. A season's pay-roll for these players amounts approximately to \$4,000,000.

Taking the "Cubs," the Chicago team of the National League, for example, the pay-roll necessary to keep an effective nine on the diamond during the last season amounted to \$60,000, and the railroad and hotel expenses and other outlay to \$200,000. For this expenditure the Chicago team entertained people to the extent of half a million admissions in its league "circuit" last summer. There are eleven cities that are of major-league size. Both of the two major leagues, with eight clubs apiece, engage themselves between these eleven cities. Five cities have a club in each of the major leagues, the ones being Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Boston. Those that have only one major club, in one league or the other, are Cleveland, Detroit, Washington, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and Brooklyn.

A club contests only with clubs of its own league; and at the end of the season

the pennant winners of each of the two major leagues match skill for the championship of the world. To a certain extent base-ball is conceived in terms of cities, and with considerable local patriotism, so it will be seen that a baseballist who lives in one of the larger cities has given two hostages to fortune. The smaller city, with only one club, is probably more intensely patriotic, more solicitous. But everybody watches the "score" of all of them, and in truth it is one big national contest. In effect, it is a single continuous game being played out through the summer in a series of contests, with varying fortunes between the cities. And in the autumn it usually ends in a "hot finish." The teams are seldom spoken of by their official names, but are fondly dubbed the Cardinals, the Red Stockings, the White Sox, and such. The New York Giants and the Pittsburg Pirates are among the best-paid teams in the country.

As to the minor leagues (really the major part of professional base-ball), some conception of their extent may be gathered from the fact that during the past year J. H. Farrell, Secretary of the National Association of Minor Leagues, had in his office at Auburn, New York, more than 4,000 contracts with base-ball players. These league territories, or circuits, fall a little short of the number of States, and have small regard for the work of the other map-makers. They overlap one another and extend over into Canada, ignoring all political distinctions. It is essentially national, on a basis of cities. Towns big and little yearn for the championship of their class and section, and so every town of any size and spirit must be in the campaign for itself. In each of these groups there is the summer-long, progressive contest, and the effect of this sentimental suspense is to roll up interest into a fervor which explodes in victory for "our club." And all the while our brass band has much to do. Its noblest function is to escort the conquering heroes to the train or to receive the foe. And while these local campaigns are progressing in the national war, the big metropolitan cities are engaged in taking on somebody of their own size, crossing half the continent to do battle until each has met the other in

a series. These are major and minor base-ball.

This base-ball world is all bound together by contract obligations—men to their clubs, clubs to their leagues, and leagues to one another, making a base-ball confederation; and at the head of it is that arbiter and supreme authority, the National Board of Commission. This "august body," as the president of a major league team expressed it to me, is the court of last resort. It keeps the whole weight of national law and penalty impending over each league and team; it rules everybody down to the player himself, and as there are few regular jobs at base-ball outside of its jurisdiction, it opens but one door of success—obedience to the laws of the Government.

The influence of the Board of Commission is both direct and indirect. As players have obligations to their teams, teams to their leagues, and leagues to one another, the Commission has final authority in all disputes concerning contract obligations or the disposal of players; and it settles all disputes that assume sufficient importance to be laid before it. Nominally it has power only between the leagues, as has the Supreme Court between States; but as anything of a local nature may be carried up into matters of national concern, it can be seen how this authority, ruling the whole base-ball world, makes the small every-day laws more inescapable. Thus base-ball is sufficiently like that system which we use to keep ourselves under control. Base-ball confederation was a growth of thirty-five years, and the Commission was created in 1902; so it is only recently that base-ball reached its culmination as a government, and put in the keystone of authority.

The foregoing is, as I said, merely a matter of facts and figures, the superficial view of things as they now appear. And it will be observed that I have been very shiftily in my point of view, sometimes regarding a club as a financial enterprise, again speaking of the game as if it were purely a matter of emulation between enthusiastic cities, and yet looking upon this whole corporation as a government—as if the financial "magnates" of it had the divine rights that are derived from a responsibility for the general

welfare. But this only illustrates something else about base-ball, and leads us now to the deeper nature of it.

The form of organization and the method of operation of the game are purely financial. The delegates to legislative conventions are elected and the supreme Commission appointed not by the players of base-ball, but by the financial backers themselves. This does not, on the face of it, look very democratic. The organization divides the players into classes A and B, and pays them accordingly; the salaries are set according to those classifications, and that is a part of the law. What, then, is the motive of that organization? Is that purely financial, too? Is that the whole spring and purpose of the combination? What relation does this plutocratic form of control bear to *our* interests in the national game? A player may not leave his club, his employers, and go with others even for a higher salary. They dare not lure him away with a higher salary or in any other way. If he breaks his contract and goes, both he and the other club are "outlaws": they are tabooed. Even when his legal contract is fulfilled at the end of the season, he cannot go to another major league except with the consent of all the "cities" (which is to say, club-owners) of his own league. They can keep him indefinitely, not merely by legal, but by their own power. If the club is sold, the regular courts have decided that he goes along—by virtue of his contract with the "club." The organization being wide-spread throughout the country, its powers are absolute. Would not any other employer so outwardly monopolistic have been the object of attack by reformers long ago? And can it be that this is a trust which is untampered with simply because the public would rise as one man if any one interfered with those games between the "cities"? Is this a trust pure and simple?

No, it is a government. Why did the national game gradually take on a governmental form? This question has a three-fold answer.

As the American conceives base-ball in terms of cities, but gets the best players from any source whatever, the team once formed must be "our men," and have a stability of character during the season.

The men must not change about too much. If, in the height of the season, when there is such fervid solicitude for the success of the home teams, and such eager watching of the batting averages of each player, the men were to shift about the country wherever higher salaries were offered, the enthusiasm of cities would become ridiculous. The best men would be bid for while the season's contest was going on; foresight in choosing players would be of no avail: it would be a competition of money and not of men. So, when a player has taken out his papers, he must remain a citizen of his team; he must be loyal to his city and his league. Were it not so, the sport would be gone. And as a contract with a player also binds the other party to the transaction, the "promoters" must have such power over him, even in his private conduct, as to insure that he will be a desirable man. Also, the players have a thorough course of training before the opening of the season, and this constitutes a property right in them—like that of a government in its soldiers. The penalty for any ordinary misconduct is a fine, for money has been found to be the most eloquent moralist. The capital penalty is the black-list, which is equal to deporting a man from the base-ball world. To enforce such laws, and to make the black-list effective, it is clearly necessary that there be a mutual agreement between the controllers of all clubs—a general unescapable government. That the American takes the players, unconsciously, as the kind of heroes I have indicated in this sterner side of the matter, is shown in his patriotic attitude toward them. He likes to see the game that is going on in every vacant lot and in the ball-grounds of city parks, but, after all, deny it as he will, his heart goes out in full admiration toward the regulars. They fight for our part of the country. This phase of base-ball government is due to the way we like to take the game.

Secondly, the government of base-ball announces its general purpose to be "the governing of professional players," and in the word professional we find another reason for its being. Base-ball has, at times in its history, supported pool-rooms, professional gamblers. The regular operating of a pool-room would require

that the gamblers offer the public odds on every important game being played throughout the country, as is the case with horse-racing. The base-ball public has a true instinct that gamblers do not conduct a business on chance, and that, however they may seem to win and lose, they are betting not on their judgment, but on their knowledge. And this would mean base-ball conspiracy among the players. It so happens that the pool-rooms flourished in the days when the players themselves had control of the game. The public immediately lost interest in it; they did not trust the players. Horse-racing is of interest *because* of the gambling. A sport must be of one kind or the other; it cannot be mixed and continue on a successful basis. Base-ball, in the nature of the game, does not lend itself permanently to gambling interests. It would require a "fixing" of too many men; and that would not long remain secret or profitable. It is this feature of base-ball which has kept it the national sport.

There is no professional gambling in base-ball; it is not a gambler's game. Honestly conducted, it is too uncertain for the purpose; and everybody knows it. But while base-ball cannot be a permanent gambling interest, there is nothing in the game itself which would prevent it from being a temporary one; nothing to keep a player from being influenced if the temptation were large and the penalty small. The player, individually, would not have enough at stake to assure the public an honest game; but capital, knowing that gambling is fatal and that conspiracy would be found out, has sufficient at stake in its permanent investment. It cannot afford to have the dollar show its head inside of the diamond for a moment. The public, knowing this, enters fully into that other kind of interest—a purely partizan enthusiasm. It is not that financial promoters are considered more honest than the players and that base-ballists are naively trustful of them; but it is the knowledge of the fact that capital, having greater interests at stake, has greater *foresight*, for capital is organized foresight. Base-ball protects itself automatically in the long run; but the confidence must be complete in any particular game. Capital itself could not conspire with so many men to whom it has to be so strict an em-

ployer; and so the public and the financial promoters are on the same side of the fence.

Here, for once in the history of the world, the interests of the financier and of the people are one. And so, the public, by the indirection of its patronage and confidence, has delegated base-ball government to them. The matter has worked itself out historically. Here, then, is required power greater than that of an ordinary employer, who simply discharges a workman: it is government. The supreme court is no secret; the black-list is not hidden, but is simply put in force. Thus the player has his career at stake at all times.

It is just because of this fact that they are ball-players pure and simple, and the bound retainers of our civic cause, that the men are such public idols. The word professional, as applied to sport, has derived all its bad odor from its association with prize-fighting and such sports as depend on an individual, a single contestant who can, without dependence on others, "throw" a contest, and throw it in the direction of the gambling interests, his only conspirators. This being so easy and safe, it has repeatedly been done; and after the one "big haul," nothing could be done about it. But base-ball, though it has individual contestants, is not an individual contest; and as conspiracy would have to be too wide-spread in a series of games, it does not serve the purposes of the pool-room. And as to the single game, the men are under an iron-handed government whose purpose is to have a winning team and get big gate receipts.

The result has been to make the player a hired man, the soldier of a government which has power to govern. And so the word "professionalism" does not apply to him in its malodorous sense. A base-ball player is a professional exactly in the sense that a doctor or a lawyer is professional. In the general average it pays better than these professions. Thus has been solved that peculiar problem of satisfying the American's desire for the expertness of a professional and the virtues of an amateur at the same time. The base-ball player is virtually a professional amateur. He plays in earnest because he is a base-ballist himself, be-

cause his employer inspires him, and is generous in making it an object to win, and because there is honor in it. The American does not object to that kind of "professional" any more than the Italian objects to a professional singer. He is a connoisseur of base-ball, and wants something to be enthusiastic about.

President Charles W. Murphy of the Chicago club, winners of the National pennant for 1906, stated the truth to me from the employer's standpoint. "Base-ball is absolutely honest; and to that reason more than to any other can be traced its widespread popularity." The great base-ball public has an instinct of this fact; the newspapers are unanimous in declaring it a "clean" game; and so it is a game of purely sentimental, patriotic, interest.

In its third reason for being, base-ball government touches us closely; it is deep in the psychology of ruling a people. To perceive it, we look down into the heart of things, and there we find the umpire firmly standing. Everybody takes sides in base-ball, especially when the home team is doing battle. Were it a mere matter of money and professionalism, as it is conceived by the professional sport, we might keep quiet and be a "game loser," but as it is a matter of sentiment and base-ball patriotism, defeat comes hard. There have been times when, if the crowd had got justice into its own hands, it would have gone hard with the umpire. One reason for this, setting occasional rowdiness aside, is that the ball is very delusive in its appearance of going over the plate according to the rules. Any lateral aberration is better seen from a position in the line of its flight than from the side view that most of the spectators have, and this matter of position is the more important from the fact that a ball may be pitched with so great a speed that it is hard to follow. The spectators are inclined to believe what they see with their own eyes, and the umpire, being in a better position to see correctly, holds different views. Then there is disagreement,—and such a disagreement as can be aroused only by a question of "fair play." Just as we see that our side has scored, the umpire promulgates the news that it is the exact opposite—rascal and liar that he is. This is something that goes deep

into human affairs. It goes further in its significance than any mere interests at stake, it is a principle; and that is worth fighting for. And so it has come to pass, hand to hand and with sticks and stones. Umpires have fled by way of woodshed and alley, and been locked in the police-station for safe-keeping. As the French say, we "have the failings of our talents." A history of the base-ball umpire would be a tale of breathless 'scapes by land and water.

It has been in the minor leagues especially that the umpire has led a "dog's life." The metropolitan audiences, being more overawed by their own power, take it out in yelling, in trying to disconcert the opposed side, and especially in saying and doing things to "rattle the pitcher." Enthusiasm is like a conflagration in seeming to feed on itself; like a fire it burns harder when the fuel is all together, and a base-ball audience is a leaping bonfire of enthusiasm. The American dotes on it; I would almost risk the assertion that it is the national antidote. A foreign onlooker, without insight of the hidden realities, might well draw the conclusion that our populace has a predilection for lynching. But we can afford to let the impeachment pass, pointing to the fact that in the end we are with the umpire in approving of the strong government—over ourselves.

The powers that be have been very astute in this latter regard. The mob spirit is lighted by some one taking the initiative, especially one of the popular idols. In matters of government, all that is needed is dissension in places of authority, a discountenancing of the administration, and finally a part of the army on the popular side; then there is revolution. Dissension in the army is the one thing that must not be. The base-ball legislators have therefore put their thumbs down hard on the players in the field.

Formerly a player was allowed to come in from his position and "kick" without limit. The function of a captain is to watch out for the interests of his side, as against the umpire, and big first-basemen have shown their fitness to be captain and maintained that position by their ability to overawe the umpire and make him change his mind. But base-ball has

changed in its personal character; the captain need not now be so ominous a person. Nowadays he can protest on the field only as a matter of legal form on appeal; and his final remedy consists in an appeal afterward to have the umpire's judgment reversed. That section of base-ball law which states the privileges of the captain in behalf of his team, and then hedges it about with limitations, is rather humorous reading. The umpire must not be coerced; and if he does not change his mind willingly, the captain's remedy is in a formal appeal. But the captain cannot even "appeal" to the judicial powers on anything involving "accuracy of judgment" on the part of the umpire. When you consider that the umpire's work is virtually all involved in "accuracy of judgment,"—for he is sure to be letter-perfect in the rules,—it can be seen that the umpire is invested with infallibility and absolute power. If he does not change his mind when politely spoken with, his word is law. He can call a man peremptorily out of the game, and order a substitute, only being open to a question of his "reasons" from the captain; and his reason need only be that he sees fit to do so. As early as 1875 it was beginning to be seen that this was necessary, De Witt's "Umpire's Guide" saying: "It is one of the necessities of the game of base-ball, apparently, that the duties of the umpire should exceed, in multiplicity and importance, those of the referee or umpire in every other sport in vogue." And so it has come to pass. Of course the umpire is almost certain to be right; his position depends upon it, for he is an employee, too. But the point is that the umpire is right, whether he is right or wrong; and, moreover, it is against the law for him to be influenced, as judge and jury, except according to the facts and the law. He is not merely enforcing the law, but the law is enforcing the umpire,—that is what players and populace are given to understand,—and behind that dictum is the general government, with the Commission, that can chop off the heads of anything and everybody. The players have an eye to the penalties, and the law is largely respected; they do not themselves start too much argument and disorder. The populace itself is controlled by a fine

indirection; a man may yell all he wishes, for enthusiasm or exercise, but not with any shadow of a hope of affecting the umpire. Thus peace is encompassed; the umpire stands for the national government, and not for the local interests.

Base-ball authorities, whenever they write for print, do not fail to keep up a missionary work with the players and the public, making pleas for a higher civilization in base-ball and appealing to their patriotism with beautiful ideals of conduct. The truth is that the antipathy to the ancient enemy, the umpire, still rankles and breaks out upon occasion. It is doubtful whether the statesmen of the game can ever bring about such a thing as a passive earnestness or a refined enthusiasm; but their governmental measures have been effective, and the result has been to make it a more popular game. The public growls but does not bite so often now; everybody likes it better under the strong government. And so the managers furnish it, for in any phase of base-ball it will always be found, in the last analysis, that we are the people.

OUTLAWS

CERTAIN parts of the country have such a favorable base-ball atmosphere that they produce an unusual quota of phenomenal players; and major base-ball has been largely contributed to by these tracts. Massachusetts is said to lead the States, with Pennsylvania and Ohio crowding her for the honor. The "bottoms" of the Ohio River, in the general neighborhood of Cincinnati, is one of these inoculated tracts. In fact, the first professional team, and the one that started up the country's enthusiasm with the Red-Stocking performances in 1868, came from there. It has been said of Pennsylvania that a traveler may look out of the car windows at any time and see a base-ball game on either hand; but some allowance must be made for American humor—said to be the humor of exaggeration. But even with such discount, a good-sized truth will be left regarding the pioneers of "town ball"; and the present-day manifestation of this zeal in Pennsylvania would be humorous were it not a thorn in the side of the general government.

A government, of course, must have its state criminals, its fugitives from justice who are entrenched in their strongholds; and Pennsylvania is the renegade's home base. If a great player is put out as a penalty by the rest of the country, or if he jumps his contract, he can make straight for the "Outlaw League." Philadelphia, being a major league town, stands by the government; but scattered over the State are eight towns, such as Altoona, Coatesville, and Lebanon, whose size would naturally permit them to support only minor league players. But the inhabitants have major league tastes, and in the solidarity of the rest of the country they find an opportunity. The inhabitants take in an "outlaw" player quite shamelessly, and give him money and honor. It has become a serious matter to the rest of the country to have good players thus harbored where they can hold out unrepentantly, for thus the whole penalty has miscarried, and law is brought to naught. A player who is universally outlawed can virtually be monopolized by a single exceptional league; and a natural advantage to the small towns would be to give them major league talent, which they could not ordinarily afford. But the people of the Tri-State League, which is its proper name though it is virtually confined to Pennsylvania, deny all such motives or advantages. They simply declare the whole state of affairs to be that they require the highest talent in base-ball, and must get it where they find it. They plead guilty to the soft impeachment of luring away players who are willing to violate the "reserve clause" of the other leagues, but declare that their inhabitants are wealthy and can pay for metropolitan base-ball. Indeed, the games they furnish do tend to make this true, drawing good crowds and keeping up the enthusiasm; but they do not acknowledge any advantage in the general state of affairs, claiming that they only ignore its rules.

If the "Outlaw League" were to come in under the general government, it would have to let out its outlawed players and lose certain advantages in getting their equals again. And the inhabitants are used to the high-class players. On the other hand, though it is a serious state of affairs, the government cannot afford to give a general pardon to its culprits.

A government has got to be firm. Even as I write, the National Board of Commission is holding a session in Cincinnati, and among the general business comes up this difficult problem again. Both sides seem to be facing the same obstacles as ever and cannot change their minds. Probably there never was a government so shrewdly constituted as to fit all the complicate conditions of American society. But any government worthy of the name must have its unconquerable, mountainous, moonshine districts—places where they make illicit base-ball.

THE SPIRIT OF IT

WHEN a town wishes to compete for honors with other towns in a league which is already formed, it cannot simply make application, and be admitted; it must purchase the franchise of some other town in the league. This looks entirely financial; but it is not so. The American wishes to follow the fortunes of the game in some established, systematic way, and as he conceives base-ball patriotically in terms of cities, it must be conducted in regular tournaments. This being the case, the towns in the contest must be kept within such limits as to number and distance from one another and comparative size that they can travel back and forth enough times during a summer to complete the series that will decide which is the conqueror of them all. This is a practical condition, and by conforming to it everybody is enabled to take the game as a matter of local pride, a patriotic sentiment. All summer the towns are going back and forth to give one another battle—towns condensed to nine men with the town's name like the official stamp of sentiment on their bosoms. Here is the spirit and essence of organized base-ball. The game itself was found to fit us as a democratic sport, and then we further fitted it to ourselves in a democratic way. The organization of clubs into leagues is fundamentally sentimental, and this spirit will be found to dominate it even in its financial phases. This will bear concrete examination; and as the minor leagues are the larger part of base-ball, we will begin with that class.

Taking Ohio, which is famed for the production of star players in its minor

clubs, let us look at a base-ball community which is neither a village nor a metropolis. Zanesville is a good-sized city without going to either extreme, and being the home of the present Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, it is fairly representative of our idea of patriotism. The city must have professional players, but in a minor league. It has had base-ball, but at present is looking for a connection; it is in the circuit of two leagues, the Central, and the Ohio and Pennsylvania, and it must buy a franchise from some other town. The newspaper expresses the city's mind as follows:

Zanesville is practically assured of base-ball next season. At a meeting held here the other day, quite a large sum of money was subscribed for a club, and more will be coming from other supporters who have not been approached by the promoters as yet. The club which is now being organized will be much better than the one of last season. In base-ball affairs it is best that the club be owned by local people. These promoters do not care so much to make money on the investment as to have base-ball. If the receipts of the season cover the expenses, that is all that is desired. Good players will not then be sold for filthy lucre.

This is the fundamental nature of it, and on close study the spirit will be found to permeate the national game even in its more largely financial phases. Metropolitan base-ball differs from this only in the way that all things in the city differ from those of the town. Even major-league base-ball has not always paid; and in such cases the promoters willingly go down in their pockets. The successful promoter must be a genuine base-ballist.

Base-ball organization, in this matter of gathering cities into a society, is fundamentally sentimental in its workings; it is for the purpose of enlarging the interest of base-ball as an inter-city contest. As the many leagues do not all contend with one another, but have little to do with one another in the matter of comparative honors beyond the post-season contest between the major leagues, it is evident that the leaguings of leagues is where the purely governmental purposes begin to operate. The claim that it is for the general good of the game itself has proved true enough; and it bears down on the individual player strongly

because he is one factor, and, in fact, the elemental factor, of improvement.

The "selling" of a player is really the premium or a satisfactory price which one club exacts from another for the release of a player's contract obligations. The major-league clubs are always drawing their men from among the best talent developed in the minor-league clubs; and they also "sell" and "trade" men according as they are found to fit with different teams; and in such things the smaller clubs have as lively a regard for their own rights, in the making of laws, as have the larger clubs.

The major leagues are especially jealous in the observation of the "reserve clause." While a player is contracted to play with his club for a season, the fulfillment of it is not all left to his individual responsibility; the clubs have a mutual agreement to observe the contracts, also. And the "reserve clause" is a part of the law that goes further. When a player has filled his individual contract, and is released from that particular club, he may not go over to a club in the other big league until all the clubs of his own league have had the right to ask that he be assigned to them: it takes the unanimous agreement of all the other cities in the league to let him go. And the other big league is bound to respect this. This is a phase of the mutual rights between leagues, but, as affecting the player himself, it is based on the fact that he has been trained and developed at considerable cost. Each of the big clubs is taken in the winter to some favorable clime,—possibly Florida or California,—and trained in preparation for the base-ball campaign. The winning of games is not based merely on good individual work, but also on good "team work." It is largely tactical. This development of a good player constitutes a sort of governmental right to the time and money that has been invested in him, and this right is jealously guarded. In every way, the handling of the base-ball player, the observation of a property right in him, and the expectation of "loyalty," is comparable to the way of a nation with a soldier. In the methods and the spirit in which it is carried out the military similarity is very strong.

The larger organization is conceived as an association, but being for govern-

mental purposes, the monopolistic form of organization is necessary. Setting aside for the moment any financial questions, it is apparent that the form of organization would be necessary on governmental grounds alone. And it rests with the promoters, the investors or employers, because only they have the power to make it effective. It was a matter of development through a historical experience; and only lately has it reached its rounded form. But, we might well ask, does the fact that this governmental form is necessary preclude the possibility that it might also have purely financial objects which the form of agreement so well fits? In all these details it will also be found that there are two sides to base-ball; for most of the rules have the usual faculty which rules have of working both ways. For instance, the arrangement that a league may not lure away another league's men is a source of additional expense to the promoters. A club must have the use of more men than the "nine" in order to get through the emergencies of a season at the top notch of efficiency; and not being able to get them at random as they are needed, a larger number must be engaged and trained beforehand. At the time I am writing, Cleveland has already engaged, in its determination to win out in 1907, four catchers, eleven pitchers, seven infielders, and seven outfielders—twenty-nine men, so far, in order to have the "nine." And while getting them, they released all former "bad drafts"—another military term which finds itself at home in the national game. Taking it altogether, the desires of the public, the financial interests, and the good of the game, scientifically and ethically, are all so interrelated that the interests are virtually one. It can be viewed only as a complicated whole which is perfectly satisfied with itself. The player is a public servant, a soldier of the cause. And the base-ball public worships him. The promoters, at the end of a winning season, are very benevolent despots.

For instance, in the season of 1906 the pennants of both major leagues were captured by the two Chicago clubs. Then they played each other a series for the Championship of the World. The year before, Philadelphia had it out with New York, to the excitement of both cities, in

record-breaking crowds; but it may be imagined what happened when a city was proudly divided against itself, and that city Chicago. The parks could not hold Chicago, naturally. The street-cars were held back by crowds watching the bulletins. The theaters were packed with audiences who watched newspaper reports; everywhere were crowds watching imaginary base-ball because they could not get in. At the final contest there were 23,627 who managed to get in; the rest stretching away for blocks. Early in the morning they had come and got into line with their lunches in boxes and the pink or green supplements of newspapers,—willing to stand and eat dinner afoot on the mere chance of getting in. Chicago was "base-ball crazy." We had given New York and Philadelphia and the rest of them such a glorious base-ball defeat. It was Chicago's private business; but spectators came from all over the State and from distant States to see the show. Even lumbermen in the State of Washington had been keeping track of the score.

The Cubs had won their league pennant and also broken a record in the history of the game; and now the other part of Chicago, the White Sox, turned about and beat *them*. At the end of the last game, the players, knowing what to expect, dropped everything instantly and ran. Most of them got away. The enthusiasm of base-ball friends is only less to be feared than the attack of enemies. A small-sized fortune was voluntarily distributed among the men by President Comiskey of the winning team.

A base-ball "corporation" is an anomaly in terms. There is as much emulation between the promoters of the metropolitan teams as between the smaller fry, and as the public has an instinct of the spirit in which it is conducted, and insists upon utter integrity, the management must have the virtues of a satisfactory government. An official must have all the liberal qualities that go to make up the virtues of a real "sport" and at the same time he must control with an iron hand that would put a mere trust to shame. The history of the game is interesting. It is a record of strikes and revolts against oppression in the old, developmental days; of organization wars; of

the trials and failures of socialism on the part of the players. They tried to run themselves but did not please the people; and so their socialism brought us all to what I would call, on second thought, a democratic despotism. Can any one imagine what would happen if there were Government Ownership of base-ball? It would be too much like war.

THE NATIONALITY OF IT

AN interesting phase of our base-ball seriousness put itself into evidence recently. Although the spirit of the sport is about the furthest possible remove from academic worries, there is one question that is a national concern—"Who started it?" This comes so near home that it interests even a base-ball "fan."

There are two sets of opinion, certain of our authorities claiming that it had its small beginnings in the old English game of rounders, and others maintaining, to the satisfaction of the majority, that this is not so. The traditions of the game seem to lose themselves in the early 40's, when there was no base-ball at all, but only boy's playing in various ways with the bat and the ball. And so this important matter, with two theories concerning it, and with a prehistoric period, has been in a state where one's sentiments could set themselves up as authoritative opinions. Most players flout any suggestion of rounders.

But in the season of 1905, the game went to such a pitch of popularity that when the base-ball fathers again took sides on this question it was decided to have the matter settled authoritatively for all time. A special Base-ball Commission was appointed. It included such base-ball players as Arthur P. Gorman, United States Senator from Maryland, and Morgan G. Bulkeley, United States Senator from Connecticut, and formerly Governor of that State. Besides these, were A. G. Mills, N. E. Young, Alfred J. Reach, and George Wright, all of them high in the councils of the game itself. As to the United States Senators, Mr. Gorman was not only an enthusiastic player of base-ball, but formerly president of a famous team, the Nationals of Washington, and Mr. Bulkeley was first President of the National League.

These six veterans of the game have given due time to the performance of their office and as yet the matter has not been settled. The death of Senator Gorman had the effect, I am informed, of delaying final consideration of the evidence. The secretary, Mr. James E. Sullivan of New York, who is also secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, has collected a mass of evidence consisting of letters and briefs from experts and old-timers—sworn statements on both sides of the controversy. All this evidence will be formulated and finally considered before a great while and then the special commission will make known where base-ball originated.

Those who advocate an English origin (they might be called the Evolutionists) would derive base-ball from something else because there are rudimentary indications of it in the older game of rounders; and they do the best they can with the dark ages of its history. But the opposition shows that the sort of ball game which American school-boys played in the first half of the nineteenth century was as rudimentary as anything could well be with a bat and a ball, and that it grew spontaneously. So they would trace its entire history in America. This

country originated it as spontaneously as it made it what it is, they say. In the early fifties, when it was beginning to attract the attention of the elders in various forms of "old cat," the Philadelphians played what they called "town ball," and in other communities the game showed a natural independence in its rules, as if it were all spontaneous. The highly developed game as it exists to-day is decidedly a growth of this country, and if we cannot prove the very origin of the idea of hitting a ball with a bat, we can at least treat base-ball as the Greeks did the Olympic Games, and make for ourselves a tradition. They claimed that the Olympic Games were formally founded by the gods. Indeed, the sphere was presented to us by heaven, and the bat is only the stick that every small boy carries with the purpose of hitting something. That much was natural; and we did the rest. It was a development, not an invention; and from the evidence at hand we only know that America and base-ball met each other when they were young and grew up together. The commission will decide; and let us hope that when our base-ball doctrine is handed down the game will not be in any way beholden to any Foreign Power.



THE IDEAL

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

BROTHER in hope, if you
Should ever pierce our empyrean through,
And find that perfect star
Whose beams we have not seen, yet know they are,
Say that I loved it, too,
But could not climb so far.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

IT is notable that while the name of Thomas Bailey Aldrich stands in the popular mind for the light touch in verse—a touch that few in our time have been able to equal in delicacy and attractiveness, the greater part of his verse ranges from the serious to the tragic. The subjects in a majority of cases are not those which the casual reader might expect from the author of many of his well-known songs and episodes.

Aldrich's light touch seems to us most nearly perfect where the subject is apparently most personal, as in the unsurpassable lyric, "Forever and a Day":

I

I little know or care
If the blackbird on the bough
Is filling all the air
With his soft crescendo now;
For she is gone away,
And when she went she took
The springtime in her look,
The peachblow on her cheek,
The laughter from the brook,
The blue from out the May—
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

II

It's little that I mind
How the blossoms, pink or white,
At every touch of wind
Fall a-trembling with delight;
For in the leafy lane,
Beneath the garden-boughs,
And through the silent house
One thing alone I seek.
Until she come again
The May is not the May,
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

Such a lyric as this would seem to be as sure of keeping its place in English

literature as any poem of its class that the centuries have sanctioned.

The art in his grave poems is really in keeping with that of his lighter verse. But the reader is sure that the careful workmanship is not the result of mere artifice; that it comes from a sense of beauty and the poet's pure desire for perfection. There is no fling for the sake of fling, but a conscientious seeking for the right phrase. He confessed once to a search of days for what he thought the absolutely right adjective to describe the cry of the sea-gull, hitting at last upon the word "petulant"; and this persistency was characteristic.

Often he struck the note of high patriotism, and many are his poems that deal with the mysteries of life and death. He wrote fit and beautiful threnodies, and in his verse one comes constantly upon startling hints and suggestions concerning nature, human fate, and the spirit-world, as in "Rencontre," "Identity," "I Vex Me Not With Brooding on the Years," "A Mood," and "Apparitions," poems which have a new poignancy in the light of his departure.

APPARITIONS

At noon of night, and at the night's pale end,
Such things have chanced to me
As one, by day, would scarcely tell a friend
For fear of mockery.

Shadows, you say, mirages of the brain!
I know not, faith, not I.
Is't more strange the dead should walk again
Than that the quick should die?

Aldrich ought to have lived longer and continued to write, for many years to come, for he was in little danger of failing in taste and rigid self-criticism. But, after all, his life had a remarkable completeness. His boyish attainment of fame made him not less, but more, careful in his

art from the beginning. There never was a time when he did not hold high the standard of art, and not less for himself than for others. With increasing years his touch grew more assured and his imagination deeper.

Neither in his genial prose writings nor in his verse was fully reflected the wit which made personal intercourse with him a rare privilege. For private conversation was reserved the treasure of his whimsical and never-failing humor. Doubtless many of his sallies will be jotted down by friends and preserved by his biographer, but the manner of his appealing persiflage and illuminating witticisms can never be reproduced.

Nor can be told yet the story of his chief happiness—of that life of inseparable affection which helped to make his career one of the most fortunate in the annals of literature.

SAFETY ON RAILROADS

THERE is no doubt that the traveling public is acquiring an increased anxiety on the subject of railroad accidents. The statistics as to injuries to employees are startling enough, but to the men and women who travel the dangers of trans-

portation have recently been brought home with still greater force by the sadly numerous accounts of injuries to travelers themselves.

The whole question of safety-devices, on railroads as in the entire industrial world, has been receiving public attention of late by the exhibition of safety-devices prepared by the American Institute of Social Service.

The timely article by Professor Stratton of Johns Hopkins University, in the *MAY CENTURY*, on "Railroad Disasters at Night" suggests possible remedies. Again, the subject of the mechanical determination and record of speed on railroads is one that apparently needs investigation in America, as other countries seem to be ahead of us in this regard.

As to the problem of safety on the railroads, would it not allay public anxiety if a special commission of experts were appointed by some responsible body, with the advice and consent of the railroads themselves, which commission should make a scientific investigation of the entire subject of the prevention of accidents on our railroads; the report of such commission, wherein practicable, to be acted upon by the railroads promptly and in good faith?



OPEN LETTERS

"Lincoln in the Telegraph Office"

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE PAPER IN THE *MAY CENTURY*

AN incident of striking interest in regard to Abraham Lincoln's early presence in a telegraph office has been described to me by Charles A. Tinker, my associate cipher-operator in the War Department Telegraph Office, and may be offered here as a postscript to my opening paper in the *MAY CENTURY*. Later it will appear in my book.

It forms the earliest data which the writer has been able to find concerning Lincoln's presence in a telegraph office. Mr. Tinker says that in the month of March, 1857, he was employed as telegraph-operator in the Tazewell House, Pekin, Illinois, which, during successive terms, was the headquarters of

the judge of the circuit and of the lawyers in attendance on court. As Abraham Lincoln had occasionally sent and received telegrams through the office, a speaking acquaintance had grown up between the lawyer and the operator. On one occasion, after watching young Tinker's expert manipulation of the Morse key, and seeing him write down an incoming message, which he received by sound, an unusual accomplishment in those early days, Lincoln asked him to explain the operation of the new and mysterious force. Tinker gladly complied with the request, going into details, beginning at the battery, the source of the electric current, which, in its passage through the coils of the magnet (or "relay," as it is technically called), serves to attract an iron armature con-

nected with a retractile spring, which pulls back the armature from the two parallel ends of the relay magnet whenever the electric current is broken. By this means, as Tinker explained to Lincoln, the now familiar dots and dashes of the Morse telegraph signals are sent and received.

Tinker says that Lincoln seemed to be greatly interested in his explanation, and asked pertinent questions, showing an observing mind already well furnished with a knowledge of collateral facts and natural phenomena. He seemed to comprehend readily the operation of the telegraph, which was then a comparatively new feature in business and social intercourse, wires having been extended west of the Allegheny Mountains only five or six years before that time.

From this early period until the day of his death, eight years afterward, Lincoln's connection with the telegraph was very close.

David Homer Bates.

Gérard's "Comtesse Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély"

CHIEF among the painters of the Napoleonic period, and one of the most noted pupils of David, was François-Pascal Gérard. He was a baron and was born in 1770, at Rome, where he passed his early life. His first works were large historical canvases, a style of picture then largely in vogue. But, being unsuccessful in this field, he turned his attention to portraiture, in which line he attained great distinction, becoming the "painter of kings," and, in the opinion of his friends, the "king of painters." Napo-

leon, Josephine, and Louis XVIII were among his sitters.

The portrait of the Countess Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély is a beautiful example of his work, and belongs to his best period. Though showing the Italian influence in the arrangement of its landscape background, it reveals an originality in the ease, naturalness, and spontaneity of the pose, with those long, bare arms so frankly disposed. Were they less beautiful, the disposition would be intolerable.

The hair of the countess is a lovely shade of brown, matching her eyes. The vivacious, yet mellow tone of the flesh, and the gauzy waist of delicate blue that partly veils it, show off interestingly against the flat, cool tones of the gray sky. On the right a dark-green curtain hangs from the gray-stone casement of the window by which she is sitting. The dress is black, of a greenish cast, upon which falls a gray-blue sash. The countess is sitting upon a rich red cushion. It is a life-size bust on canvas, measuring three feet high by twenty-nine inches wide.

T. Cole.

NOTE

CONCERNING the article on the "Washington-Craigie-Longfellow House" in THE CENTURY for February, we learn from Colonel T. W. Higginson that the name "Fayersham," on page 497, should have been Habersham; that it cannot positively be stated that the house was built in 1759, as is declared in the article; and also that Longfellow Park was not given by the heirs to the city of Cambridge, but to the Longfellow Memorial Association, the city exempting the property from taxation.—THE EDITOR.



Aunt Jemimy "Excursus" to Jamestown

"YAS 'M, I had a mighty po' sort uh time on dat 'scursion," said Aunt Jemimy, wringing out the last piece of "wash" into her generous tub. "Fac' is, honey, I jes is 'bout made up muh min' not tuh go 'scurtin' roun' dis country no mo'. 'T ain't wuth hit. Fust time I went on a 'scursion I got muhse'f tied up tuh dat no-'count Jonas, en de nex' time we-all went, blessed ef he ain't drop one of de twins out uh de cyah winduh, en de train hat tuh run back considerbul 'fo' we cotch up wid

dat chile, layin' dyah, lumberin' laik he was gwine split his mouf open.

"But dis las' time hit was de wuss uv all. Wait 'll I tell you. Preachuh Jinkins uv de 'Lebenth Mount Zion Chu'ch is a mighty eddicated man, en he 'low we-all got tuh know somep'n 'bout de hist'ry uv Jeemestown, so 's tuh be able tuh instruc' de brethren en sistuhren whar 'll come down heah f'om de Nawth 'long 'bout Exposition-time. So eve'y membuh uv de congregation chipped in en rent a steamboat fuh de day, en de Preachuh,

whar had done read up on de subjick, stood up in de eend uv de boat wid a megahorn tuh holluh out de names uv de grand places uv intrus' we-all hat tuh pass.

"En dat was all right, so fuh ez hit went. Excurtin' is a business whar allus starts off wid a whoop en eends wid a flop. Leas'ways, dat 's de way uv all dem 'scursions whar I 've been at, en eve'ybody got aboa'd dis one in a mighty good humor dat day, totin' de snack-barskits, en de palm-leaf fans, en de camp-stools.

"Sich a-laffin' en a-talkin' en a-passin' de cormpliments uv de weathuh you ain't nevuh heah; en when de boat swung huh nose roun', en p'inted hit down de ribbuh you 'd 'a' thought she was p'intin' straight fuh de Promised Lan' by de shout dat went up.

"Den all uv a suddint Bruh Jinkins 'gun tuh play on dat megahorn. 'Ladies en gemman,' says he, 'on de lef' bank uv de noble Jeemes you will please tuh obserb Powytan—dat place whar de Injine maiden Poky-hunter save' Marse Jawn Smif f'om descapitation by huh daddy.'

"Co'se 't wa'n't nothin' much tuh look at, chile; dee ain't nevuh much tuh see in a view, but we-all look jes de same, 'ca'se dat was what we 'd done come fuh; en, anyway, I reckon ef dat gal hat tuh knowed how many Jawn Smifs she was gwine tuh tuhn loose in dis country, she 'd 'a' laid off en fotch him de fust whack huhse'f.

"Look tuh me laik nobody would n' no' mo' min' killin' a Jawn Smif den dee would min' killin' a 'skeetuh, dyah 's allus plenty mo' tuh tek dee place. I lay 't wa'n't long 'fo' she was sorry 'nough she 'd done been so survivigous 'bout savin' dat man.

"Wellum, pretty soon we-all come tuh a place call Dutch Gap, en 'fo' de Lawd! chile, I thought dat steamuh was gwine bus' huhse'f wide open squeedjin' th'ough dat place. Cyan't see what nobody wan' tuh build a ribbuh dat narruh fuh, jes at de ve'y place whar hit ought tuh be widuh, too. Dyah was sich a' all-fiahed scrougin' en a-bustin' tuh git th'ough dat I disremembuhs what de Preachuh hat tuh say on de subjick; but de nex' place uv intrus' was Varina, whar, ef you 'll b'lieve me, dat Poky-hunter dat I was tellin' you 'bout jes now tuk en went en got huhse'f ma'ied tuh anothuh man, en sot up tuh housekeepin' on dat ve'y spot.

"Hit was de ve'y strangest' thing I evuh heah tell uv. Heah she 'd done fyah flung huhse'f at Jawn Smif's haid, en he 'on't look at huh. Nor'm, dat 's what I heah tell. He 'on't even look at huh. I 'spec', ef de trufe was knowed, she was jes a little too dark-complected tuh suit him; so she jes hat tuh up en take 'nuthuh Jawn whar wa'n't no pernicketty; en dyah dee lived tuhgethuh, right dyah. De Preachuh say we-all jes hat

tuh 'magine de house, 'ca'se dee sutney want nothin' dyah dat we c'u'd see.

"Hit 's a funny thing 'bout dese heah 'scursions, honey. You nevuh does go tuh see what 's dyah now, but allus what use' tuh was dyah. I 'clar' fo' gracious, hit jes kep' dis nigguh on de jump, twel I did n' know ef muh eyes was in de back uv muh haid uh de front. Eve'y time Bruh Jinkins horn out, 'Heah 's dis' uh 'Heah 's dat,' I 'd jump up en glue muh eyes on dat spot, en I is yet tuh see de fust trace uv anything he was talkin' 'bout so glib; en oncet de camp-stool shet up wid me de wrong way, en de nex' time I jes miss hit altuhgethuh, en hit tuk fo' strong, able-bodied men tuh get me right-side up ag'in.

"Nor'm, honey, excurtin' sutney ain't what hit 's cracked up tuh be, you heah me.

"Wellum, 'long 'bout dat time we-all 'gun tuh git mighty hongry, so we jes drewed up dem pestiferous camp-cheers en open up de snack. Dyah was right smart uv a corntention 'twixt Sis' Jinnie Remus en Sis' Jane Ricks en me as tuh which had de bes' fried chicken, en ef I does say hit muhse'f, de Preachuh's toof was fuhevuh p'intin' right at muh barskit, twel dee yothuhs was right smart huffed, en I hattuh puhten' tuh think dat dyah chicken was so much gooder 'n mine I could n' even eat muh own muhse'f. Dyah was whar I made de mistake, honey. Lordy! I 'on't nevuh fuhgit tuh muh dyin' day de awful spasms uv feelin' I had when I bit off de meat f'om one uv Sis' Jane Ricks' chicken laigs, en lef' muh front toof stickin' in de bone. Honey, hit was heart-bustin', dat 's what hit was.

"Muh ve'y bes' set, too, en I would n' 'a' had dem two women know dee wa'n't mine, bawned, so tuh speak, in muh mouf, fuh nothin' unduh de sun. Dee 'd 'a' hawked de news f'om one eend uv dat boat tuh de yothuh, en folks 'd come peerin' in muh mouf laik dee was lookin' at some uv de daid-engone places Preachuh Jinkins was talkin' 'bout.

"Sis' Jane look bat-eyed at me. 'Ain't muh chicken scrumptious 'nough fuh yo' tas'e?' says she. 'M-m,' says I, pretendin' tuh eat. What 'd I do? Jes sot dyah wid de eend uv muh bandana tucked in de hole.

"'What kin be de mattuh wid Sis' Jemimy?' Bruh Jinkins ax. 'Seems tuh me she hain't enjoyin' dis feas' ez she should, seein' how pop'lar huh lay-out is.'

"'De motion uv de boat,' says I, th'ough de right eend uv muh mouf, 'is 'mos' too much fuh me. Hit 's been a long time sence I tuk a sea trip befo'.'

"Wellum, wid dat dee all sort uv let me 'lone, 'ca'se it sutney ain't pleasant tuh have no sea-sick pusson sittin' 'longside uv a opened-out snack. But, Lawd! chile, I was

dat hongry I c'u'd 'a' et de ve'y stool I was settin' on, cyarpit seat en all, en I did n' dass n't tech na'y mou'ful on 'count uv de lynx eyes uv dem two.

"When we-all come tuh Westovuh, I 'd laid off tuh tell 'em all tales dat even Bruh Jinkins did n' know nothin' 't all 'bout, 'ca'se muh gran'mammy had been de cook down dyah sence I c'u'd riccomembuh; but I jes had tuh sot dyah dumb ez a clam, eve'ybody pityin' me en movin' a leetle out uh muh way, twel I c'u'd 'a' holluhed fit tuh bus', I was dat mad.

"Now en den I 'd sort uh fuhgit 'bout dat gap en start in tuh talk, but muh tongue 'd go shootin' th'ough, en 't was ez much ez I c'u'd do tuh pull hit out ag'in, much less git out what I was gwine tuh say.

"What 'd I keer 'bout Jeemestown artuh dat? Eve'y slab in de graveyahd looked laik a front tooth tuh me. I got out 'longside uv de res' uv 'em, but I jes sot dyah on de ruins, wid muh haid in muh han's en tuk no intrus' in nothin'.

"Not dat dyah was anything wuth lookin' at. One chimbley don' make a view any mo' 'n five front teeth make a set, en I was too busy threadin' dat gap wid muh tongue

tuh keer who dat chimbley 'longed tuh when hit was a house.

"Hit sutney do go mighty hahd wid a 'oman tuh keep huh mouf shet fuh de bes' part uv a day, but dat 's what I hat tuh do, honey. I did hit mos' uv de way down, en all de way back, en you kin heah me now, chile, dat dat 's de las' excurtin' yo' Aunt Jemimy's gwine tuh do outside uv huh trip tuh de cem'tery, en dat 's Gawd's own trufe."

Cally Ryland.

Sleepy Time

Good night, little baby;
I 've counted your toes,
I 've kissed all your fingers,
And rumbled your nose.

Good night, little baby;
The day 's gone away;
The big, tired darkness
Does n't know how to play.

Good night, little baby;
My arms are the bed,
My heart is the pillow,
My love is the spread.

Anita Fitch.



Drawn by Charles Nuttall

GETTING RECKLESS

BOOK AGENT: My dear sir, this is a scientific treatise on agriculture. As an up-to-date farmer, you can't afford to do without it.

FARMER: Still, I reckon I 'll do without it. I 've been economizin' so long it 's a kind o' relief to do somethin' I can't afford.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



MARGARET ANGLIN AS "RUTH JORDAN" IN WILLIAM VAUGHN
MOODY'S PLAY "THE GREAT DIVIDE."

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

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MANIFEST DESTINY

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

WITH PICTURES BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IT happened on a summer vacation, when a man is not quite accountable, you know. She was the only one there who met his taste in girls, already defined and very nice. They must always be young and always the prettiest.

Vera was sweet, deliciously sweet and light of heart. She still kept a child's impressionability and response to love. For a child loves like a dog, not for what you are, but for what you are to it. Affection she accepted as gratefully but as unquestioningly as sunlight or air. Her youth and naturalness, her ignorance and self-unconsciousness, all made her quick to respond to, and slow to understand, that quality in his love that made it different from her mother's. She knew only that she loved that long, eager grace of his; his boyish verve and enthusiasm; the clear-cut, colorless face, with its electric smile and large mobile mouth; the vital touch of the hand; the lock of hair that was always straggling down into his eyes, and having to be shaken back. How she loved that gesture especially!

When he first went back to town he wrote her two or three times a day, but

not always. Then, once or twice, he missed altogether. She never did. And if she mentioned his lapse, that was all. Then three days passed, and the bird in her heart stopped singing. Fear was at her throat: he was ill, hurt, dying, dead, and they would not even know she should have word. Then it came, profuse with apologies and explanations. But it was not the last time.

Once she wrote: "I have never told you how lonely the days are when your letters do not come. Perhaps that is the reason; you do not understand how much they are to me. Edward dear, I just live from one letter to the next, so write whenever your heart prompts."

At last it grew on her that he was doubtless doing just that. Then she cried out: "I cannot go on this way any longer. What is the matter?"

He wrote back: What a dear, silly little girl she was to imagine things! She was getting morbid with nothing to do but wait for the postman; she must remember that a man has his way to make in the world, or what would the women do? A dear, silly little sweetheart, whose very silliness he loved, but she must n't be so silly any more.

Then, from all she had of experience

and world-wisdom and reading, she took counsel with herself. He should see that a woman, too, had other things to do. She had been too facile, too faithful, and too frank. A man did not like to be so sure, they said. A woman's part was to keep him interested, to hold him. He must learn, too, that he had to keep as well as to win her. She would wait as long as he, and answer his letters in kind. It was not retaliation, but perhaps if he himself knew how it felt—

But his reply was a little slower than hers. When it did come, she put it away unanswered, and waited in a hope that passed as the weeks went by and he did not write again.

II

It was the truth that he had found something more exciting than watching for the postman. Grace Kingsley was apt to be the most exciting thing a man knew. He attracted her attention one evening, for De Laney still loved to dance better than anything else in the world—better than almost anything. There were times already when a tête-à-tête in some secluded corner offered even more alluring possibilities.

She sent Van Horn after him, and he came, with his long grace, his eager eyes, his vital hand-clasp. As he stooped a little over her hand (Grace always gave her hand; she said it put people in touch better), a black forelock slipped into his eyes, and he flung it back.

Grace was constantly recruiting, and she liked boys. She always had a few of them around. Grace was superb—a wonderful complexion, a perfect figure, a fine head gloriously crowned. One runs to extravagance in speaking of her. Men always did. For a while De Laney could not speak at all.

She was just as popular with the women. I did not say she was liked; I do not remember ever hearing any one speak of that. Now, at the beginning of her fifth season, she was at all the small dinners, and no début party but showed her at the punch-bowl. She made things "go." She drew the men. She was a perfect guest.

"And yet," she confided to De Laney,—"this is secrets, understand—there is

n't a Sunday without dozens of men in my reception-room, and yet they don't ask me to marry them."

"That 's just the reason," he said, admiration shining in his eyes: "you don't give them a chance. Who ever sees you alone or really gets to know you?"

"You do," she laughed.

"Yes; I have noticed that. I wonder why?"

"I wonder."

He looked up quickly. "Don't play on my innocence. I 'm no match for you."

She smiled sidewise from under long lashes.

Her bare arm lay along the back of the chair. He stooped, and swept his lips the length of the beautiful flesh, and she promptly boxed his ears. He submitted meekly, but without repentance. Looking at him, Grace began to laugh. He joined her, and the understanding was perfect.

When Vera came back from the city, he encountered her at a Friday night affair of the younger set. She paled to the lips and waited a moment for him to take the initiative, though only for a moment.

Nevertheless, he took the matter to Grace. To be sure, the last letter had been his; still, had he done the most gentlemanly thing? He looked as serious and sweet as a troubled cherub, and Grace smiled. Might n't he have given her more chance to feel it was she who—But she *would n't* quarrel. All the same, even now, might it not be kinder to help her think less of him? At which Grace smiled more.

But she did not bother to advise. She never needed to say much at any time, nor to exert herself. She suggested that he would learn all these little points by experience, and in a minute he was smiling with her. Men never thought much about other girls one way or another when with Grace Kingsley.

However, that night De Laney lingered long over his dinner and his glass, and went out to Vera's late.

The girl hesitated in the doorway, inquiring, wistful, but with a subtle inaccessibility of manner.

He had succeeded in making himself feel rather sportive, but probably not so much so as he appeared. When she came slowly to understand, she seemed to melt



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

VERA

from him like an outraged dryad. He had an impression of her vanishing into air, the eyes last of all. The eyes, indeed, never entirely vanished; they followed him. He could not brush them away. He concluded that he had sacrificed himself too far for her mere peace of mind.

III

To meet the demands upon a growing social favorite, De Laney got a regular position, and kept it until he found that dancing all night and walking all day

tired him too much. Meanwhile he progressed rapidly under Grace. But De Laney appreciated that Grace never rejected tribute, and that it implied your fealty, not hers.

Coming in one evening on Van Horn and her, he noticed some small details that made him watchful.

She, too, was watchful of him, and he was pleased to have it so. Indeed, he took occasion to give her good reason.

At least good enough reason to make her say to him one night: "Teddy, you are too young to have learned it yet, but the younger you do learn it, the better:

sensations are like elastic; stretch them too constantly, and they grow flabby."

"Oh," he said, with an indolence he was just learning to affect, "you surely don't suppose it implies personal interest for a fellow to flirt with a girl. A man has to do the proper thing. He does n't like to disappoint the poor creatures, or slight any one."

He was playing negligently with her dangling bracelet. She shook him off. "You are entirely too precocious," she snapped; and he would have given a good deal to know whether it was the jealousy of affection or of possession.

This he undertook to find out; but one day it seemed one thing, the next another. Consequently he kept on going to see her.

It happened, however, that the methods he adopted for her benefit appealed for their own sweet sakes, and indications of this became apparent to her. One day she wrote him one of her gracious permissions to do her a service. He sent a substitute. He would have gone a long distance to see her surprise—something he hoped to see next day when he went to explain. And he did.

She was perfectly gowned, in something new, he noted not without inward satisfaction; and obviously she hoped there would be no interruption, and was even nervous about it, for her glance kept wandering toward the door.

The spirit of the game gleamed in De Laney's eyes. He had not seen so much of her lately, he began apologetically.

Yes, she knew. She had been bad to her boy. She had been so preoccupied. He must n't scold. She was just as fond of her Teddy as ever.

"Oh, don't feel so bad about it," he said carelessly. "I would n't be a tax on your sympathies for the world." Her face betrayed none of the appreciation of the point that his own did. Then he laughed. "I need n't sound so magnanimous about it. I'm not in a position to be otherwise. I'm afraid we have been equally delinquent."

The flash he expected did not come; her eyes were again on the door, and she rose to greet Van Horn.

Her color rose also, and she called him Teddy as publicly and affectionately as usual, while giving him to understand that he might guess why she had

been so neglectful of her "young uns" lately.

De Laney capitulated, his resentment drowned in the admiration a clever scamp has for a cleverer.

He served at her wedding, and declined to kiss the bride when Van Horn gave them all permission. His payment for the sacrifice—for it was a sacrifice—was the way she jerked from him, chin up. But apparently he did not see it. He was certainly an apt pupil. Already she was obvious in comparison.

All the same, he had not found out, and he would have given a good deal to know.

IV

VERY early the next season De Laney realized himself the object of the special attentions of Dolly Fitzhugh. Dolly was tiny and blonde and pink and plump. She looked good enough to eat, although ten cents' worth at a time, as De Laney said, was enough. Still, she saw that at their most casual encounter he looked as if he had come that way just in the hope of meeting her, and he thoroughly enjoyed saying things to make her peach-bloom deepen and her soft brown eyes melt. Most of the men were afraid on that very account.

Mrs. Fitzhugh entertained constantly for her daughter. A man had no time to pay one party call before he owed another. If he did go to see her once and not again, Dolly would ask him with appealing humility what she had done to offend him.

When the girls snubbed her, she set to work to make them like her. She was always picking up one or two of them caught without an umbrella or an escort or some other convenience; and when people could see no other object, they laughed and called it fellow-feeling; she was so wondrous kind. Alas! that one can be too kind!

Though domestic economies were not pertinent to Dolly's father's daughter, nor consequently (inspiring thought!), to Dolly's husband's wife, she seemed to feel them a guarantee of honorable intentions. The bulk of her time went to the creation of her own wardrobe, the money that would have gone to sewing-women simply buying more materials. And every Sun-

day night she presided over chafing-dish suppers. (Of these two accomplishments she was so proud that a joke arose as to her "advertising methods," witticisms varied by the men over their cigars—"Sample free"; "A way to make a fortune, quick, sure, practical—absolutely *no fake*"; "A word to the wise is sufficient"; "It is our business to please you"; and so on.

De Laney she repaid, in addition to everything else, by letting him understand that whenever he had no other obligation, the chance was that she would have no engagement either (poor child!), and he was welcome to share her carriage. This was both economical and convenient. So he danced with her when there was no one available whom he preferred. Never having had much, she appreciated little; and, for the rest, it was the girl's misfortune, not his fault, if his manner was always personal and pleasant: any little goose would know that that implied not her charm or importance, but simply his own good breeding.

Christmas morning he was rather staggered at a toilet-set complete, ebony (real), with monograms in gold (also real).

"I don't know what to say," he confessed, which was strange for De Laney, and not true, either. "I never *knew* any one so kind as you." He always had a pretty name for it. The man's tact had as sure an instinct as the fingers of the blind for finding the spot.

The girl looked up with fluttering color, and the primeval delight of the boy seized him—delight in feeding a hungry bird, crumb by crumb, threatening no more, dropping just enough for an appetizer.

"I only wish more people were so, these days," he continued. "The world lacks kindness more than anything else. And you—I never saw any one like you." This was huge, delicious. "Everybody says the same thing."

"But—but you must n't idealize me," she said faintly. "It is n't always just that I'm kind."

"No?" He was smiling broadly at her little pink ear. "Then what makes you do so many things like that?"

"For you?" she breathed. "You know." Her head drooped further still.

There was a long pause, then weakly he put his arm around her, and she hid her face in his coat. After all, how firm and round she was!

Shortly she drew away and looked up at him, shyly radiant. His idea of honor and chivalry, his spirit of adventure, his sensitive emotionalism, all answered her. He took the flushed little bud of a face between his hands and kissed it.

"Why did n't you tell me sooner?" she asked. "You almost made me do it alone, and I have known you did for so long. But you were so proud. Was it my money?" To be sure; he had forgotten. "Why, Eddie, would you let that stand in the way?" He did not express himself. "Do you think that's brave?"

"You don't realize how brave a fellow would have to be," he smiled, beginning to enjoy it again.

"Yes, I know you will. You'll have to tell mamma. I would n't mind papa; but she won't like it."

"Then need we spoil it by telling her yet?"

"Oh, I would n't dare, for then, if she should find out—and she would be sure to. Let's get it over, like the dentist's."

v

It was not unlike the dentist's when the time came. Her father said mildly, it was the women's affair; if Dolly's mother was satisfied, it was pretty sure to be all right, he guessed. Then, as De Laney moved to go, he added, with some hesitation, that for his part he always sympathized with the young folks.

But Mrs. Fitzhugh was n't satisfied. She took De Laney aside that night at the Christmas cotillion, and kept him so long that he was in torment for fear everybody—which, being interpreted, means especially Edna Gray—would notice.

It seemed that her method with her daughter had aimed at present "good times" and the girl's development, not at matrimony, at least not immediate or primary, and certainly not of the proposed sort. This struck De Laney as a clever and original euphemism, for he had adopted the current superficial cynicism about this yearly bringing out of girls. And his opinion of Mrs. Fitzhugh rose.

She told him frankly, however, that

she knew there was no use interfering in such affairs; she meant to give him no further advantage over the other men by making a martyr of him. Nor had she any intention of driving her daughter into

she realized that a young man often needed only a serious purpose in life. Mr. Fitzhugh would get him a position in the bank, and he should have a chance to prove himself. And if he cared for Dolly



CHARLES F. MANNING

Illustration of Dolly De Laney from "The Century Magazine"

GRACE KINGSTON

anything vulgar or foolish or of losing her confidence. In any case, time was the test in such matters, and the two concerned were the final judges. But Dolly was still an ignorant, affectionate little girl. In the meantime he must consider himself strictly on probation. She knew little of him, and that little not specially favorable to a marrying man. However,

as he professed. De Laney wondered just what he had professed, he would not monopolize her, or make her conspicuous, or do anything else to her detriment.

De Laney was so struck with her whole attitude that he took a thorough liking to Mrs. Fitzhugh. And the piquancy needed in the situation came in convincing her, and in winning her reluctant admis-

sion that he was "an engaging young scamp."

But Dolly was always Dolly. She was like a cat, pleasant to stroke for a little while, but then, oh! how he wanted to rub her the wrong way to stop that endless purring! Her patience was like a strong rubber band: he stretched and stretched it, expecting every minute to have it snap and fly in his face, but always it gave a little more, until from sheer nervousness he was afraid to try it further.

Then she would creep up to him tearfully. What had she done? Would n't he forgive her and make up? And he would be the one to snap, and would fling out of the house.

Next afternoon, as sure as the clock, she would come for him in her trap, pale, apprehensive, conciliatory. And all the primeval brute and tyrant in him that she roused and encouraged would exact apology and penance from *her*. Or he would take a sardonic satisfaction in surprising her, and seeing how quickly he could make her bloom again. Or perhaps, even, his heart would warm with contemptuous tenderness. What a dear little fool she was, after all!

And there were compensations to her. Moreover, De Laney himself had too artistic a temperament not to do, as a rule, the graceful thing.

But obedience to Mrs. Fitzhugh's conditions was out of the question. It was one of the surprises of the situation how much Dolly, who had been so easily satisfied before, expected now.

VI

THIS was specially trying because of Edna Gray. Indeed, it was all more specially trying because of Edna Gray.

Just in the prologue, as it were, with the same old business and the same old lines, Edna was novel and individual. Dolly snipped off a piece of his hair with silver scissors, and sealed it with a kiss in a huge, dangling locket; but Edna (women never could keep their fingers out of that glinty mane of De Laney's) curled the straggling forelock one evening with tiny tongs that were a favor at the german, and somehow a bit got burned off,

and held up to ridicule, but, he was almost sure, not thrown away.

Edna reminded him of Vera; but a girlhood in the South had not only ripened her early, but had given her sparkle. She drew cleverly, and wanted to be something more than a butterfly. And she had pretty, nebulous ideals of life, which at that age is of course synonymous with love.

Then one day he saw Vera at a concert in which she took part. She had thrown herself into her music, already with considerable success. De Laney was not unduly modest about interpreting her absorption in it.

She could not have lived in the same general circle with him without coming to understand. Her first questioning self-reproach had been bitter, but the disillusionment had been bitterer still—bitterer even than the humiliation; and that last she had faced without moping and without bravado, with gentle, unapproachable reserve. To an immature mind a personal wrong, or too sudden a knowledge of the ugly side of life, upsets the sense of proportion. Readjustment is hard.

Something of this De Laney grasped in his way as he watched her and noted that the chubbiness of outline was gone, and the care-free light of the eyes. He had always felt that that last interview had been inartistic and unnecessary. Now he resolved that no girl should again suffer through him in that way.

That night he confessed to Dolly some heart symptoms that disturbed him. The trouble developed rapidly. At last the cruel truth must be told her that two insurance companies had refused him.

The girl gave one little cry of such grief, solicitude, and protection that he wondered if he had not underestimated that heavenly sympathy and pitifulness.

He could not, of course, he was saying, ask any girl to share so precarious a future—

"Oh, Eddie, you did n't think I would desert you, now least of all, when you will need me more than ever! My place is by your side."

And he realized that he would need be very firm about sacrificing himself for her sake.

The parents, however, made it less dif-

fault, with what degree of comprehension he did not care to question.

And that night, after their parting, Dolly crept down-stairs, barefooted, in her nightgown, to the chair he had always occupied, and by dawn had cried herself to sleep, with her arms around it.

She had pneumonia,—nearly died, in fact,—and De Laney experienced two weeks of nightmare that even his sense of the dramatic could not rob of reality.

Then her mother took her West for the summer. De Laney saw her in the carriage going to the station—in deep black, by all that was Dolly-like! He stood looking after her with an uncanny sensation of being present at his own funeral.

In Japan, when a woman is driven to protest, she expresses it in suicide. In varying times and forms the poets have pronounced "but to die" "lovely woman's" most delicate and pungent last word. Thus Dolly's pneumonia was not without precedent; and the milder method had doubtless as lasting an effect upon all except, happily, the lady herself.

For, after all, De Laney did not look Edna up at once. He did not mean not to go, but he did not go. No one had drawn him so since Vera. But there were so many things to consider.

VII

HE was still considering them when he came face to face with her in the crush of the after-Easter german, and woke from the impassivity of manner that was growing on him.

"You back?" she said cordially. "And how well you look! They said—"

He had a quick thought for the future. "Oh, that is all past. Besides, the report was very much exaggerated."

"Well, I *am* glad." It was the frankest friendliness, and he concluded that she had not heard too much.

They were near one of those fatal tête-à-tête corners. "Let us sit here," he suggested, and, as she hesitated, "Please," he begged, catching her hand to draw her in, and she felt the vitality of his clasp.

"Baby!" she laughed. And, indeed, his eyes had the eager look of a child's catching sight of a perfect rose that it must and will have at once, heedless of

pricked fingers or scattered petals. "Well, it is too crowded to dance. If you will tell me about your trip."

"I have n't been away."

Her eyes opened. "Then what has kept you from coming around all this time?" And at once she could have bitten off her tongue.

"You have," he answered inevitably. He could no more have helped it than breathing. In the momentary silence that followed, the words re-echoed in his mind, and took the emphasis of a cue. They suggested the rest of his part.

But in that same breath it was as if a veil had fallen over her eyes. "What a woman's reason!" she smiled.

"And so goes right to the heart of the matter," he added with conviction. He leaned forward, and the long forelock slipped down into his intent eyes. He shook it back impatiently. The girl's hands clutched each other in her lap. "And it is another woman's reason I want now. You know that I have no right to ask a girl to marry me. It will be a long time, years, before I can take care of the right sort of girl in the right sort of way. But may I then not even have her love? Suppose *she* should care? Suppose—no, don't suppose at all, for so much is true; you know it: I love you *now*."

He waited. For the first time she had no gay little evasion ready for him or for herself. She had, indeed, no impulse to belittle the moment.

"Well?" he reminded her. "What 's to be done about it?"

She looked up slowly. The color of maidenhood was in her cheeks, but in her eyes was a woman's dignity of candor. "But we are young. I would n't want to—they would not let me yet, anyway."

His smile was electric. "Then, if we both understand—"

But her fingers were against his lips. "Oh, how fast you go! Does that come next? Maybe I don't want you to. I'm not sure— and you would better not be." Her mischief bubbled up again. "I don't know—"

"Why don't you?"

"I never thought about it. You never asked me to."

"Do girls really wait for that?"

"Of course. At least they don't admit it even to themselves."



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

DOLLY FITZHUGH

"But now, can't you guess?"

"Oh, I suppose I know now. Is n't it funny what a difference letting yourself makes—just knowing you may?"

"Quite a difference," he agreed. Evidently now he knew he might, and she did not contradict him.

"Now, tell me all about it," she invited him.

"Why," he said quickly, "don't you understand? That we love each other, and both want the other to know it, but that I can't ask you to marry me now, so we will avoid gossip and all that by keeping it to ourselves. We won't even call it an engagement, if you would rather not, only a perfect mutual understanding. And when things are clearer ahead—but now don't we love each other? Is n't that enough?"

For the first time it occurred to the girl that there might be something to misunderstand. A tiny light of inquiry began to flicker in her eyes.

It hurried him on. "Of course I know your mother has always told you not to do things without telling her; but have you kept to that literally, in everything?" He smiled knowingly, and her swift shamefacedness convicted her. "Well, then!"

"Oh, but that was only—there never has been—"

"Exactly. I knew you'd feel as I do. This *is* different, is n't it? And too sacred and private to talk about to anybody, is n't it, even mothers? You must tell *me* things now—now that you are grown up."

The girl looked completely bemused. "But you need n't be afraid she won't understand and sympathize. She always does." How loyal she was! Then suddenly she straightened up, and flushed. "Pray don't fancy I'm anx—"

"Oh, Edna!" He warded it off.

"But what queer things for *you* to say! You make it sound as if I—"

"Oh, well," he said hopelessly, "if you can misunderstand me so! And if you can't trust me a little, anyway—!" With set face he rose to go.

And she stood at bay and let him. How spunky she was! Let him until the curtains closed behind him; then, "Oh, oh!" she breathed.

It was the smallest of small cries.

But he turned back. "Did you call, dear?"

"How—how did we get so at cross-purposes? Of course I trust you or I would n't love you, would I?"

"You have n't shown it." He spoke gently, but deeply hurt.

"No? When I let you—no one ever did that before," she whispered. "Now, don't I trust you?"

He held her with tender strength. "Thank you, dear, very much." But the hurt could not heal at once.

She waited. Finally, "Don't you think one good turn deserves another?" she ventured.

"Bless your heart! I do indeed!" His face lightened. Laughing, comprehending, he stooped.

"Oh, I did n't mean that!" she flamed, and wrenched her hands free.

"What, then?"

"Oh, nothing." The color died out. Her arms dropped to her sides. "I must go now. Good-by."

He drew her back, and she seemed to have lost the right to refuse him, and the way to do it; everything put her in the wrong. He looked down gravely into her bewildered eyes. "We must n't get into such a misunderstanding again, little girl. A cut like that leaves a scar. I love you too much not to forgive you; but it is just because I do love you so much that it hurts."

Next day he did not go to see her, and he had to fight himself to keep away. But he hoped it would be hard for her, too.

Afterward he found the usual distracting consolation in believing that that had been his mistake; for the following morning her father sent for him.

Mr. Gray shut the door to an adjoining office, and spoke low, but none the less with force and to the point. "The reason more rogues like you are not horse-whipped," he ended, "is not that you are not that kind, or that fathers and brothers are not that kind, but for the girl's sake. However, any way they take such as you they seem to pay pretty high for it."

"Sir," said De Laney, stiffly, "I hold myself in readiness to go with you for a license and a clergyman and marry your daughter at any time you give the word."



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

EDNA GRAY

Mr. Gray gasped a little. "Oh, you do, do you? How very noble! how kind!" Then he began to splutter. "Marry you!"

"Or," De Laney persisted immovably, "I shall expect from you the satisfaction one gentleman of honor gives another."

And at that Mr. Gray laughed.

"Honor! *Honor!*" He pounded on his bell. "You 're only a cub, after all." A negro janitor stood in the door. "Show this boy the way out."

"A cut like that leaves a scar." Dolly's black clothes suggested subtleties beyond De Laney's comprehension. It is not such a man for whom the girl mourns, but for something gone from herself.

VIII

THIS time it was De Lancy who left town. For months he broke away from the old round. He was a good deal ashamed and not a little frightened, and he resolved to swear off permanently.

Yet it is a question whether a composite of his varying moods would have shown a lowering of self-esteem. A woman feels sorry enough for her rejected lovers; a man feels too sorry for his. And how nobly he had proved himself not for sale to Dolly's dollars!

About this time it was that Vera's note asked for her letters. In his reply, explaining away his no longer knowing where they were, he took pains to mention how his heart had leaped at sight of her note: he was expecting another violet envelop by that mail. When her marriage was announced shortly, he could not help wondering if it was the reason, or, say, the result of that correspondence.

In the fall he drifted back to Grace Van Horn, she was so inexhaustibly enigmatic, and there was no question there of his intentions.

"Hello, been to Panama?"

"I'm glad somebody missed me."

"Oh, I have," she responded fervently. "And you know that rocking-chair of mine that creaked? Van sent that away, too. I've been desperately lonely."

Grace kept his wits sharp; she was as stimulating as champagne. A tilt with her set him up for the evening, made him equal even to a dinner, where ordinarily he settled into his chair and silence. General conversation was not interesting to him, or adapted to his talents, and he had long since lost all feeling of responsibility for doing his share of the entertaining, it was so obviously unnecessary.

Grace, and a few episodes short and safe, and the nearest approach to friendship he ever came, filled the next winter.

That is, Lynne Halsell was a friend to him. Of course he made love to her, and she would smile at him, lenient and amused. "Oh, Ned! Yes, I know, you can't break a bad habit all at once. I'll try not to be too bored. But cut it as much as you can, for my sake, won't you?"

She, too, it seemed, had at least observed his absence.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"Repenting in sackcloth and ashes."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Then she remembered. "Really?"

"Of course I've forfeited the right to be believed."

"Think," she mused to the fire, "of admitting that, and still allowing it to be true!"

"Oh, I know. I'm a sorry lot." He dropped a dejected chin into the palm of his hand, looking so sweet and so faultless that it was touching. "You need n't think I'm not ashamed. I'm not even making excuses." She leaned back and regarded him, smiling faintly. The pause lengthened. "Well, why don't you go on scolding?"

The smile broadened. "Have n't you already opinion enough of your own importance?"

"Thank you," said De Lancy.

"But why it should make you conceited!" she twinkled on. "Thank Heaven! you are a man, and so inherit the earth. But don't fall into the notion that you deserve credit for that."

He could do the superior tone himself on occasion, but this felt different.

"Are you so sceptical about your own popularity?" he challenged her.

"What delicate coals of fire!" she bubbled. "Oh, I'm always sceptical. But with a girl, it's different. A girl has to win all she gets; there are so many girls. It is personal with her. And it takes a great deal to spoil her. Not having it is more apt to do that. It's necessary to her self-respect and to make her do herself justice, and to her prestige with other women, and to get more. To have it is the natural thing, and she takes it for granted. But I never yet saw a handsome man who was n't vapid, or a good-looking one"—she bowed to him slightly—"who did n't consider it entirely too remarkable and important, and himself too irresistible."

Her sarcasms were so smiling that he was apt not to take them at their full value. "Oh, I see, you're not talking about me at all. I know I'm not irresistible. If I should happen comfortably to forget it for a minute now and then, you could not fail to bring it home to me."

Her head dropped to one side. "There,

you see! Always personal, too. Even if nine out of ten girls do like that sort of thing, there 's the tenth; and that 's where you show your limitations."

The end of his cigar twinkled at her. "Oh, not necessarily limitations. No sportsman kills more than he can use. He picks his heads."

She sat up swiftly. "Picks, indeed! You think you choose girls, and choose the young girls, when just as much, and more and more, the others don't choose you. You 're establishing a reputation, young man; yes, and a character—a character. That 's the real point, Ned." The laughter died along lips and lashes. "Can't you be interested in a girl simply as an intelligent human being? Why have things no value to you except as means to one end, when they are the nicest kind of ends in themselves—music and talk and going? There are ever so many other interesting things besides love-making. And"—she smiled again—"you could be just as successful along several other lines."

"Do you think so now?"

"With all your talents! And yet what have you done? What is ahead of you? What have you now but the cheapest prestige a man can get?"

"At least," he said gratefully, "you think me worth all this." The emphases were subtle.

"Oh, yes," she bubbled; "Providence watches over—but, Ned, I 'm in earnest."

"So am I," he answered gravely.

He got another clerkship and kept it. He took up a law course.

Her preaching, which might signify a variety of things, he enjoyed. He played and sang to her by the hour, and she brought her verses to him, the most sympathetic critic she had. There were those who gushed and those who looked bored; but he caught the perfume of a little thing without picking it to pieces, and a single phrase or comment would show her a flaw, a possibility, a method. It meant a great deal to her, this companionship with a clever and artistic mind.

Thus he passed the winter with Lynne—and Grace and a few episodes.

IX

It was the summer separation that undid her. She had no idea it would be so

good to see him again, with his grace and his alert eyes, as he crossed the room to greet her before she was fairly downstairs the first night of her return. She had never seen him so boyishly happy. He caught both her hands, laughing. "Let me look at you!" He stood off from her and turned her around. "Oh, but this is good," he gloated, "to see you again!" And he had her hands once more, and was smiling down at her, drawing her, smiling.

Lynne's heart turned quite over. She jerked back; she caught at her hands and her breath; and she sat across the room from him and delivered a voluble biography of the last weeks without intermission throughout the evening.

"What 's the matter to-night?" he asked on leaving. "Don't you like me any more?"

"Oh, I like you well enough," she laughed, her humor by this time also restored, "but I don't approve of you at all."

It struck him as the subtlest flattery he had ever forced from a woman. For one instant he could not control a faint conscious smile. And Lynne saw the smile.

In the weeks that followed it grew on De Laney that she was changed or that conditions were. He saw her less often and seldom alone. This he began to suspect as intentional and determined. Then for the first time in his life he came to a deliberate decision, for the first time he concentrated. Day by day, little by little, he closed his forces around her, without ever getting a sign that she knew herself besieged. He secured what dances he could, and spent the intervals with the chaperones. He won the junior speakership at the law school. Never a day passed without proving his thought of her, and, what was more, his discriminating thought. When the blind sent her candy, he sent flowers. Moreover, the flowers would be a loose handful of lilies of the valley or a basket of delicate spring blossoms when the less discerning paid a week's salary for the longest-stemmed American Beauties. "Buying roses by the yard," Lynne said. "You may be sure he pins up the Sunday-paper lithographs on his walls." With De Laney,



CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

LYNNE HALSELL

she was, if anything, more maternal and humorous, but also more inaccessible.

"Oh, Ned," she laughed one evening when he had found her alone, and had been trying to make something of his opportunity. "it's so futile. I know you so well." She smiled at him as if it were a good joke they shared. "And, I assure you, I'm not flattered. I know it's not the particular girl, not even particularly the girl; it's yourself; you'd flirt with a telegraph-pole."

But De Laney did not laugh. He leaned forward and looked at her fully. "Is it fair never to take me seriously?"

Her smile grew stiff; her eyes shifted under his steady ones. She moved to face him less squarely, and he came and stood back of her chair, where she could not face him at all.

"You make a fellow ashamed to show how much in earnest he is; he feels silly even before himself. You are making me keep up the very things you scold me for." His voice was low and close. Possibly she did not hear the words at all. He moved to the side of her chair and slipped to one knee. Her face was turned away. "Don't you see, then, how much it does mean that I have the courage to

keep on risking your ridicule?" She was perfectly still, but her lips were parted, and he saw her bosom heave. "No matter how little you care, you have no right to pretend you don't know I am in earnest, or to laugh at the highest, noblest thing that has come into my life. Oh, Lynne!" His voice grew husky, and caught. One arm slipped to her shoulder. Still she did not move; there was no response; there was no rebuff. "Dear!" he breathed. It was a violin note—tenderness, longing, pleading, regret. They were very close. He kissed her. Instantly he felt her flame in his arms; but still she did not move. There was neither response nor rebuff. He tried to draw her close; but her body was rigid. At last he could bear it no longer. "Then you do care a little?" Was it happiness or triumph in the tone?

She stirred, pushed him gently away, and stood up. She was very pale and very grave. "You may go now," she said.

He made a movement to speak, but she lifted one hand, and, curiously subdued, he left her.

X

NEXT day came a line: "Do not come again, ever."

He took the next car to her.

A maid brought word that Miss Halsell was dressing to go out and begged to be excused. He replied that he would wait. She returned to explain that he did not understand: it would take some time and would leave just minutes enough for Miss Halsell to meet her engagement. He was in no hurry. He would not detain her when she came down. She need not bother about him; he would wait.

And he did wait, half an hour, while she watched for him to go. At last, hat on, gloves in hand, for very shame before the servants, she told him coldly from the doorway, she came down.

He went straight to her, and took both hands in his vital clasp, feeling the cold tremor of hers before she freed them. "Give me a chance," he begged. "Don't you see I have struck bottom? I am not fooling; I am not mistaken; I won't change. Can't you see that this is different? Give me a chance to prove it."

"Oh," she cried, "I hate you! I don't believe you, or admire you, or trust you,

but—" She flung out her hands like one who gives up and sinks, and he caught her in his arms,—*"I love you, I love you!"*

He left her almost persuaded, and for a few weeks she seemed to give him the right of way, though she was always more passive than responsive.

So passive that he challenged her once imperiously: *"You do love me!"*

"Well, yes; I 'm in love with you," she conceded lightly, but seriously. "I used to think them synonymous, too."

He stuck to his law and his desk. "You 'll make a man of me yet," he cajoled her.

"Oh, Ned," she laughed, "that old fairy-tale! Please don't fancy I have any illusions about that."

"Why, only yesterday when Jo Howard said whatever he had done was due to you, you told me you were so proud to know there might be some truth in it."

"Oh, yes, Jo Howard," she admitted. And De Laney did not like the tone.

"And pray who was it used to keep telling me about all I should and could and would do?"

"Of course. I wanted *you* to believe it. I wanted to see what could be done for you. Yes, yes, I have known one or two men who reformed acquired habits, but never a single regeneration. What 's bred in the bone—there, Ned dear, don't be offended. You have only to prove it is n't, you know. Oh, don't you see I must not believe it too easily, because I must believe it or nothing?"

De Laney's taste in girls still required them young and pretty, first-hand, difficult, and disputed.

But Lynne was almost too difficult. He was not always so sure as once of the flattery of her reluctant surrender, not always sure even of the surrender; and the significance of the reluctance overshadowed the compliment. She was like quicksilver; though he held her in the palm of his hand, he could hardly put his finger on her. And necessary to De Laney as the air he breathed, it was to have incense in it. He had been faithful to her, "in his fashion," for a year and a half, and for several months now he had concentrated absolutely and for the first time. It seemed to him that she hardly appreciated all this. Moreover, the strain

was beginning to tell on him—the strain both of unaccustomed effort and unwonted abstinence.

XI

THIS mood, of course, was the real cause

doubtless part of the credit should be given to that divinity that shapes our ends, as well as to Emma Zane herself.

Miss Zane had been announced as a débutante two consecutive winters, taken abroad for a year, brought back, and an-



Emma Zane

Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chausick

EMMA ZANE

—it and his habitual rudderlessness. The God is not in the machine, but inherent in things and us; but it seemed to De Laney that suddenly matters were taken entirely out of his own hands, and carried swiftly, inexorably, to a conclusion not his. So

nounced again. It was not that her grandfather had made his start as a corner grocer, or that her mother had been a housekeeper, and had never gotten to be anything else, or that the girl herself was neither young nor pretty. People

gave all these things as reasons, but often enough they themselves had something of the sort to forget. And that was the point—they gave the world reason to forget. But Miss Zane could n't even forget it herself.

A few of the kinder-hearted or more secure hostesses asked her to their big affairs; and she went, and stood, often quite alone, her eyes suspiciously bright, a hot, red spot high on each cheek.

One evening De Laney was in a mood of utter discontent, and with a sudden, idle impishness he stopped by her. "Have you this dance free?" he begged. "For me?"

She turned on him. "No? Really!" It was a three-toned chord of surprise, resentment, pleasure.

"Oh, I say," De Laney responded, taken aback, "if that is n't the pulpit way of scolding the people who are at church for not coming! Suppose the moment the Sleeping Beauty opened her eyes she had said: 'Humph! Why did n't you wait another hundred years?'"

"Oh, the Beauty!" cried Miss Zane. "And," she added dryly, "the Prince!"

"You have n't despaired of him already?" he protested. "No girl knows what she has done until her second season. Though some girls never have one."

She turned sharply.

"A June wedding," he explained hastily, and then, fearing for his gravity, began to dance.

It amused him to see how she enjoyed it, at once avid and belligerent. And, after they had had several unhindered, and she began to grow restlessly apprehensive about it, he took delight in protesting, in carrying her off beyond any possibility of interference.

"I don't know when I've had so much fun," he assured her truthfully.

She was not credulous; but her air of despite was her idea of independence.

"Oh, come now," he said, "there's no use in your fighting me, you know. You'll marry me in three months."

It was as bald as that, as purposeless. The girl looked up sharply.

"Well, don't you know you will?" he demanded. They were on a stair-landing, at a turn, half-shut off.

"You'll have to make me," she said.

His face was close to hers. His arm slid along the back of the settee. Lynne

was right: the kind of woman did not matter so much as the fact of womanhood, and neither perhaps so much as the obsession of his own manhood.

At that moment the intensity of her eyes was tragic; a hot, red spot high on each cheek. Her hand was rigid in his.

"Emma!" came a voice behind them.

With a gasp the girl was on her feet. She wavered from one to the other, then ran to her mother's arms.

Over the burrowing head the mother challenged him.

"Mrs. Zane," he pleaded, "you were young yourself once—"

"So you must n't be jealous, mama," came a muffled voice on the heels of his.

De Laney's heart nearly leaped out of him with horrible surprise.

"Jealous?" Mrs. Zane, slowly irradiating, comprehended. "Emma!" She held the girl off. "Are you telling me—my dear children! Oh, this is good, good!"

Emma snuggled back, hiding her face.

If she would only look at him! Of course this was all for the mother's benefit, and to-morrow—But she would *not* look at him; while Mrs. Zane swept them through the crowd and to the carriage in public effulgence.

XII

HE went to Grace.

"What?" she exclaimed. "Good! I hope she'll marry you and take you off my hands. You have n't even any manners."

"Heavens!" said De Laney, sullenly. "Can't keep the women off now."

"Just say a few things like that to her," Grace told him, "and let her see you as you look now, and she'll give you a return ticket and a departing blessing."

"If I only knew—" he fretted. "Now, why do you suppose she wants me?"

"No accounting for girls in that matter," Grace teased. But the man shook his head absently. It struck Grace. "First time I ever knew you to have a doubt on that point."

"That's just it," he fretted. "If I only knew, I could tell what to do."

"You don't mean—oh, better and better! This is good! But maybe she does."

"That's the trouble, of course."

"Yes," scoffed Grace; "it would be too amazing for her not to, would n't it?"

"Or think I do," he groaned. "And of all the things that might induce me, she has n't one."

"One would think that a man who had loved so many women could love any woman. What an epicure you always were! A man of your temperament should n't marry a pretty woman; there are too many other pretty ones."

"Besides," the man broke out, "there's only one I ever really wanted and she—"

"And she? Well, what about her?" asked she, indifferently, too indifferently.

"She—" He paused, "she is—Lynne Halsell."

"Oh," said Grace. "Lynne? For you!" There were implications in her tone.

"Well, I'm engaged to her, too." There was something more in Grace's face than he looked for—something he did not quite make out. "Yes," he added; "I'm engaged to her, but she refuses to be to me."

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed Grace, and why should he doubt the significance of her evident relief?

"She's the only girl I ever loved. You need n't grin. I have loved several others, I admit, to a less degree; but they were all Lynne to a less degree. They were the type, but Lynne is *she*. She is the sum total, the—oh, and she won't have me!"

"I should hope not," said Grace. "After all, I don't believe I'm afraid for her. And Miss Zane will probably not give you a chance, anyway. Now, I could endure sacrificing Miss Zane for the good of society, because I believe she can take care of herself, and of you, too, maybe. And I don't see how anything more wholesome and unattractive could possibly happen to you, or more appropriate. Think of the moral value of such an object-lesson! The true irony of life—you, caught, and in your own trap, and going, after all, cheap! Talk about poetic justice!"

She stopped and contemplated him, with his love-lock straggling down into moody eyes, and his large mouth relaxed. "The De Laney I first knew was a sweet young devil, and a merry one, bad from sheer transparent enjoyment of it. Now look at him! Virtue can afford to be sour and gloomy because it's its own reward; but if wickedness is n't happy and pleasant, there's no excuse for it."

"You, too, preach to me!" he cried.

"It's funny, since you were the example that warned me to stop in time."

"Oh, you women, anyway!" De Laney broke out contemptuously. "Mrs. Zane has that trousseau planned already, and she has patronized every unmarried woman she has seen to-day; but she'll cry at the wedding, she'll dissolve in tears!"

"Oh, well," said Grace, "women know they are pretty sure to marry sooner or later, so they might as well do it properly and in a businesslike way."

"Very businesslike. They hang out a sign MAN WANTED."

"Yes, but not BOY WANTED, unless it's a cheap job." She pinched his ear.

"Look here," he said irritably, "you take liberties because you think I'm still that sweet young devil you used to find so convenient, and because you think you're safe. Don't try me too far!"

The woman sat up and looked at him with a broadening face of merriment. "My! The little tin soldier is fierce!"

The next instant he had her in his arms, and was kissing her fiercely, eyes, lips, throat, until she struggled free.

"Leave the house!" she panted. "You young fool!" She sprang for the bell-button. But he was gone.

XIII

AT Mary Judge's wedding that night, as Grace was leaving the dressing-room, Lynne Halsell came in.

"More lilies?" asked Grace, stooping over the box the girl opened. "And still De Laney's?"

"Yes," said the younger woman, with a dubious note; "*still* De Laney's."

Mrs. Van Horn's eyebrows lifted. "Not sure of him or of yourself?" she had the temerity to ask.

The girl, momentarily reckless as to who knew what, answered, "Oh, I'm not sure of anything." She swept the whole mass of flowers into the wastebasket. But, after all, later, she retrieved half a dozen sprays for her corsage.

"U-m," Grace commented, turning away. Suddenly the pucker was gone from between her eyes. "May I see you later this evening? I've something to show you." She smiled, going away.

After a while De Laney dropped listlessly into the congratulating line. He was behind two young women.

The bride kissed both women. "And, Edna," she said, "when are you going to join the sisterhood?"

"Oh, I let well enough alone. It's safer."

"Vera would n't advise that."

De Laney had begun to look and listen.

"Oh, Vera!" replied the girl. "Very few are so lucky or satisfied as she."

"Vera never advised you of that, either," smiled that young woman herself.

"One of the best proofs," Edna announced wisely.

And Vera put out both hands impulsively to the new wife. "It is true. I would wish you the same if everybody did n't do it—"

"For a bluff," chorused Edna.

"What has made the child so cynical?" laughed Mary. "Did you love the wrong one, my dear?"

"No, that's the refinement of it; I never cared for him or anybody."

"Marry your first and only love!" The bride sounded a bit reflective.

"Oh, I hope not," said Vera. "You learn that, too, best by experience."

Turning, she saw De Laney, listlessness gone, bending forward for her recognition.

And she who once, like "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," had blushed with delight or trembled with fear at his mood, now recognized him with the surprise for something out of mind, and bowed placidly, her gaze traveling past him.

As he dropped back, Grace Van Horn passed him with her husband—passed so close that one of her roses caught in his sleeve and hung, and as he looked up, she looked down from under her lashes.

He promptly took her away from Van Horn, and she drifted with him toward a settee against a bank of palms.

"Well? I suppose you brought me here to apologize?" Her eyes dared him to.

"That I did not," he assured her.

"You don't suppose I need any excuse where you are concerned but just that?"

She gasped softly, but her eyes danced.

"If I did apologize," he added, "it would be only to kiss and make up again."

There was a slight movement behind them. De Laney turned. Grace rose.

"If you brought me here to talk that way," she said coldly, "I'll—" Lynne Halsell was moving away from the other side of the bank of palms. Van Horn came toward them.

"That's all, young man," Grace said decisively. "Van dear, I want to go home."

In the doorway De Laney nearly ran into Lynne, alone, smiling curiously. She had taken the lilies from her breast and was looking at them. As she caught his eye, her fingers loosened, and she moved right over the flowers to pass him.

"No," he said masterfully; "you shall let me explain."

"It is n't necessary," she answered. "I understand perfectly. I have all along."

"But, I tell you," he begged, but without hope or persuasion, "I do—"

"Oh, perhaps—in your way; but not in mine, Ned, not in mine. No! I'm sure now. It's over."

He got out into the hall blindly, and passed people who looked at him, and more than one pair of inviting, episodic eyes, and went on unseeing, until he realized a crowd around a brilliant doorway, when he would have turned back but he was face to face with Emma Zane.

The bridal party was just finishing supper, and the bride stood up to fling her bouquet. She flung too hard; it went over the heads of the laughing, jumping maids; and it was Emma who saved it from the floor.

"Oh, but I have no right to it."

"It looks like manifest destiny, Miss Zane." The look that came into the girl's eyes touched the bride. "Poor thing, to be so flattered by teasing over the mere possibility!" she thought. "Own up, now," she urged kindly.

Emma looked from her to De Laney. He stood rigidly sober. "Well, I accept my fate," she agreed, with an implication of double meaning. With an apologetic, "It can't be helped," put out her hand to De Laney before them all.

"No, it can't be helped now," he breathed, and she smiled at him, half-pleased, half-scornful at the loverlike satire of the tone.

He took her hand. The room buzzed. And suddenly De Laney looked for Grace, for Lynne, and the others. After all, never in his life had he been without the last word. This would at least be pat. Why not put it as strong as possible? He straightened up, and stood beside her to meet surprise, congratulations, mute reproach, with all the old grace, the eager eyes, the vital hand-clasp.

THE NEXT CRAZE

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Author of "Cheerful Americans," "The Four-masted Cat-boat," etc.

THERE is very little doubt that the air-ship is an accomplished fact. What boots a year or two when time is flying as swiftly as it does nowadays?

But has any one considered the new dangers that will follow in the wake of the new machines? Does any one imagine that life for him will be the old, care-free existence that it has been for most of us; that when the air is filled with iron and steel and wood, man will go his way, unheeding upper ether as of old?

Of course, in the very nature of things, the first to equip themselves with aerial racers will be the reckless devils who now run gasolene juggernauts on our highways.

Is it not easy to imagine what they will do when they get up in the air? Will life on the surface of the earth have any semblance of safety while "white eagles" and "red hawks" are careering in upper air, spilling out tools, and now and then an occupant?

In these pleasant days, if a man is walking about New York, all he has to think of are the trolleys, the motor-cycles, the ordinary wheels, the automobiles, the dear old horse-cars, and the other horse-drawn vehicles, including the fire-engines and the ambulances. If he is alert and spry, his chance of life is as good as that of a soldier in a secondary skirmish. His adversaries are all on the level, so to speak, and he can see what is coming without raising his eyes to heaven, a thing that mankind fell out of the habit of doing ages ago.

But with the upper air full of ships, and the ships full of people, and many of the people full of the intoxication born of free life in the void, why, I would not write any pedestrian's insurance without charging a prohibitive premium.

Let us suppose two irresponsibles in an air-ship.

"Hand me that wrench, Bill. There's something the matter with this nut, and I want to take it off. Look out! Gee! you just missed hitting that chimney. Can't you steer? Oh, you careless idiot! What did you drop that wrench for? It struck the north light in that studio building. Let's get away, quick. I'll bet that you've killed the artist at work—to say nothing of losing the only wrench we have. Hello, did you see that? An old chap fell out of that pink machine, and I'm blamed if he did n't grab the spire of Grace Church, and there he is!"

"Shall we rescue him?"

"Rescue nothing. What's the matter with his own people doing it?"

"Well, I'm going down after that wrench. I don't see any commotion around that studio building. Guess we did n't kill any one."

The air-ship turns, goes back, drops until it is about five feet above the ground-glass north light, and then the man who dropped the wrench, making a cone of his hands, calls out:

"Say, you artist below there, did you hear anything drop?"

A moment later a skylight is opened, and an excited man in a blue blouse makes his appearance.

"Did you drop that wrench?"

"Yes, awfully sorry. Did you find it?"

"I came near finding it on my head, and if you were in a balloon, instead of an air-ship, I'd put you out of commission. Confound you all! Life is n't worth living since you left the highways."

"Let's have the wrench, that's a good fellow. Hello! Look out there!"

This is said to the driver of an electric air-ship that is diving in a rudderless sort



Drawn by Harrison Cady

"THE ONCOMING MACHINE VEERS"

of way straight for the air-ship hovering over the studio. The oncoming machine veers a little, misses the other vessel, but plunges into the studio, which it wrecks.

During the excitement, the first-comers get their wrench, and depart in the irresponsible way peculiar to their kind whether they be on earth or in the sky, and the poor artist makes up his mind to set up a studio in a cellar and light it by artificial means.

And we must remember that in the course of a few years air-flyers will get so dexterous that they will be able to swoop down to earth and up again like hen-hawks.

Then a millionaire with a beautiful

child may be driving up Fifth Avenue in his carriage.

Perhaps a friendly proletarian will throw a note into his carriage. At first he thinks it is a bomb; but he soon sees that it is only a note, and, opening it, he finds that it is a message that tells him to beware of kidnappers. He laughs easily, strokes the little one's head, and looks to the right and to the left. Nothing but fellow-plutocrats. He looks up for a moment, and sees the usual stream of party-colored air-ships and balloons. Their occupants have taken advantage of the lovely day to make little runs from Quebec to Washington or from Boston to New York. Some fly past so swiftly that

they appear only as streaks of vivid color. Others—those from Philadelphia, for instance—are content with forty or fifty miles an hour, while some are merely wandering about in the lower strata, perhaps in hired machines from Central Park.

Suddenly, from out an upper division,—the place where only the swiftest are allowed—darts a trim machine, in appearance much like a swallow. It swoops concavely down, and the usual shriek is heard from nervous women who have not yet become used to the new-style casualties, and who expect to see a man damage a fruiterer's awning in his dash to death.

But in that swift machine sits a cool kidnapper, with deep-laid plans to compel the plutocrat to separate himself from some of his wealth.

He has marked the progress of the carriage up Fifth Avenue; he has known just when to swoop,—there where the slowly moving line is becoming blocked at Forty-second street,—and as he drops toward earth, his confederate lies flat, with arms outstretched.

He pauses for a second over the carriage. The father looks up again, but too late. The child is clutched by the human hawk, the ship lifts itself into the air, and then shoots out of New York and into parts unknown in so short a space of time that before the father quite realizes what has happened, his daughter is gone forever—or until he hands over a mere bagatelle of half a million, or perhaps even his week's salary as life-insurance president.

But it is not alone tragedies that will be enacted. Think of the minor vexations that are sure to come: droppings of oil on afternoon and evening gowns, the spilling of German aeronauts into Irish parades, the demolishing of chimneys and plate-glass windows by fellows learning to fly, the obscuring of light by vast

crowds collected over ball-grounds in order to see the national game for nothing.

Properly undertaken, and carried out with regard for the rights of others, air-sailing is a noble sport, but it will not do to let beginners and scorchers, and family parties, and mail-ships, occupy the same level. There will need to be pathways plainly marked by aerial buoys.

High above all, the trans-aerial liners should have the right of way. When the great Southern Mail, running from London to New Zealand by way of New York (dropping her mail in a parachute) sweeps over the metropolis at about nine of a summer's night, her lights will be so high in the air that they might well be mistaken for stars. Her steady, resistless, awe-inspiring rush through space will be watched for nightly, and he would be a foolish chap indeed who went up to her level to learn how to fly.

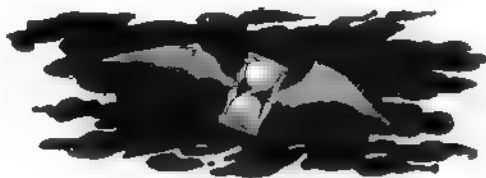
And strictly enforced laws should prevent "scorchers" from moving in any current save the one marked out for them and their reckless, wreckful escapades.

It is certain that after dark no one who values his life will stir abroad on foot, because he will never know what hit him, and something is sure to hit him with every one and his wife up in the air, infected by a craze beside which motoring and golf and ping-pong were mere aberrations of a moment.

Indeed, I am not sure but great cities will be forced to put up life-nets extending over their entire area.

Just how aeronauts will be able to make their ascensions within the city limits, if the nets are put up, I leave for them to determine.

The age of comparative safety is at an end. Look to your lives, fellow-mortals, and if you would be perfectly safe, voyage perpetually in mail-ships. They will be manned by experts, and they will have the height of way.



COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

VII

DECEMBER did not bring Galbraith, nor even Bella.

Jack found he could n't leave that odious Mr. Borisoff to settle up some business all alone, but my brother Tom has got Mama to consent to stay over Christmas with me in New York at Marion's. So Jack and I sha'n't die, as we fully intended to, if we were separated.

Just as the girl and her mother, early in the new year, were at last going home, a cable came from England to say that Bella's sister, Mrs. Hilton, had been badly hurt in a carriage accident.

The cable was couched in the most alarming terms: there seemed to be every prospect of three little children being left motherless. Bella and her mother took the first ship that sailed. "If we have to stay any time, Jack says he will come over." They did stay, and Jack was as good as his word. Mrs. Hilton did not die, but she lay for months in a critical condition, and her mother mounted guard over the new baby and the three other little people.

Bella, meanwhile, was amusing herself right royally.

I've been presented, and I'm having a perfectly rapturous time. And now it's decided we don't have to wait quite a whole year—we are going to be married before we come back to America, some time in the summer. Just think of it, Hildegard! You and I not to meet again till I'm married! Oh, do write and say you'll love me just as much as ever!

Then for a time no more long letters, but a shower of happy little notes that descended with tolerable regularity. After that, the wedding invitation! Ten days'

interval, and then two communications by the same mail. The first:

DEAREST HILDEGARDE: Mother and I are just back from a week-end at Tryston. It was rather dull. All the men were at least eighty. I was glad to get back to town. Hengler's Circus has been turned into a skating-rink. We all went to a delightful party there last week. The wife of the Governor-General of Canada skated most wonderfully. I wish I could. Jack did n't take his eyes off her. Mr. Borisoff has come to London. I hate him as much as ever, if not worse.

I have n't time for more, if I'm to catch this post; but I can't have you thinking I forget you in my happiness. Besides, I shall be happier when Mr. Borisoff goes back to his fellow-barbarians, and leaves me and Jack alone. The next I promise shall be a great long letter. You'll see. I do love you, Hildegard.

From your loving

Bella.

P. S. I wish you were here.

It struck Hildegard that it was the first time she had said that since Jack had appeared on the scene.

The other letter was without date or beginning:

Jack and I have quarreled. Oh, if you were here!

Bella.

Immediately after, a mysterious cable that told simply the date of Bella's homeward sailing. Had the quarrel frightened her lover, and so hastened on the marriage? But no; for while Bella was still upon the sea came a formal notice that the marriage was "postponed." It had been mailed some days before the cable was sent.

HILDEGARDE'S first feeling upon Bella's return was that since the writing of that

final note from London and the despatching of the postponement notice, the trouble, whatever it had been, was patched up. Impossible to think there was a cloud in her sky. Not matured at all, only a little thinner and, save for that, exactly the same Bella—"unthinking, idle, wild, and young."

But as the minutes went by, and she ran from one familiar thing to another in garden and house, with greeting and gay comment, spinning out the time till she and Hildegarde should be alone together, the older girl began to have her doubts. Was Bella as happy as she pretended, flitting about with all her "dear Mars"?

Nothing possible to gather from her eagerness to be assured that, so far from being forgotten, she was more than ever an object of interest and devotion. Nothing new in Bella's little weakness for wanting everybody to be visibly enlivened by her return from abroad, bringing her adorable frocks (for Bella's American mama had come into money, and Bella was helping her to come out of a certain portion), bringing remembrances for everybody, bringing a whiff of foreign airs, and a touch of something exciting, exotic, into the lives of stay-at-home folk. Bella had always been one of those, who, however much adored, would like to be adored yet a little more. She could not bear that any one within reach of her influence should escape caring about her, and she cast a net uncommon wide. It was meant to enmesh even Hildegarde's mother, partly because that lady was so little lavish in bestowing her affection, but mostly because if you were much in the Mar house it mattered enormously upon what terms you were with Mrs. Mar. But, as ill luck would have it, Bella never thought of the lady once she was away from her. Though she had brought back scarf-pins for the boys, and a silver-mounted blackthorn for Mr. Mar, and a quite wonderful necklace for Hildegarde, there was nothing, nothing at all, for Mrs. Mar. And it was serious.

Bella never realized the awful omission till, having dispensed the other gifts, she stood with the rest of the family in the garden, not even asking where Mrs. Mar was, till, looking up, she saw that lady at her bedroom window carefully

trying on a new pair of gloves. "Everything depends on the way they're put on the first time"—Bella could hear her saying it, and she looked up, smiling, and waving her hand, as much as to say: "Oh, please hurry down! You're the person I'm pining most of all to see again." But of herself Miss Bella was silently asking: "What *am* I to do! What will happen if she should see she's the only one I've forgotten!"

Bella's brain worked feverishly. Glancing down, her eye fell on a gold pencil she was wearing on a chain. Surreptitiously detaching this latest gift of her mother's, Bella slipped it in her pocket, talking all the time, telling Mr. Mar what it felt like to see sunshine, real California sunshine, again, offering up to public scorn the English girl who had disapproved of the unappreciative Californians for rooting arum lilies out of their gardens, and throwing them away in sheaves, which Bella admitted was what they did with the "pest." "Just like your American extravagance," the English girl had said.

Oh, it was so perfectly heavenly to be at home again! Bella beamed in her old, conscienceless way at poor Trenn, who found a heady tonic, a hope new-born, in hearing the adored one call the Mar house "home."

But even while he was savoring the sweetness of that thought, there was the distracting creature linking her arm in Harry's, and saying: "Come away a moment and tell me something I want to know."

What could a boy like Harry possibly tell Bella that she could want to know!

Harry's own huge satisfaction in the incident was cruelly damped upon Bella's saying, "Does your mother still love stumps?"

"Stumps! Love s-stumps!" he stutted in amazement.

"Yes. You have n't forgotten how she always kept her pencils till they were so little nobody else could have held on to them?"

"Oh, that kind—yes. Stumps! I see."

"Well, does she dote on them as much as ever? Does she pick them out of the fender when Mr. Mar has thrown his away? Does she still say: 'Well, I'm not so well off that I can put a thing in

the fire that 's only half-used?' Does she do that the same as ever, or are you all too rich now?"

Harry laughed: "Oh, we 'll neyer be so rich that mother won't use a pencil to its last grasp."

"Well, then, I 've got the very thing for her! A nice' gold one—pencil, you know. But rather a stump, too. See? Just her size."

Harry looked doubtfully down upon the somewhat massive pencil case which Bella had drawn from her pocket and was telescoping in and out. "That 's an awfully fine one, but I can't quite imagine mother giving up her—"

"Well, look here," interrupted Bella, "Mrs. Mar 's a person you can't take risks with. Do you mind going up-stairs and showing her this? Just ask her what she thinks of it, as though I 'd brought it to you, you know." Harry departed on the errand, while Bella returned to the others; but her emissary was back directly, with a doubtful face, and Mrs. Mar following not far behind.

"Well?" demanded Bella in an undertone.

"Oh—a—I asked her if she did n't think it was an awfully fine one, and all she said was, the Lord was very good. He had delivered her many years ago from gold pencils."

"What on earth does she mean?"

"Have n't the ghost—Sh! Here she is."

"Oh, *how* do you do, dear Mrs. Mar!" Bella flew to embrace the lady, who received the advance with self-possession, but not without a glint of pleasure.

Harry still stood with the intended tribute in his hand. Mrs. Mar's eye fell upon it critically.

"Is it true you—a—you don't think much of gold pencils?" hazarded Bella.

"Oh, if you 're a person of leisure—"

"What 's that got to do with it?"

"It 's a pursuit in itself, keeping a gold pencil going."

"Oh, no. Look. This one goes beautifully." Bella took it from Harry and shot it in and out.

"That 's just its wiliness. Wait till you need it."

"Really, this one 's very good. It 's warranted—"

"I 'll warrant it 'll always be wanting

a new lead, especially at the moment when you can't possibly stop to niggle about with fitting one in. Then you 'll put the thing away till you can take an afternoon off just to get your handsome gold pencil into working order again. And when you 've done that, and gone thoroughly into the subject, you 'll find there is n't a store on the Pacific coast that keeps your size leads. No lead in any store will ever fit your pencil. Then you 'll write to New York to a manufactory. Then you 'll wait a month, maybe two. Then by the time you 've got them, you 'll find the pencil has forgotten how to treat leads. It will break them off short and spit them out. If you try to discipline the pencil, it 'll turn sulky and refuse to open, or it stays open and refuses to shut."

"I assure you, Mrs. Mar, *this* one—"

"And I assure you, Miss Bella Wayne, that even if you 're under the special favor of Providence, and none of these things happen, you 'll still find you can never get the work out of a twenty-dollar gold pencil that you can get out of a five-cent cedar."

Bella was catching Harry's eye, and trying not to laugh.

"And remember what I tell you," Mrs. Mar wound up, "you 'll have to treat that gold pencil as you treat Mrs. Harrington Trennor, with awe and reverence. If you don't, you 'll be sorry. If you lean on it, it will collapse. If you do anything but admire it, it will teach you better." Bella opened her lips; Mrs. Mar stopped her with: "Unless you come to my way of thinking, you 'll use that pencil in fear and trembling till the merciful grave offers you a refuge from your slavery. As I told Harry"—She buttoned the last button on her new gloves (why had n't Bella brought her anything as sensible as gloves!) and she drew down her cuff with a businesslike air—"the Lord has delivered me from many snares—gold pencils among the rest." And she marched off toward the gate.

"Oh, mother," said Hildegard at her side, "how could you! That dear little Bella brought the beautiful gold pencil for you all the way from Europe."

"Do you suppose I did n't guess that? Good-by!" She looked back and nodded to Bella. "I 've got to go to the mis-

sionary meeting now, but I 'll see you at supper."

"Oh—and you 'll tell me the rest then?" asked the wicked Bella, with an innocent look.

"The rest?" Mrs. Mar glanced sharply over her shoulder as she laid her hand on the latch of the gate. "There *is* no rest for anybody who depends on a contrivance like that. Whenever I see a person with a gold pencil, I know it won't be long before she 's asking me to lend her my wooden stump. As a rule she likes my wooden stump so well she walks off with it."

As Mrs. Mar vanished round the corner, Bella gave way to suppressed chuckles. Impossible to think she had a care in the world greater than a rejected gold pencil.

"Yes, Hildegarde. I 'm coming directly—only Trenn has n't given me a spray of lemon verbena yet, to console me for the scandalous way his mother treats me. Don't you remember you *always* give me lemon verbena when we 're in the garden?" She showed no impatience when Trenn prolonged the time-honored process. Not a bit of it; went on laughing and chattering there in the sunshine, and telling how they had thought in England that the American girl was only keeping up the transatlantic reputation for "telling tall stories" when Bella had said that verbena at home was a tree, and grew to the second-story window. Then, having undone in half an hour any good of peace regained by the Mar boys through her absence and engagement, Miss Bella found her way up-stairs.

Her vivacity fell visibly from the moment she crossed the threshold of Hildegarde's familiar little room. But she commented favorably upon the new home-worked counterpane, and then, as though without seeing it, walked past the familiar old altar table, with its ferny background and the roses ranged below. There was the big silver locket hung above, like some peasant's votive offering at a foreign shrine, and down there in front of the massed roses was that other picture, that had been new only a year ago, when Bella's happiness was born.

She went straight to the window, and stood quite silent, looking down upon Hildegarde's flower-borders. Then, with-

out turning round: "Will you do something for me?"

"What?"

"Take that picture away. The locket, too."

"Oh, Bella! Is it as bad as that?"

"You 'll put them out of sight?"

"Yes, yes; of course I will."

"*Now!*" She might as well have said, "I won't turn round until they 're gone."

Hildegarde opened a drawer. "I 'll put them in here till things come right again."

"Things are n't ever coming right."

"Bella!"

Not till she heard the drawer shut did the girl turn from the window, and Hildegarde could see that the small face was quivering.

"Bella dear,"—Her friend swept to her on a sudden wave of pity,—*"it will all come right."*

But the younger girl drew back. Although her tears were brimming, she spoke with a certain half-choked hardness: "I 've hurried mother back as fast as boats and trains could bring us—just to be with you again, but not to hear you say that. I wanted to be with you just because you will know better. Hildegarde, I—I 'd like to stay with you awhile. May I?"

"I want nothing so much. We all want you."

"Trenn, too?" She actually laughed through her tears. What a queer creature!

"Trenn, too. Only"—Hildegarde glanced from the empty place on the altar table to the shut drawer—"only you 'll be kind enough not to break Trenn's heart as well."

"As well as my own?"

Hildegarde's face grew hard with the words: "As well as Jack Galbraith's."

Bella, too, was grave enough now. "I have n't broken his heart. But—I 've got a crack in my own. Only"—she lifted her pretty eyes with an air almost of panic—"only nobody else is to know. You"—she came nearer, and laid a nervous hand on Hildegarde's firm arm—"you must help me to keep everybody from knowing."

"Dear!" was all Hildegarde's answer, but she leaned her cheek against Bella's thin face.

"And there 's another thing," the

younger girl went on a little feverishly, still clinging to Hildegard's arm, "I hate talking about it."

"Of course. Just at first it must be—"

"No, it is n't 'of course,' and it's not only 'at first.' It's for always. Most girls talk their love-affairs to tatters. I've noticed that. I want you to help me to— to keep my—" her voice went out upon a sudden flood of tears.

Hildegard drew her into the window-seat and sat down beside her. They were silent for a time, until Bella laid her wet face down on her friend's shoulder, with: "Mind, Hildegard! We are n't to talk about it, not even you and I. John Galbraith's too—too—" She raised her head, drew her small hand across her eyes, and then sprang up and faced the window, as if some enemy without had challenged her. "It may be that I *don't* understand what a great man he is, as Mr. Borisoff says, but at least I know he's not the sort of person to be chattered over."

Hildegard remembered, with a sting, how for years she had "chattered," with Galbraith for her theme. And she had not little Bella's excuse. Yes, it was always like this. She was forever stumbling upon something dignified and fine in Butterfly Bella.

The pretty, tear-stained face was lifted to the sunlight, and the childish red mouth, so used to laughter, was pitifully grave, as Bella, staring up into the square of sky over Hildegard's head, said, "He is up there!"

"Jack!" Hildegard exclaimed in a half-whisper.

"John Galbraith," said Bella. "He is 'way up there, and I won't be the one to pull him down."

"O-h-h. I was half-afraid you meant he was dead."

"As good as dead."

Fear took fresh hold on the older girl. He is going to marry some one else, Hildegard said to herself. Yes, yes; as she looked at poor Bella's face she was sure of it. And now the slim little figure had sunk on its knees. She leaned against her friend for support. But she looked out across Hildegard's shoulder, searching space through tears. Hildegard held tight the childish-looking hands, and asked the last question she was ever to put about the common hero of their girlhood:

"Where is he?" she said.

"He's gone off with Mr. Borisoff somewhere."

"You mean you don't know where?"

"Somewhere in the Arctic." She hid her face in Hildegard's lap.

They sat so a long, long time.

In spite of her year's absence, Bella found nothing much changed in the Valdivia situation except that the Mar boys had "got on" more than ever, and that their father's form of progress seemed still more strikingly to consist in "getting on" in years.

It was a long time since his wife had given him the credit for doing more than his share at the bank with a view to promotion to be head cashier or even a "silent partner." Each time a vacancy occurred some else had stepped into it. Louis Cheviot had been the last. But Mrs. Mar learned through the years that the reason her husband accepted increased tasks was that he was born to bear burdens, as the sparks to fly upward. If any extra work was "going," so to speak, it gravitated unerringly to Nathaniel Mar. As to the question of his reward, what would be gained by giving a better position to a man who in any crisis could be depended on to do all the work of a higher office, and never ask for increased emolument? The only person who ever hinted such a thing to the Trennors had been Cousin Harriet. The Trennor Brothers' success (which was proverbial in Valdivia) had long extended to avoidance of Cousin Harriet. Certainly Mr. Mar's life-long ill-luck brought out more clearly the fact of his boys' early prosperity. Not that it was enormous as yet, though quite sufficient to have enabled them to marry had they so chosen.

Mrs. Mar's satisfaction in her sons was chequered by the fact that each of these otherwise reasonable and enterprising young men clung to his boyish infatuation for Bella Wayne long after their boyhood had gone the way of the years. It certainly did seem as though not till one or both were cut out by her marrying some one else would either Trenn or Harry look at any of the girls Mrs. Mar considered more desirable. Not that the boys' mother had been able wholly to escape the general Mar devotion to the disturber of their peace; but as the sea-

sons passed, and Bella rejected one swain after another, it became increasingly vexatious to Mrs. Mar that her sons should not realize and amend the stupidity of caring about a girl more and more under suspicion of being handicapped by a silly passion for a mad fool who had given up the substance for the shadow, and had met his due reward, being now these many months lost in the Arctic ice.

HILDEGARDE's theory, that, since the unhappy issue of the love-affair, Bella had greater need of her friend than ever before, and Hildegard's own consequent inaccessibility to others, was the cause of some restiveness on Cheviot's part. His old friendliness for Bella had vanished. He spoke of her with a humorous disparagement that did him ill service with Hildegard. But he was grave enough sometimes.

"I never get a word alone with you nowadays," he said one night as he sat smoking on the steps of the porch at Hildegard's feet, while Bella walked about the garden with Trenn. Hildegard made some perfunctory answer, and they sat silent for a time.

The light wind brought up waves of fragrance from the tangle of roses under Hildegard's window, and the little path stretched away to indefiniteness in the starlight, till it was lost long before it reached the garden's end. The limits of the narrow enclosure, so sharply drawn by day, were nobly enlarged, lost even, at this hour, in the dim reaches of green turned silver and black, as the moon came over the tops of the conifers.

Down by the arbor-vitæ hedge growing things that Hildegard had planted sent their souls to her across the lawn, piercing the heavier air of roses with arrowy shafts of spicy sweetness.

On such a night no one is alone. Where two go down a darkling walk, or sit on the steps in the dusk, others gather round them. Invisible presences—the singers, the beautiful ones, the stern doers of great deeds—join us common folk, and give us a share in their glory or their steadfast pain. Hopes of our own that look too large by day, too dim and inaccessible—they come walking in our garden at such an hour, beckoning us, or looking smiling on. Living men,

rumored to be far away, suddenly stand before us. Women who have been long aloof draw near. All the barriers go down; even the dead come home.

John Galbraith was down there, where Bella's white gown shone among the trees, and John Galbraith was sitting between those other two on the steps. And Cheviot knew it.

Hildegard was reminded of the visible presence by his saying, in a low voice, that he understood the reason of his ill success with her.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, Bella told me, years ago, when she was so little you thought she—"

"Told you what?"

"That you had been in love with John Galbraith since you were sixteen."

"But you must see that 's absurd. I 've never even seen him!"

"I wish to God you had! Then you might get over it."

Hildegard roused herself to say with equal emphasis: "You are really talking the greatest foolishness—"

"Have n't you got his picture in your room this moment?"

"I have the picture he—had taken for Bella."

"Before he ever met Bella you had a picture of Galbraith. You used to wear it. Bella said—"

"You seem to forget you 're talking about what happened when I was a little school-girl and about an old—a very old friend of my family. We 'all have pictures of Mr. Galbraith, and—why, there 's one of you there, too."

"On the altar?"

(Oh, Bella! Bella! How could you!) "The one on the flower-table was put there because Bella asked me to. It 's not there any more. And while it was, I looked upon it as the future husband of my dearest friend."

But the description of Bella sounded suddenly ironic. It hurt. For Cheviot was the man who all along had laughed at girls' friendships, and all along had known that Bella was capable of—

"It is n't that I could n't forgive you for not being in love with me," he said. "But for being in love with a photograph and a packet of letters—no, that was n't easy. At the same time I knew well enough that if your life had n't been so narrow,

you would n't have been so at the mercy of this one romantic figure in it. If you 'd been able to travel, or even to go to the university; if you 'd had *any* other door open, you would n't have looked so long out of that one window."

A scrap of one of Mrs. Browning's letters flew across her mind, the dearer somehow for being a little incoherent, not fitted together at all, yet finely consequent to the inner spirit—those words: "The pleasantest place in the house is the leaning out of the window."

Ah, it was very true of the Mar house!

"And your mother," Cheviot went on, "always ready to puncture any home-blown bubble with the needle of her wit; mercilessly critical, for fear her children should have too low standards; ready to flay anybody alive in the cause of education; never letting you rest satisfied for a moment with the attainable—you must always be reaching out—reaching out. And when you reached out you touched Galbraith."

How strangely well he knew, this man! It was odd, but she could never again think him obtuse, at any rate. That comfort was gone.

"I was even sorry for you while the engagement lasted," the low voice went on, unmindful of the uneasy stir of the figure sitting above him in the dusk. He took the half-smoked cigar from his lips and laid it by the pillar. Over the edge of the porch the tip shone red. "I saw how hard it was for you," he went on. "You had been weaving romances round Galbraith for years; you had looked upon him for so long as your special property,"—Hildegarde drew back into the deeper shadow. But by his own suffering urged to win a companion in pain, he persisted,—"and you thought if it had been *you* he had met, it would have been you that he—" Hildegarde's skirts rustled as if she were getting up—"Look here, I've told you before you've got a genius for the truth; I'm treating you on that basis." She said nothing, but she sat still. "There was a moment," Cheviot went on in that unnatural, low voice, "last spring when I knew I was gaining ground with you. It was the day I came back from Mexico. I came here straight from the station, and you—you—" She heard him strike his hands suddenly together in the

dusk, and a curious excitement took hold of her. "When I went home, I found the invitation to Bella's wedding. It had been lying there for days. Then I understood. You had had all those days and nights to get accustomed to realizing it was the end of the old—where are you going? Can't you even bear to have me speak of it—this once!"

The white figure was still again.

"Oh, I understood."—He picked up the cigar again.—"I felt just the same as you did. I knew the ghost that had stood so long between us was suddenly gone. He had moved out of the way, and you could see that I was there. For those next days you were—you were—I was full of hope. Then came word that Bella had broken her engagement."

"No; that the marriage was postponed."

He waited a moment, seemed about to speak, and then, instead of saying anything, with a sharp movement he threw his half-smoked cigar across the whitening silver of the path into the inky blotch the shrubbery made. Hildegarde's eyes followed the flying red light till, against a tree trunk, it fell in a splash of sparks, and was swallowed up in shadow.

"I sha'n't forget," Cheviot went on, still on that low, restrained note, "the look in your face as you said: 'I never thought they were suited to each other. It would never have done.'"

"Did I say that?"

"Yes; and I looked up, and I saw the ghost was there again; and presently I saw he was n't a ghost any longer, but a real man. An active expectation on your part—"

"No, no!"—the voice was less denial than beseeching.

"Yes, a *plan*."

The hands that were gripping the wicker chair pulled her quickly to her feet. "Bella!" she called to the white flicker by the dial. "It's getting late."

Cheviot stood up, too. "On your honor, Hildegarde,"—Was it the moonlight blanched her, or was she indeed so white? His heart smote him. But he went on: "On your honor, can you deny it?"

"No," she said, with sudden passion, "I don't deny it." And while her words

should have steeled him, her voice brought a lump to his throat.

"You mean," he asked huskily, "to wait till John Galbraith comes back?"

"I know it 's quite mad—but, there! A thing can take you like that. You *can't* change."

VIII

WITH the precision of clock-work, every day of his life but Sundays Nathaniel Mar walked down the Main street of Valdivia to the bank. People who lived out of sight of the City Hall time-piece set their watches by the appearance of the lame man with the stick. He never varied the route any more than he altered his time, and both had been exactly the same for twenty-eight years.

The other bank cashiers (few of them over thirty) said that, in their opinion, Mr. Mar had hung on quite long enough. They did not hesitate to add that his post would have fallen to a younger man years ago had Mar not been "a sort of relation." Even so, it was pretty steep that an old codger of sixty should be blocking up the way like that. A bank was no place for the superannuated,—unless, of course, a man was a director.

So acute was the hearing of the old codger (who was not yet sixty) that sotto-voce observations of this sort had from time to time reached his ears.

He saw all about him men younger than himself turned out of positions they had occupied with usefulness and integrity for years, and for no other reason than to make way for some "boy" in his early twenties. Men of his own standing had from time to time in the last decade raged hopelessly against this tendency in a nation, where the great god Efficiency demands the fine flower of each man's life, and looks with disfavor upon lined faces and whitening hair, even when the capacity for service is unimpaired. It is part of the doctrine of "Show me." There being any good, or any force not capable of being "shown," well, it was doubtful. Best not take chances.

Mar had sympathized with his contemporaries for being elbowed out of their places; but he had smiled at one or two who had suffered the common fate of the American clerk, in spite of having dyed their hair and worn jaunty pince-

nez instead of "good honest spectacles." Nevertheless, Mar's own secret uneasiness, not being assuaged by hair dye or dissipated by pince-nez, took the form of making him the more ready to be the Trennor Brothers' pack-horse, unconsciously the more eager to oblige any and everybody at the bank, to "show" from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon how indispensable he was. He knew they could get no one to do what he did with the same care and assiduity for the same salary. His astonishment was therefore hardly less than his chagrin when he found upon his desk, one morning, a letter from the firm "terminating their long and pleasant connection upon the usual notice."

In the bitterness of that hour he felt that nothing he had ever suffered before had mattered so vitally. As long as a man has work he can bear trouble and disappointment. Life without work—it was something not to be faced. For the work little by little had devoured everything else, narrowed down his friendships, cut off his recreations, produced a brain-fag that made him unfit even for reading anything but newspapers.

He set instantly about finding another post. The story of the days that followed—the writing to and interviewing whippersnapper young managers of flourishing concerns, and of being more or less cavalierly "turned down," as the slang phrase went—would make a book of itself, a tragic and significant book to boot, and essentially "American."

The Mar boys behaved very well. *They*, at least, were not surprised. They had, in point of fact, expected the occurrence long before.

What they had not expected was that the Old Man "would take it so mighty hard." Why, he could scarcely be more cut up if he were alone in the world, dependent entirely upon his own exertions, instead of having two fine go-a-head sons, who were getting on in life so rapidly that it really was n't a matter of vital importance whether the Old Man did anything or not, for they had every intention of being good to their father.

They told him so. And he had not shown himself grateful. Still, they meant to be good to him. They were "mighty nice young men."

Nathaniel Mar saw clearly by the time the "notice" was up, that he lagged superfluous. There was no opening for him anywhere.

The first morning that he had no right to go down to the bank was one of the most difficult he had known. He went out just the same, at precisely the same moment, and came in at the usual time. No one knew where he had spent those hours; but he looked tired and ill when he sat down to the midday meal. After it was over, he said he thought he would "go up and lie down." He had never done such a thing before in his life at that hour of the day. The following mornings he spent at his writing-table in the dining-room, and although there were no screaming children there now, and the room was bright and pretty, he sat miserably day after day, turning over old letters and papers, till in despair he would get up and take down a book to read. But his thoughts were all "down at the bank."

Mrs. Mar dashed in and out, called brisk directions to the Chinaman who now presided in the kitchen, and when there was nothing else to do, she would fly at the sewing-machine. This appeared to be the kind of mechanism which was worked with the whole human body. The hands traveling briskly along with the moving seam, head going like a mandarin's, knee up, knee down, Mrs. Mar pedaled and buzzed away.

Her husband seldom spoke. Having retired within himself directly after the breakfast things were cleared away, he seemed to be averse from making the smallest movement while his wife was in the room. He sat there intensely still, even turning the leaf of his book only at long intervals, surreptitiously, without a sound. It was as though by a deathlike stillness he should prove that he was not there. He was really down at the bank, his motionlessness seemed to say.

As if Mrs. Mar divined this mental ruse of his and felt a need to unmask it, she would look at him sidewise, and, "What are you doing?" she would ask briskly.

"Reading."

"That old Franklin again! Why, you've read it three or four times already!" No answer. "Why don't you

get something up to date from the library?" Still no response. "Content just to sit and *sit!*" she would comment inwardly. Then aloud: "Don't they want a manager up at Smithsonian's?"

"No."

"Why don't you try for the secretaryship of the New Pickwick?"

"Monty Fellowes has got it."

"Ah, well, I suppose Monty Fellowes went the length of asking for it."

Nathaniel Mar had also gone that length, though the post was beneath a man of his powers. But he could not tell over again at home the tale of his failures. Better she should think he had not tried.

But, oh, the very look of him sat upon her spirit, and still she looked.

"You'll be ill if you stay in the house so much. Remember, you've had a walk twice a day for going on thirty years." No answer. His immobility made it a positive necessity for her to get up and poke the fire vigorously, or do something with might and main. That was a thing *he* had never tried in his life—to do something with might and main. And that was why he was stranded like this now. A man of only fifty-eight! Why, she herself, Harriet T. Mar, was fifty-nine. And just see how *she* took hold of existence—very much as she gripped the poker. Oh, it was a trial living in the same house, and all day long in the same room, with a "logy" man! He was more sodden with failure every day he lived. Misfortune acted upon him like an opiate. Ha! if she, Harriet T. Mar, were *ninety*, misfortune would sting her into action. At the mere thought, she sprang up and stung her husband, or the imperturbable Mongol in the kitchen, or the gentle Hildegarde. But, truth to tell, though that girl *looked* such a tender, simple creature, it was as little rewarding to wrestle with Hildegarde as with Mar or the stolid Chinaman.

Indeed, the more the mother bustled, the quieter grew the girl, not at first consciously as a form of protest, but by a process of natural reaction that was largely responsible for Hildegarde's seeming calm to the verge of insensibility.

Mrs. Mar never wholly realized how much to the mother's exuberant energy the daughter owed her impassive air.

These influences playing about sensitive people produce a curious rhythm in family life. Nathaniel Mar's acquiescence made his wife seize the reins and ceaselessly whip up the horses of their car. Mrs. Mar's frantic urging of the pace, the dust and noise and whip-cracking of her progress, produced not merely a yearning for peace in Hildegard's mind, but a positive physical need to simulate it. People talk much of the value of good example, forgetting that we are sometimes shown there is nothing so salutary as a bad example, since out of example is wrought not merely the impulse toward imitation, but often a passionate realization of the advantage of the other way.

There was always in the Mar house one person with an eye upon the clock; why need you wear a watch? If you were lazy in the morning, what matter? Mrs. Mar would be sure to tell you how near breakfast was. No need for you to spur on a servant or make example of a tardy errand-boy. There was always Mrs. Mar to do these things with a swingeing efficacy. Those who live with the Mrs. Mars of the world do not realize that they owe their own reputation for sweetness largely to the caustic temper of some one else. Under Mrs. Mar's roof you may "cultivate kindness," and not suffer for it. Away from her drastic influence, you yourself will have to apportion grace and discipline more evenly.

So various is life that we have sometimes a chance of learning from people's vices what their virtues could never so deeply have impressed. Something of this the "slow" girl arrived at.

The day Mrs. Mar and Hildegard went off to spend a week down at the ranch with the Waynes, the two came into the dining-room to say good-by to Mr. Mar. It was to be a "house-party," and Cheviot and Mr. Mar had been asked, too. Cheviot had accepted,—"from Saturday night till Monday morning,"—but Mar had declined to go for any length of time whatever.

A body would think he had affairs too important to leave! "Well, good-by, Nathaniel. Don't let hot cinders fall on the new hearth-rug. Take care of yourself—and I *hope* you'll have some news for me when I come home."

Upon their return the following week, he was found sitting in exactly the same place, in the precise attitude, and one might almost think with the same old book on his knee, open at the self-same page.

"Upon my soul!" ejaculated Mrs. Mar, stopping short on the threshold, while Hildegard went forward to kiss her father. "No need to ask if you've found anything to do! You have n't even remembered to put on a little coal!" She fell upon the poker and punished the flagging fire. "Have you been sitting there like that ever since I went away?"

Mar drew himself out from Hildegard's embrace, took firm hold on his walking-stick, and rose to his feet. He looked huge as he towered above the two women, and rather wonderful, as both of them had often thought of late. Even the flippant Bella had said, "He's more and more like Moses and the Prophets."

"As to sitting here,"—he looked down sternly on his wife,—"you may as well understand, Harriet, that this is the house I propose to sit in till I go out lying down—only not in this room. I agree with you as to the unfitness of that." He limped over to the kitchen door, opened it, and said, "John, will you light a fire in the young gentlemen's bedroom?"

Mrs. Mar stared a moment, and then went up-stairs to take off her things. It was no secret between her and Hildegard that, after all, they stood a little in awe of the head of the house. The girl, however, knowing herself a privileged character, attempted to smooth things over with a little jest. She linked her arm in his, and told how her mother, on the way down in the train, had produced the book-rest and a minute pencil from her traveling bag, had fastened the rest on the back of the seat in front of her, to the surprise and inconvenience of the occupants, had set up the French biography, put on her spectacles, got out her crochet, and read her Lucien Pérey, and crocheted for dear life (or for the Hindus, rather) every minute of the time that she was being rushed along by the express to Fern Lea.

"And Louis Cheviot leaned over and whispered in my ear: 'Your mother's losing time with her feet.'"

But Mar's faint smile was pretty grim.

"Your mother has all the virtues, my dear, but she's a woman of an implacable industry."

With the help of John Chinaman and the grocer's boy, that very afternoon Mr. Mar got his big desk established in "the spare chamber" that had been Trenn's and Harry's room, and still was theirs when one or other of them was in town, —which was often enough whenever Bella was staying at the Mars.

But whether it was that, uncomfortable as the old quarters had been, it disturbed Mar to change them after thirty years, certainly, in spite of his pronouncement to his wife, he did not "sit" at home as much after this. He made a habit of going down town after breakfast to the San Joaquin Hotel, "to read the papers" —really to smoke in peace, and exchange views on the political situation or the Cuban atrocities with chance travelers or old habitués.

Then came the day when Spanish incompetence and cruelty found a rival excitement. In a remote region of British North America gold had been discovered. The veterans in the San Joaquin reading-room pooh-poohed the notion, all but Nathaniel Mar.

From the beginning he took the Klondike seriously. Not long before everybody was doing the same. Instead of quickly exhausting itself, the excitement grew. Had diamonds been discovered in Dakota, the matter would have been a nine-days' wonder, and then died, as the easily accessible fields were reached and appropriated. Paradox as it might appear, it was owing to the forbidding circumstances under which those pioneers of '97 found their treasure, that made the appeal "Klondike" so irresistible to the marvel-loving fancy of the world. The papers overflowed with accounts of the awful hardship and the huge reward—combination irresistible since history began. And if any Missourian said, "Show me!" he *was* shown. The actual nuggets and the veritable dust, displayed in a bank window, made would-be miners of men as they passed—or meant to pass, and stood riveted, staring, seeing there a type of what they might attain unto, if only they had much courage and a little money for an outfit. Who lacked the first? Who could not,

for so alluring a purpose, collect the second?

The trains to the ports of San Francisco, Seattle, Victoria, were crammed; the north-bound ships overflowed. Unenterprising, indeed, any store on the Pacific coast that did not advertise some essential to a Klondike outfit. People talked with as much earnestness of the science of life under Arctic conditions as they before had discussed Spanish misrule in the South. Even for the vast majority who had no hope of being able to join the rush, the great problem of transportation and the value of "evaporated" food-stuffs obscured many an issue nearer home.

The one man that he was on fairly intimate terms with, yet to whom Mar had not mentioned the new craze, was Cheviot. It was the kind of thing he would be certain to scoff at. People at the San Joaquin had noticed that scoffing at the Klondike annoyed Mr. Mar, and they wondered a little. Mar had quite made up his mind not to give Cheviot's skepticism a chance for expression. If you were unwary, you might easily think: "So sympathetic and understanding a young man can't help taking fire over this burning question." And then Cheviot would show you how easily he could help it. Watch him playing with his little nephews and nieces, and you'd say: "So kind to children, he will be kind to the childishness in me." And behold he was not. He was an "awfully good fellow," but he expected a man to be grown up—and few are.

Mar's anticipation of what would be Cheviot's views about the new craze were very much Hildegard's own. Her astonishment was therefore well-nigh speechless when, on the occasion of his next visit, after ten minutes' general conversation in the garden, Cheviot said: "By the way, Hildegard, I've come to tell you I'm going to the Klondike."

"You!" She stared at him in silence till she could reassure herself by saying, "Nonsense!"

"It may be nonsense, but I'm going."

"You *can't* be in earnest!"

"Quite."

She stood, watering-pot in hand, her big eyes wider than ever he had seen

them, and a look on her face certainly disturbed, even annoyed.

It was not very nice, this feeling as if the bottom were dropping out of existence. He had no right to make her feel like that.

Very neatly he switched off the head of a withered flower with his stick, and began: "The Klondike—"

"It's rather horrid of you," Hildegard interrupted. "But of course I know—you—you're only seeing how I'd take it."

"I sha'n't be here to see how you'll take it."

She sat down the water-can. "You surely won't dream of doing anything so foolish—so—so—dangerous."

He did not answer, and she walked beside him down the path to the lower gate. When they got beyond the group of conifers, she stopped: "You simply must n't."

"Why do you say that? You don't care where I go."

"You know quite well I do."

He did n't even look at her, and he shook his head. Then, after a little pause: "Who knows you might even come to feel differently about things—if—if—"

"Do you mean,"—Hildegard drew herself up,—"*if you came home a millionaire?*"

"If I did n't come home at all."

"What?"

"At least for a long time, like—"

"I certainly hope"—nervously she forestalled the utterance of that other name—"that you won't do anything so disappointing to all your old friends. It's the kind of expedition for the ne'er-do-well. It is n't for a man like you—"

"Well, I've thought it over," he said, "and I've come to the conclusion that I'm best out of Valdivia for a time. You see, Hildegard, you're too used to me."

"I'm *not* 'too used'—"

"Too certain of me—yes, you are. I've been uncommon helpless in the matter. I've got nothing of the actor in me. I can't be near you, and inspire you with the smallest doubt as to—how things are with me. The one thing I can do is *not* to be near. And that's what I'm going to do."

She wrinkled up her white forehead with a harassed attempt to keep her wits about her, and not be betrayed into rash professions. "You can go away from Valdivia for a while, if that idea is so attractive, without going to the horrible Klondike."

"Yes, I could go to Pasadena or some seaside resort, so that I could come running back, as I did last year from Monterey, on the first hint that you might be missing me a little. No; all that's been tried. It does n't work. I must go to some place where I *can't* take the first train back, where I won't live through the day expecting a letter from you. It is n't easy in these times for anybody to be really 'out of reach.' When we all know that we've only to go to the nearest telegraph-office for news, we can't know what it would be like utterly to lose some one—unless death teaches us. The nearest approach to the sort of thing I mean—this side of Kingdom Come—is the Klondike."

"Oh, Klondike, Klondike! I'm sick of the very sound of those two syllables. There's something uncanny about them. People have gone mad since they heard the ugly word. But not you!" To give her words more than common emphasis, to insure winning the day, she laid her hand on his arm, and said again, with soft deliberation: "Not *you*, Louis."

"You'd like me to stay here and suffer. Yes, I know that." Her hand dropped from his sleeve. "But I sha'n't stay here," he went on, unmoved; "and pretty soon I sha'n't suffer—so much."

From that old, recurrent touch of hardness in his voice and air she once again recoiled. "Well, I've said all I mean to say. You must please yourself."

"Pleasure is of course what one expects in the Klondike."

They walked in absolute silence back to the porch. Hildegard went in at once, saying "good-night" over her shoulder, and quite sure that, as usual, he would follow her. But he stayed behind for full twenty minutes, talking with Mr. Mar, who was smoking out there in the dusk. Hildegard turned on the electric light in the parlor, and moved about the room, picking up and putting



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HILDEGARDE

down one book after another. How many of them he had given her, that provoking person who stayed so long talking to her father! By and by she heard her own name called. Was that her father? How curious his voice sounded!

"Yes," she answered, but made no great haste. When at last she reached her father's side, she could n't see where Cheviot was. She looked round in the dim light, and a little sharply: "Has he gone?" she said. As the words fell on the quiet air, she heard the gate shut. The sound jarred. It gave her a sensation as of being abandoned. The house was very quiet to-night.

"Gone? Yes. Where 's your mother, Hildegarde?" Mar asked with unheard-of briskness.

"She 's over at the Coxs'."

"Ah!" A moment's pause and then "To think of Cheviot—Cheviot, of all men! Were n't you surprised?"

"You are n't talking about the Klondike?"

"What else should I be talking of?" he demanded unreasonably; for, after all, there were other topics.

"Do you think he really means it?" Hildegarde asked.

"Means it? With a year's leave granted, and his ticket in his pocket! He 's been getting ready all this week. That 's why we have n't seen him. Sails Wednesday."

"Not—not really!"

"Off to 'Frisco to-morrow," said her father, still in that odd, brisk voice—"four days to see about his outfit. He—it 's a queer world; he said Trenn had been into the bank this afternoon, and offered to grubstake him. But Cheviot 's got money. So anything he finds will be his own. Trenn! Hm! *Trenn!*" he repeated, as though he could n't get over it. Then it seemed to dawn upon him that Hildegarde had been unprepared for something else than her brother's part in the affair. "I thought Cheviot said he 'd been talking to you about it—had said good-by."

"I—I did n't believe he was in earnest."

"Why not?" demanded her father, a little harshly, and then perceiving that her incredulity might have other grounds than disapproval of the enterprise in it-

self, he said more gently: "He talks very sensibly about it, my dear. A man can't save much at the bank. He may go on for thirty years and find—Cheviot has seen what that may come to. He gives himself a nine-months' holiday, with the chance of its turning out the most profitable nine months of his life. I did n't discourage him."

Hildegarde sat down on the step. "Oh, you did n't discourage him," she repeated dully. Behind her own sense of being wronged in some way, as well as disappointed, she was aware of an unwanted excitement in her father.

He, sitting there in the dusk, puffing out great clouds of smoke, was oblivious of everything except that the old pride of discovery had awaked in him, and the fever of his youth come back.

"Even Cheviot! And think of *Trenn!*" That Trenn should be looking about for some one to send to the North on this errand, it touched the topmost pinnacle of the fabulous. And yet, why not? The country was aflame. Thousands starting off on an uncertainty to try for the thing he, Nathaniel Mar, had been certain of.

"Hildegarde, where is your mother?"

"I told you—at the Coxs'."

"Oh—at the Coxs'."

"Why, father?"

"Would you like to know the reason I did n't discourage Cheviot from going to the—"

"Yes, father," said the girl, dully.

"Then come nearer."

She moved toward him. Feeling a little dreary, she came quite close. She laid her head against the one strong knee.

In a vigorous undertone, the voice with new life in it told why Nathaniel Mar did not blame any young man—there was more treasure in the North than even the Klondike dreamed. Mar had known it all along—and then the story. In spite of the girl's listlessness when he began, he could feel directly that the thing was taking hold of her. She was intensely still. That was because she was being "held," and small wonder. It was a better story than he had realized. It took hold of him, even, who knew it so well. Before he got to the end, his voice was shaking, and he leaned forward, thirsting to see an answering excitement in the

young face at his knee. But the darkness shrouded it, and he went on. He wished she would speak or move. Always so still, that girl! Now he was telling her of his home-coming from that barren coast in the North, explaining, excusing what, by this new lurid light of the Klondike, seemed inexcusable, his never going back. He tried to reconstruct for her the obstacles, huge, insurmountable: the long illness, and the new wife; the post at the bank; the children; poverty; skepticism; and the obscuring dust of the years. And, lo! as he disturbed these ashes, he saw afresh the agonies they hid—remembered, with a growing chill, what had befallen before, whenever he told this story; saw the tolerant smile of the smug young bankers; saw the dull embarrassment in Elihu Cox's eye; heard Mrs. Mar leading the family chorus: "You've got to *show* me!"

Even Hildegard might ask. He hastened to forestall the dreaded word. "There was nothing to *show*," he said, "absolutely nothing to prove it was not a dream." And she made no sign that for her either it was more than phantasy.

He wondered miserably why he had told her. "Of course it was all long before anybody had heard of the Klondike," he said, and he drew a heavy breath. "The theory was that, geologically speaking, gold could n't exist up there—and even people who were n't geologists agreed it could n't be got out if it *was* there,"—all the confidential earnestness had vanished out of the voice,

and he paused like one very weary,—
"Nobody believed—"

He tried to go on, and to speak as usual, but Memory, master of the Show, brought up Trenn—Trenn with the look he had worn the day his father had told him the great secret. Mar drew back into the deeper shadow. But the critical boy-face found his father out, and stung him in the dark.

He was an old fool. What had possessed him to rake it all up again. Oh, yes, he said bitterly in his heart, there was one member of his family who had n't yet smiled and said, "*Show me*. I'm from Missouri." It was Hildegard's turn.

"Well, my girl," he ended miserably, "that's the story that nobody believed."

Hildegard lifted her head and put up her two hands, feeling in the dark for his. But Mar shrank back. Not from Hildegard herself could he in that hour take mere sympathy, craving hopelessly as he did with the long thirst of years a thing more precious than pity—the thing that he once had had and had no more.

Like a man who utters his own epitaph, "I lost faith myself," he said.

"But I have found it, father!" And there was joy as well as the sound of tears in the thrilling young voice.

"Found?—What did you say, Hildegard?"

"That I believe it."

"Ah-h-h!" He bent over her with a sound that was almost a sob. "Then I—I believe it, too!"

(To be continued)



LINCOLN IN EVERY-DAY HUMOR

III—LINCOLN IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE

BY DAVID HOMER BATES

Manager of the War Department Telegraph Office and Cipher-Operator,
1861-1866

THERE were many angles in Lincoln's character. That which he showed in the telegraph office was the personal, homely side as distinguished from the business, political, or literary side. The cipher-operators saw him at close range, and in his most anxious hours, amid the excitement of great military movements, with their attendant horrors: the clash of arms, the carnage of the battle-field, the groans of the dying and the tears of loved ones. We also met him in the calmer but no less trying hours of patient waiting for the slow development of wide-reaching plans for the preservation of the Union.

I do not presume to speak of Lincoln as a politician, as a statesman, or as a born and trained leader of men, although he was preëminent in each of these rôles; nor as a story-teller, with all that such a term meant in his day; but I do wish to emphasize that personal trait of his which has always impressed itself upon me more forcibly than any other, namely, his kindly, charitable disposition, which was especially shown toward his political opponents and his country's enemies.

In his second inaugural, March 4, 1865—that remarkable address, which Carl Schurz likens to a "sacred poem"—he made use of words which in their beautiful setting have become immortal: "With malice toward none; with charity for all." It is probable that this simple phrase is quoted more frequently than any other from Lincoln's writings, just as General Grant is referred to so often by his sententious remark, "Let us have peace," which is graven on the portal of his tomb.

Reference being made by some one in the telegraph office to Lincoln's inveterate habit of story-telling, he said that he really could not break himself of it; that it had been formed in his younger days, and later he found it difficult to refrain from clinching an argument or emphasizing a good point by means of a story. He said his case was like that of the old colored man on the plantation, who neglected his work in order to preach to the other slaves, who often idled their time away listening to the old man's discourses. His master admonished him, but all to no purpose, for the good old man had the spirit of the gospel in him and kept on preaching, even when he knew the lash awaited him; but finally he was ordered to report at the "big house," and was berated soundly by his master and told that he would be punished severely the very next time he was caught in the act of preaching. The old man, with tears in his eyes, spoke up and said, "But, marsa, I jest cain't help it; I allus has to draw infrunces from de Bible textes when dey comes into my haid. Does n't you, marsa?" This reply interested his master, who was a religious man and who said, "Well, uncle, I suspect I do something of that kind myself at times, but there is one text I never could understand, and if you can draw the right inference from it, I will cancel my order and let you preach to your heart's content." "What is de tex', marsa?" "'The ass snuffeth up the east wind.' Now, uncle, what inference do you draw from such a text?" "Well, marsa, I 's neber heered dat tex' befo', but I 'spect de infrunce is she gotter snuff a long time befo' she git fat."

LINCOLN'S INTEREST IN THE WAR-TIME HUMORISTS

DURING some of Lincoln's daily visits to the War Department, there were many spare moments while he waited for fresh news from the front or for the translation of cipher-messages, and when he did not fill up the otherwise idle time by telling stories, he would read aloud some humorous article from a newspaper, as, for instance, Orpheus C. Kerr's droll reports from Mackerelville, or Petroleum V. Nasby's letters in sarcastic vein; at other times Artemus Ward's inimitable lectures. Some of Nasby's letters were irresistibly funny, especially those relating to the continuous struggle for the post-office at "Confedrit Cross Roads," and to the backwardness of some of our generals. Others referred to the great excitement caused by the discovery of flowing oil wells in Pennsylvania, whereby great and sudden wealth had come to many formerly poor farmers and others in that region. One catch phrase which Lincoln especially enjoyed repeating was, "Oil 's well that ends well." He was particularly fond of David R. Locke (Nasby), whom he first met in 1858 in Quincy, Illinois. In 1863 he wrote a letter to Locke in appreciation of one of Nasby's humorous articles, and ended the letter with this inquiry: "Why don't you come to Washington and see me?" Locke accepted the invitation and spent a delightful hour with the President, during which we may imagine the two humorists "swapped stories" to their hearts' content.

Orpheus C. Kerr's effusions were on a different line, but equally laughable; for instance, when at the close of an exciting campaign in which the Mackerelville army had bravely marched several miles one day and had been engaged in an impossible battle, it was gravely stated that "Victory had once again perched upon the banners of the conqueror." Lincoln would stop his reading to laugh with us at these foolish expressions. He greatly enjoyed this sort of humor, especially when it was directed against the faults of our generals, or even when in the form of criticisms upon his own public acts or those of his cabinet.

In fact, he dearly loved to twit some of his official family by calling attention to newspaper references of a humorous character reflecting upon their administration or personal peculiarities, and to those of us who watched him day after day it was clear that the telling of stories and the reading of droll articles gave him needed relaxation from the severe strain and heavy burden resting upon him, leading his mind away from the awful incidents of the war that were ever present—the bloody battles and loss of life, the execution of deserters, the mistakes and jealousies of his generals, and the criticisms of the daily press, often unjust and sometimes disloyal.

On the night of November 8, 1864, while Lincoln with a number of his cabinet-officers and others were in the telegraph office awaiting the Presidential election returns, he took from his inside pocket a small pamphlet containing some of Nasby's effusions, and at intervals read aloud to the company various extracts. Charles A. Dana, in his "Reminiscences," says that Secretary Stanton was indignant that the President should give attention to such trifling subjects at important moments when, as it appeared to him, the destinies of the country hung in the balance, but Lincoln had a method in his apparent foolishness. Carpenter, the artist who painted the Emancipation Proclamation Group, says that Lincoln remarked, in reply to a criticism similar to Stanton's, "that if it were not for this occasional vent I should die." After the bloody battle of Fredericksburg, where 11,000 of our men were killed and wounded, he said, "If there is a man out of perdition who suffers more than I do, I pity him."¹

So we may now look back over the stretch of years and better realize than we did then the relief which the repetition of humorous and even frivolous stories brought to his tired body and harassed brain. Oftentimes indeed in those days of stress he would lean back in his chair, with his feet upon a chair or table, and relapse into a serious mood, idly gazing out of the window upon Pennsylvania Avenue, that great thoroughfare over which he had seen so many brave soldiers march to the

¹ See also "Lincoln on His Own Story-Telling," by Silas W. Burt, in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1907.

front never to return. In these intervals of repose Lincoln's face was a study; the inherent sadness of his features was evident even to us youngsters. Indeed, it was sometimes pathetic. We often wondered of what he was thinking; but he would not long remain idly pensive. Soon he would come out of the clouds, his expressive face would light up, and he would make some humorous remark as Secretary Stanton entered the room, or as he observed one of the cipher-operators make a movement toward the little drawer in which the incoming despatches were filed.

"DOWN TO RAISINS"

ALTHOUGH the story in connection with this drawer and its contents has often been told, at least in telegraph circles, no apology is needed for its repetition here, because it is an integral part of this history.

Lincoln's habit was to go immediately to the drawer each time he came into our room, and read over the telegrams, beginning at the top, until he came to the one he had seen at his last visit. When he reached this point he almost always said, "Well, boys, I am down to raisins." After we had heard this curious remark a number of times, one of us ventured to ask him what it meant. He thereupon told us the story of the little girl who celebrated her birthday by eating very freely of many good things, topping off with raisins for dessert. During the night she was taken violently ill, and when the doctor arrived she was busy casting up her accounts. The genial doctor, noticing some small black objects that had just appeared, remarked to the anxious parent that all danger was now past, as the child was "down to raisins." "So," said Lincoln, "when I reach the message in this pile which I saw on my last visit, I know that I need go no further."

THE QUALITY OF LINCOLN'S HUMOR

LINCOLN's stories were never long, but they were always funny and laughter-provoking, and usually effective in their purpose of proving a point or answering an objection. They were homely and old-fashioned, which terms well ex-

press their general character. This is only natural and to be expected, in view of his rude surroundings in early life, before the telegraph had done more than thread its slender way through the forests and over the prairies of our broad land, bringing in its later development the current news of the world for the enlightenment of the masses, and calling for attention with each successive edition of the daily press. In those almost primitive days of our nation's history, the post-office, the country store, and the court-house were the rendezvous, especially of the young men who, ten or twenty years later, would be the leaders of public opinion; and around the blazing fire in these places of resort during the winter days and nights, or on the street or sidewalk close by in the summer time, were congregated the talkers and listeners of the town, and the man who could hold his own in argument, or command the attention of the crowd, whether politics, religion, or gossip was the topic of discussion, was the one most ready with a story to illustrate a point or parallel some other story that had just commanded a general laugh. In these trials of wit and humor, Lincoln, from all accounts, must have been at the head of his class; and the habits thus formed held their grip upon him even to the end; for in his last public address, on the evening of April 11, 1865, which he delivered from the porch of the White House, and which I had the pleasure of listening to on my way home from the War Department, he made this remark concerning the progress of reconstruction measures in Louisiana:

"Concede that the new government of Louisiana is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it."

This form of argument left no sting behind it; and the opponents of his Louisiana reconstruction plan, at least those of his own political party, must have admitted later that his policy of "malice toward none; with charity for all," was superior to theirs.

A great many anecdotes and stories have been attributed to Lincoln. It is certain that not all so called were his: Indeed it is probable that most of them were not.



THE OLD WAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING

The site of this building was Pennsylvania Ave. at the corner of 17th St. It was erected about 1820 and was torn down in 1879 to make way for the new State, War, and Navy Building. The two windows on each side of the Maltese cross afforded an outlook on Pennsylvania Avenue from the room occupied by the cipher-operators during the Civil War. Next to the right hand window stood Major Eckert's desk, at which Mr. Lincoln almost always sat when at the Telegraph Office and on which he wrote the first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation. He spent more time in this room during the last four years of his life than in any other place, the White House only excepted. The room to the left of the cipher operators' room was occupied by Major Johnson, custodian of military telegrams. The corner room was Secretary Stanton's own office. The five windows under the portico to the right of the cipher-operators' room belonged to the old library room of the War Department, in which was the Telegraph Office proper, where all Government messages were sent and received.

As the years go by, it is becoming more and more difficult to decide which are genuine; that is to say, those which originated with Lincoln or were known to have been repeated by him. Many stories said to be Lincoln's were no doubt his own by right of first telling, others may also be called his because of his apt selection and manner of telling, with his own unique wording and application; but it is probable that by far the larger number of such stories now current are associated with his name merely because he happened to be present when they were told by some one else.

THE CAVE OF ADULLAM STORY

It is natural also that in the re-telling of some really genuine stories, even by those who heard them from his own lips, there will be numerous variations, one instance being the Cave of Adullam incident told

by Nicolay and Hay (Vol. IX. p. 40). Their version is not the same as mine, which is given below.

On May 30, 1864, the Cleveland Independent Convention met, and on the following day nominated Frémont and Coghane for President and Vice-President respectively. This was an unconstitutional selection, because both candidates were from the same State—New York. The convention was organized and controlled by a lot of ultra patriots, sore-heads and cranks, who held the most divergent opinions on political and military affairs; but they were all agreed in condemning Lincoln's conduct of the war and his administration generally, and they all professed to believe that there was no hope for the country save through an entire change of policy. Even "The New York Herald," of May 31, the morning after the convention assembled, used this language in an editorial:

"As for Lincoln, we do not think it

possible that he can be reëlected after his remarkable blunders of the past three or more years."

The Northern press generally, however, was favorable to Lincoln, and a great deal of ridicule was cast upon the convention and its heterogeneous and discordant elements by the newspapers and the public.

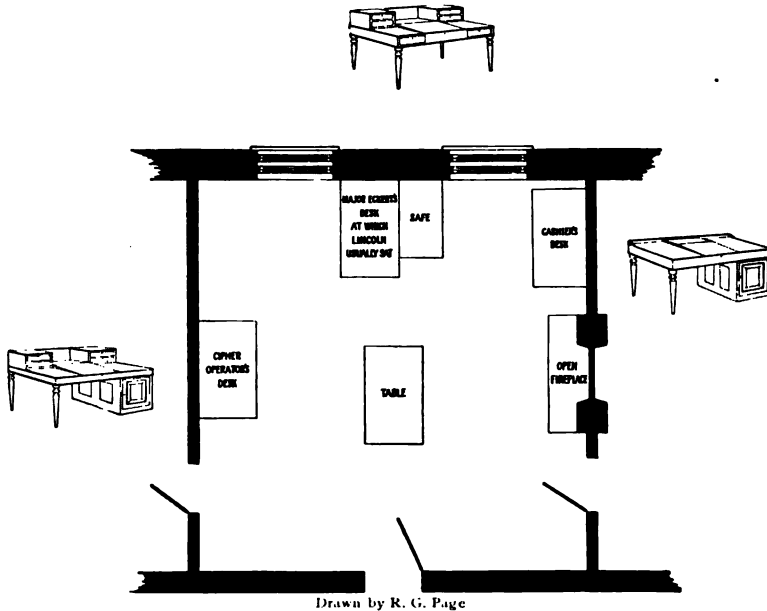
On June 1, "The Herald's" report of the proceedings of the day before began thus:

"The Cleveland Convention opened to-

Lincoln then opened the Bible at I Samuel xxii, 2, and, referring to "The Herald's" report of the number of delegates in the convention (350 to 400), read aloud to us this verse:

"And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men."

Nicolay and Hay say that the incident occurred in the White House on the



PLAN OF THE CIPHER-ROOM IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT
TELEGRAPH OFFICE. (MADE FROM DATA SUPPLIED
BY GENERAL THOMAS T. ECKERT)

day with some 350 to 400 delegates in attendance."

My record shows that in the evening, at the War Department, "The Herald's" report above referred to, just received from New York, was read aloud, and Lincoln at once asked for a Bible. Mr. Stanton's private secretary, Major Johnson, small of stature and with polished manners, went to get a copy, and not finding one immediately, came back to apologize for the delay, and then went out again in further search of the desired volume. Presently he returned with an open Bible in his hands, and presented it to the President in his most polite manner.

morning after the convention, when a friend who called on the President remarked upon the fact that instead of thousands, who had been expected, there were in fact at no time more than 400 present, and that Lincoln, being struck by the number mentioned, reached for the Bible that usually lay on his desk, and turned to the verse above quoted in order to verify the number composing King David's band, and then read it aloud. Nicolay and Hay make no reference to the "Herald" report. Which version is the correct one may never be certainly known. Perhaps both may be. My account makes no mention of Nicolay or Hay, and, in fact, those gentlemen seldom came

to the War Department with Lincoln. It may well be that Lincoln looked up the verse in the Bible in the White House, as well as in the telegraph office.

A FAMOUS STORY WHICH LINCOLN DIS- CLAIMED

SOME of Lincoln's stories here recorded were told by him in my hearing, others were repeated to me shortly after the telling, and some at a later period by my comrades in the telegraph office, who claimed to have heard them from Lincoln himself, and I believe therefore that, subject to the qualifications above named, they are all genuine, although I have heard it stated as a fact that all current standard jokes can be traced back to antiquity, one leading type for instance furnishing the basis for innumerable variations in successive periods of time. We are told that this theory was propounded by Solomon long ago, when he said, "There is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us." So it seems probable that some of Lincoln's stories, genuine though we may believe them to be, were in fact current before his time; for instance, the one with the Kentucky flavor referring to the brand of whisky which General Grant's enemies protested he used with too much freedom. Lincoln disclaimed this story in my hearing, stating that King George III of England was said to have remarked, when he was told that General Wolfe, then in command of the English army in Canada, was mad, that he wished Wolfe would bite some of his other generals.

Many of Lincoln's stories were in couples, like man and wife, one complementing the other; for instance, some one spoke of Tom Hood's spoiled child, which, as I recall, was represented in a series of pictures. First, the nurse places baby in an arm-chair before the fire and covers it with a shawl to shield it from the heat; next the fussy aunt comes into the room and, being near-sighted, fails to observe the sleeping baby and flops into the easy chair when, of course, there is a scream; then the nurse enters and rescues the baby from the heavy weight of the aunt and holds it in her arms; and finally the pa-

rents of the now *spoiled child* come in and baby is shown mashed so flat that the parents do not recognize it. A reference being made to Hood's story, Lincoln produced its counterpart as follows:

Scene, a theater; curtain just lifted; enter a man with a high silk hat in his hand. He becomes so interested in the movements on the stage that involuntarily he places his hat, open side up, on the adjoining seat without seeing the approach of a fat dowager who, near-sighted, like the fat aunt of the spoiled child, does not observe the open door of the hat. She sits down, and there is a crunching noise, and the owner of the spoiled hat reaches out to rescue his property as the fat woman rises, and holding the hat in front of him says: "Madam, I could have told you that hat would not fit before you tried it on."

LINCOLN'S HABIT OF JOCLAR COMMENT

IN connection with the observance of the first National Fast Day, September, 1861, Col. Wm. Bender Wilson, in his "Acts and Actors of the Civil War," gives an account of the President's visit to the telegraph office that morning. As he entered the room he saw George Low, one of the junior operators, at work cleaning a blue vitriol battery.

"Well, sonny, mixing the juices, eh?" Then sitting down and adjusting his spectacles, which were specially made with short spring ends to clasp the sides of his head just back of his eyes, he became aware that all the operators were busy, and a smile broke over his countenance as he remarked: "Young gentlemen, this is Fast Day and I am pleased to observe that you are all working as fast as you can." Changing the subject, he added: "Now we will have a talk with Governor Morton. He is a good fellow, but at times he is the skeeredest man I know of." This talk with Governor Morton was in consequence of the latter's telegram expressing great anxiety concerning the Confederate General Zollicoffer's reported movement toward Louisville. Lincoln told Morton over the wire that he hoped the report was true, as in such event our troops would be able to advance and occupy Cumberland Gap, which Lincoln, then and always,



JOSEPH LYNN. Half tone, photo engraved by H. C. Merrill.

**PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT TELEGRAPH OFFICE WRITING THE
FIRST DRAFT OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION**

claimed was a very important strategical position.

Earlier in the same month Lincoln entered the office with Secretary Seward, and asked, "What news?" Wilson replied, "Good news, because none." "Ah, my young friend, that rule does not always hold good, for a fisherman does not consider it good when he can't get a bite."

On another occasion Lincoln came to the office after dark and asked for the latest news. He was told that McClellan was on his way from Arlington to Fort Corcoran and that our pickets still held Ball's Cross-roads and that no firing had been heard since sunset. The President inquired if any firing had been heard *before sunset*, and upon being answered in the negative, laughingly replied: "That reminds me of the man who, speaking of a supposed freak of nature, said, 'The child was black from his hips down,' and upon being asked the color from the hips up, replied, 'Why, black, of course.'"

THE WRITING OF THE FIRST DRAFT OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

THE first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation was composed at Major Eckert's desk in the War Department Telegraph Office.

Recently General Eckert related to me the incidents of the writing as follows: "As you know, the President came to the office every day and invariably sat at my desk while there. Upon his arrival early one morning he asked me for some paper, as he wanted to write something special. I procured some foolscap and handed it to him. He then sat down and began to write. I do not recall whether the sheets were loose or had been made into a pad. There must have been at least a quire. He would look out of the window a while and then put his pen to paper, but he did not write much at once. He would study between times and when he had made up his mind he would put down a line or two, and then sit quiet for a few minutes. After a time he would resume his writing, only to stop again at intervals to make some remark to me or

to one of the cipher-operators as a fresh dispatch from the front was handed to him.

"Once his eye was arrested by the sight of a large spider web stretched from the lintel of the portico to the side of the outer window sill.¹ This spider web was an institution of the cipher-room and harbored a large colony of exceptionally big ones. We frequently watched their antics, and Assistant-Secretary Watson dubbed them 'Major Eckert's lieutenants.' Lincoln commented on the web and I told him that my lieutenants would soon report and pay their respects to the President. Not long after a big spider appeared at the cross-roads and tapped several times on the strands, whereupon five or six others came out from different directions. Then what seemed to be a great confab took place, after which they separated, each on a different strand of the web. Lincoln was much interested in the performance and thereafter, while working at the desk, would often watch for the appearance of his visitors.

"On the first day Lincoln did not cover one sheet of his special writing paper (nor indeed on any subsequent day). When ready to leave, he asked me to take charge of what he had written and not allow any one to see it. I told him I would do this with pleasure and would not read it myself. 'Well,' he said, 'I should be glad to know that no one will see it, although there is no objection to your looking at it; but please keep it locked up until I call for it tomorrow.' I said his wishes would be strictly complied with.

"When he came to the office on the following day he asked for the papers, and I unlocked my desk and handed them to him and he again sat down to write. This he did nearly every day for several weeks, always handing me what he had written when ready to leave the office each day. Sometimes he would not write more than a line or two, and once I observed that he had put question-marks on the margin of what he had written. He would read over each day all the matter he had previously written and revise it, studying carefully each sentence.

"On one occasion he took the papers

¹ The windows of the old War Department Building were double, one inner and one outer sash, with about twelve inches space between the two.

away with him, but he brought them back a day or two later. I became much interested in the matter and was impressed with the idea that he was engaged upon something of great importance, but did not know what it was until he had finished the document and then for the first time he told me that he had been writing an order giving freedom to the slaves in the South, for the purpose of hastening the end of the war. He said he had been able to work at my desk more quietly and command his thoughts better than at the White House, where he was frequently interrupted. I still have in my possession the ink-stand which he used at that time and which, as you know, stood on my desk until after Lee's surrender. The pen he used was a small barrel-pen made by Gillott—such as were supplied to the cipher-operators."¹

Tinker also tells of an occurrence on the evening of January 1, 1863, when, after a long, tiresome public reception at the White House, at which the President was obliged to stand for hours shaking hands with all sorts of people, he came over to the telegraph office, settled himself in his accustomed place at Major Eckert's desk, and, placing his feet on a near-by table, relaxed from the strain and fatigue of the day. General Halleck and Assistant-Secretary Fox of the navy were present, with a number of others who had dropped in to learn if there was any news from Rosecrans, who was then engaged in what at that time seemed almost a death struggle with Bragg.² Tinker says that on the day in question he was engaged in translating a long cipher-despatch from General Grant, who was then between Memphis

and Milliken's Bend, and also one from General Rosecrans in Tennessee, when Lincoln came in. For a while Tinker gave no attention to the conversation between Lincoln and the others. Presently, however, Lincoln began to tell of an occurrence in Pekin, Illinois, before his election; but after a while he hesitated at a name he was trying to recall, but could not, which, however, Tinker well knew, having been employed as telegraph operator at Pekin at the very time of which Lincoln was speaking. The President resumed his story, but again stopped, remarking, as he ran his long fingers through his disheveled hair to awaken thought, "I wish I could remember that name." Whereupon Tinker, with some trepidation, suggested, "Mr. President, permit me to ask if it is not Judge Puterbaugh?" Tinker then adds, in his account of the incident: "Lincoln turned upon me in great surprise and fairly shouted, 'Why, yes, that's the name. Did you know him?' Gaining confidence, I replied, 'Yes, sir, down in Pekin, when I once had the honor of explaining to the future President of the United States the working of the Morse telegraph, in the telegraph office in the Tazewell House.' Lincoln, his face full of pleased surprise, then turned to his audience, and exclaimed, 'Well, is n't it funny that Mr. Tinker and I should have met 'way out in Illinois before the war, and now again here in the War Department Telegraph Office.' He then proceeded to tell how and when we had first met, and that, being at that time specially interested in the telegraph, which was comparatively new and still a subject of wonder to the great majority of people, he had asked

¹ Frank B. Carpenter in his "Six Months at the White House," p. 20 et seq., quotes from Lincoln's own account thus: ". . . I now [midsummer 1862] determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy and without consultation with, or the knowledge of, the cabinet I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and after much anxious thought called a cabinet meeting upon the subject . . . The result (of that meeting) was I put the draft aside as you would do a picture . . . From time to time I added or changed a line touching it up here and there . . ."

On September 13, 1862, Lincoln said to a Committee from Chicago churches: ". . . The subject (a proclamation of liberty to the slaves) is on my mind day and night . . . Whatever shall appear to be God's will I will do."

Antietam had just been fought and won, and

Lee's army was escaping across the Potomac, much to the disappointment of Lincoln, who had telegraphed McClellan "to destroy the rebel army if possible." The failure to do that when the chances seemed so favorable may, therefore, be considered as the immediate cause of Lincoln's sudden decision to lay the Emancipation Proclamation before his Cabinet, which was done on September 22, the final decree being issued on January 1, 1863.

² Rosecrans's great victory at Stone's River over Bragg just at this time was probably the turning point in our favor in the negotiations between the Confederate government and Great Britain and France, the belief of the Administration being that those countries had virtually agreed to recognize the Confederacy provided they should achieve a substantial victory over the Union armies before the close of 1862.

me how it worked and that I had given him a full explanation of its mysteries. After this interruption, Lincoln resumed his story and I returned to my translation of Rosecrans's and Grant's cipher-messages. As this was the day on which the final decree of the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, I recall with the utmost pleasure and interest the little incident above referred to."

No one would have supposed from Lincoln's manner at the time that he had just given to the world a document of imperishable historic interest, which meant so much to the country, particularly to millions of the colored race, not only at the moment, but for all future time.

ONE OF LINCOLN'S AMIABLE RULES OF LIFE

MR. TINKER has recalled to my recollection another incident. One day Secretary Seward, who was not renowned as a joker, said that he had been told that a short time before, on a street crossing, Lincoln had been seen to turn out in the mud to give a colored woman a chance to pass. "Yes," said Lincoln, "it has been a rule of my life that if people would not turn out for me, I would turn out for them. Then you avoid collisions."

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS OF HEART

GENERAL ECKERT has recently told me the following incident which well illustrates Lincoln's kindly nature. On his way to the telegraph office early one morning, Lincoln observed in the hall a young woman who seemed to be in great distress. She carried a baby in her arms and was pacing to and fro and crying. The President asked Major Eckert to go out and see the woman and learn the cause of her trouble. This was done, the major reporting that the woman had come to Washington thinking she could get a pass to the front to enable her to visit her husband, and let him see his child, who had been born since the father enlisted; but she had learned that she would not be allowed to go to the army. Lincoln said, "Major, let 's send her down." Eckert replied that strict orders had been given not to let women go to the front. Secretary Stanton, entering the office at

the time and seeing the evident sympathy of Lincoln for the woman in her trouble, said, "Why not give her husband a leave of absence to allow him to see his wife in Washington?" The President replied: "Well, come, let 's do that. Major, you write the message." But Eckert said the order must be given officially, and Lincoln replied: "All right, Major; let Colonel Hardie (Assistant Adjutant General) write the order and send it by telegraph, so the man can come right up." Colonel Hardie wrote the message, which was promptly telegraphed to the Army of the Potomac, and when the sorrowing woman was informed of what had been done, she came into the office to express her gratitude to the President. Lincoln then asked her where she was stopping. She said that she had not yet found a place, having come direct from the railroad station to the White House, and then to the War Department. Lincoln then directed Major Eckert to obtain an order from Colonel Hardie to allow the young mother and her baby to be taken care of in Carver Hospital until her husband arrived. This was done, and the soldier was allowed to remain with his wife and child for over a week before returning to his regiment.

LINCOLN'S NICKNAMES FOR JEFFERSON DAVIS AND ROBERT E. LEE

IN 1863 Assistant Secretary of War Dana was detailed to visit Grant's army in Mississippi, and make full reports to the War Department of military conditions, which were not satisfactory to the Administration. After remaining with Grant for a while, Dana went to Tennessee to make similar reports regarding affairs in Rosecrans's army. Dana's reports by telegraph were generally full, and the cipher-operators during that period had occasion to consult the dictionary many times for the meaning of words new and strange to our ears.

It was an education for us, particularly when errors occurred in transmission and words like "truculent" and "hibernating" had to be dug out of telegraphic chaos. Mr. Dana's strong, virile manner of expressing himself on salient questions became well known to the reading public in the last quarter of the nineteenth cen-

tury. As his despatches from Chattanooga and other points, criticizing or commending the various generals, were being deciphered, Lincoln looked eagerly for the completed translations, and when handed to him, Dana's harsh criticisms were always softened in the reading. Lincoln's usual habit was to read aloud cipher-despatches and other papers that were laid before him, and his running comments would bring his hearers into the current of his thoughts. In our cipher-codes there were arbitrary words representing proper names; for instance, for Jefferson Davis, *Hosanna* and *Husband*; for Robert E. Lee, *Hunter* and *Happy*. Whenever Lincoln would reach these names in a despatch he was reading he would invariably say "Jeffy D" or "Bobby Lee." He would seldom or never pronounce their full names.

It is well right here to refer to Davis's remark in 1875 concerning Lincoln. In "Our Presidents and How We Make Them," Colonel A. K. McClure tells of his visit to Davis in that year. He says Davis paid a beautiful tribute to Lincoln. After listening closely to what McClure said of Lincoln and his character, Davis remarked with earnestness and pathos: "Next to the destruction of the Confederacy, the death of Abraham Lincoln was the darkest day the South has ever known."

LINCOLN'S USUAL SWEAR WORD

ON one occasion, Lincoln, when entering the telegraph office, was heard to remark to Secretary Seward, "By jings! Governor, we are here at last." Turning to him in a reproving manner, Mr. Seward said, "Mr. President, where did you learn that inelegant expression?" Without replying to the Secretary, Lincoln addressed the operators, saying: "Young gentlemen, excuse me for swearing before you. 'By jings' is swearing, for my good old mother taught me that anything that had a 'by' before it was swearing." The only time, however, that Lincoln was ever heard really to swear was on the occasion of his receiving a telegram from Burnside, who had been ordered a week before to go to the relief of Rosecrans, at Chattanooga, who was in great danger of an attack from Bragg. On that day Burn-

side telegraphed from Jonesboro, farther away from Rosecrans than he was when he received the order to hurry toward him. When Burnside's telegram was placed in Lincoln's hands he said, "Damn Jonesboro." He then telegraphed Burnside:

September 21, 1863.

If you are to do any good to Rosecrans it will not do to waste time with Jonesboro. . . .

A. Lincoln.

A NONSENSE BOOK

THERE was popular many years ago a pictorial book of nonsense to which Lincoln once referred in my presence. He said he had seen such a book, and recited from it this rhyme as illustrating his idea that the best method of allaying anger was to adopt a conciliatory attitude. The picture shown, he said, was that of a maiden seated on a stile smiling at an angry cow near-by in the field, and saying:

"I will sit on this stile
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that cow."

A few months later, after Lincoln's death and the capture of Jefferson Davis, the latter and some of his party, including his private Secretary Col. Burton N. Harrison, were brought to Fort Monroe, their baggage and official papers being forwarded to Washington. Secretary Stanton ordered this material stored in a room adjacent to the telegraph office, and the cipher-operators were directed to make an inventory. My father, Francis Bates, a townsman of Mr. Stanton and belonging to the same masonic lodge, was placed in charge of the property, which, by the way, became the nucleus of the Confederate Archives Bureau, first presided over by Francis Lieber, the historian. In examining the satchel of Colonel Harrison, I came across a copy of the old book of nonsense above mentioned. Years afterward, having business relations with Harrison, I told him of the coincidence, and he explained that the volume had been put into his satchel by the captain of the gun-boat on which he was brought to Fort Monroe, and that it had served to while away many idle hours.

At the annual banquet of the Military Telegraph Corps at the Arlington Hotel, Washington, on the evening of October 11, 1906, Mr. Tinker said:

"I think I had the pleasure of hearing what in all probability was the last anecdote ever told by Mr. Lincoln in the telegraph office. Early on the morning of April 13, 1865, the day before his assassination, he came into the telegraph office while I was copying a despatch that conveyed important information on two subjects and that was couched in very laconic terms. He read over the despatch, and after taking in the meaning of the terse phrases, turned to me and, with his accustomed smile, said: 'Mr. Tinker, that reminds me of the old story

of the Scotch country girl on her way to market with a basket of eggs for sale. She was fording a small stream in scant costume, when a wagoner approached from the opposite bank and called: 'Good morning, my lassie; how deep 's the brook and what 's the price of eggs?'

" 'Knee deep and a sixpence,' answered the little maid, who gave no further attention to her questioner."

Mr. Tinker, continuing his recital, said that the President, with a smile still on his sunny face, left the office to go into Stanton's room adjoining.

WAS IT A LEAF?

BY LEE WILSON DODD

WE have a fast retreat,
A trysting-place for dreams,
Félise and I.
Often we creep there from that myriad
eye,
The Argus-world; there in enfolded
calm,
Inviolable, complete,
Our sheltered spirits meet;
We speak as fancy wills, as fancy wills
reply.
The right sun loiters by,
A golden youth floating in azure waves,
Warming our deep air-caves,
Green, green below him, with his godlike
smile.
The faultless silence saves
Our overwrought time-harried souls, and
peace
(Her voice among the trees
Scarce heard)
Rewards our daring indolence awhile.

Was it a leaf that stirred?

"Think"—is the voice not mine?—
"Think of imperious labors left behind:
To dream of toil forsaken is the best
Gift of the dream-god—Rest.
Even as Lucretius found it, shall we find
The sight of conflict from our coigne
apart;
The memory of that fray
Which stunned us yesterday
Soothes, a deft handmaid of impassive
art;

And tumults we decline
(Ah! were they ever mine!)
Are hung like arras round cool cham-
bers of the heart."

Thus my meandering word
Moves whimsically; Félice
Smiles to the wiser trees.

Was it a leaf that stirred?

"Think"—is the voice not hers?—
"Think of stark passions in the days to be;
Think of the unreachèd goal, the pitiless
rivalry
No quiescence deters.
Is it not lovelier so to half-forsake with me
The future and its fate?
Now, while the crises wait,
Covert assassins down a road that lies
Too far from paradise,
Now let us mock them with voluptuous
scorn;
Now let us mock all evil things unborn,
Smiling from languid eyelids toward
that morn,
Inevitable, tho' late,
Bringing us secretly grief's last malign
surprise.
Here all save beauty dies,
And we embrace the immortal mood of
death,
Knowing that mood deferred."
Thus her deep trancèd word
Droops on a restful breath.

Was it a leaf that stirred?

LEANDER'S LIGHT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

Author of "Marse Chan," "Uncle Gabe's Whitefolks," etc.

I

WHEN I first knew Rock Ledge Harbor, it was merely a little fishing village of gray, weather-beaten houses, occupied by weather-beaten people, apparently almost as much stranded as the old barnacle-plated wreck which lay in the small, circular harbor against the foundation of a long-since rotted pier. There were two ways of reaching it, one by the black, broad-beamed coaster which put in at odd times for cord-wood or lumber, and sometimes carried a few gallons of a liquid proscribed by the State laws; and the other by the ancient and rickety two-horse stage, a much decayed, dust-colored survivor of the old coaches which once ran on down-East through Portland, and bore the weekly news of the outside world. I chose the latter conveyance, and thus, found myself one summer evening, after a stately drive across the hills, deposited, bag and baggage, at the front steps of the one hotel, in appearance much like an ancient fort, crowning the rocky point which guarded the narrow mouth of the glassy river and placid harbor, sleeping in a deep nook under the fading rose of a sunset sky.

I soon discovered that, far from the madding crowd, with a climate which in summer was unequaled, the "Harbor" was one of nature's health-resorts. The air had the pungency of the pines, the freshness of the sea, and the balminess of the meadows. I reached there too late for the apple-blossoms; but the lilacs about the little white, gray, and yellow cottages were still in bloom, and the grass was all the greener for the lateness of the snow which had blanketed it until "the frost was out the ground," far on in April.

The "natives," as they called themselves, were a self-contained race. They had been settled there since Sir Christopher Gorges planted the colony, within a generation of the time that the "President of Virginia and Admiral of New England," Captain John Smith, gave his name to the islands a few miles out. They felt that they owned the place, and they loved it; and they regarded the outer world with indifference, and new-comers like myself with proper contempt.

The "stage road" ran only to the Harbor from the "Village," a mile inland. Beyond the Harbor the only road was the grassy lane to the "North Farm," half a mile away. On this lane, in a little cove between the rocks, was a single house, a little "piggin" house, the homestead of old "Simmy" Goodman. It had been the home of the Goodmans for at least seven generations, as the inscriptions on the tombstones in the little square graveyard testified. Once the narrow peninsula, together with some of the cleared, cultivated fields lying beyond, had all belonged to one family; but when the division came, two generations back, other children had drawn the meadows and the "cleared" fields,—cleared of rocks,—and Simmy and his sister, who had taken their shares together, had drawn only the "rock pasture" overlooking the sea, and the little homestead nestled in the small strip of cleared land above the cove.

"Always 'peared like pretty hard luck," said my informant, "Cap'n Spile," a stout old seaman who in his youth had been a whaler, leaning lazily against the rail of the pier, with his blue eyes on the lines of a sailboat slowly making her way up the quiet harbor. "Th' others got all the good land, and Simmy and Abby got

nothin' but rocks and *view*; for the old house ain't much for these days. Not that anybody ever heard 'em say much about it. Abby al'ays liked *view*, and Simmy set a heap o' store by the house. But 't did look hard when the others had aH the hay-land, and they marryin' and changin' their names, and Simmy and Abby, the only ones with the name, to have only the rocks."

It did look hard.

According to Captain Spile, however, there were some people of late who actually wanted to come and buy some of Simmy's rocks, and his land was getting to be almost as valuable as a good field. "But Simmy ain't much of a hand for sellin' land," the Captain added. And this I found later to be quite true.

ALL this was twenty years and more ago, and in this time the little village, with its dower of sunshine and sea air, had 'been discovered by others, and had changed from a straggling strip of small houses huddled under the elms about the harbor to a watering-place of some renown and expensiveness. Old Simmy himself, however, changed not a hair. Grizzled, taciturn, and stolid, he used to be always somewhere about his premises, "consortin' with" his big oxen, which he rather resembled in his slow, ruminant habits; or sitting with the immobility of a sphinx in the door of his old barn; or standing by his stone wall, looking out over the sea in the afternoon—as the phrase went, "watchin' for Leander."

Leander, so I learned, was a brother who had sailed away sixty years before, and had never been heard of again. "But he ain't quite give him up yet," said Captain Spile. "I heard him say myself, comin' now forty-six year this June, that he looked for him every day, and aluz kept a light burnin' for him. You go by the cliff-way any night, you 'll find a light up-stairs in the window o' the sou'-east room: 't is what we call 'Leander's Light.' You can set a course by it comin' around Western Point, just as sure as you can by Boon-Light or the Nubble. I 've seen it burnin' there many a night when he and Abby 'd put out their own light soon 's the supper things were washed up. Abby 's a right smart trial to him sometimes, I guess. She don't

hold with it at all. Says Leander 's been dead and in—wherever he 's goin' to stay everlastingly—for many a year. But though Simmy gives in to her in most things, he never would in that; an' so, I s'pose, God preventin', that light 'll burn as long as his own does."

I had made the acquaintance of Miss Abby, a little, bent, sharp-featured crippled woman, who sat most of the time in a roughly made wheel-chair of her brother's manufacture. Her tongue was as keen as her eyes, and they were like tacks. According to report, she was often as sharp to Simmy as to others; but, by Captain Spile's account, he "never appeared to mind it any more than a large Newfoundland dog minds the barking of a fife-voiced fice. "'T would drive most folks crazy," said the Captain; "but Simmy he don't even hear it. 'T is a right singular thing how a man can get used to a woman's tongue. Now, Job's wife would 'a' worn most men out—but but Job and Simmy."

I myself had sometimes wondered if Simmy's stolidity were not assumed as a mask to guard him against his sister's penetrating shafts. At bottom she idolized him, as I found when Mr. Slagg, the new millionaire, tried to get hold of the Goodman place.

II

It is the belief of some that the true serpent entered into Eden when Eve began to dress up; and certain it is that the idea of conforming to fashion has destroyed many a pleasant place since that time, and would go far toward destroying Paradise itself. This to early summer visitants to Rock Ledge like myself was the curse of the Harbor. Through the changes that took place among the summerites, after the railroad came, the natives pursued their even course unchanged. They grew fat, many of them, on the pickings of the new summer visitors, and their houses put on new paint and what Miss Abby called "fancified verandas." But the people themselves remained unchanged, unvarnished, and natural. They looked on the summer visitors as "useful nuisances" and rather amusing barbarians. What services they rendered these visitors they charged well for; what pay they received they ren-

dered good service for, and there it ended. When Captain Spile's sister, Mrs. Rowe, who laundered the clothes of a summer visitor, was approached with a complaint about too much "bluing," she told her: "I'll wash you and iron you, but I bean't goin' to take your sass; so you 'd better get some one else to do it." When Miss Bowles, who answered to the name of "Fanny," waited on the "mealers" at her cousin Mrs. Steep's boarding-house, and one of them called her "Frances," she observed quietly, as she handed her the potatoes, "I don't care to be called pet names by the boarders."

In fact, they belonged to the soil, and were American to the backbone; a sterling people, like the lichens on their rocks, without much color till one looked close, but then full of it.

Ensnared by the charm of the region, which captures most of those who set foot there during the witching season of summer, I had myself, soon after my discovery of the place, bought a modest piece of old Simmy's rock pasture, though it was only after a long negotiation and at a high figure that I secured it, not to mention certain conditions which I was fain to accept or give up hope of getting the land. His father, it appeared, had sometimes driven his cart down for kelp to a little shingle-covered cove on the piece I wished, and Simmy insisted that I must allow him to keep a right-of-way. I explained that while the road had been of service when he used the land for farming purposes, his land was now building-lots, and he no longer needed it. It was to no purpose. I had to yield to get the land at all, and, counseled by Captain Spile, I yielded.

After weeks of negotiation, all the conditions were agreed upon; I suggested that we should draw up a contract to stand until the deed could be prepared and executed. This set him to ruminating.

"Why, *we* understand it, don't *we*?" he asked. "Y'ou bean't goin' to back out, be ye?"

When the deed was finally prepared, I asked him how he wanted his money. He pondered fully five minutes before he spoke. "Well, *money* 's good enough, I guess."

"All right; I can pay you in cash.

I will get it at the bank. What denominations of notes do you want?"

"What what?"

"What denom—what sized notes?"

Again he pondered.

"Well, ones and twos will do."

So I had to hand over more than \$2000 in one- and two-dollar bills, and count them out for him on his table. It required over an hour. He handled and examined carefully through his old silver-rimmed spectacles each note as I counted it out, and then recounted and examined them all again.

This was before "the new Philistines" came, as Captain Spile called them.

The chief of these, whom the captain termed "Goliath," was a summer visitor by the name of Slagg, who bought of the Long estate the fine hill which rose behind old Simmy's homestead and overlooked his modest house, as it faced the sea. We "cottagers" had heard in the city that something remarkable was going on at the Harbor, but when the old visitors returned in the summer, they found that a mansion, portentous in size and bearing, crowned the lofty knoll back from the sea, and that the place was stretching its massive stone walls like Briarean arms in every direction. According to some reports, it was the intention of the new-comer to change the Harbor once for all, and bring it fully abreast of the most fashionable watering-place on the coast.

It was even said that Mr. Slagg, the new cottager, had offered Simmy a fabulous price for his homestead, which lay between him and the sea, using the magic name of syndicate, and that the offer had been refused. I inquired of Simmy as to this, and he corroborated it in his quiet way.

"Well, somebody did say sump'n' about it, but I told them that I did n't keer to sell any more."

I had heard from Captain Spile at the pier that Simmy had said he did n't care about syndicates: they were "too much like a cuttle-fish"; also that Slagg had said he 'd get the place yet.

However this was, the preparations of the new magnate went on amazingly. It was rumored that he was going to spend millions on his new place, and the outward and visible signs betokened that at



"OLD SIMMY"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY F. B. SCHOONOVER

least his expenditures would be lavish. Extensive purchases of land were made. The solid rock was blasted out for gardens and courts, and everything proposed was on a scale of magnificence hitherto undreamed of in that quiet region. There was even talk of his building a great seawall, so as to have a harbor for his yacht and for boats that usually seek the companionship of such craft. His stables were on an equally elaborate scale. He was credibly reported to have forty horses. Large trees were transplanted and put in spots that cut off the view, and the curious thing was that the stable was located in quite as prominent a position as the mansion. A protest from neighbors, that the stable was offensively near their houses and interfered with their view, met with the undeniable statement that it was no more prominent from their houses than from his, and that he did not object to it.

To no one was the change more disturbing than to the occupants of the little piggin house just under the front wall of the new cottage. The heavy hauling upon the roads had destroyed the pathway; the teams stood in the road and broke old Simmy's fence. But the real worry lay deeper than this. The new buildings overlooking them not only destroyed their privacy, but cut off their view of the rising hills to the westward, with the flaming sunset skies above them.

I observed on my return that summer that old Simmy had shifted his seat from the big chopping-block in the afternoon sun, where he had always been used to sit, and sat around the corner of his house; and that Miss Abby now had him roll her chair out on the front veranda, instead of basking in the sunny angle to the westward, where she used to mend old Simmy's clothes. I never heard them explain the change, but once having heard from Captain Spile that "Abby was takin' on mightily about cuttin' off her view," I stopped on my way up the lane and asked her what she thought of the new mansion.

"'Pears to me," she said, "like they were takin' one of God's landscapes and makin' a painted picture of it. But it's none of *my* business. I suppose he 's tryin' to forge something up there." She went on sewing with a surer stick of the needle.

Mr. Slagg, report said, had begun at an anvil, and by keeping on hammering had amassed a large fortune. His hammering, however, had of late years consisted of hammering the market, and his latest deal, by which he had "realized"—so the phrase went—millions of dollars, was regarded by many well-informed men as something rather close to robbery. In fact, a rumor had somehow gotten abroad that bogus stock had been issued. So Miss Abby's innuendo had a double edge.

III

WHATEVER the fact was as to this, Slagg was one of the newly rich city-men who had sprung up like weeds from the ruin he had helped to make, and as he had only one aim—money,—so now he thought that money would accomplish anything. He looked like one of his iron pigs, a stout, roundish, oblong, heavy body on short legs; a rough, rather uncouth face in which glinted small, keen eyes; a big nose; and a coarse mouth above a strong chin. He was not lacking in humor or in good temper, but he lacked most things that they usually accompany. He boldly announced his theory that he purposed to have everything that money could buy, and his conviction that "money would buy everything." The first shock to this view came from old Simmy. When Slagg first bought and laid out his place, he tried to buy old Simmy's little homestead, which any one who had been to Rock Ledge a summer well knew old Simmy would *not* sell, and in his first interview with the old man he sealed his fate, even if he would otherwise have had a chance. After the agent he had sent to sound the old fellow had failed, he himself went to him, and when the high price he offered failed to move him, he tried to scare him with a threat of having his taxes raised. It was a threat that he had often worked successfully in his career, but this time he did not know his man. The old fellow shut up like one of the brown sea-urchins on the rocks below his house. Still, feeling sure of his method, Slagg went on building, confident that he would in time be able, as he said, "to squeeze the old man out," and he took no pains to conceal his plan.

Since the first moment he stood on his imposing front porch, he knew he must

get rid of his unwished-for neighbor, or lose much of that for which he had striven. His front view commanded, instead of the blue sea, with the surf breaking on the rocks and curving on the beach below, only old Simmy's little piggin house and bare chicken-yard. He once more made an offer, which he felt sure would be accepted, to Captain Spile, who expressed his doubts whether the old man would consider it. Slagg swore.

"Why, he 'll jump at it like a dog—all that money, and he a Yankee."

"He don't want money," said the captain, leaning over the rail of the pier.

"Don't he! Everybody wants money."

"Well, most folks do; but old Simmy's got more now than he knows what to do with. He don't want any more."

"There ain't a man in the world 't don't want more," asserted Slagg, with conviction. "I know 'em. Ain't a man in New York won't sell his soul for money. I know 'em. I wish you 'd go and see him for me."

"Wa-al, I 'm pretty busy," drawled the captain.

"Busy! I don't see that you do anything."

"I 'm busy watchin' the river. Takes up all my time, pretty much, watchin' it fill and empty. It just fills up to empty again, like some folks; but some folks don't even know when they 're full."

Slagg did not quite take in the old seaman's apothegm, but he went off growling about "getting his way yet." He had not got far when he turned back and asked me to dine with him, an invitation which I declined. As he walked away the old captain followed him with his deep, clear eyes.

"You city folks 've got a comical way of swapping victuals," he observed.

I nodded my acquiescence.

"Now, if I don't like a man, I don't like him; and if I don't like him, I bean't goin' to ask him to eat with me, and I surely bean't goin' to eat with him."

I agreed with him that there were a good many points of difference between him and the people he mentioned, and when he casually observed that his wife had a "fresh bakin' of doughnuts" that day, I was duly appreciative of the compliment, and accepted his invitation.

Slagg did not know old Simmy. And

when his offers of more and more for the little place were met with the same stolid reply: "Don't keer to 'sell," he felt satisfied from his knowledge of men that this was only a clever ruse to "rob him," as he expressed it. He therefore sought an interview with old Simmy at which I happened to be present. Slagg was shrewd, plausible, and persistent. Old Simmy was dull, calm, and sphinx-like. He met every proposition with silence or the simple statement: "Don't believe I keer to sell."

"Well, I guess you 'll sell if you get a big enough offer," said Slagg. "I 'd sell anything I 've got if a man—"

"Mebbe you would," said Simmy slowly.

"Yes, and so would you." And then Slagg, either to try him, or in earnest, offered him an exchange which was obviously to Simmy's pecuniary advantage.

"Don't believe I keer to change."

"Well, I will build you a new house, and make it look like something instead of that old rattle-trap."

The old fellow turned and gazed silently at his bare, little house, and Slagg brightened.

"Why, it 's a blot on the place."

Old Simmy, with his eyes half-vacantly on the house, wiped his horny hand across his rough face, and kept silence.

"You won't do that!" exclaimed Slagg.

Simmy gave no further sign, and Slagg's patience suddenly gave out. "Well, I 'm done with you; I 've come here and doubled the value of your property, and offered you five times what it 's worth, and you won't do anything. I tell you now, I 'll never make you another offer."

"That 's go-od," said Simmy, quietly.

"You think it 's 'good,' do you? Well, you have n't done with me yet. Why, you block the way of progress in this whole town—you block civilization!"

"Be you civilization?" asked the old man so quietly that for a moment Slagg was nonplussed. Then he went off growling and threatening; but that evening old Simmy's reply was known about the pier.

IV

It was the next spring, after Slagg's new house was finished, that old Simmy's sister Abby died. I did not learn of it until I got back in the summer and fell in

with Captain Spile at the pier. It was like picking up a newspaper-file after a long absence.

"Mr. Slagg he 's back, too," he said, "in his Chromo Castle."

"Still wants Simmy's place, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, he wants it—bad—and he 'll keep on wantin' it."

"But now old Miss Abby 's dead—"

"He 'll never git it now. I told him long ago he 'd never git it, anyhow; but he thought he knew better. Abby sort o' mistrusted Simmy might git lonesome and git out; but—" The captain's eyes blinked with deep satisfaction.

"What was the matter with her?"

"Worry, Simmy says—havin' her view cut off—an' her chickens, an' all. You see, she 'd always been feeble, and I think she did n't like the idea. But she went kind o' unlooked-for when she did go—'t wa'n't even the time of tide for her to go. She had lasted all winter, and had kept the house, and when spring come, Simmy thought 't would do her good to git her out-doors; so he wrapped her up and set her in the sun, and I think she took cold. But *he* says 't was Slagg's *house*, and worry for fear he 'd sell her out: an' she told him she was cold, that Slagg would soon own everything and force 'em out like he said; and, mebbe, after she was gone and buried, he would be like Naboth—an' would n't be able to hold out against him. And next mornin' she was dead."

"Well, Simmy,—I 'll go an' see him,—what did he say?"

The captain was slowly whittling the pier rail beside him, so he replied with deliberation.

"Well, Simmy, you know, is a right religious man now,—he 's tolerable old, over eighty; though he wa'n't as much older than Abby as she said by ten years,—but when he was young he used to be a pretty hard blasphemer, an' fighter, too, I remember; an' I judge he 'll hold out. That Slagg won't git that house, not in Simmy's time. Naboth 's a pretty good hand at standin' Ahab off when he wants to. Money 's a curious thing, bean't it?" he proceeded. "Looks like some folks bean't strong enough to stand the strain—the' git warped like green timber in a boat when you lay her up, now don't they? Now, our friend Slagg,

'thout his money, he would n't be much more account than a chip in the porrich, an' he ain't so very much account with it."

Next time I talked with Simmy, the old man gave me a sudden insight into his heart.

"He wa-ants me to sell my haouse," he drawled in his deep bass; "says he 'd sell anything he has. Wa-al, mebbe *he* would. Tha-at haouse was built so long ago they bean't hardly a plank of the old house left—nothin' but the framin' and chimney, an' not too much o' that. My gran'mother—I mean my father's gran'mother—was in that haouse by herself the las' time the Injuns come down here. 'T was at night, an' 't wa'n't a soul with her 'cept her baby and the dog. Her husband hed gone away to get the men together to drive 'em back, because they had heard they was comin'; an' they come that night before they was lookin' for 'em, an' my gran'mother she heard 'em, an' she banked her fire, and tied her garter raound the dog's maouth to keep him from barkin', and set there in the dark, and suckled her baby to keep him quiet while the Injuns praowled all raound the haouse and pressed their noses to the winders, lookin' in to see if anybody was there; an' then when they had gone, she slipped aout an' run down 'long that wall to L'ander Dunnell's block-haouse an' give the alarm, with her baby in her arms. I 've heard my gran'father tell abaout it because he was the baby, an' he said if 't hed n't been for her the Injuns would 'a' massacred 'em all."

He pondered for a little space, and then turned to me.

"I don't think they ought to try to drive me aout, do you? I bean't troublin' them, be I?"

My reply was, I fear, not wholly printable, but it appeared to reassure him.

"An' I bean't a-goin' to sell out," he added calmly. "That haouse was here before he come, an' I guess 't will be here after he goes."

It was after this that a new course was adopted—I will not say by Slagg, but by some of his people, and I think he could have stopped it had he been so minded.

Old Simmy found that the enmity of his neighbor was reflected in sundry annoying ways. Slagg first set to work to

have his taxes raised, and the appraisal was raised, as was really proper, from almost nothing—the old valuation as agricultural land to a valuation still far below its actual value. Next Slagg tried to get the high-road changed so as to make it run through old Simmy's yard, where a road had no doubt been in the old times. In this he failed, though he offered to grade it at his own expense, and build a schoolhouse for the village—an attractive proposal in this age. What, however, worried old Simmy more than anything else was that when his chickens strayed across the road to Slagg's property they were killed by the latter's dogs and, Simmy said, by his men.

The old man spoke of it with a deeper light burning under his shaggy brows than I had ever seen there before.

"Them was Abby's chickens, and I don't think he had ought to kill 'em that way. He knowed that I would 'a' paid him dollar for dollar for every grain or spire o' grass or—weed they 'd destroyed, because I tolt him so; leastways, sent him word I would."

"What did he say?"

"Said, 'Let him keep his d—d chickens aout of my graounds'; 't he 'd treated me like a gentleman, an' I would n't be treated so. I s'pose that 's what he calls 'treatin' like a gentleman.'"

He lapsed back into his habitual apathy; but after a moment added: "Looks like God must think mighty poorly o' riches by the folks he gives 'em to—don't you think so?"

I told him that Dean Swift had thought so.

"He 's a stranger o' mine," he said.

v

OLD Simmy's opportunity came sooner than he had expected.

The nearest way to the beach from Slagg's place was across Simmy's grounds. There was no regular path there, but neighbors frequently cut across the grass by his chicken-yard to reach the "fisherman's walk" on the shore. Slagg's men began to make a regular path across there, and when Simmy put up a notice for strangers to "keep off," it was pulled down, as Simmy believed, by Slagg's people.

It happened that one afternoon as I

was crossing Simmy's grounds, Slagg himself came along with a dog, and either supposing that Simmy, who was standing by his wall, gazing out over the sea, "lookin' for Leander," would not observe him, or, if he should, would be indifferent to his presence, he walked across Simmy's yard. Unfortunately, when he was about half-way across, the dog caught sight of Simmy's chickens, and there was immediate trouble.

In an instant the old man was upon him; but he was too late to save the chicken. He then turned upon the dog's owner and denounced him for setting his dog upon his fowls. This Slagg stoutly denied, and said that he had called the dog off. He offered to pay fifty cents for the chicken, which he said was twice as much as it was worth. Simmy, however, refused it with scorn, and ordered him to turn and go back off his place by the way he had come.

This angered Slagg, and in a rage he began to curse the old man, declaring that he was glad of the chance to tell him what he thought of him as "an offensive old fool, who stood in everybody's way."

"I am goin' to stand in your way this time, an' keep you from crossin' my yard an' killin' Abby's chickens. Now go back where you come from." He reached out his long arm and pointed down the hill.

"I will go off your place, but I will not go back," said Slagg. "Now get out of my way."

"Yes, you will, too," drawled Simmy. "You will go back." And he spread himself before the younger man.

In a sudden rage, Slagg caught him by his coat and jerked him out of the way. The next second he was sprawling flat on his back on the grass.

I had no idea that the old man could be so quick or could strike such a blow. He appeared suddenly transformed. Taking a step forward, he stood over his prostrate antagonist and looked down on him.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"Yes, of course, I am hurt," growled the other. "What did you hit me for that way?"

"Becuz you killed Abby's chickens an' tore my coat. Now git up an' go back the way you come, like I told you."

Slagg rose slowly to his feet, scowling at the old man standing stolidly before

him, and turning, went back down the path, growling his threats of vengeance.

At the trial afterward, the testimony was conflicting. Old Simmy still believed and testified that Slagg set the dog on the chicken that he killed. Slagg still stoutly denied this, and swore that he called the dog off, and offered to pay for the fowl more than it was worth. The suit, however, was not for the chicken, but for something more. Old Simmy, tall, heavy, and dull-eyed, was the accused, and Slagg, with a black eye and bruised nose, was the prosecutor.

Old Simmy partly admitted the charge of assault, but pleaded provocation. The court wisely let him tell his story in his own way, and all the facts came out, including the trouble about his property. He admitted that he had accused Slagg of killing his chickens, and he still accused him; also that he had told him that he should not pass through his place, and Slagg had cursed him.

"And what did you do then?" he was asked.

"I did n't do nothin' right then," the old man drawled. "I just stood in his way an' told him he mus' go back."

"And then?"

"Then? Then he took hold of me and tore my old coat." He looked down at it.

"Was that the same coat you have on now?" asked Slagg's lawyer.

"Yes."

The lawyer approached him and examined the coat closely.

"Was n't it a very old coat?"

"Yes, a mite old."

"How old?"

"Wa-all, I don't rightly know just haow old. If Abby was livin', she could tell you. She made it."

The lawyer edged off the dangerous ground.

"Well, how did you feel when he put his hands on you—as you say? Did n't you feel very angry?"

Old Simmy pondered.

"No, I could n't say as I did. I just felt sort o' warm."

"What! You knock a man down and don't feel angry?"

"No; just sort of tingly all over, as I had n't felt in over fifty years." His deep eyes gave a sudden glint of enjoy-

ment, and he straightened perceptibly, as the crowd laughed.

"But you knocked him down?"

"I hit him."

"And what did he do then?"

"Fell down—flat."

"And what did you do?"

"I told him to get up an' go back where he had come from, like I told him to do."

"And that was all that occurred?"

"No; he got up and went."

The manifest enjoyment of the crowd that packed the little court-room, was a proof of the popular feeling, and the law was clearly on old Simmy's side. Thus, the judgment was a just one.

SLAGG, with his bulldog chin and his belief in the power of money, held on for some time.

"He can't live always," he said, "and I 'll have it yet. His heirs will have more sense than that old fool."

He was right about the old man. He did not hold on long. When we returned the following summer, one of the first things Captain Spile said to me down on the pier was, "Well, Leander's Light 's out."

"Yes, I heard old Simmy was dead."

"Yes, he died trying to light it. The way we knew he was gone, Jesse Moulton's son was comin' in roun' Western Point an' noticed the light was out and give the alarm, and we found him settin' in his big chair, speechless, with the lamp-chimney broke on the floor by him. He must have dropped it when he had the stroke."

"I suppose Ahab will get the place now?" I hazarded.

The captain's face wore a pleased look as he shook his head.

"No; Simmy 's left it to the town—to keep."

WHEN Slagg heard that old Simmy had died, he moved at once. But, as Captain Spile stated, the old fellow had left his homestead and property to the town for a hospital or a school, and provided that it should belong to the town so long as his old house, or one as near like it as possible, should be kept standing.

Thus, as Simmy prophesied, while Slagg has moved on to other pastures, the old house still stands. And "Leander's Light" burns on.

IN THE DARK OF THE MOON

BY EMMA GHENT CURTIS'

IT was a cloudy, sultry July day of the early eighties. I had made my regular annual vow not to ride for Stallard another year, and had appended thereto my usual contract of reemployment. The hitch was that Stallard had no feeling for his men, and they returned the compliment; hence he always had the meanest outfit in the valley, and one of my clearly understood duties was to stand between him, the outfit, and trouble. He trusted me to the last degree, and worked me accordingly. I was the emergency man, the one depended on to bring the long-horned outlaws down from High Park, and was expected to furnish an example of contentment with a life painfully close to nature and salt hog. Being young, the trust flattered me; and as for the overwork—well, I knew a good thing when I saw it: money is money, and the old man was good pay.

The head man at the Lazy N was supposed to have some influence; I had learned that whisky had nine pulls to my one. Two men would have been enough to take the veal stuff to Pueblo, for a lot of the cows went along, but all four insisted upon going. I was now, for the third day, holding fifty bereaved dams, with only Mexican Pietro—Pete for short—for help, and he was next to useless when a quart bottle was expected on the scene.

On the day of this history he lay dozing round the shack with a bone in his foot, a crick in his back, a threatened attack of pneumonia, and I don't know what other troubles. He did not even bring me out a lunch at noon when I sent Custer in with a note in his collar, stating that the ants had got into my dinner-pail. He could not savvy writing that day,—he "no comprende" at all,—though rumor said that he had once written a love-letter to a white girl sufficiently in-

telligible to bring him a horsewhipping from her sire.

I shook out as many of the ants as possible, ate next to nothing, headed the bellowing cows back into the draw for the hundreth time, cursed the cattle business generally, and waited for night. Night never brought much solace at the Lazy N; but supper, even such as Pete got up, counts high with a fellow who was born hungry.

About four o'clock I got a fresh stab—a letter from Stallard, handed me by one of Murdock's men. The main trend of the missive was complimentary, but it showed even more than the writer's usual tendency to dictate my course and meddle with my private business. Had I been in better humor, I would have laughed at its contents; as matters stood, they were fuel for my inward flame.

As night approached, Pete heard the yells and scented the whisky from afar, so Custer and I corralled the frantic cows alone. When the work was done, I was reeking with sweat, and dog and pony were both so exhausted that I sent the former in, and went to a near-by gulch pasture for a substitute for the latter, knowing well the need of a fresh mount for the heavy work of the morrow. As I emerged from the pasture, riding the tough, wiry bronco I had secured, I was totally unprepared for the apparition that met me. I made out in the fast-gathering dusk a slight figure mounted upon a gray pony, on one side of which hung a long, dark skirt. I gave a violent start, and tried to recall whether I had shaved yesterday or the day before.

"Good evening," said a girlish voice that threatened to break. "Can you tell me whether this is the right road to Sargent?"

"Sargent?" I replied, feeling that the

word rose out of a well of whirling emotions. "Why, you are a long way from there. Where did you start from?"

"Bennet's ranch—that 's twelve miles from Sargent. I started at noon, and about two miles out I went through a cañon to cut off distance. The sun was hidden and the hills were full of trails; I must have got turned round."

"That 's what you did; you 're due west of Sargent, and I own up I don't know where to send you. Nobody lives round here but us and Murdock's, both cow-outfits, with not a woman at either place. I 'm sorry for you, sure."

"Why, that large house on the hillside that I 've been catching sight of now and then—I thought I could get to stay there over-night."

"The ranch-house? That 's been locked the last three years,—ever since Stallard moved to Denver; we fellows live in the shack near-by. I 'd have thought you 'd take the train at Tampa; that 's only three miles from Bennet's."

"Uncle Bennet wanted me to, but I liked the idea of riding all the way home; he said the pony would go straight back, and you know it looked like clearing up just at noon. I 'm terribly sorry I did n't take his advice; I 'm all tired out—never was in the saddle more than two hours at a time before. But it 's too late for regrets; I must have help, and that, too, from some one I can trust. Both Uncle Bennet and my father will be very grateful for any favors shown me."

It was a bad time to leave: I had hasty visions of the outfit shooting up the ranch-house windows and firing the shack in my absence; but here was a case of stern necessity. This woman must have a champion, and I found my blood leaping at the prospective adventure.

"Well," I replied, "all I can think of is to take you to the Junction—that 's ten miles by the trail. You can stay at the hotel till morning, then take the nine o'clock train for home. I 'll bring your pony back here, and start him for Bennet's with a note in the saddle, so your uncle won't be scared by him coming in from the wrong direction."

"But I 've no money with me; I never thought of needing money."

"I have a ten-dollar bill; I 'll lend you that."

"Well, I 'll have to accept your offer. I hate to impose on a stranger like this, but I 'm helpless, and I 'll see that you are paid for your trouble. Why, what do those terrible screams mean? There are no Indians round here, are there?"

"Oh, that 's just our outfit bringing home a jag: I mean they 're drunk."

"Will they come here?"

"Oh, I guess not. You need n't be afraid. I 'll start with you as soon as I eat my supper and gather up something for you. It 'll be the best I can get. I 'd go right now, but the ants got into my dinner, so I could n't eat it, and I 'm half-starved. I 'll take you to a safe little gulch, and you 'd better dismount and rest there; I 'll be back in less than half an hour." The crazy din had been swelling all through this speech of mine.

"Why, they must be coming here," she said; "the screams sound much louder."

"They may be coming to the spring," I mused; "I don't understand why, and they 're probably too drunk to know. Oh, I 've guessed it: they were to look up a new man in town to-day; they 've got him, and are going to initiate him; they 'll wind up by ducking him in the spring. But I 'll put you where you 're safe, then gallop over to the shack, gather up some kind of a lunch for us, and whirl back." The noise was becoming pandemonium, and was nearing rapidly.

"Oh, I 'm sorry about your supper," she said, with nervous haste, "but I have a little lunch here; not very much for two people, but we 'll divide. I 'm no coward, but, oh, I don't like to meet drunken men. Could n't you start right now?"

"I do hate to leave you alone," I said. "It 's getting pitch-dark. I 'd never suggested it in the first place if I had n't been so hungry. Come on. We 'll drink, and water the ponies, at the spring here; there 's no more water for miles."

I filled a battered can for her, hurried my own and the ponies' drafts, then seized her rein, and guided her out of the draw none too soon. We rode silently along till the din was well behind us, then I said:

"Now understand that I 'm going to do the best I can for you all round. I want to impress this on you, for you 'll have to trust me in everything. The out-

fit won't follow us, because they don't know of our expedition; but we've got a long, hard trip over wild trails—won't pass a house till we get to the Junction. There's no great danger, if we're careful, but there'll be times when we'll have to dismount and climb up and down steep places. There'll be no moon, and it looks some like a thunderstorm; you'll have to prove yourself a soldier."

"Oh, I will," she said bravely. "And in regard to what you said about me trusting you, I felt from the first that I could—just as soon as I heard your voice."

"Well, I'll try not to disappoint you. We'll have rough traveling through these hills, but in about an hour we'll get to the Long Valley; there's a draw there with fine grass in it where your pony can pick a supper while you rest, and while we eat that lunch you spoke about. We're coming into a rough, broken piñon belt right here."

That piñon belt was the master of ceremonies that made us acquainted. As the drunken orgy died away in the distance I began to feel the peculiarity of being out in the night in the solitary company of a presumably fair unknown; but the necessities of the trip did much to dissipate constraint. I rode slowly along, holding her horse back or dragging him forward, according to the demands of the trail, pulling, pushing, coaxing; and as the timber thickened I had often to disengage her hat and draperies from protruding boughs. Timidity gradually left us both, and by the time we were half through the jungle we were more like comrades than like strangers thrown together by chance. A stiff breeze blew away the day's heat, and the hills seemed pulsing with a romance I had never noticed before.

As the dark struggle proceeded,—it could not have gone on at all if I had not known every foot of the trail,—I encouraged her to talk; for her narratives of school and social life opened doors that had long ago closed upon me. I listened enraptured, forgetting all about the discordant yells ripping up the air round the shack.

When we emerged from the belt and reached the bench below, I lifted her from her saddle, cautioned her to remain where she was, led the ponies in a half-

circle to avoid the steepest descent, worried them down the precipice, then returned to assist her. She was plucky, and did no unnecessary leaning; one hand she reluctantly gave me till we got to the jump-off; then, of course, I had to go first and swing her down after me. As I steadied her upon her feet she said in a troubled voice:

"It's too bad women have to be so much bother."

"It's too bad a lady has to be lifted round by a man begrimed with dust and sweat," I replied. "And you need n't think I'm regretting this trip. Once in a long time we fellows go miles and miles somewhere to a dance; we don't see women anywhere else this side of town, and I don't know a dozen people there, all told. Every man in our outfit thinks he has a right to my days off; but I've got the start of everybody to-night."

"Thank you," she said cordially.

I brought the ponies and lifted her to her seat. Her draperies were soft to my touch, she was light and graceful, and I could make out, even in the darkness, that she sat her saddle well. There were more protruding boughs, steep descents, and hard climbs, through all of which she was brave and sometimes even merry.

We coaxed her pony into a gallop at the throat of the Long Valley, for I was half afraid the Lazy N revelers might become humane and generous by the promptings of whisky, and start out to hunt me up. But the grassy draw was distant enough to be safe. We dismounted there; I threw down my pony's reins so he would not wander, but I was kinder to hers, though I suspected he was more lazy and stubborn than he was tired—her weight was nothing. I stripped him, gave his legs a hearty rubbing, and picketed him with the riata from my saddle. I vigorously tramped a nearly shelving rock to discourage possible rattlers, and invited my charge to utilize it for a sofa. Then, in response to a happy thought, I searched every one of my pockets to its remotest depths—in vain.

"You've no matches, I suppose," I ventured. "I find I have n't one. If I had matches, I'd make a fire."

"Oh, no; I've no matches. But a fire would be nice, would n't it? The air has become real chilly."

It was not the warmth I wanted so much as the light. I was being eaten alive by curiosity concerning her face. Away to the east shone faint illuminations,—reflections of sheet lightning below the horizon,—but their glow failed to reach us. I prayed the storm to move our way, vowing to wrap the girl in my slicker if it brought the rain along.

"Will you get the lunch out of my saddle-pocket? I'm so stiff and tired I can hardly move," came the voice from the shelving rock.

I started forth buoyant with hope, thinking how merrily I would feed my face, even though the sight of beauty was denied my eyes. I made the search, then gasped out: "Is this the lunch?" For I had fished up a package about the size of a government gift of seed peas.

"It's the only package there."

I experienced a sinking spell, but rallied, bore the treasure to her, and gave it into her hand.

"Now," she said, "there are two chicken sandwiches, a peach turnover, and two cookies. I did n't eat at supper-time because I was so worried about being lost, and I'm so glad now I waited. I did n't think I'd need a lunch at all,—expected to get home too soon to get hungry,—but aunt would have me bring it. Now, you are to have both sandwiches, on account of missing your dinner; we'll divide the other things."

This was heroic of her. Knowing how hungry she was bound to be, I declared that two chicken sandwiches of ordinary size would completely upset my digestion, chicken and my system being at everlasting daggers' points. I was almost afraid of one, but would risk it, provided she would make away with its twin. She consented to this only after serious argument and several lies on my part. The sandwich proved to be a delicious morsel, made of a split breakfast biscuit and a thin slice of the breast—I almost tasted it as it went down. The half of the turnover was a dream,—a brief and fleeting one,—and I managed to get an atom of the cooky between my teeth so that its flavor reminded me.

"I'm afraid you have n't had quite enough," she said gravely.

"Well, I could have managed more; but, then, I've a natural tendency to over-

eat when the chuck is fine. Your aunt must be something of a cook."

"Oh, I cooked the things," she said proudly. "I always help aunt when I'm out there."

"Well, if it ever falls to your lot to cook for a cow-man, cook plenty. He'll come home wolfish; make great pans of those cookies."

This remark of mine caused me to hear something: she probably felt that I was on dangerous ground, and needed warning.

"I—I'm planning to cook for a dry-goods man," she said, with an evident effort.

"Dry-goods? Humph! Woman's business—unless he's the boss." I suspect there was an edge to my voice.

"Oh, he's our head clerk. I'm a clerk, too, but I don't like the work—not a bit. One sees so much of the narrow side of people, and then one has so little time to read. Up at Uncle Bennet's there's so much time, and it's so cool and quiet. I always spend my vacations there; lots of afternoons I take a book and go away up in the hills among the pines and stay for hours. I'm just through my vacation now."

I saw she was trying to dodge the subject she had conscientiously introduced.

"Hum! is this er-r—this experiment to be soon?" I asked.

"Oh, some time this fall."

"And I suppose your bright particular star don't know you're lost, or he'd be lighting up the hills so you could get out of them."

"Why, of course, he don't know I'm lost."

"Well, he ought to be highly grateful to a chap like me that gathers you up and takes you safely home to him."

"He will be. I'll tell him how nice you've been." Her voice betrayed enough nervousness to prove that I was acting the fool. What could I suspect other than that such a sweet-voiced creature would have an adorer? And what affair of mine was it whether the same chased cows, held up stages, or measured off calico as a means of livelihood? I examined my crankiness, and concluded it was due to a fear that one so young and inexperienced was not capable of making a wise choice. But neither was that my

worry. I resolved to be good. She, poor girl, fluttered and uneasy, again tried to change the subject.

"Do you read the magazines much?" she ventured.

"When I can corral the magazine and the time; but both are hard to get out here. Sometimes Stallard sends out a stock journal with a marked article on the care of saddle-horses. Why, is there anything special running?"

"Oh, — is publishing a series of splendid articles about Napoleon; one describes the battle of Austerlitz. Did you ever study that battle? It was simply grand."

"I've heard of it; but guess what I don't know about it would make a book. What was there so grand about it?"

I was not particularly interested in Austerlitz or any other colossal scrap just then, but I enjoyed her soft voice, and the dim outlines of her hands gesticulating there in the dark.

"Oh, Austerlitz was superb," she went on. "Napoleon carried things with such a sweep; he handled his own forces, specially his artillery, so magnificently; then he took advantage of every weakness of the enemy, turned all their misfortunes to his own account, cut off every hope, resource, and chance of escape, conquering them into submission by his splendid ruling of circumstances. They were at his mercy, and had to accept his terms of surrender."

"That was fine for him, but how did the vanquished feel about it?"

"Oh, of course, it was hard for them, but defeat can't be so bad when you yield to a man like that. I believe I'd rather enjoy it. If there is ever another Austerlitz, I'd like to be in it, even if I'm on the defeated side—that is, I should if I were a man."

"Well, women can send their hearts to battle," I ventured.

"Yes, but they don't meet Napoleons. There are no Napoleons any more."

"What, is n't even your head clerk one?" I should not have said that, but I did.

"Oh, he's different. He's a splendid clerk, and the girls are wild about him, but he's not like the Man of Destiny: nobody is these days."

I knew she had shied away from the

subject of her betrothed out of respect to my feelings, yet here she was going into rhapsodies over a kingdom-smasher to a man whose record included nothing greater than a few slain cinnamon bear and a coyote roped and subsequently kicked to death. I ingeniously headed her round to talking about herself again, kept her going till I knew all her personal history and her family's—till I knew, without her making any boasts or definite statements, that she was a sweet, bright light round which more than one man had played the moth. As this last fact slowly penetrated my consciousness, I shut my teeth hard and breathed like a treed bear.

When we made ready to move on, she confessed that the pain and stiffness were creeping deep into her muscles. I knew what she felt; I remembered my own first days in the saddle before I became a mechanism of steel wires. I assured her that another hour would bring us to the hotel, prepared the ponies, and we left the level valley for another struggle through gulches and hills. This accomplished, we would emerge upon the open plain.

The lightning reflections vexed and promised and wavered, then died away altogether; the clouds thinned enough to reveal a few faint, veiled stars, but the darkness still shrouded my companion's face. And I predicted it would be just my luck for the wicked Junction, whose reputation was known far and wide, to have that night a spasm of virtue, and snuff out its window-lights early.

More and more weary grew my charge. I took up the thread of conversation when she let it fall, telling her thrilling incidents of frontier life and the cow-camps. I was pleasant enough now, with Napoleon and the head clerk in the background, with her worn out and dependent, with myself the knight, the staff, the Moses leading out of the wilderness. At the last jump-off she groaned when I lifted her from the saddle; she lost her footing, and slipped down the bank into my arms, bringing a small avalanche of rocks upon my feet, and brushing my cheek with her face.

"There," I said, as I steadied her, "the gods came near being good to me that time."

"It was an accident," she protested weakly.

"I know it; I said 'the gods,' not 'the goddess.' Why, you can hardly stand!"

"If I ever get home, I'll have you to thank; I could n't go ten steps alone." She said this in tones of utter despair, and sank half-fainting against me.

I drew her head to my shoulder, and played the oak. When I stooped to preach courage and remind her how short a journey remained, the wind laid a silky tress against my lips, her breath mauled my face in fitful gusts, and her moans hit me like Winchester bullets. It was a hard stagger to remember I had only the right to offer soothing words, while the clerk, if he were there—and I was beginning to suspect he was a coyote, too. I lifted her tenderly, carried her to a grassy bank, and left her there while I worried the ponies down; then I placed her in her saddle and tied her reins to my own, cheering, rallying, and bantering till she became herself again.

It was about midnight when we entered the Junction. The town was a boom venture that had apparently generated in mid-air; for its forty houses looked, by day, as if they had fallen in a lump, rebounded upon alighting, and scattered themselves haphazard over a square mile of ground, with the gaunt, ramshackle hotel at the farthest limit. Glancing over the town, I saw that the spasm of virtue had actually clutched; all was dark: payday was three weeks old.

But the worthy are occasionally rewarded. In the very first house, the one we were about to pass, a window grew suddenly alight, and within I saw a wan woman stooping over a cot whereon lay a pallid child; a second later the little drugstore across the street sent forth an answering gleam.

"We must stop before that brightest window while I buckle my reins; they've been unbuckled all evening," I said. I did not add that they had also been unbuckled all through their previous career—that a knot alone had held them intact. There was no need whatever for her to know that. We paused in the square of generous light, and while I played with my reins I studied her so intently that my gaze drew hers in return. I swept off my hat, bowed profoundly,

and told her I was happy to make her acquaintance at last. What she saw did not seem to frighten her, for she looked into my face with tolerance and trust, as if I were a crude but satisfactory convenience for the loan of which she was duly grateful.

What I saw was a dark veil drawn high round a small hat; soft brown tresses in pretty disorder from the pignons' rough work; eyes with depths of character in them; a lovely, soulful face; a light, graceful form; and, crowning all, an air of daintiness and gentility. The beauties photographed themselves on my brain, and I rode out of the light with a parching dryness in my throat and a sickening chill in my blood.

"I've dragged all that out of the wilderness for another man, and I'm to have the wages of a fool," I muttered savagely to myself. I was silent, bitter, furious, for five of the worst minutes man ever knew. I recalled the sensitive face quivering with weariness and pain; and thinking how that small-souled cur might be able to torture her, I cursed him mentally with all the vehemence that despair, hunger, and new-born love could inspire. Then a temptation assailed me; I wondered at its audacity, and bade it begone; but every starved year of my life came forward as an individual whip to drive it upon me, and I gave way. I remembered a legion of things, took a deliberate stand, breathed deeply, and felt fear, irresolution, and weakness take flight. So suddenly it all worked that I gave vent to a low, sharp whistle.

"Why did you whistle that way?" she asked.

"Oh, I just remembered a little matter of business—something I've got to think over carefully for a while."

And I did think, marshaling my ideas, rejecting, reconsidering, till my mind was like a serried field. I made one definite plan, but left open several ways of applying it, so I should not be resourceless if my first attack failed. Our sort don't take pay for rescues; but knowing I had to make her commit herself, I broke silence to say:

"The fact is, I'm wondering just what I'm to get out of this deal."

"I've thought of that," she replied. "I'll send your money back by Uncle

Bennet; and I have a little gold ring here worth several dollars—one that I paid for myself. Will you take it? Here it is."

"All right. Just slip it off your finger into my hand, and don't let go till I get hold of it; I don't want to lose my night's wages. There, I have it. Now, it's my ring, is it?"

"Certainly. I gave it to you."

"Well, now you perceive I'm slipping it back. So just remember you're wearing my ring, and that you permitted me to put it on your finger." I did not release her hand; being all ready to talk business, I thought it as well to hold on.

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"I mean that the other fellow has got to let go."

"But I—I told you—we were definitely engaged."

"'Were' is the right word; you 'were' engaged to him. Now, circumstances have given you over to me, and he's got to let go. I'm going to line up where he's been ranging. I intend to hit town to-morrow, round him up, tell him several things about our night expedition, then advise him to drop peaceably out of the game and keep still."

"But it would n't be gentlemanly to tell him those things, and you've been a perfect gentleman till right now."

"Correct. But since I looked you over from head to foot, I'm just a man. If you had proved to be cheap, common stuff, I'd have cheerfully sent you home to the clerk, and built a stupendous scheme to keep busy-bodies from knowing anything about our harmless night adventure. But it has n't proved that way: I've saved the finest article I ever saw, and I'm not fool enough to let it slip through my fingers. You and I'll have to tie up—that's the whole situation."

"Well, of all the assurance! Has n't a woman anything to say about whom she marries?"

"Nothing but 'yes' and 'no,' and she so often says those to the wrong fellow, that I sometimes think it's a pity she has even that much right."

"Thank you, sir. But laying aside the matter of woman's judgment, there is a moral side to engagements. Having promised to marry that man, I belong

morally to him, and that settles the matter."

"Certain armies and properties at Austerlitz belonged to the other fellow till Napoleon roped them in," I said, pressing her hand, and remembering just in time it was not a quirt I was grasping. "Now, the proposition you've got to tackle is this: your soft voice and little, coaxing ways had been growing on me for hours, making me feel like I had a Waterbury watch done up inside of me where my heart ought to be; but I did n't quite lose myself till I saw your face. Then I got all my feet in the noose at once, and went down. Now, I don't cripple myself to save a woman for another man."

"But you promised willingly to do the best you could for me."

"I am going to do that all my life—going to start in by yanking you out of the clutches of that bandbox clerk. Now don't I deserve a fitting reward for all my goodness?"

"You ought to be like the knights of olden times that rescued women just for humanity's sake."

"I've read about the knights: I remember they always picked out the finest girl in the batch for number one—worked all kinds of schemes, even to carrying her off by force. But about my own case: I got a letter from our owner to-day asking me to get married, then take the ranch house for a term of years, and civilize things up. Not knowing any woman that suited me,—a man can always get plenty of stuff that don't suit,—the letter riled me. But I had so many other worries that I forgot all about it till I saw your face; then it all flashed over me in a minute, and I whistled right out. I've saved my wages; I have a better start than your Uncle Bennet had at my age, and you say you're not used to luxury and wealth. You'll have leisure and seclusion at the ranch house, nobody on your hands but me,—for there'll be a man to cook for the men same as there is now. So there you are."

"You certainly can't believe I'll take up with a man I've known only a few hours."

"But look how well you know me. Have n't I proved myself? And I'll get you plenty of references before the final



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"WE PAUSED IN THE SQUARE OF GENEROUS LIGHT"

tie-up, so you can go into it without fear. I 'll take all the trouble on my own shoulders; as soon as I 've stowed you and your pony safely away, I 'll hump for home, change horses, then hike across country, and beat your train to town if I have to kill the best brute in my string. From what you 've told me I can round up Counter-Hop within ten minutes after I sight the post-office. I 'm going to argue the whole case out with him to such a finish that by the time you see him there 'll be nothing left for you to say. I 'll bluff him right out of the game."

"But I don't want you to argue the case with him. It might make trouble—lots of trouble. Then it would be taking a mean advantage of me—you know it would." Her voice shook, and the soft little fingers I held trembled forth anger and defiance.

"I 've got to play my hand as it 's dealt out to me," I said stubbornly. "It 'll take grit, but you 're worth the trouble, and I 'm not in the game to lose. I won't tell him any lies—won't need to. I can scare up enough truth to swing things my way; the argument is all on my side; I hold all four aces—and the queen."

"What you 're doing is no better than a hold-up."

"Well, in courtship deception is the regular program, and hold-up methods are not so much worse. But you can't accuse me of road-agenting, because I 've no artillery with me to 'handle magnificently.' I 'll have to depend altogether on the 'splendid ruling of circumstances.' But I did n't think you 'd take it so hard—thought you 'd be willing to consider my side of the case a little. Now listen here: I 've swung you, lifted you, held you in my arms; I 've carried you, I 've drunk your breath, and gone wolf-wild over your face. You 'll forget; if I lose my grit and let you off, you 'll brand me an easy mark before to-morrow night, and inside of six months you 'll forget that I exist. But out here in these God-forsaken hills it 'll all stay with me. I 'll be alone so much, and I 'll think, think, think, till I 'm plumb locoed, or driven to going on spreeds. Now I 'm not such a yearling as to let a little girl whip me out just by calling me a hold-up."

"But you can't be hurt—so soon."

"If I 'd been used to your extra fine sort I 'd have got off easier; but the devilment 's done, and I don't intend to try any remedy but the preacher cure."

"You 're worse than a Kalmuck-Tartar. They do give a woman—a chance—to run."

"Don't cry," I pleaded. "I meant to say all this a lot smoother; I know I 've made a mess of it; I don't know how to talk flowery stuff; don't know how to run this kind of business at all: but I 've always heard that anything that can be made to work, goes. You look me over: I 'm as decently made as the average, and I don't carouse; I 'm white, and I 'll always be white to you. Don't cry!"

"I 'm not crying. But I 'm so miserably stiff and tired, and you piling all this annoyance on me drives me half wild. If you don't let go my hand, I 'll scream."

"You gave me your hand in giving me the ring; but, there, take it back for the present; it won't make any difference in the final result. I don't want you to scream, because if you do, these good people will rush out of their houses and hang me to one of these cottonwoods before I get you to the hotel and hand over the *dinero* for your journey. The coroner will get what money I have, and you 'll be invited to tell him a lot of interesting history. It will all wind up by your picture getting into the Denver papers right alongside mine."

Knowing that she must yield, I had grown confident, and feeling that the yielding was actually going on, I had become almost merry. I was sure her romantic little heart was on my side and that the stormy protests I heard were merely the battle-cries of conventionalism.

"Oh, I 'll do something desperate!" she said in a low, choking voice.

"Why, little girl, if you 'd kill yourself, I 'd have to go along. You 'd be sure to be sent into the high country, and you 'd never get up the steep grades without me there to help. And now cheer up. When a woman sighs for a Napoleon, and takes up with a ribbon-snipper, it 's high time for some good third party to head her off."

"Well, I warn you solemnly that if you go on with this and compel me to

marry you, I 'll not try to make you happy. I 'll be just as disagreeable as I can."

"You can start in that way, but you 'll have two great advantages over most married women that will eventually make you blest: you can't blame yourself if the affair turns out badly, and I can never throw up to you that you ran me down. As for the time of our tie-up, I want us to get acquainted first; I want to walk with you, and dance with you to slow music; then I want to go back to my work, and think about you, and remember that you 're mine—"

"You want to play with me like a cat plays with a mouse."

"That 's what; but I 'll always keep my paws cushioned—unless you try to run too far."

When you have fairly hooked a trout, it is wise to let him wear himself out threshing before you undertake to haul him in. I rode along in silence, listening to the heavy sighs and labored breathing beside me till we drew near the ramshackle hotel; then I suggested that our contract had as well be completed.

"I 'm no partner to your contract," she said angrily. "You 've pirated your enterprise this far, and you can go on pirating—or let matters stand just as they are."

"Oh, come now," I pleaded, "do the square thing. This is the grandest betrothal man and woman ever had—the man desperately in earnest because he knows he 's after the finest creature on earth, and the woman gradually giving way because he 's the best man of the two. Now don't spoil it by robbing it hollow. How long since you told me you 'd enjoy being beaten out all round by such a chap as Napoleon? Well, this is that other Austerlitz, and all that remains is to sign the terms of your surrender. You can't deny the battle 's gone my way."

"You are taking a cruel advantage both of my foolishness and my misfortunes."

"Like the Man of Destiny. But you 're not having all the trouble. You dragged me away from my supper and tantalized me with a sandwich the size of a slicker button, half a mouthful of peach pie, and a dear little microscopic cooky that completely locoed me. Now you 're beating

me out of my kiss, and I 'd get two suppers out of that."

"Oh, go ahead then," she sighed wearily; "but just once—only once."

"Only once," I echoed as I closed my free arm round her. A little involuntary moan met my embrace.

"Now this lamentation is n't fair," I protested. "Back yonder at the jump-off, when I was your humble guide—"

"Oh, get it over with!" she gasped.

"Then quit your mourning and fluttering, and try to realize what it means."

I recalled the story of a lady giving a 'way-up lunch, who, when she came to buy flowers for her table, found she had only a dollar left. She paid that for one magnificent rose, which she so effectively arranged as to make it outdo a dozen ordinary bouquets. I applied the principle to my betrothal kiss, releasing my captive only when her faint struggles awakened in me a sense of shame. Thrilling and half-reeling, I laid her head on my shoulder and smoothed back her tangled hair.

"My wife!" I said rapturously in her ear, then added: "Now say your part."

For the first time since the beginning of the hunt she showed a touch of humor.

"My own special and individual tyrant," she said, with a quivering laugh. Then the laugh turned to a sob, and as we rode along her form shook with a cyclone of them, though she made no effort to lift her head from my shoulder and no protest against my close embrace. Her heavy sobs would have brought me remorse, but I detected the note of submission in them, and knew they boded good for both her and me. Her lazy brute of a pony was getting to lean on my bronco and crush my leg to his heart's content, and was consequently in horse-heaven.

"Such an engagement as this is simply horrible," came her laboring voice.

"Horrible nice," I retorted. "And what you said about me being a tyrant was all right, little girl. All men are tyrants to women; they 're just naturally built that way, no matter how smooth they pretend. I want you to know this at the start, so you can begin early to work up schemes for heading me off."

And right here, believing the "only once" was merely for dedicatory use, I

deliberately signed this as a special proviso of the surrender. She took no notice—just kept on with her little program of heaves and sobs. I was lord, but the long-drawn grief solo told me there was a limit.

Well, she was mine now, and what I brought in generally came quietly. I threw my rein over my elbow, and wound both arms round her, begging her to quit her crying, to be game, to weigh up the fight I was making for her, scolding, petting, patting, shaking, stopping her mouth, reasoning, promising, worshipping, till her sobs gradually died, and she rested unresisting against my heart. My nerves milled like a thousand Texans. I could not half believe in my success. Wild as a man never is but once, I crushed her hands and wrists, I smothered her, I robbed and pillaged her lips, I swore I was ready to be a slave to her, and was only brought to my senses by her whispered doubts as to whether slavery was quite my style. I was a herd of lords rolled into one.

"Now," I said, as the black bulk of the Cavendish House loomed before us, "I'll do the talking at the hotel. The proprietors are said to be pretty decent; they won't torment you after I get through with them, and I don't believe they'll make you register. If they do, you're Miss Bright, of 'most anywhere, and you see to it you're too bright for them. When you get home, tell your parents everything but the extras, but don't tell any one else you did n't come all the way from Tampa on the train. I'll hit the high spots across country to your uncle's, get there before day, hand your pony over to him, tell him the main features of the campaign, and that mum's the word. He thinks I'm all right, and he'll keep still. And when I make my appearance next Sunday afternoon,—I won't come in my chaps and blue shirt, either,—you can tell your friends I'm a man you met while out on your vacation—a very wholesome and convenient truth. I'll tell them at the Lazy N that I got after a stray, lost myself, and had to stay out all night. By half killing my horse, I can get there by sun-up. Then I'll rustle some coffee and shoot for Sargent—you know why."

I gave the money into her hand, signed a few more provisos, exceptions, and

guarantees to the treaty, then drew down her veil, and advised her to keep it so all the time she was out of her private room. She was not acquainted in the Junction, but I was guarding against future recognition. The morning train, being a continental flyer, was not apt to contain any one she knew. If we saw fit in after years to disclose our night adventure, that was our privilege; but it was certainly wisdom to wait.

Cavendish soon made his appearance in response to my vigorous summons on the door. I explained that I was accompanied by a lady who desired the attendance of his wife. He led us into a dismal parlor, left a spluttering candle on the table, and went to call Mrs. Cavendish. I placed my weary prize upon the couch, drew away her veil, doffed my hat, and proceeded to study her at leisure.

"I've thought of a way I can break with Bert and not tell him a word about all this. You need n't see him at all; you go right home and rest," she said in a low tone.

"Good for you!" I replied heartily.

"Oh, I must tell you," she went on feebly, "I feel as if you had blotted out my whole past life; as if you had stamped it all completely out of existence, and there was no one left on earth but you and me."

"There is no one else so far as we two are concerned," I replied. I bent and kissed her, watching the expression of her face as I did so. Neither anger nor repulsion was there, only dazed wonderment and submission.

"Little girl," I said, repeating the experiment, "I'm the drunkest man that ever rode for the Lazy N. One such hour as this last pays for long years of cheerless labor and struggle."

"But are n't you a little bit sorry for me?" she asked.

"No," I said, still narrowly watching her eyes; "I can't be. I know I'm a miserable, thieving coyote, but I'm too happy over what I've stolen to feel sorry for it. You sha'n't be sorry, either. They're coming. Here's the last chance. Now down with your veil, and on with my hat."

"Mrs. Cavendish," I said, as the hostess entered the room, "this lady here has had trouble: she's lost some one that was dear to her,—only learned of the loss

to-night,—and she's naturally been crying and taking things hard. She's got to go east on the morning train; will go as far as Sargent on this road; she don't want to be called till nearly train-time. If you'll take a cup of coffee and a bite of breakfast to her room, and see that she is n't annoyed in any way, it will be a great favor. Her nerves have had a terrible shock, and she ought to be coddled as much as possible. Let her have the best room you've got."

"Very well," said Mrs. Cavendish; "she can go up-stairs right now."

"I don't believe I can get up-stairs," reached me in a wearied murmur.

"I'll take you up. Mrs. Cavendish, if you'll go first with the candle, we'll follow."

Carrying my light burden up the steep stairway, I detected within it the faint ebb of the recent surge of emotion, and realizing its pitiful weakness, a sudden revulsion of feeling came. The soft draperies, prisoned against my coarse flannel and leather, made my night's work look like that of a fiend.

"You poor little girl!" I whispered. "It is n't too late yet. If you feel so badly, I'll send you back to him, and

work my scheme for keeping things dark just the same. I've been a brute,—a regular long-horned Texan,—but, honestly, I could n't help it; I went mad when I saw your face." My arms instinctively tightened, and I waited, ready to whimper like a fool boy, for her verdict.

"You have made it impossible for me to marry him," she said in a low, eloquent tone.

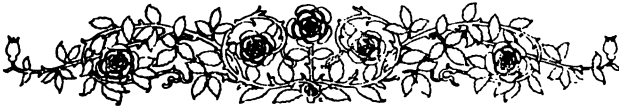
"Then you'll try to be happy with me?"

"I told you you had trampled out my past. I'll do the best I can. Maybe it's fate."

Rebellion had gone out of her voice, and into it had come restfulness, trust, and something more—something akin to a caress. I took advantage of the landlady's back to press a last kiss through the veil, and again I whispered the unequaled words:

"My wife!"

Mrs. Cavendish paused at a painted door; I noted that the others were unpainted. I placed my charge on her feet, gave her a quiet good-night, and stalked down-stairs like a king, knowing beyond a doubt that my brand was on to stay.



PASCAL

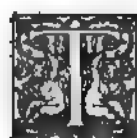
BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

THOU lovedst life, but not to brand it thine,
 (O rich in all forborne felicities!)
 Or use it with marauding power, to seize
 And stain the sweet earth's blue horizon-line.
 Virgin the grape might in the trellis twine
 Where long ago thou layest an hour at ease;
 And foot of thine across the unpressed leas
 Went light as some Idæan foot divine.
 Spirit so abstinent, in thy deeps lay
 What passion of possession? Day by day
 Was there no thirst upon thee, sharp and pure,
 In forward sealike surgings unforgot?
 Yes; and in life and death those joys endure
 More blessedly that men can name them not.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies," "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," etc



HE Senhora Santilla was very angry, and when the senhora was angry,—thank Heaven, it was not often!—she did not care who knew it. Even as far as the shop of Tomaso Bordilo, in the Rua dos Mercadores, the shrill torrent of her wrath rolled out, in the still morning, over the high flower-topped walls of patios and the dusty gray of the olive-trees, like a call to arms. Tomaso, pessimist and free-thinker, as befitted one who thought much, shrugged his shoulders as he bent over his last and told himself that they were all alike—these women. Cross them ever so little, and there you were, face to face with their claws, the pretty cats! *Basta!* he loved peace himself, but that high-pitched voice was like a drum on a battle-field. He wondered if the senhora's eyes and wine and the soft twilights had not sometimes carried him too far, and was a little troubled. After all, he need be in no haste to marry. And yet—

He put down his work, and rising, went to the door, but caught nothing understandingly. He fancied he heard the word "Americanos," and wondered if those senhors from overseas had anything to do with that high-voiced anger. He hoped so; he was not like the rest of his little world; he did not care for the Americanos, and least of all did he care for the very evident pleasure that the senhora took in them. But if now at last she had turned against them, then her wrath was a blessed thing. He went back to his bench with a firm resolve to learn the truth.

Others had heard the senhora, and had hurried up,—if you can call it hurry, the leisurely thing that goes by that name

in Santa Cruz, in Flores,—or had craned their necks from doors and patios; but just as they were settling themselves to a real enjoyment of the senhora's outburst, she had slammed the green gate of her patio, and the drowsy quarter became itself again. Meanwhile, all that the Senhora Rodriguez had said to rouse the Senhora Santilla was to ask pleasantly enough if the high-born Americanos paid their board in advance.

Still hot with her wrath, the senhora flung herself down upon a bench in the inn-room, now deserted save for Dolorosa, the maid, who hovered about her mistress, a joint sharer of her anger.

"Beast!" hissed the senhora—"beast of a woman! She knows the *pobrinhos* came hither from the great shipwreck. Do swimming men bear gold? Ah, foolish! And would she have me, who also have lived in their great country, in Gloucester, and seen their country's flag flying at half-mast for my drowned husband, turn them from my door, wanting a few *reis*? *Mac de Deus*, no! They will pay me with their advance money when they find a ship. But I—I shall say: 'No, senhors; my house is yours. Am I not also of your country in a fashion? I am not as some; I name no names—me.'"

"*Basta!* but no, senhora!" agreed Dolorosa. "And why call names? Does not all the world know the Senhora Rodriguez? But she is of a meanness, that woman!"

"And pay!" cried the senhora. "Have they not paid twice over in that they fill this room each night with the so eager citizens who desire nothing so much as to hear the story of that shipwreck again and again, and also the tales and the beautiful songs? And I likewise, when

the Senhor Kerrigan sings with the voice all tremulous, and the eyes uplifted to the stars, *basta!* I run from the room to weep—me!”

“It is beautiful to weep for the song, but Senhora Rodriguez weeps for the so great silence,” said Dolorosa, giggling. “Is her house not empty, while yours is thronged? She is green with the envy, the cat!”

“It is true,” acquiesced the senhora. “The good God knows, who has given us eyes.” She rose lightly to her feet, a slender little woman of less than thirty. Her dark hair and eyes and piquant, olive-tinted face made a pleasing picture. “It is three weeks to-day since they came in at that door, bringing the prosperity,” she went on,—and her hand, in the intensity of her emotion, pointed dramatically at the very door, that there might be no mistaking it,—“and to-night we will make the *festa* in honor—chicken, goat curds, and tortillas, and the best wine, Dolorosa. Remember, the best. She shall see how little we regard her words—the Senhora Rodriguez. *Mac de Deus!* she will rage, that woman!”

“Two,” said the senhora with great firmness.

“Three,” insisted Kerrigan.

“Two,” repeated the senhora, and smilingly stamped her foot. She stood at the head of the table in her private dining-room, a bottle of wine in one hand,—the best wine,—a glass in the other. “’T ees *two* weeks since yo’ come at my house. Shall I not rec’lect the day my own godmuzzer wass daid?” she demanded. “’T wass that day yo’ come all tired from the sheepwrack. Did the senhor heemself not see me weeth the eye all red? Aha! I as’ heem that!” She fixed Kerrigan with her triumphant gaze. Kerrigan shook his head.

“’T is three weeks that we ’ve been ’atun’ ye out av house an’ home,” he said, “wid niver a short-handed vessel comun’ to the poort in all the time. Mither av saints! ’t is fair scandalous!”

The senhora dropped into a chair and looked up at Dolorosa.

“Yo’ behol’, Dolorosa? What I been tell yo’?” she said piteously. “’Bec-ause I ain’ got no mans to go at the

country to buy me some chicken an’ sheeps to eat, but must go myself, an’ likewise to other place, an’ spend so lengthy time weethout my house, my dinner must git all spoil’, yas.” She snatched the chicken platter toward her, eyeing it scornfully. “Yas, ’t ees so; ’t ees jus’ how I tol’ yo’: the senhors go’n’ git starve’ weeth so po’ dinner. They go’n’ want some nice cook, yas. They go’n’ want try the dinner of Senhora Rodriguez!” She burst into tears.

Frithjof’s huge hand crashed down upon the table, making the dishes dance.

“Ay tank the queen of Sweden nefer taste sooch nize dinners,” he roared, and glared at his companions.

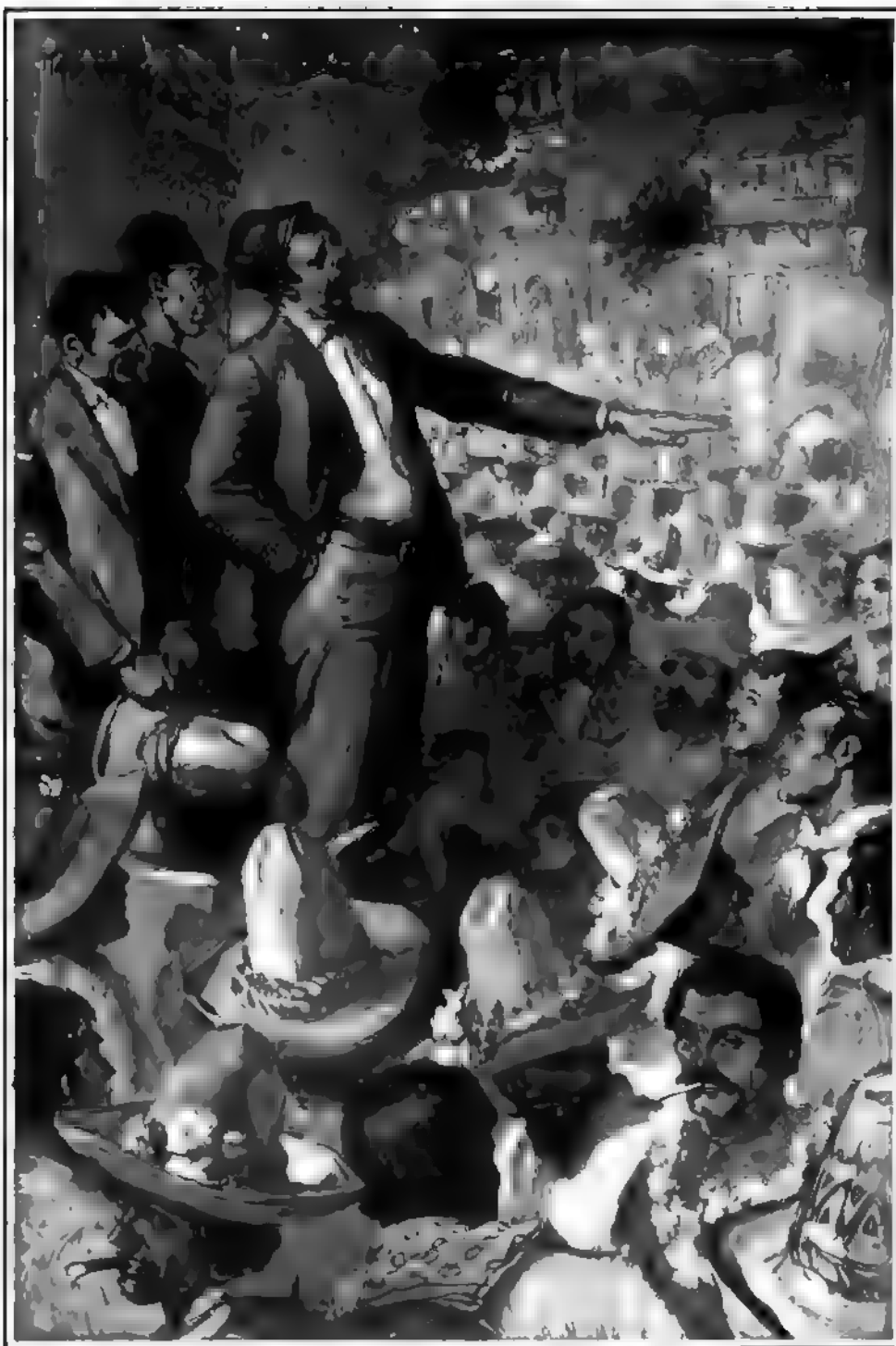
“Tha’ ’s so,” cried Nicolao; “tha’ ’s how I think.” He reached out his arm, and the two shook hands almost tearfully. Kerrigan had risen to his feet, glass in hand.

“Laads,” he said gravely, “fill yer glasses an’ get up. If ayther av ye like not me worrds, thin till me I ’m a liar, which the same I ’ll accipt wid humili-ty, which is not me wakeniss, as ye know well. An’ ’t is this: Did ayther av ye fri’ndliss scuts iver ixpict to find a home riddy-made for ye? Ye found ut here; an’ if ut was not for the dacency av ye, which niver broke yer backs to carry, w’u’d ye iver l’ave ut? Ye w’u’d not. Ye ’d set in the shade av the pathio by day, an’ niver shtir fut from undher the roof by night, an’ spake soft together, thinkun’ ye ’d stole into paradise by the back dure, wid two blissud angels a-hov-erun’ round ye, ministherun’ to yer waants before ye knew ye had anny. An’ thot ’s me thaory av hiven, which the same is the finest rasort known to morthal mon.” He turned to his listening hostess. “Sanhora Santhilla, we dhrink yer hilt, ma’am; an’ as long as there ’s a dhrop in the cans in our hands, whereiver we find oursilves in the wide worrld, we ’ll dhrink ut to the ind av our days. Dhrink, ye homeliss divils, dhrink!”

So peace came back to the Inn of the Three Ships.

The senhora’s face was radiant.

“Ah!” she sighed happily, “I sink tha’ ’s ver’ nice—me.” She flashed about toward Dolorosa, who stood smiling at her side. “What yo’ sink,” she demanded —“yo’ sink the Senhora Rodriguez go’n’



Drawn by Martin Justice Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"I'M A BETTER MON NOR ANNY AV YE, NOR ALL AV YE TOGITHER!"

find that ver' nice likewise? Ah-h!" They laughed on each other's shoulders. "All the same," continued the senhora, gravely, turning, "'t ees hard to be not like uzzer womans—to be allow' for to *re-main* to my house an' make eet mo' nicer for pipples. 'T ees not the habit to my country for womans to make some journeys."

"No," acquiesced Nicolao; "'a hen an' a woman ees best with a broke' leg'—tha' 's how we say. But, what the devil! We what been to uzzer countries, senhora, we been 'manc'pate."

The senhora looked at him doubtfully.

"What ees that 'manc'pate?" she asked.

"'T ees ver' fine thing," declared Nicolao; "'t ees to say: *Mae de Deus!* to *re-main* to home tha' 's antique habit, ol' woman story. 'T ees play' out, gone to smash."

"M-m-m!" murmured the senhora, and looked far from convinced.

Nicolao, watching her with a smiling face, suddenly leaned forward.

"Yo' think not so?" he asked softly. "No? 'T ees easy to maka all right; git marret with some nice feller. Then 't will be permit to *re-main* at yo' home."

The senhora laughed joyously, and then her face dropped demurely.

"But no, senhor," she answered, and shook her head; "I am so ol' like a gran'-muzzer—me, I sink I go'n' git daid ver' queek."

"Ol'!" cried Nicolao, scornfully. Then he laughed. "Yas, ol' like a flower what jus' begin bloom. Tha' 's how—"

But she was not to be argued down; she could shift her ground.

"But, *basta!* tha' 's one lott'ry—to git marret," she hastened to say. "When yo' git ver' seek, an' they put some candles by yo' head an' feet, an' the *padre* come hurry queek weeth the holy water, *Mae de Deus!* Tha' 's all right, yas; yo' go'n' unnerstand what *that* mean; but to git marret! I sink tha' 's go'n' make yo' git ver' scart weeth some chances—like lott'ry."

"Mither av saints!" thought Kerrigan. "Will I have the laad love-lorn on me hands again prisently? I'll not."

He went out presently, and in the deserted street came upon Tomaso Bor-

dilo, the shoemaker, quietly deferential and full of gossip.

Half an hour later Kerrigan appeared at the door and beckoned to Frithjof.

"Laad," he said, when they were quite alone, "I 'm thinkun' we 'll be l'avun' the sanhora at wance."

Frithjof's face fell.

"'T is fery goot place," he said gravely.

"'T is so," agreed Kerrigan; "but not for pinniliss divils. I 've been convarsun' wid Bordilo, an' l'arnun' unpleasant things. Here 's the sanhora vexed in her sowl betwane her kindniss av heart an' the throuble to mak' both inds meet whilst we 're 'atun' her out av house an' home. She 's in sore throuble, laad, by *raison* av us. Thot 's bad, but there 's worse. Do you mind Nicolay? He 's a fine laad, an' I like him well, but all hiven c'u'd not hould him in double harness, nor all hell keep him from thryun' ut, whin wance he sees a pretty face. You mind his talk to-night about marriage wid the sanhora? There 'll be more av ut before there 's liss, an' I 've no mind to dance at the weddun'. We 'll go to-night."

"Ay tank the senhora will not lak oos to go to anny oter place—to the Senhora Rodriguez, heh?" said Frithjof.

"Observe me wisdom," explained Kerrigan. "We 'll go unwillun', at the in-shtigation av an outraged polace, by *raison* av beun' dhrunk an' disorderly on the public streets. Do you mind the city prison? 'T is the finust quarthers in the city, an' 't is mostly as imphy as the heart av a widdy woman. We 'll get thirrtty days' rist-cure in thot ilegant sanathorium, an' by the ind av thot time the spring shipmints will be lookun' up an' ships comun' to poort. The sanhora w'u'd niver luk twice at a dhrunken mon, an' 't will save her the black sorrow."

"But ve a'n't droonk," objected Frithjof.

"We are not," answered Kerrigan. "but I 'm thinkun' we c'u'd ripresent a suparior imitation av the shtate. Anny-way, we c'u'd be disorderly. Nicolay w'u'd like thot. We 'll not till him our plan, av coorse. I'll call him."

He went back to the door, and catching Nicolao's eye, nodded.

"Laad," he said, when Nicolao came to him, "observe me wisdom. We 've been playun' the monkey for thim little Dagoes long anough for wan time: I 've no mind to wear out me welcome before me shtay is up. We 'll perambulate the streets a bit, an' give thim the chance to miss us. I mind me now thot I saw the sanhora yawnun' behint her hand whilst ye tould the tale av the shipwreck the last time."

"Where yo' go'n' at?" asked Nicolao, a little crestfallen.

"Where glory waits," answered Kerrigan; and arm in arm the three went up the street.

It was still early, and the night hot, and Santa Cruz was enjoying itself light-heartedly, for it was the Feast of the Matanças—the pig-killing. The narrow streets were bright with soft-hued lamps and lanterns, and from balconies and upper windows great flags slanted at a rising angle, making a fluttering, bright-colored arch above the heads of the slowly moving throng, gay with *lençoes*, or head-shawls. There were flowers everywhere; the streets were ankle-deep with them, through which the crowd moved with a soft, slurring shuffle of bare feet. Everywhere sounded the ripple of laughter and shouted repartee and the cloying sweetness of the many bands.

Upon this sedate and orderly scene the three sailormen came with disquieting effect. Abreast, in the middle of the road, they advanced, with the gentle Azoreans fluttering aside like dry leaves before a sudden gust of wind. Now and then a taunting cry was hurled after them, which Nicolao answered in kind; but no one opposed them, and they were beginning to cast about for more effective means of creating a disturbance, when *o Senhor Porco* himself, the idolon of this festival of the pig-killing, was borne past, huge and black, with all suggestion of the materiality of pork for the time being lost in the garlands of flowers, paper rosettes, and ribbons with which his dead body was decked. The chance passing of a policeman at the moment had for Kerrigan almost the force of providential mediation. Stepping aside quickly, he seized the hat of the officer, and brushing past the bearers of the sym-

bol, placed the hat on its garlanded head.

A gasp of astonished horror ran through the throng, and then it shrieked with laughter; for Azoreans do not take kindly to their soft-voiced guardians of the city, deeming them a reflection upon the honor of a people who desire nothing more than peace. But, *basta!* they suffer the penalty—the police, for must they not wear shoes?

"Oh, *Senhor Inglez*," a voice cried—"Senhor Inglez, take his shoes also for *o Senhor Porco*, that nothing may be wanting." And the crowd laughed again.

"But, *basta!* do not forget the cigarette!" called another. "Give the *Senhor Porco* that also. Otherwise will he be *ennuyé*."

"*Cré!* we will take *o Senhor Porco* to the prison, to be captain of police," shrieked Nicolao; and the childlike crowd, captivated by the suggestion, took up the cry, and from an orderly procession dissolved into a laughing, bantering rout thither.

"But, senhor,"—the meek little policeman, elbowed aside at every frantic attempt to recover his hat, plucked at Kerrigan's sleeve,—"*but*, senhor," he repeated in his own tongue, "*my hat*, if you please. It is amusing,—yes, I do not deny it,—but I beg you to keep the peace, senhor. This pleasantry, *cré!* it is nothing if the hat is returned. The *Inglez* are of a gaiety, yes."

"No sabe," said Kerrigan, shaking his head.

"But the hat, senhor—the hat!" cried the little man. Nicolao took his arm.

"He is crazy—*tolo* in the head, the big Americano," whispered Nicolao. "It will pass with a little waiting. *Paciencia*, senhor."

"Yes, yes, I know," answered the officer; "they are all crazy, the Americanos. But it is disorder to take the hat so. I call you to assist in the arrest, or to be considered an accomplice. You were with him."

"As you also are, senhor," retorted Nicolao. "Aha! we are all accomplices." He leaned forward and told Kerrigan.

"Mither av saints!" cried Kerrigan, "have we got to arrist ourselves?"

"T ees so," replied Nicolao. "We

go to the prison to offer to make some new police, heh? '*Mae de Deus!*' we say, 'ain't yo' got nobuddy what shall arrest some disor-r-rderly pippel? 'Tees disgrace. We taka the job.'"

"An' we 'll tak' this little toy polacement wid us as a spicimin av our worrk," added Kerrigan. "Tak' his ither arm, Nicolao, an' we 'll waltz him into head-quarters for daraliction av duty."

As the crowd debouched from the narrow street into a square, and Kerrigan turned aside from the procession, hurrying down toward the city prison, followed by a wondering throng, Nicolao's face grew grave. He had no mind to carry out his lightly spoken suggestion—a suggestion he now feared that Kerrigan would follow to the end. At the edge of the square they came upon a line of two-wheeled Azorean carts in which countrymen had come down to the festival. A saving thought came to him, and he halted.

"Heh, Missa Kerrigan," he exclaimed, "yo' maka spich to the pippel. Gita een a cart an' maka spich. I shall explain yo' words."

"Sure," agreed Kerrigan, and the two pitched their struggling captive into a cart, and clambered in themselves, followed by Frithjof, who was ever ready blindly but confidently to follow where they led. Rising to his feet, with Nicolao at his side, Kerrigan lifted his hand for silence.

"Fri'nds, Romans, an' daginerate sons av locust-aters, as the po'thry books say," he began in his insolent drawl, "I've heard av ye frequent, though niver till now had I seen ye, which the same I'm riddy to confiss is no ggreat loss. Ye're a harrd lot, an' aquil to annything thot 's iver been tould ye by yer wives in thim blissud momints whin the power av spache was given thim to anumerate yer shortcomun's. 'There 's no worrk in ye, an' no sinse, an' no courage, an' in assault an' batthery, which is the heridithary religion av me ancisthral race.—Hiven rist ut!—ye're slower than the wrath av God an' aven harder to understand. For the ordinary daversions av rale min ye've no more appreciation than a blind cow for scanery, but for the tomfoolery av childer, like this standun' a dead pig on ind an' adornun' ut like

a naygur bride, ye're as enthusiastuc as the hind legs av a mule. Ye're the opprobrious rimnant av the bastes thot perish, an' there 's no hilt*in ye, an' thot 's prophecy an' me diagnosus av ye all in wan, the which I shtand riddy to prove wid me two fists." He turned to Nicolao. "Now break thot to thim gently," he said.

For an instant Nicolao looked puzzled, in his doubt of himself as the adequate interpreter of a racial mood of thought and expression wholly alien to his countrymen; then suddenly his face brightened. He had no fear,—in his own way he was as reckless of consequences as Kerrigan himself,—but a thought had come to him that struck his sense of humor as delicious. All that he asked was to see on his friend's face the effect of his own somewhat free translation.

"Senhors," he began, "my countryman here, who knows not your beautiful language, asks me to interpret the words that spring from his heart. I likewise speak it with imperfectness, but sufficiently to the understanding.

"'Senhors and descendants most illustrious of some heroes who have discovered my native country, I extend against you the right hand very heated. And why, my friends? Because, as it is the habit of my country to say, you are the fabric, the material; you take the cake off the bush. You understand the significance—the compliment? It is to say you are all together great nation. We likewise are great nation; but you are its grandfathers. Therefore are we *simpatico* in all our feelings; likewise in all our hearts.

"'Senhors, I shall proclaim the truth to my topmost cry: We came sorrowful to your shore, being properly distressful. From the shipwreck we came, after many days drifting on some raft. "Aha!" we cried, "the life is saved, but by some foreign country." That is to us a forlornness very great, senhors, because without money and famished to the full extent. But, senhors, we did not comprehend with completeness the hearts reposed in all your bosoms. We have been made to forget the famish, we have been satisfied as to the thirst, which is very great from shipwrecks,

by reason of the salt waters; we have been shook to the hand, and declared brothers to your illustrious nation, which is to elevate the prides to us. For where is the land so beautiful, the men so kind-hearted and likewise with the so extensive bravery, the ladies with the fairness to approach yours? Senhors, it is the answer—nowhere. Therefore shall we bring the illustrious policeman to be official witness to our declare. Senhor, you^{are} witness. We salute you with the hat off." He bowed low, and stepping back, cast a furtive look up at Kerrigan's face.

It had flushed with grim pleasure as a roar went up from the packed square, then slowly a look of astonished wonder passed over it; for the roar was the roar of appreciation, not anger. Dumfounded, Kerrigan turned to Nicolao.

"What is ut?" he demanded; but Nicolao's face was as blank as his own.

"Mebbe they what yo' call poka fun at yo'," that seemingly bewildered young gentleman replied, "or mebbe yo' spika not ver' plain. Yas, tha' 's so, I guess. Some pippie ver' thick-head'. Best to spik some mo' mo' plainer, so they unstand weeth precisement."

"Is ut plain spache they waant?" growled Kerrigan. "Glory be! they will have ut." He raised his fist above his head, and instantly the cheering ceased, with the smiling throng gazing expectantly up into his face.

"Ye knock-kneed, wake-mindud riff-raff, ye," he roared, "in faith ut 's mesilf thot has the pity for ye thot ye cannot tak' a gintle hint. Is n't there anny tin av ye wid enough av the atthributes av rale min to accipt me challenge? 'Tin w'u'd I contind wid, an' call ut poor luck, though still a fight, which is Hiven's most glorious gift to morthal; but to sail into the lot av ye w'u'd be the cup av joy runnun' over. Do ye undherstand thot? I 'm a betther mon nor anny av ye. nor all av ye togither, an' can prove ut wid the two fists av me. Do ye undherstand thot? I don't like the looks av ye nor the ways av ye, an' am mon enough to mend thim both; an' is thot plain to ye, or do ye need more hintun', ye daginerate apologies for monkeys? Now till thim thot, Nicolay."

"Senhors," said Nicolao, "you make his cup of joy to be filled to the overflow by reason of your so great shouts of laudation. He says that when he shall die, and must go up to St. Peter's gate, he asks nothing more than that he shall find it like Santa Cruz. It will be to satisfy. He extends the fists amicable into your right hands; likewise he prepare to weep against the shoulder. Alas! he proclaims with loudness, this is not his native land, which is so brotherly to the full extent; but what the devil! Where the heart is unite, there is the similar country to all. It is the heart that speaks the brotherhood, not the tongue. So *viva* the marble heart, senhors, which is, in my language, the home of some friendship which shall not decay."

The laughing shout of delight that followed Nicolao's words rolled far through the night and quickened the pace of the squad of police and prison attendants that Tomaso Bordilo had hurried upon the scene with the false statement that three drunken Americanos were rioting in the Rua dos Mercadores. Tomaso, following the three, had seen the beginning of the trouble, and had gone hot-foot for assistance. Then he had gone to the Inn of the Three Ships, that he might be the first to tell the Senhora Santilla of the fall of her idols. Half-distracted, she had thrown a shawl about her shoulders, and followed by the weeping Dolorosa, had fled to the scene of the conflict.

A crowd packed the square, but so silent and intent was it that the headlong rush of the two women to its outer edge came with the disturbing force of the opening of a door of a noisy street on the hushed interior of a church. Several craning heads turned back with a fierce, long-drawn "S-s-sh!" But the senhora was not to be moved.

"What is it, senhors?" she cried. "What do they do now?" She jostled a man in front of her. "*Cré!* have you no tongue for a simple question?" she demanded.

"*Diabo!*" he answered irritably, "are we not straining the ears to learn?"

"They are taking up the dead," said another. "*Basta!* there must be many!"

"Undoubtedly," said another, turning toward the speaker. "It must be like

the shambles yonder. But they fought, the *Americanos*!"

"Stupid!" cried the senhora, and wildly shook the speaker's arm. "Will no one say what has happened? No one?"

The man turned angrily, but seeing a pretty, distracted face, softened.

"The *Americanos* were making oration from the cart, senhora," he explained, "but angered the police, who arrived unseen behind their backs, and with great forethought, knowing the marvelous strength of the *Americanos*, threw a fisherman's seine over their heads and brought them to the earth. *There* was a fight! *Mae de Deus!* it was sickening—the blows! But from here—you may judge for yourself—nothing could be seen; but there must be dead men there."

"But he spoke well—the great dark one," said a man who stood near. "He likened Santa Cruz to heaven. That is a thing to break heads over!" he scoffed.

"*Crê!* exclaimed another, ironically, "must not the police earn their wages! How better than by breaking the head of an *estrangero* or two!"

"Yes," cried the senhora, wildly, "a stranger or two like these, who St. Anton' brought hither from shipwreck! Aha!" she laughed hysterically, "they thought it was Christian land—like heaven, and behold! they get the heads broken!"

She tried to force her way inward, but the throng was compact, and at that moment began to give backward before an authoritative voice demanding passage. A moment later a little procession wormed its way through, making for the city prison.

Apparently there were no dead ones: Kerrigan's head was bound up in a red handkerchief, and blood had hardened on his cheek, and the clothes of Frithjof and Nicolao hung in rags from their shoulders; but they walked strongly, if heavily, and their arms were bound behind them. On each side of them walked a dozen policemen and prison attendants, whose faces and labored breathing proved that the victory had not been lightly won. Behind them hurried a momentarily lengthening tail of excited citizens, now and then flinging a half-stifled

jeer at the police, or a joke that provoked an hysterical laugh from the watchers. It was clear enough where the sympathy of the crowd lay.

It was still more evident when they reached the city prison and the captives were brought before the captain of police. With easy familiarity the crowd pressed about him, and to the charges of the officers set up a babel of counter-charges and recriminations. At last the captain lifted his hand in despair.

"*Diabo!*" he exclaimed, "they took the hat of Pedro! Well, does he think it worth three great *Americanos*, who could eat in a day the cost of many such? Was it not possible to recover it more easily than to bring three huge senhors to me because they praise our city? *Crê!* there is sense for you!"

An excited arm reached up out of the press, and tossed the lost hat to the captain's feet.

"There it is, *capitão*," cried a voice. "I myself alone took it from the head of *o Senhor Porco*. He said not a word."

The crowd shrieked with laughter, but the captain gazed sternly at Pedro, who stood abashed.

"And all this tumult for a little pleasantry," chided the captain. "It would be better to go back to your vineyard and not shame us before strangers." He turned abruptly and began himself to free the arms of the prisoners. Then he shook hands gravely with the three. "Your pardon, senhors," he begged; "it is to be hoped your injuries are light. Good-night."

Kerrigan, bewildered, turned to Nicolao.

"What is ut?" he demanded.

"'T ees Santa Cruz justice," Nicolao answered warmly. "Some pippel can observe joke. Yas, I guess tha' 's like Santa Cruz pippel; they kind folks—ver' good-natured, kind-hearted, yas."

But Kerrigan turned abruptly to the captain, and put out a detaining arm.

"'T is reasonable we are, sir," he said; "we 've had the spoort, an' stand riddy to pay for ut. Mak' ut thirrry days, sir, an' we 'll not tak' anny offinse. We 'd not like to embarrass the wheels av justus, sir."

Nicolao explained to the bewildered official; but when he at last understood,

a look of relief came to his face, and, laying a kindly hand on Kerrigan's shoulder, he gently pushed him toward the door.

"But, no, senhor," he said gravely; "it is not necessary to take the harsh measures. Think, senhor, what a memory you would carry away of our beautiful land! *Basta!* it is not to be thought. There is reasonableness in all things."

In the throng outside the door, Kerrigan and Frithjof caught a glimpse of the grave face of the Senhora Santilla; then they lost it. Clutching his companion by the arm, Kerrigan slipped away through the press. Nicolao had already disappeared.

The two hurried on in silence till they came within sight of the roadstead and the riding lights of the anchored vessels, and then they went more slowly, with the sea lapping softly beside them as they wandered aimlessly on.

"'T is all over," said Kerrigan, speaking for the first time. "Did ye see her face, laad? 'T was the black look she gave us. I 'm thinkun' we 'll get shmall thanks for ut, though 't is the good worrk we 've done for her the night." He sighed heavily, then added: "But shmall matter, if ut 's over."

"She iss a voomans," said Frithjof, doubtfully.

"'T is God's trut'," replied Kerrigan. He was silent a moment. "They 're God's own mystheries, thim women. Ye think ye know thim, an' thin ye find ye know thim not at all. Two an' two is as like to mak' foor wid thim as to mak' five, an' likelier, if ye count on the ither.

But the Sanhora 's a good wan, an' she 'll not shstand for the ondacency of riotious livun'. They 're like thot, these islanders."

But at last, because they had nowhere else to go and their doubt was heavy on them, they returned to the Inn of the Three Ships. The inn room was dark, but the green door of the patio was open, and in they slipped—and stood dumb.

The kitchen was aglow with light, and at a small table Nicolao and the Senhora sat, gazing across the white, scrubbed surface into each other's eyes. One small brown hand of the Senhora supported her chin, the other lay carelessly along the table. Her eyes were dancing, and her round, olive-tinted cheek held no severity as she listened to Nicolao, who talked on eagerly.

"'T is all oop," whispered Frithjof over Kerrigan's shoulder.

"'T is not," said Kerrigan, stoutly. "'T is only the overture of the performance. W'u'd she be lookun' thot innocint, an' the two hands of thim—w'u'd they be incognatho like thot, an' nayther persavun' the ither, two inches aparrr, if she was not shtill waitun' to be surprised by the worrd? They w'u'd not. She 's raducun' him to the statue quo, which is Frinch for wan of thim haythen idols; but the worrd 's not spoke' yet. I love the laad like a brother, but ut 's the balanderun', wanderun' son of a wild goose he is, which niver yet laid a tame egg, an' sooner than see him break the hearrrt of the lass yon, I 'll marry her mesilf. So march in upon thim. ye Swadish lump, for ut 's our watch on deck."



MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S SERVICE TO OPERA

BY RICHARD ALDRICH

NEW YORK has had the novel experience, in the musical season just closed, of enjoying at once two successful series of operatic performances of the highest class. In undertaking to establish a permanent operatic institution at his new Manhattan Opera House, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein was acting on the belief that New York could furnish audiences to support two operas. The city's wealth and population have grown greatly in recent years, and with them the taste for operatic entertainment; and furthermore, since New York is the only operatic center in the United States, there are attracted hither, for the enjoyment of opera, music-lovers from every part of the country. The result of all this has been a subscription at the Metropolitan Opera House so large as to make it difficult or uncertain for those who are not subscribers to gain admission to its performances.

For them the Manhattan Opera House offered allurements. It has had as yet little support or attention from fashionable society or those who delight in the presence of fashionable society. Its situation and approach are such as to raise doubts whether it ever will have; but for the amateur of music whose interest is centered upon the stage rather than upon a glittering company in the boxes and the stalls, the new institution has offered some extremely interesting and delightful entertainments, of a kind and quality that have been long unobtainable in New York.

Mr. Hammerstein gathered a company of dramatic singers of remarkable, though unequal, excellence; and he had the good fortune to secure in Mr. Cleofonte Campanini one of the most talented and au-

thoritative of Italian conductors; a man whose indomitable zeal and energy, whose knowledge and taste, and whose contagious enthusiasm, have molded and inspired these performances. Mme. Melba's exquisite voice and perfect vocal art have long been known and admired in New York, and her coöperation was an important factor in the success of Mr. Hammerstein's season. Mme. Calvé's arrival in the last weeks of the season renewed the interest that was manifested years ago in this singularly gifted artist. But it was from the results achieved by members of the company less famous or previously unknown that the taste of a new pleasure was obtained. In Alessandro Bonci there was an Italian tenor who possesses the finish and art of the golden days of Italian song—a voice far less beautiful, rich and strong than that of Caruso, but employed with a subtler skill and a finer taste. Charles Dalmorès is one of the most admirable French tenors heard here for a long time, with a noble and powerful voice and a method typically French, a strong dramatic temperament, and abundant resources in action. Maurice Renaud is a baritone whose voice, as he displayed it here, is somewhat past its prime; but the beautiful taste of his singing, his perfect command of his vocal resources, and his positive genius as an actor, won him the warmest admiration. Charles Gili- bert is known as an inimitable comedian and a baritone of the purest diction. He and Mario Ancona and Vittorio Arimondi are remembered as singers at the Metropolitan Opera House in years gone by. The company was strongest on the side of the men.

Among the women none, after Mme.

Melba, was more remarkable than Mme. Bressler-Gianoli. In "Carmen," she gave a significant performance of the heroine's part that thrilled her hearers with a new and vivid emotion. She is not remarkably gifted in voice, though it has, like all her other resources, dramatic serviceableness; but her impersonation of *Carmen* was poignant in force and directness, in its dramatic suggestion of the wickedness, the wiles and treacheries, of Bizet's heroine. Mme. Regina Pinkert, the *coloratura* soprano, had scintillating brilliancy and correctness in florid music, but little charm otherwise. Mme. Donalda's fresh voice pleased, but few of the other singers among the women were noteworthy.

The performance of "Carmen"—one of the most successful, and by far the most popular, of the productions made in Mr. Hammerstein's season—was an epitome of the excellences that were revealed there. There was an admirable ensemble, of precision and finish, and full of spirit. The singers entered into it with enthusiasm and comprehension. The chorus sang with freshness of tone and inspiring vigor, and took an intelligent and intelligible part in the scenes in which it appeared. There was no vast disparity between the chief and the subordinate singers; but even minor parts were taken by competent and, in some cases, remarkably good singers. Certain ensembles were given with a spirit and brilliancy which the experienced opera-goer will search his memory long to duplicate. The stage-settings were not magnificent, but were almost always adequate. Mr. Campanini kept the pulse of life beating high in all the performances which he conducted—and they were almost all; and he was able to achieve marvels in his orchestral readings, in finish of detail, in delicacy of nuance, and significance of phrasing. How exquisite were some of his accompaniments, for instance, in "Don Giovanni!"

Here, indeed, should be noted one of the most important elements in the success of the performances at the Manhattan Opera House—the wonderful acoustic properties, and the relatively small size of the auditorium, with structural lines that

seemed to bring every listener near the stage, and to put every one into intimate relations with all its doings. The effect of the music was ennobled and beautified, and the diction of the singers made clearly intelligible. Not a detail was lost; and the result was a sort of fascination that has not been experienced by operatic audiences in New York for a long time.

It resulted from the character of the repertoires of Mr. Bonci and Mme. Melba, as well as of Mme. Pinkert, that operas of the smaller genre and of the elder schools of composition were chiefly given during the season. And it came about, too, from the size and acoustics of the house just mentioned that these operas were presented with a charm of effect that can never be matched in the sound-devouring spaces of the Metropolitan. Some of these older works no longer move or stir modern audiences; but the revivals of "Don Giovanni," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Carmen," "La Traviata" (with a return to the costumes of the '30's), "Fra Diavolo," "Marta," even "Dinorah," gave a peculiar kind of pleasure in an operatic genre that has labored at a disadvantage in the more stately and sumptuous home of opera on Broadway. There were excellent performances of the "grander" forms of opera, as "Aida" and "Les Huguenots," though the repertory was limited to Italian and French works. But the best and most characteristic gift of the new opera-house to the musical public was the "intimate" quality in operas to which intimacy belongs.

Mr. Hammerstein's plans for next season contemplate a more comprehensive repertory than he has been able to give this season. He has announced his intention of producing a number of Wagner's works, but will also pay special attention to modern operas of other schools, especially the French, dropping from his list some of the older works that have little attraction for operatic audiences of the present day. He is, of course, already securing the services of singers who are specially qualified for these tasks; and if his projects are realized, there will be a most interesting winter in store for lovers of opera.



EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE

BY HENRY COPLEY GREENE

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS BY CARRIÈRE

ONLY painters looked long at the picture which Eugène Carrière exhibited at the Salon of 1877; and for a dozen years afterward, while his portraits and his studies of children and women steadily gained in distinctive character, they puzzled and repelled the unwary. Their merging varied colors in a single tone, their dissolving of sharp contours in smoke-hued mist, suggested either insincerity or myopic vision. Yet little by little Carrière impressed, first a few artists and critics, then part of the public, then even the Ministry of Fine Arts. In 1889 he was decorated; and in the next year, when his paintings were seen at the then new Salon du Champ de Mars, isolated in a single group, Carrière began to be more widely understood. His fervid sincerity, reverberating, as it were, from picture to picture, destroyed all suspicion of pose; and as his technic grew familiar, the sculptural solidity of his heads and figures appeared through that mist, in proof of his genius of eye and hand.

Nor was this all. In 1891 his portraits of Daudet, Picquart, Verlaine, and Gustave Geffroy showed, as never before, his insight; in 1892 the "Maternité," since hung in the Luxembourg Gallery, revealed his passion of human yearning; and three years later the crowded interior of his "Théâtre de Belleville" expressed his sorrowing and joyous sympathy with men and women in the mass. These pictures, too, made evident at last what men of insight had long since perceived—that Carrière's very dissolving of outline

in fog gave his painting an expressiveness not otherwise to be attained. This fact once grasped, and his works once seen without adverse prejudice, the truth finally flashed on France that here was a painter whose originality of mood and vision, whose adaptation of technic to meaning, were excelled, if at all, only by that giant of a sister art, the sculptor Auguste Rodin. And if Rodin towered high above his fellow-men, Carrière drew near to them through innate powers of body and spirit, strengthened by the heroism of a devoted life.

II

A SEER of the spirit in flesh, Carrière drew, one must suppose, from his father's Flemish blood that sane earthliness without which he would have lapsed into mystic dreaming; from his simple Alsatian mother he doubtless gained the patience and great tenderness that were so individually his; and from an obscure artist, his grandfather, and a drawing-teacher, his great uncle, he inherited the tendency to think in visual terms which he once said was "the way of understanding imposed on him by nature."

From these forbears, however, he learned nothing. Taken early from his natal village of Gournay, in northern France, he spent his boyhood at Strasbourg in family surroundings wholly arid for art and poetry; and when, at twelve, he began instinctively to draw, he received only the draftsman's training given at a dry provincial school. Yet of this he

made so much, achieving boyish masterpiece after masterpiece in pencil, that he was ripe at nineteen for the fertilization of art. In Saint-Quentin, where he was sent to learn a trade, Carrière saw in the museum those pastels in which Latour had drawn the ladies, dancers, philosophers, and nobles of an earlier day; and by copying these pastels, he learned the mastery of structure, the power of indicating a bony framework beneath the flesh, which gives to his most mist-enveloped portraits their paradoxical solidity.

Yet the artist in him slept unconscious till Rubens, whose works he saw during a first visit to Paris, astonished him into the sudden resolution to create. As he stood outside the Louvre, still dazed by Rubens's power, his artistic instinct grew into conscious and immovable will; and neither his parents' prudent opposition, nor hardship, nor conflict of duty, could bend that will for a moment. When the Franco-Prussian conflict broke out, he left his studies at the Ecole des Beaux

Arts, enlisted for the duration of the war, joined the garrison of a frontier town, and at last was imprisoned at Dresden; and in Paris, after the war, though forced to support himself by night labor at bills of fare, advertisements, and posters, he married. But neither war nor wife nor the need of bread turned him from painting. While a prisoner, he constantly sketched; and before quitting Dresden he managed to see the never-to-be-forgotten Sistine Madonna. A draftsman by lamplight in Paris, he worked while daylight lasted in Cabanel's *atelier*. In London, where he went in search of a rainbow-end fortune, he worked at his craft, and thought continually; and from London he came back with the ineffable memory of Turner. Then, to quote his own phrase, "life and I went our way again, one hard, the other obstinate." He lived "a thief's life"; but he worked with a fury of industry that made him first for sketching in the Beaux Arts competition of 1879, and car-



Portrait of Gustave Geffroy by Eugene Carrière. Head from portrait of Gustave Geffroy by H. Davidson.

GUSTAVE GEFFROY, PAINTER



From the painting by Eugène Carrière. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"LA MATERNITÉ"

ried into that year's Salon his painting of a "Young Mother," his wife.

Though the picture was skied, Carrière remained joyous and obstinate. In 1884 he exhibited his portrait of a "Child in a Ruff," a distinguished little boy in ruff and silk jacket, embracing a poodle the eyes of which are averted in offish rebellion. In spite of a charming gaiety of sentiment, in spite, too, of brushwork, the mastery and freshness of which remind one of Velasquez, this painting left Carrière to his "thief's life."

Next year, Benjamin Constant, Gustave Geffroy, Jean Dolent, and others, saw his exquisitely wistful "Sick Child"; saw and extolled it to such good purpose that a paternal government bought the painting for some three hundred and sixty dollars, and followed up its munificence by the purchase of a larger canvas for two hundred and forty dollars, receivable at the bureau of public relief, in monthly instalments of thirty dollars each.

A lover of the poor, whose sufferings he

had shared, Carrière accepted the stipend without protest against the meager payment; for he had put his trust in truth. Whether the passing hours were gay or whether they were tragic, he "agreed to life"; and so little was his agreement a stoic's mere acceptance, that he could say from his heart: "Everything is a confidence answering my consent; and my work is a work of faith and admiration."

In faith and in admiration, Carrière watched those human rivers, the streets of Paris; watched, too, the rivers of water and the hills and peaks of the Pyrenees; but, above all, his children and his wife. His days held loving observation in so concentrated a solution that art grew in it like gathering crystals. Movements, moods, the yearning of maternal arms, the abandonment of sleep, the wonder of these things, appeared under his hand in numberless sketches. The curve of their expressive lines surrounded the weariness of a single figure, the throbbing unity of an embrace, a baby's trou-



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

CARRIÈRE'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF AS A YOUNG MAN

bled countenance, a hand, another hand, another, and yet another; for Carrière, as Edmond de Goncourt has said, had a passion for hands; and in his studio drawers might be found, piled up "by the armful," sketches of "these fragments of being that say and tell so many things, and always by the surprise of an eloquent gesture."

Through the observations thus crystal-

lized into art, Carrière learned the most intimate of human secrets. "I doubt," said he, in speaking of the mysteries of life—"I doubt whether reality escapes the mind, since gesture is visible will." Nor was gesture his only source of revelation; for every curve of the body, every subtlety of face, his eye was so keen that he came to paint not only unexampled portraits of a mother, and of babies delect-

ably cublike in their dawn of humanity, but portraits of men as different as that victim of sensualism at war with worship, Paul Verlaine; that soldier of conscience, Georges Picquart; and that seer of spirit in flesh, Carrière himself.

Thus, as men say, uneventfully, but with adventure after adventure in regions of the soul, this frugal workman thought, toiled; finished his "Maternité," his "Crucifixion," his "Théâtre de Belleville," and those symbolic decorations, his figures of the sciences at the Mairie and his "Vue de Paris" at the Hôtel de Ville. Gripped by a fatal disease, his face scarred by the surgeon's knife, he prepared himself for death only by more passionate self-dedication to art. For three years more he painted. Then came the end. On the sixth of March, 1906, Eugène Carrière lay dead.

III

A PHILOSOPHER and man of religion in his worship of truth, Carrière was none the less a painter. Visual terms were not merely "the way of understanding imposed on him by nature"; by instinct and training they were the terms in which alone he could express his understanding of life and his love of it. Pictures were this sober poet's odes; brush-strokes his eloquence. Carrière was indomitably a craftsman.

As craftsman he delved deep in technique, struck ore, and fashioned its gold into forms harmonious with his spirit. The individuality of these forms can, of course, be known through his pictures only. Yet certain of his phrases throw a suggestive, if perplexing, light on the ideal toward which they tend. A portrait, said Carrière, should be "an arabesque connecting the significant masses of a face"; or, again, "an all-inclusive spot of white." And cryptic and contradictory as these sayings are, their meaning is not far to seek. The "arabesque" which he felt should connect the significant masses of a face may be found in many a drawing where his lines, flowing evenly from form to form, create an unobtrusive yet traceable pattern. As for the "all-inclusive spot of white," certain of his painted heads are actually, at first glance, a pallid stain which, as one

watches it, becomes first a ghost, then gradually a face alive in all the subtlety of flesh.

Now, one object of Carrière's patterns and pallid stains is, of course, a unity of effect quite inconsistent with literalism. Carrière's "arabesques" connect only "significant" forms, and his spots of white can appear as such only by excluding the trivialities of fact. The statement that Carrière's portraits depict the human face in all the subtlety of flesh requires, then, this counter statement: his art is an art of strict elimination. So eager was he that his pictures should not be "eaten up with details," that he came more and more to paint such visions as memory recalls from the past. All but the essential he purposely forgot. Even color, in its more evident phases, he dissolved in a lethal mist. This he swept in a soft wind of brush-strokes, from contour to contour of his faces, from figure to figure of his clinging groups. And with these mist-swirls he made, as with the lines of his drawings, a half-seen pattern, not restful, like the triangular grouping of a Perugino, but expressive to the verge of poignancy.

Though the rationalizing Frenchman in Carrière craved unity, Carrière the man had expressiveness at heart. While Whistler painted symphonies in blue and gold, Carrière painted monodies in smoke-color expressive of a spirit whose joys were never aloof from suffering. Yet the expression which he sought, and found, was primarily material. If he renounced all brilliancy of color, and all but the essential subtleties of form, it was, first, not to express his own or his subject's spirit; it was to emphasize bodily structure. This had been his study since the days when he learned from Latour how to build up the framework of bone under the human face; and this he felt and depicted with a vigor which only a phrase of his own can suggest: "The human body is not a cast; it is a piece of repoussé work formed by great blows from within."

Take, for instance, the portrait of himself, apropos of which Charles Morice exclaimed: "Oh, the gentle appeal, the valiant defiance of that whole head—the head of a man of action and victory!" With much of what the critic thus apos-



From the painting by Eugène Carrière. Had tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

COLONEL (NOW GENERAL) PICQUART, OF THE FRENCH ARMY

General Picquart, prominent in the Dreyfus trial, is now Minister of War

trophized, the portrait surely suggests a patience touchingly characteristic of Carrière. Yet in painting this portrait the craftsman's own first interest was evidently material. The head, as Gabriel Séailles has put it, "has the solid structure of a machine built to batter obstacles until they fall. . . . The high, as it were, the hammered, forehead, the prominent cheek-bones, the firm chin, mark

the modeling of a face whose framework grazes the skin as rocks pierce the ground." In short, here as in all his portraits, Carrière has revealed the solid and structural beauty of the skull.

That bone structure, which was Carrière's first interest, he covered with flesh the massive vitality of which, especially in the nude, suggests the flesh of Rubens's most opulent decorations. But

Carrière recreated far more than the body's structure and life. Seeing expressions of mind and temper in every human feature and form, he revealed, for instance, in the intense and powerful eyes, the darkly wilful lips, and the poised hands of his portrait of Gustave Geffroy, all that writer's force and all his delicate, almost fluttering sensitiveness. And the eyes in which he always concentrated a man's spirit, the mouth and miraculous hands in which he found incarnate life, were, after all, only a few of his clues to insight. As gesture was for him the "visible will," each movement and pose was feeling made manifest. In the baby, for example, and the mother and the boy of his "Maternité," every attitude, every tendency toward movement, was first a sign of primitive rest, of clinging, touched with pain, or of wayward and boyish independence. Instead of freezing the three figures into no shapes of formal symmetry, he therefore made their lines express the very sensations of passivity, yearning, and self-assertion. What is more, with his Gallic love of synthesis, he united them into an exquisite whole which, while lacking all contrast of figure against background, gives one soft hints of color appearing through a mist the amber lights of which form on figure and background, as it were, a chord of visual music.

IV

STRUCTURAL and sculpturesque beauty, human insight, the shaping of mass and line into a whole the irregular harmony of which is enhanced by the charm of varying light—such, in brief hints, are Carrière's very personal aims and achievements. His studies, his groups, and his portraits accordingly contrast with Gérôme's spick and span, or Manet's ironic, masterpieces as absolutely as they differ from the prismatic triumphs of Sisley and of Monet. Carrière's paintings, moreover, are, if possible, yet more unlike the sentimentalist pictures adored throughout England. For Carrière, though he painted emotionally, painted with strength and a sane sincerity that make his works as little sugary as they are dazzling, or spick and span, or ironic.

Just what place their special quality may permanently give them, one can now only guess. Study of his life-work, gathered together, a year after his death, in that Ecole des Beaux Arts, where he so patiently learned the traditions that he afterward defied—study of all these masterpieces can as yet prove only this, that he opened a new path to the painters of to-morrow. As Rodin has said: "Better than his contemporaries, those who are still to come, those who shall understand, will work out his glory."

MONITION

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

A FAINT wind, blowing from World's End,
 Made strange the city street.
 A strange sound mingled in the fall
 Of the familiar feet.

Something unseen whirled with the leaves
 To tap on door and sill.
 Something unknown went whispering by
 Even when the wind was still.

And men looked up with startled eyes,
 And hurried on their way,
 As if they had been called, and told
 How brief their day.



Drawn by Jay Hasselodge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley.

**"I SAW EL-FERENGHY IN THE BACKGROUND ON A HILLOCK HOLDING A
GLITTERING DIAL FULL IN THE SUNSHINE"**

THE MAGIC LANTERN

BY JAMES HUNEKER

MORE than a quarter of a century has passed since I first entered the Café Guerbois, on the Batignolles, where begins the avenue de Clichy. A student of music, *sans le sou*, I lived in a little street that ran off the boulevard des Batignolles, No. 5 rue Puteaux, in a sunless room, at the top of a dark, damp building. I studied finger-problems on a tuneless upright piano-forte. Like the instrument, I was out of tune myself; I was hungry at least eighteen hours of the twenty-four. Dining, as I grandly called it, was an important event in my day; a bowl of chocolate and a dry roll had to suffice me until the evening. Then, what joy! Soup, succeeded by the meat of the same, followed by a salad and cheese. The wine cost eight sous a litre; it was sharp, thin, and blue: yet it warmed, and when one is not twenty, and possesses a ferocious appetite, coupled with a yearning for the ideal, the human machine needs much stoking to keep up steam and soul.

It was not every day I could afford to sit upon the terrace of the Café Guerbois; there I proudly took my coffee and smoked in flush times, after my humble dinner lower down the Batignolles. The place was always crowded, specially *fête-days* and Sunday nights. I knew by sight the celebrities of the new painting crowd (a pupil of Bonnat had disdainfully named them for me): Manet; Desboutines, the engraver; giant Cladel, the novelist; Philippe Burty; Zacharie Astruc, poet-sculptor, friend of Baudelaire; and Degas, greatest of artist-psychologists. Zola also came, though I never saw him. I had eyes for none but Manet, with his fair hair and beard, his restless gestures, so full of eloquence. He and his crowd had been sneeringly christened the "Batignolles School," and the phrase stuck,

much to their mingled rage and amusement.

It was one chilly March night, with occasional gusts of rain and wind, that I hugged my dreams in the Guerbois. The clicking domino games did not disturb me, nor did the high, excited voices of some painters discussing divided tones distract my interior vision. I bought a *mazagran* of coffee, and I possessed a box of tobacco, and I had worked at the piano exactly ten hours that day, notwithstanding the icy temperature of my miserable attic and the intermittent objections of my neighbors, expressed in profane and at times wooden terms: boot-jacks and sticks played a rataplan on my door, but without effect. I had mastered a page of Chopin; I was happy; I was at the Café Guerbois; I was in Paris; I was young. And being of a practical temperament, I read Browning every morning to prepare myself for the struggle with the life of the world.

The door banged violently open, and in an airy blast and amid volleys of remonstrance from a dozen disturbed groups, there entered a man, who hastily advanced to my table, embraced me, dripping wet as he was, and removing a battered silk hat, sat down, crying out:

"Dear young chap, order me a drink, order yourself a drink. To-night I possess money. Yes, I!"

Our neighbors hardly glanced at him now; the painters did not cease a moment in their objugation of burnt umber and academic brushwork. They knew the poet. So did I; but I had never seen him with money before. It was a rare event in both our lives. His frock-coat was frayed; his shirt was carefully concealed, while about his neck there was twisted a silk handkerchief. And it was clean. If he did not show his cuffs when

he folded his arms on the table, his hands were those of a poet—long, beautifully modeled, and white. Despite his poverty, an air of personal purity surrounded my friend, with his uncertain, pale-blue eyes of a dreamer. What a head he exhibited when the damp, shapeless hat was lifted! The brow was too wide for its height, but yet a brow of exceeding power and meaning; it was lined with parallel wrinkles, and there were deep depressions in the temples, which made him appear older than he was. He had led such an exhausting mental and emotional life that he seemed nearer fifty than forty. His eyeballs, swimming in mystic light and prominent, were faded when his brain was not excited by some ardent thought, which was seldom. He wore a mustache and an imperial to conceal the narrowness of his weak chin; his jaws sloped abruptly to a point; his whole appearance was fantastic, a little sinister, and sometimes terrifying. But he was a gentleman. Was he not a lineal descendant of the Grand Master of Malta? Was he not the coming glory of French literature? Tossing his long, fair hair from his brow, and looking at me with those faded eyes, the expression of which could be so sparkling, so satirical, he exclaimed:

"I am a friend of Richard Wagner's." It was as if one should proudly say, "I knew Jupiter Tonans." Pride satanic was his foible.

We drank. I asked him: "Is Wagner agreeable in conversation?"

He shrugged his contempt for my idiotic question. "Mt. Etna, is it agreeable in conversation?"

"There are only Romantics and imbeciles," was another of his remarks; he had forgotten time, and did not realize that we were in the full swing of realism of *plein-air* painting. But once a poet, always a dreamer; except Victor Hugo, who was both poet and business man.

He asked me if he could visit me and play some of his compositions. He had set certain verses of Baudelaire's. "Wagner likes it," he said with simplicity. I had met him a few months before, but I knew him for a man of genius. Genius! Those were the mad days when a phrase made one ecstatic, when a word became a beckoning star. Genius was a

starry word. I had talked to Walt Whitman at Camden in 1877; but Walt looked more like a Quaker farmer than a genius. Vaguely romantic, I felt that genius must be poor, unrecognized, long in hair, short as to purse. Even disrepute could not destroy my ideal. My French poet was naturally neat, charming in his manner, and the most wonderful talker in the world. Barbey d'Aurevilly could discourse with the magic tongue of a lost archangel; but Barbey, with all his colored volubility, could not improvise for you entire stories, books, plays, during an evening in a hot, crowded, clattering café. These miracles were nightly performed by my poor, dear friend. How did he do it? I do not know. He was a genius, and lived somewhere in the rue des Martyrs. That he barely managed to make ends meet we knew; we also knew that he never sold any of his stories or novels or plays. True, he seldom wrote them. He only talked them, and the prowling animals of Bohemian journalism, sniffing the feast of good things, would pay for the drinks, and later the poet had the pleasure of reading his stolen ideas, in a mediocre setting, filling some cheap journal. How he flayed the malefactors! How he reproached them in that passionate, trembling baritone of his! No matter, he always returned to the café, drank with the crew, and told tales that were haunting. I firmly believe he had at last come to tolerate me because I did not parody his improvisations.

This night he was uneasy. He asked me the whereabouts of Manet. No, I had not seen him. Then he repeated Manet's latest *mot*: Manet, before a picture of Meissonier, the famous "Charge of the Cuirassiers."

"Good, very good!" exclaimed the painter of "Olympe." "All is steel except the breastplates." Meissonier was furious when a kind friend repeated this story of the painter, derided then, a king among artists to-day. The poet predicted this. "Wait," he said—"wait. Richard Wagner, Manet, the crazy Ibsen, myself—wait. Our day is to come." All this was long ago, remember. He was a critic as well as a poet, as might be foreseen from Baudelaire's cherished companion.

We drank in silence. He rattled coin

in his pocket, and smiled at me imperiously. "Yes," he seemed to say, "my hour of triumph is at hand." I asked him questions with my eyes. He stretched a friendly hand across the table, fairly bursting with pride.

"*Hold*, young American! It is true; to-day I have sold a play. Here is the earnest money." He showed a palm full of gold pieces. Then he glanced furtively about him. Not a literary buzzard was in the café. Some one back of us cried the praises of a monster magic lantern exhibition that had been given in the Clichy Quarter. I saw that my poet was interested. He turned his head, listened for a few moments, then he scornfully said:

"They call *that* a magic lantern! I saw a magic lantern once, and on a scale that would have frightened these poor devils." I felt that something was coming; but I sat still, knowing the slightest interruption would arrest the story. He leaned back in his chair, put his pipe between his teeth, and in the tones of a noctambulist improvised his tale. His eyes at times seemed to have a delicate film over them, yet sufficiently translucent to allow a gleam of blue to penetrate the misty covering. I trembled. He spoke slowly,—and Rémy de Gourmont, poet and prose master, will bear witness to the outline of the story; once Villiers sketched it for him:

"When I was in Africa,—don't stare, I've been all over the world,—I found myself, some fifteen years ago, on the border of the Red Sea. Though winter by the calendar, it was furnace-hot in this gehenna of cactus and sand. I had affiliated with a small tribe of Arabs,—I was disguised *en Arabe*,—and we rode all night to escape the English, who were behind us with two battalions. El-Ferenghy, our chief, a man of profound learning and unheard-of bravery, did not act as if discouraged when the scouts he had posted at our rear reported that the red-coats were not far away. We skirted the sandy shores of the horrible sea, and reached finally a vast ravine between two gigantic heaps, rather mountains, of sand. El-Ferenghy deployed his forces into the deepest of the ravines and the most inaccessible part of this arid wilderness. It looked like the bottom of a

sea the water of which had vanished after some cataclysm in a prehistoric past. We pitched no tents, but squatted under the rays of the burning sun and waited. My nerves drove me to imprudence. I ventured to ask the chief if we were not in a trap: our horses' hoofs had left clear traces for the enemy; and to give battle against such odds would be impossible. He pierced me with his magnetic eyes. '*Frank*,' he proudly said, and oh! the indescribable pride of his voice—'*Frank*, let us trust to Allah. I have magic, too. Rest.'

"The sun was still overhead; the earth a gigantic reflector; my brains wobbled in my skull as if cooking. Suddenly our captain gave orders in a harsh voice. The Arabs jumped to their feet and, in single file, raced about in circles, firing their long, archaic muskets, yelling like devils. 'We are lost,' I muttered, for my ear had distinguished the sound of answering guns from a distance. 'The English—they must be advancing.' Quivering, I awaited the onslaught. I saw El-Ferenghy in the background, on a hillock, holding a glittering dial full in the sunshine. He shifted it at every angle in the most incomprehensible manner, his devil's eyes puckered with cold malice. Was it madness? Again there was distant firing, and new pantomime on our part. A word from the chief, and his men dropped in their tracks, crouching earthward. The rattling of shots ceased. Our men dispersed, as the captain hid the dial in his robes, and we sat down silently to our evening meal.

"At moonrise, after we had slept a few hours, there was another call to arms, and once more the mysterious manœuvres were repeated. This time I could distinctly hear the cries of the English. They betrayed an accent of surprise—shall I say terror? El-Ferenghy manipulated his medal of metal, and the firing, screaming, racing, and confusion ceased only at the break of dawn. We tethered our horses, which in this second mock sortie had been driven full speed around the sandy, moon-shaped enclosure. At noon it was all begun over again. There was half-hearted firing from the English lines. Their men no longer cheered. We must have been only a few hundred yards from them, for we could note certain

movements. A despairing silence settled on their encampment. During the afternoon they neither fired nor answered our unseen challenges. What had occurred? I asked the chief. This time he smiled indulgently:

"'To-morrow night,' he whispered—'to-morrow night they will no longer fight with ghosts, but the ghosts will fight them.' I understood. I shivered. Unhappy men, what chance had they against devils! I am a Frenchman, I am not a lover of the English; but, after all, they are of our white race. I pitied them.

"The chief had spoken the truth: they were fighting ghosts—worse still, shadows from the sky; they were warring against the impalpable, and at first, flushed by the success of their attack, by the number of seeming slain that had fallen before their volleys, they had dashed upon the Arabs only to grasp at—nothing. Even our dead had been carried away. This comedy of terror had been enacted under the moon, and the bewilderment of our foe was supplemented by something disquieting. The white soldiers refused to fight phantoms. There were devils abroad, they asserted. The troops turned sulky, and we heard the officers' agitated voices berating their cowardice, and urging them to the conflict. Then brandy must have been dealt out; during the afternoon of the third day there was a determined and vigorous sally, accompanied by a frightful fusillade. But to no avail. They felt the returning fire of the Arabs, they *saw* them tumble in heaps upon the ground, but when they attacked them with their brutal bayonets, they prodded only the sand. All this time the demon El-Ferenghy, immobile as a statue, consulted his little hellish chronometer, while his men spun around, shrieked, and shot off their pieces into the empty air. It was no longer an enigma. I gazed into the sky, knowing that there the battle was fiercest waged.

"The moon sank from sight soon after midnight. A whistle summoned us to action. This time it was no mimic war, or cruel hoax. We clambered up the sand-dunes and without warning fell upon the English. It was a too easy victory. Half of them were bloated corpses; hideous

exertions under the blaze of the African sun had killed them; the others were too weak or frightened to resist. We slew them to a man. And upon their congested faces, when the sun shot its level beams in the morning, the expression was one of supreme horror. We rode away to the nearest oasis, leaving our enemy with the vultures. I refused an English sword offered me by El-Ferenghy, for I loathed the man, loathed his magic. A week later I escaped. I had been told that the motto of his band was that of the Ancient of Assassinations: 'All is permitted. Nothing is true.' Ah, my friend, in the East everything may be expected. There the old magic still prevails. There the age of miracles has not passed."

His voice came in whispers. From my corner I blinked at him with the eyes of the hypnotized. Yet I was not satisfied. What had really happened? What the magic employed? Why the tactics of the Arabs and the senseless behavior of the brave British? I stammered:

"And—wherefore—tell me—"

He smiled, answering:

"You spoke of magic lanterns. El-Ferenghy had a real magic lantern." I betrayed my ignorance of his meaning.

"Must one, then, explain everything in this stupid world, where electricity is performing such wonders, where my master Edison—"

I interrupted his impending rhapsody:

"Yes, *cher maître*, I understand as far as the shining dial, but there I stop. Why should the English continue firing in the air at nothing?"

"They did not fire in the air at nothing. They fired at living Arabs; they saw them fall; and when they attempted to seize them, they had disappeared; their dead, too, had disappeared with them."

"I give it up," I sourly replied; "I never was good at riddles."

"Ha! You give it up, you young materialist who will not acknowledge that life is a miracle, living as we do on a ball of mud and fire balanced in space, you give up this story of a magic toy—a mere toy, I tell you, in the hands of a man who knew more than all our men of science. Yet you pretend there is no devil in our universe—you, prophet and seer not out of your teens—" He paused

for want of breath. The café was quite empty. Soon the lights would be extinguished.

I grasped my chance:

"And do you, dear poet, believe in the devil?"

He crossed himself piously, for he was, even in his most blasphemous moods, a sincere Roman Catholic. Then, in a hollow voice that froze my youthful blood, he quaveringly concluded:

"El-Ferenghy was not the devil; but he understood the mechanism of the mirage. Mirages are frequent phenomena in that steaming hot region. He knew how to control the mirage—that's all. With his round steel mirror, his magic lantern, he threw a mirage of his band

upon the sands, making a false picture, which the English mistook for reality. Hence the alarums, the attacks, the firing, the ghostly pursuits, the sickening discouragement, and the cruel denouement. Have I made myself clear, *jeune fumiste?*"

"Oh," I cried, "there is but one master of the mirage in Paris, and his name, his name—"

The head waiter turned out the lights, and we found ourselves in the avenue-de Clichy. He bade me a short, disagreeable good-night, and I walked in a very depressed humor down the Batignolles. It was the last time I ever enjoyed the irony, fluted and poignant, of that rare clairvoyant soul, Villiers d'Isle Adam.



THE LEPER

BY KARL JUNKER

HEAR the leper! Down the street
 Sound his shuffling, weary feet.
 Run within!
 Little children, do not look;
 Hide your eyes behind your hood:
 For his face is scarred and thin,
 Lined by sin.

Hear the leper! Shut the door;
 Double lock the gate once more.
 Do not peep
 Round the curtain's lifted side;
 If he sees you, woe betide,
 For that dreadful face will creep
 Through your sleep.

'Ware the leper! Who can know
 That he loves these children so—
 That he slips
 Through the hated market-place
 Just to watch a baby's face
 And the joys its mother sips
 From its lips?

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XXXI

"I SHALL ASK SOMETHING IN EXCHANGE
FOR WHAT I HAVE TO GIVE"

THERE was no detail the significance of which Sir Nigel missed as Betty and he went about the place together the next morning. He had keen eyes, and was a quite sufficiently practical person on such matters as concerned his own interests. In this case it was to his interest to make up his mind as to what he might gain or lose by the appearance of his wife's family.

His personal theories concerning women presented to him several effective ways of managing them. You made love to them; you flattered them either subtly or grossly; you roughly or smoothly bullied them; or you harrowed them with haughty indifference—if your love-making had produced its proper effect—when it was necessary to lure or drive or trick them into submission. Women should be made useful in one way or another. Little fool though she was, Rosalie had been useful. He had had, after all was said and done, some comparatively easy years as the result of her existence. But she had not been useful enough, and there had even been moments when he had wondered if he had made a mistake in separating her entirely from her family. There might have been more to be gained if he had allowed them to visit her, and had played the part of a devoted husband in their presence. A great bore, of course, but they could not have spent their entire lives at Stornham. Twelve years ago, however, he had known very little of Americans, and he had lost his temper.

The first thing he tried with Betty was to touch with dignified pathos on the subject of Ughtred. She, he intimated

gently, could imagine what a man's grief and disappointment might be on finding his son and heir deformed in such a manner. The delicate reserve with which he managed to convey his fear that Rosalie's own uncontrolled hysteric attacks had been the cause of the misfortune was very well done. She had, of course, been very young and much spoiled, and had not learned self-restraint, poor girl.

It was at this point that Betty first realized that there would be at the outset many times when she could protect her sister only by refraining from either denial or argument.

"I am very fond of Ughtred," was the sole comment he was granted. "We made friends from the first. As he grows older and stronger his misfortune may be less apparent. He will be a very clever man."

"He will be a very clever man if he is at all like—" He checked himself with a slight movement of his shoulders. "I was going to say a thing utterly banal. I beg your pardon. I forgot for the moment that I was not talking to an English girl."

This was so stupid that she turned and looked at him, smiling faintly. But her answer was mild and soft.

"Do not deprive me of compliments because I am a mere American," she said. "I am very fond of them, and respond at once."

"You are very daring," he said, looking straight into her eyes—"deliciously so. American women always are, I think." "The young devil!" he was saying internally. "The beautiful young devil! She throws one off the track."

They went from gardens to greenhouses, from greenhouses to stables, and he was on the watch for the moment

when she would reveal some little feminine pose or vanity; but this morning, at least, she laid none bare.

"Of course I continue to be amazed," he commented, "though one ought not to be amazed at anything which evolves from your extraordinary country. In spite of your impersonal air, I shall persist in regarding you as my benefactor. But, to be frank, I always told Rosalie that if she would write to your father he would certainly put things in order."

"She did write once, you will remember," answered Betty.

"Did she?" with courteous vagueness. "Really, I am afraid I did not hear of it. My poor wife has her own little ideas about the disposal of her income."

And Betty knew that she was expected to believe that Rosy had hoarded the money sent to restore the place, and from sheer, weak miserliness had allowed her son's heritage to fall to ruin.

He continued to converse amiably.

"Of course it is you one must thank not only for rousing in the poor girl some interest in her personal appearance, but also some interest in her neighbors."

If he could make her openly lose her temper he would have made an advance.

"It is a great happiness to me to see Rosy gaining ground every day," she said. "She has taken me out with her a good many times, and people are beginning to realize that she likes to see them at Stornham."

"You are very delightful," he said, "with your 'She has taken me out.' When I glanced at the magnificent array of cards on the salver in the hall, I realized a number of things, and quite vulgarly lost my breath. The Dunholms have been very amiable in recalling our existence. But charming Americans, of your order, arouse amiable emotions."

"I am very amiable myself," said Betty.

It was he who flushed now. He was losing patience at feeling himself held with such lightness at arms' length, and at being, in spite of himself, somehow compelled to continue to assume a jocular courtesy.

"No, you are not," he answered.

"Not?" repeated Betty.

"You are charming and clever, but I rather suspect you of being a vixen. At all events, you are a spirited young

woman, and quick-witted enough to understand the attraction you must have for the sordid herd."

And then he became aware, if not of an opening in her armor, at least of a joint in it. For he saw, near her ear, a deepening warmth.

"I confess, however," he proceeded cheerfully, "that, notwithstanding my own experience of the habits of the sordid herd, I saw one card I was surprised to find, though, really"—shrugging his shoulders—"I ought to have been less surprised to find it than to find any other. But it was bold. I suppose the fellow is desperate."

"You are speaking of—" suggested Betty.

"Of Mount Dunstan. Hang it all, it *was* bold!"

She stooped to break off a spire of pale-blue campanula. And she was, as with a shock, struck with a consciousness that she bent because she must—because to do so was a refuge. She must hide her face because it was this one man—just this one and no other—who was being dragged into this thing with insult.

As for Nigel Anstruthers, he went on talking in his low-pitched, disgusted voice.

"Surely he might count himself out of the running. There will be a good deal of running, my dear Betty. You fair Americans have learned that by this time. But that a man who has not even a decent name to offer, who is blackballed by his county, should coolly present himself as a *prétendant* is an insolence he should be kicked for."

"Whatsoever the 'running,'" she remarked, "no *prétendant* has complimented me by presenting himself so far, and Lord Mount Dunstan is physically an unusually strong man."

"You mean that it would be difficult to kick him? Is this partizanship? Am I to understand," he added with deliberation, "that Rosalie has received him here?"

"Yes."

"And that you have received him, also, as you received Lord Westholt?"

"Quite."

"Then I must discuss the matter with Rosalie. It is not to be discussed with you."

"You mean that you will exercise your authority in the matter."

"In England, my dear girl, the master of a house is still sometimes guilty of exercising authority in matters which concern the reputation of his female relatives. In the absence of your father, I shall not allow you, while you are under my roof, to endanger your name in any degree. I am at least your brother by marriage. I intend to protect you."

"Thank you," said Betty.

"You are young and extremely handsome. You will have an enormous fortune, and you have evidently had your own way all your life. A girl such as you are may either make a magnificent marriage or a ridiculous and humiliating one. Neither American young women nor English young men are as disinterested as they were some years ago. Each has begun to learn what the other has to give."

"I think that is true," commented Betty.

"In some cases there is a good deal to be exchanged on both sides. You have a great deal to give, and should get exchange worth accepting. A beggared estate and a tainted title are not good enough."

"That is businesslike," Betty made comment again.

Sir Nigel laughed quietly.

"The fact is,—I hope you won't misunderstand my saying it,—you do not strike me as being *unbusinesslike* yourself."

"I am not," answered Betty.

"When you marry—" he began.

"When I marry I shall ask something in exchange for what I have to give."

"If the exchange is to be equal, you must ask a great deal," he answered. "That is why you must be protected from such fellows as Mount Dunstan."

"If it becomes necessary, perhaps I shall be able to protect myself," she said.

"Ah," he added, regretfully, "I am afraid I have annoyed you—and that you need protection more than you suspect." If she were flesh and blood, she could scarcely resist resenting the implication contained in this.

"You have wounded my vanity by intimating that my admirers do not love me for myself alone," she said.

He paused, and narrowing his eyes, looked straight between her lashes.

"They ought to love you for yourself

alone," he said in a low voice. "You are a deucedly attractive girl."

"Oh, Betty," Rosy had pleaded, "don't make him angry! Don't make him angry!"

So Betty lifted her shoulders slightly without comment.

"Shall we go back to the house now?" she said. "Rosalie will naturally be anxious to hear that what has been done in your absence has met with your approval."

IN what manner his approval was expressed to Rosalie, Betty did not hear, this morning at least. Externally cool though she had appeared, the process had not been without its results, and she felt that she would prefer to be alone.

"I must write some letters to catch the next steamer," she said as she went upstairs.

When she entered her room she went to her writing-table, and sat down with pen and paper before her. She drew the paper toward her and took up the pen, but the next moment she laid it down and gave a slight push to the paper. As she did so, she realized that her hand trembled.

"I must not let myself form the habit of falling into rages, or I shall not be able to keep still some day when I ought to do it," she whispered.

She was a strong girl, but a girl, notwithstanding her powers. What she suddenly saw was that, as if by one movement of some powerful, unseen hand, Rosy, who had been the center of all things, had been swept out of her thought. Her anger at the injustice done to Rosy had been as nothing before the fire which had flamed in her at the insult flung at the other.

XXXII

A GREAT BALL

A CERTAIN great ball given yearly at Dunholm Castle was one of the most notable social features of the county. It took place when the house was full of its most interestingly distinguished guests, and though other balls might be given at other times, this one was marked by a degree of greater state. One's invitation must convey by inference that one was

either brilliant, beautiful, or admirable, if not important.

Nigel Anstruthers had never appeared at what the uninvited were wont, with derisive smiles, to call the "Great Panjandrum Function." Stornham Court was not a popular house in the county; no one had yearned for the society of the Dowager Lady Anstruthers, even in her youth, and a not too well-favored young man, with an ill-favored temper noticeably on the lookout for grievances, is not an acquisition to one's circle. At nineteen Nigel had discovered the older Lord Mount Dunstan and his son Tenham to be congenial acquaintances, and had been so often absent from home that his neighbors would have found social intercourse with him difficult, even if desirable. Accordingly, when the county paper recorded the splendors of the Great Panjandrum Function, which it by no means mentioned by that name, the list of "among those present" had not so far contained the name of Sir Nigel Anstruthers.

So on a morning a few days after his return the master of Stornham turned over a card of invitation and read it several times before speaking.

"I suppose you know what this means," he said at last to Rosalie, who was alone with him.

"It means that we are invited to Dunholm Castle for the ball, does n't it?"

Her husband tossed the card aside on the table.

"It means that Betty will be invited to every house where there is a son who must be disposed of profitably."

"She is invited because she is beautiful and clever. She would be invited if she had no money at all," said Rosy, daringly.

"Don't make silly mistakes," said Nigel. "There are a good many handsome girls who receive comparatively little attention. But the hounds of war are let loose when one of your swollen American fortunes appears. It's as vulgar—as New York."

"I would rather," Rosy said quite distinctly, "that you did not speak to me of New York in that way."

"What!" said Anstruthers.

"It is my home," she answered. "It is not proper that I should hear it spoken of slightly."

"Your home! It has not taken the slightest notice of you for twelve years. Your people dropped you as if you were a hot potato."

"They have taken me up again."

He walked over to her side, and stood before her. "Look here, Rosalie," he said, "you have been taking lessons from your sister. She is a beauty and young, and you are not. People will stand things from her they will not take from you. I would stand some things myself, because it rather amuses a man to see a fine girl peacocking. It's merely ridiculous in you, and I won't stand it—not a bit of it."

It was not specially fortunate for him that the door opened as he was speaking, and Betty came in with her own invitation in her hand.

"I am being favored with a little scene by my wife," he explained. "She is capable of getting up excellent little scenes, but I daresay she does not show you that side of her temper."

Betty took a comfortable chintz-covered easy-chair. Her expression was evasively speculative.

"Was it a scene I interrupted?" she said. "Then I must go away and leave you to finish it. You were saying that you would not stand something. What does a man do when he will not stand a thing? What is the resource in these dull days of law and order—and policemen?"

"Is this American chaff?" He was disagreeably aware that he was not wholly successful in his effort to be lofty.

Betty's smile was quite without prejudice.

"Dear me, no!" she said. "It is only the unpicturesque result of an unfeminine knowledge of the law. And I was thinking how one is limited—and yet how things are simplified, after all."

"Simplified?"

"Yes, really. You see, if Rosy were violent, she could not beat you, even if she were strong enough, because you could ring the bell and give her into custody. And you could not beat her because the same unpleasant thing would happen to you. Policemen do rob things of color, don't they? And, besides, when one remembers that mere vulgar law insists that no one can be forced to live with another person who is brutal or loath-

some, that 's simple, is n't it? You could go away from Rosy at any moment you wished—as far away as you liked."

"You seem to forget"—still feeling that convincing loftiness was not easy—"that when a man leaves his wife, or she deserts him, she is likely to be called upon to bear the onus of public opinion."

"Would she be called upon to bear it under all circumstances?"

"You know that what I said is true. Women who take to their heels are deucedly unpopular in England."

"I have not been long in England, but I have been struck by the prevalence of a sort of constitutional British sense of fair play among the people who really count. The Dunholms, for instance, have it markedly. In America it is the men who force women to take to their heels who are deucedly unpopular. The Americans' sense of fair play is their most English quality."

"But the fact remains," said Nigel, with an unpleasant laugh,—“the fact remains, my dear girl."

"The fact that does remain," said Betty, not unpleasantly at all, and still with her gentle air of mere unprejudiced speculation, "is that if a man or woman is properly ill-treated—*properly*—not in any amateurish way, they reach the point of not caring in the least. But one could settle the other point by experimenting. Suppose you run away from Rosy, and then we can see if she is cut by the county."

His laugh was unpleasant again.

"So long as you are with her, she will not be cut. There are a number of penniless young men of family in this as well as the adjoining counties. Do you think Mount Dunstan would cut her?"

She looked down at the carpet thoughtfully a moment and then lifted her eyes.

"I do not think so," she answered; "but I will ask him."

"Oh, come now," he said, "that goes beyond a joke. You will not do any such absurd thing. One does not want one's domestic difficulties discussed by one's neighbors."

Betty opened coolly surprised eyes.

"I did not understand it was a personal matter," she remarked. "Where do the domestic difficulties come in?"

He stared at her a few seconds with the

look she did not like, which was less likeable at the moment because it combined itself with other things.

"Hang it!" he muttered. "I wish I could keep my confounded temper as you can keep yours," and he turned on his heel and left the room.

Rosy had not spoken. She had sat with her hands in her lap, looking out of the window. She had at first had a moment of terror.

"Betty," she said, when her sister came to her, "you said those things to show me things as well as to show him. I *knew* you did, and listened to every word. It was good for me to hear you."

"Clear-cut, unadorned facts are like bullets," said Betty. "They reach home, if one's aim is good."

A CERTAIN thing became evident to Betty during the time which elapsed between the arrival of the invitations and the great ball. Despite an obvious intention to assume an amiable pose for the time being, Sir Nigel could not conceal a not quite explainable antipathy to one person. The whole truth was that the "Lout," as Mount Dunstan had been called, had indulged in frank speech in his rare intercourse with his brother and his friends, and had once interfered, with hot young fury, in a matter in which Tenham and Nigel had specially wished to avoid all interference. His open scorn of their methods of entertaining themselves they had felt to be disgusting impudence which would have been deservedly punished with a horsewhip if the youngster had not been a big-muscled, clumsy oaf with a dangerous eye. Upon this footing their acquaintance had stood in past years, and to decide, as Sir Nigel had decided, that the oaf in question had begun to make his bid for splendid fortune under the roof of Stornham Court itself was a thing not to be regarded calmly. It was more than he could stand, and the folly of temper which was forever his undoing betrayed him into mistakes more than once. This girl, with her beauty and her wealth, he chose to regard as a sort of property rightfully his own. She was his sister-in-law, at least, she was living under his roof, and he had more or less the power to encourage or discourage such aspirants as appeared.

Miss Vanderpoel, when she entered the ball-room at Dunholm Castle with her brother-in-law, bore herself as composedly as if she had been escorted by the most admirable and dignified of conservative relatives, instead of by a man who was more definitely disliked and disapproved of than any other man in the county whom decent people were likely to meet.

Betty, as well as Rosalie and Nigel, knew that many people turned undisguisedly to look at them, even to watch them, as they came into the splendid ball-room. It was a splendid ball-room and a stately one, and Lord Dunholm and Lord Westholt shared a certain thought when they met her, which was that hers was distinctly the proud young brilliance of presence which figured most perfectly against its background. Much as people wanted to look at Sir Nigel, their eyes were drawn from him to Miss Vanderpoel. After all, it was she who made him an object of interest. But her manner committed her to no recognition of a shadow of a flaw in the character of her companion. It even carried a certain conviction with it, and the lookers-on felt the impossibility of suggesting any such flaw by their own manner. For this evening, at least, the man would have actually to be treated as if he were an entirely unobjectionable person. It appeared as if that was what the girl wanted and intended should happen.

Sir Nigel saw about him all the people who held enviable place in the county. Some of them he had never known, some of them had long ceased to recall his existence. There were those among them who lifted lorgnettes or stuck monocles into their eyes as he passed, asking one another in politely subdued tones who the man was who seemed to be in attendance on Miss Vanderpoel. Nigel knew this, and girded at it internally, while he made the most of his agreeable smile.

The distinguished personage who was the chief guest was to be seen at the upper end of the room talking to a tall man with broad shoulders who was plainly interesting him for the moment. As the Stornham party passed on, this person, making his bow, retired, and, as he turned toward them, Sir Nigel recognized him. The agreeable smile was for the moment lost.

"How in the name of Heaven did Mount Dunstan come here?" broke from him involuntarily.

"Would it be rash to conclude," said Betty, as she returned the bow of a very grand old lady in black velvet and an imposing tiara, "that he came in response to invitation?"

The very grand old lady seemed pleased to see her, and with a royal little sign called her to her side. As Betty Vanderpoel was a great success with the Mrs. Weldens and old Dobys of village life, she was also a success among grand old ladies. When she stood before them there was a sweet submission in her air which was beautifully suggestive of obedience to the dignity of their years and state. In the irreverent iconoclasm of modern times it was most agreeable to talk to a handsome creature who was as beautifully attentive as if she had been a specially perfect young lady-in-waiting.

This one even patted Betty's hand a little when she took it. She was a great county potentate who was known as Lady Alanby of Dole, her house being one of the most ancient and interesting in England.

"I am glad to see you here to-night," she said. "You are looking very nice. But you cannot help that."

Betty asked permission to present her sister and brother-in-law. Lady Alanby was polite to both of them, but she gave Nigel a rather sharp glance through her gold pince-nez as she greeted him.

"Janey and Mary," she said to the two girls nearest her, "I daresay you will kindly change your chairs and let Lady Anstruthers and Miss Vanderpoel sit next to me."

The Ladies Jane and Mary Lithcom, who had been ordered about from their infancy, obeyed with polite smiles. They were not particularly pretty girls, and were of the indigent noble. Jane, who had almost over-large blue eyes, sighed as she reseatd herself a few chairs lower down.

"It does seem beastly unfair," she said in a low voice to her sister, "that a girl such as that should be so awfully good-looking. She ought to have a turn-up nose."

"Thank you," said Mary; "I have a turn-up nose myself, and I've got nothing to balance it."

"Oh, I did n't mean a nice turn-up nose like yours," said Jane; "I meant an ugly one. Of course Lady Alanby wants her for Tommy."

"What she,—or any one else, for that matter"—disdainfully—"could want with Tommy, I don't know," replied Mary.

"I do," answered Jane, obstinately. "I played cricket with him when I was eight, and I've liked him ever since. It is *awful*"—in a smothered outburst—"what girls like us have to suffer."

Lady Mary turned to look at her curiously.

"Jane," she said, "are you *suffering* about Tommy?"

"Yes, I am. Oh, what a question to ask in a ball-room! Do you want me to burst out crying?"

"No," said Lady Mary, sharply. "Look at the Prince. Stare at that fat woman curtsying to him. Stare, and then wink your eyes."

Lady Alanby was talking about Mount Dunstan.

"Lord Dunholm has given us a lead. He is an old friend of mine, and he has been talking to me about it. It appears that he has been looking into things seriously. Modern as he is, he rather tilts at injustices in a quiet way. He has satisfactorily convinced himself that Lord Mount Dunstan has been suffering for the sins of the fathers."

"Is Lord Dunholm quite sure of that?" put in Sir Nigel.

Old Lady Alanby gave him an unencouraging look.

"Quite," she said. "He would be likely to be before he took any steps."

"Ah," remarked Nigel. "I knew Lord Tenham, you see."

Lady Alanby's look was more unencouraging still. She quietly and openly put up her glass and stared. There were times when she had not the remotest objection to being rude to certain people.

"I am sorry to hear that," she observed. "There never was any room for mistake about Tenham. He is not usually mentioned."

"I do not think this man would be usually mentioned if everything were known," said Nigel.

Then an appalling thing happened. Lady Alanby gazed at him a few seconds,

and made no reply whatever. She dropped her glass, and turned again to talk to Betty. It was as if she had turned her back on him, and Sir Nigel, still wearing an amiable exterior, used internally some bad language.

"But I was a fool to speak of Tenham," he thought—"a great fool."

A little later, Miss Vanderpoel made her curtsy to the exalted guest, and was commented upon again by those who looked on. It was not at all unnatural that one should find one's eyes following a girl who, representing a sort of royal power, should have the good fortune of possessing such looks and bearing.

Remembering his child *bête noir* of the long legs and square, audacious little face, Nigel Anstruthers found himself restraining a slight grin as he looked on at her dancing. Partners flocked about her like bees, and Lady Alanby of Dole and other very grand old or middle-aged ladies all found the evening more interesting because they could watch her.

"She is full of spirit," said Lady Alanby, "and she enjoys herself as a girl should. It is a pleasure to look at her. I like a girl who gets a magnificent color, and stars in her eyes, when she dances. It looks healthy and young."

It was Tommy with whom Miss Vanderpoel was dancing when her ladyship said this. Tommy was her grandson, and a young man of greater rank than fortune. He was a nice, frank, heavy youth who loved a simple county life spent in tramping about with guns, and friendly hobnobbing with his neighbors, and taking afternoon teas with people whose jokes were easy to understand, and who were ready to laugh if you tried a joke yourself. He liked girls, and especially he liked Jane Lithcom; but that was a weakness his grandmother did not at all encourage, and as he danced with Betty Vanderpoel, he looked over her shoulder more than once at a pair of big, unhappy blue eyes whose owner sat against the wall.

Betty Vanderpoel herself was not thinking of Tommy. When she had entered the ball-room, she had known at once who the man was who stood before the royal guest; she had known before he bowed low and withdrew. For a few moments her throat felt hot and pulsing. It was true that the things which con-

cerned him concerned her. All that happened to him suddenly became her affair, as if in some way they were of the same blood. That he should be at this place, on this special occasion; swept away dark things from his path.

He had come to them and said a few courteous words, but he had soon gone away. At first she wondered if it were because of Nigel, who at the time was making himself ostentatiously amiable to her. Afterward she saw him dancing, talking, being presented to people, being with a tactful easiness taken care of by his host and hostess and Lord Westholt. Apparently there had been no past at all. All began with this large young man, who, despite his Viking type, really looked particularly well in evening dress. Lady Alanby held him by her chair for some time, openly enjoying her talk with him, and calling up Tommy that they might make friends.

After a while, Betty said to herself, he would come and ask for a dance. But he did not come, and she danced with one man after another. Westholt came to her several times, and had more dances than one. Why did the other not come? Several times they whirled past each other, and when it occurred, they looked, both feeling it an accident, into each other's eyes.

The strong and strange thing—that which moves on its way as do birth and death, and the rising and setting of the sun—had begun to move in them. It was no new and rare thing, but an ancient and common one—as common and ancient as death and birth themselves; and part of the law as they are. As it comes to royal persons, as it comes to scullery maids in royal kitchens and grooms in royal stables, as it comes to ladies-in-waiting and the women who serve them, so it had come to these two from the opposite sides of the earth, and each started at the touch of it and withdrew a pace in bewilderment and some fear.

"I wish," Mount Dunstan was feeling throughout the evening, "that her eyes had some fault in their expression—that they drew one less. I am losing my head."

"It would be better," Betty thought, "if I did not wish so much that he would

come and ask me to dance with him—that he would not keep away so. He is keeping away for a reason. Why is he doing it?"

The music swung on in lovely measures, and the dancers swung with it. Sir Nigel waltzed dutifully once or twice with his wife and once with his beautiful sister-in-law. Lady Anstruthers, in her new bloom, had not lacked partners, who discovered that she was a childishly light creature who danced extremely well. Every one was kind to her, and the very grand old ladies who admired Betty were absolutely benign in their manner. Betty's partners paid ingenious court to her, and Sir Nigel found he had not been mistaken in his estimate of the dignity his position of escort and male relative gave to him.

Rosy, standing for a moment looking out on the brilliancy and state about her, meeting Betty's eyes, laughed quiveringly.

"I am in a dream," she said.

"You have awakened from a dream," Betty said.

From the opposite side of the room some one was coming toward them, and, seeing him, Rosy smiled in welcome.

"I am sure Lord Mount Dunstan is coming to ask you to dance with him," she said. "Why have you not danced with him before, Betty?"

"He has not asked me," Betty answered. "That is the only reason."

"Lord Dunholm and Lord Westholt called at the Mount a few days after they met him at Stornham. They wanted to know him very much. Then it seems they found they liked one another. Lady Dunholm has been telling me about it. She says Lord Dunholm thanks you—because you said something illuminating. That was the word she used—illuminating. I believe you are always illuminating, Betty."

Mount Dunstan was certainly coming to them. Here and there one sees a man or woman who is, through some trick of fate, by nature a compelling thing, unconsciously demanding that one should submit to some domineering attraction. One does not call it domineering, but it is so. This special creature is charged unfairly with more than his or her single share of force. Betty Vanderpoel thought

this out as he came to her. He did not use the ball-room formula when he spoke to her. He said in rather a low voice:

"Will you dance with me?"

"Yes," she answered.

Lord Dunholm and his wife agreed afterward that so noticeable a pair had never before danced together in their ball-room. Certainly no pair had ever been watched with quite the same interested curiosity.

"He is a magnificently built man, you know," old Lady Alanby commented, "and she is a magnificently built girl. Everybody should look like that. My impression would be that Adam and Eve did, but for the fact that neither of them had any particular character. Eve has always struck me as being the kind of woman who, if she lived to-day, would run up stupid bills at her dressmaker's, and be afraid to tell her husband."

"I am glad to be dancing with him," Betty was thinking. "I am glad to be near him."

"Will you dance this with me to the very end," asked Mount Dunstan—"to the last note?"

"Yes," answered Betty.

The music was perfect; the brilliant, lofty ball-room, the beauty of color and sound about them, the jewels and fair faces, the warm breathing of flowers in the air, the very sense of royal presence and its accompanying state and ceremony, seemed a naturally arranged background for the strange consciousness each held close and silently, knowing nothing of the mind of the other.

Nigel Anstruthers had been watching the pair, as others had; he had seen what others saw; and now he had an idea that he saw something more, and it was something which did not please him. The instinct of the male bestirred itself—the curious instinct of resentment against another man, any other man. And in this case Mount Dunstan was not any other man, but one for whom his antipathy was personal.

"I won't have that," he said to himself. "I won't have it."

THE music rose and swelled, and then sank into soft breathing as they moved in harmony together.

To herself, Betty was saying:

"I have no intelligence where he is concerned—only a strong, stupid feeling which is not like a feeling of my own. I am no longer Betty Vanderpoel, and I wish to go on dancing with him 'to the last note,' as he said."

She felt a little, hot wave run over her cheek uncomfortably, and the next instant the big arm tightened its clasp for just one second, not more. She did not know that he himself had seen the sudden ripple of red color, and that the equally sudden contraction of the arm had been as unexpected to him and as involuntary as the quick wave itself. It had made him angry. He looked the next instant entirely stiff and cold.

"He did not know it happened," Betty said to herself.

"The music is going to stop," said Mount Dunstan. "I know the waltz. We can get once round the room again before the final chord. It was to be to the last note." But he said it quite rigidly, and Betty laughed.

The music hastened a little, and their gliding whirl became more rapid; a running sweep of notes, a big, terminating harmony, and the thing was over.

A slight stir was felt throughout the ball-room. The royal guest was retiring, and soon the rest began to melt away. The Anstruthers, who had a long return drive before them, were among those who went first.

When Lady Anstruthers and her sister returned from the cloak-room they found Sir Nigel standing near Mount Dunstan, who was going also, and talking to him in an amiably detached manner. Mount Dunstan himself did not look amiable, or seem to be saying much, but Sir Nigel showed no signs of being disturbed.

"Now that you have ceased to forswear the world," he said as his wife approached, "I hope we shall see you at Stornham. Your visits must not cease because we cannot offer you G. Selden any longer."

He had his own reasons for giving the invitation—several of them. And there was a satisfaction in letting the fellow know casually that he was not in the ridiculous position of being unaware of what had occurred during his absence—that there had been visits, and also the objectionable episode of the American

"boulder." That the episode had been objectionable he knew he had adroitly conveyed by mere tone and manner.

Mount Dunstan thanked him in the usual formula, and then spoke to Betty.

"G. Selden left us tremulous and fevered with ecstatic anticipation. He carried your kind letter to Mr. Vanderpoel next to his heart. His brain seemed to whirl at the thought of what 'the boys' would say when he arrived with it in New York. You have materialized the dream of his life."

"I have interested my father," Betty answered, with a brilliant smile. "He liked the romance of the Reuben S. Vanderpoel who rewarded the saver of his life by unbounded orders for the Delkoff."

As their carriage drove away, Sir Nigel bent forward to look out of the window, and having done it, laughed a little.

"Mount Dunstan does not play the game well," he remarked.

It was annoying that neither Betty nor his wife inquired what the game in question might be, and that his temperament forced him into explaining without encouragement.

"He should have stood motionless, with folded arms, or something of the sort, and watched her equipage until it was out of sight."

"And he did not?" said Betty.

"He turned on his heel as soon as the door was shut."

"People ought not to do such things," was her simple comment.

To which it seemed useless to reply.

XXXIII

FOR LADY JANE

NEVER was man more tormented by lack of power to control his special devil at the right moment of time than Nigel Anstruthers, and therefore never was there one so inevitably his own frustration. This Betty saw after the passing of a few days, and wondered how far he was aware of the thing. At times it appeared to her that he was in a state of unrest—that he was as a man wavering between lines of action, swayed at one moment by one thought, at another by an idea quite different, and that he was harried

because he could not hold his own with himself.

This was true. The changed atmosphere of Stornham, the fitness and luxury of his surroundings, the new dignity given to his position by the altered aspect of things, rendered external amiability easier. The power which produced these results should of course have been in his own hands,—his money-making father-in-law should have seen that it was his affair to provide for that,—but since he had not done so, it was rather entertaining that it should be for the present in the hands of this extraordinarily good-looking girl.

He had begun by merely thinking of her in this manner—as "this extraordinarily good-looking girl"—and had not for a moment hesitated before the edifying idea of its not being impossible to arrange a lively flirtation with her. She was at an age when, in his opinion, girlhood was poised for flight with adventure, and his tastes had not led him in the direction of youth which was fastidious. His Riviera episode had left his vanity blistered and requiring some soothing application. His life had worked evil with him, and he had fallen ill on the hands of a woman who had treated him as a shattered, useless thing. He had kept his illness a secret on his return to Stornham, his one desire having been to forget, even to disbelieve in it; but dreams of its suggestion sometimes awakened him at night with shudders and cold sweat. He was hideously afraid of death and pain, and he had had monstrous pain. And while he had lain battling with it upon his bed in the villa on the Mediterranean, he had been able to hear in the garden outside the low voices and laughter of the Spanish dancer and the strong young fool who was her new adorer.

When he had found himself face to face with Betty in the avenue, after the first leap of annoyance which had suddenly died down into perversely interested curiosity, he could have laughed outright at the novelty and odd unexpectedness of the situation. If she did not prove suitably amenable, there would be piquancy in getting the better of her,—in stirring up unpleasant little things which would make it easier for her to go away than to remain on the spot,—if one should

end by choosing to get rid of her. But for the moment he had no desire to get rid of her. He wanted to see what she intended to do—to see the thing out, in fact. It amused him to hear that Mount Dunstan was on her track. There exists for persons of a certain type a pleasure full fed by the mere sense of having "got even" with an opponent. Throughout his life he had made a point of "getting even" with those who had irritatingly crossed his path or much disliked him. The working out of small or large plans to achieve this end had formed one of his most agreeable recreations. He had long owed Mount Dunstan a debt which he had always meant to pay. He had not intended to forget the episode of the nice little village girl with whom Tenham and he had been getting along so enormously well when the raging young ass had found them out and made an absurdly exaggerated scene, even going so far as threatening to smash the pair of them, marching off to the father and mother, and setting the vicar on, and then scratching together, God knows how, money enough to pack the lot off to America, where they had since done well. Why should a man forgive another who had made him look like a schoolboy and a fool? So, to find Mount Dunstan rushing down a steep hill into this thing was edifying. You cannot take much out of a man if you never encounter him. If you meet him, you are provided with heaven-sent opportunities. You can find out what he feels most sharply, and what he will suffer most by being deprived of. Mount Dunstan was an obstinate, haughty devil, and just the fellow to hide with a fury of pride a score of tender places in his hide.

At the ball he had seen that the influence of the girl had been of a kind which even money and good looks, uncombined with another thing, might not have produced. And she had the other thing, whatsoever it might be. He observed the way in which the Dunholms met and greeted her; he marked the glance of the royal personage, and his manner when, after her presentation, he conversed with and detained her; he saw the turning of heads and exchange of remarks as she moved through the rooms. Most especially he took in the bearing of the very

grand old ladies, led by Lady Alanby of Dole. Barriers had thrown themselves down; these portentous, rigorous, old tabby-cats admired her, even liked her.

He had not for so long a time himself been impelled by such agreeable folly that he had sometimes felt the stab of the thought that he was past it. That it should rise in him again made him feel young. There was nothing which so irritated him against Mount Dunstan as his own rebelling recognition of the man's youth, the strength of his fine body, his high-held head, and clear eye.

These things and others it was which swayed him, as was plain to Betty in the time which followed, to many changes of mood.

"Are you sorry for a man who is ill and depressed," he asked one day, "or do you despise him?"

"I am sorry."

"Then be sorry for me."

He had come out of the house to her as she sat on the lawn under a broad, level-branched tree, and had thrown himself upon a rug, with his hands clasped behind his head.

"Are you ill?"

"When I was on the Riviera I had a fall," he lied. "I strained some muscle or other, and it has left me rather lame. Sometimes I have a good deal of pain."

"I am very sorry," said Betty. "Very."

A woman who can be made sorry it is rarely impossible to manage.

He looked at her reflectively.

"Yes, you are capable of being sorry," he decided. To give the impression of dignified reflection was not a bad idea, either. "Do you know," he said at length, "that you produce an extraordinary effect upon me, Betty." She was occupying herself by adding a few stitches to one of Rosy's ancient strips of embroidery, and as she answered, she laid it flat upon her knee to consider its effect.

"Good or bad?" she inquired with delicate abstraction.

He turned his face toward her again, this time quickly.

"Both," he answered.

His tone held the flash of a heat which he felt should have startled her slightly; but apparently it did not.

"I do not like 'both.' If you had said that you felt yourself develop angelic

qualities when you were near me, I should feel flattered; but 'both' leaves me unsatisfied."

"I see. Thank you," he said stiffly, and flushing. "You do not believe me. You set yourself against me as a child, Betty," he said, "and you set yourself against me now. You will not give me fair play. You might give me fair play." He dropped his voice at the last sentence, and knew it was well done. A touch of hopelessness is not often lost on a woman.

"What would you consider fair play?" she inquired.

"It would be fair to listen to me without prejudice, to let me explain how it has happened that I have appeared to you as—a blackguard, as I have no doubt you would call it, and a fool."

"Do not put it so strongly," she replied, with conservative politeness.

"I don't refuse to admit that I am handicapped by a devil of a temperament. That is inherited."

"Ah!" said Betty. "One of the temperaments one reads about—for which no one is to be blamed but one's deceased relatives. After all, that is comparatively easy to deal with. One can just go on doing what one wants to do—and then condemn one's grandparents severely."

It was as if a dart being aimed at her, she caught it in her hand in its flight, broke off its point, and threw it lightly aside without comment. Most women cannot resist the temptation to answer a speech containing a sting or a reproach. She had not been taught by her existence the importance of propitiating opinion. Under such conditions, how was fear to be learned? She had not learned it.

"I suppose I deserved that for making a stupid appeal to sympathy," he remarked. "I will not do it again."

If she had been the woman who can be gently goaded into reply, she would have made answer to this.

"Have you any objection to telling me why you decided to come to England this year?" he inquired, with a casual air, after the pause which she did not fill in. She turned on him a clear gaze.

"I came to see Rosy. I have always been very fond of her. I did not believe that she had forgotten how much we had loved her, or how much she had loved us. I knew that if I could see her again, I

should understand why she had seemed to forget us."

"And when you saw her, you, of course, decided that I had behaved, to quote my own words, like a blackguard and a fool."

"It is of course very rude to say you have behaved like a fool, but—if you'll excuse my saying so—that is what has impressed me very much. Don't you know,"—with a moderation which singularly drove itself home,—“that if you had been kind to her and had made her happy, you could have had anything you wished for—without trouble?”

This was one of the facts which are like bullets.

"She would have wanted only what you wanted, and she would not have asked much in return. She would not have asked as much as I should. What you did was not businesslike." She paused a moment to give thought to it. "You paid too high a price for the luxury of indulging the inherited temperament. Your luxury was *not* to control it; but it was a bad investment."

"The figure of speech is rather commercial," he answered coldly.

"It is curious that most things are, as a rule," she answered. "There is always the parallel of profit and loss, whether one sees it or not. The profits are happiness and friendship, enjoyment of life and approbation. If the inherited temperament supplies one with all one wants of such things, it cannot be called a loss, of course."

"You think, however, that mine has not brought me much?"

"I do not know. It is you who know."

"Well," he said viciously, "there *has* been a sort of luxury in it—in lashing out with one's heels and smashing things, and in knowing that people prefer to keep clear."

"Then perhaps it has paid."

"No," he added suddenly and fiercely; "damn it! it has not."

She made no reply to that.

"What do you mean to do?" he questioned as bluntly as before. He knew she would understand what he meant.

"Not much. To see that Rosy is not unhappy any more. We can prevent that. She was out of repair—as the house was. She is being rebuilt and decorated. She knows that she will be taken care of."

"I know her better than you do," he said with a laugh. "She will not go away. She is too frightened of the row it would make, of what I should say. I should have plenty to say. I can make her shake in her shoes."

Betty let her eyes rest full upon him, and he saw that she was softly summing him up, quite without prejudice, merely in interested speculation upon the workings of type.

"You are letting the inherited temperament run away with you at this moment. It was foolish to say that."

He had known it was foolish two seconds after the words had left his lips. It suited him best at the moment to try to laugh.

"Don't look at me like that," he threw off, "as if you were calculating that two and two make four."

"No prejudice of mine can induce them to make five or six—or three and a half," she said. "No prejudice of mine—or of yours."

There was no further conversation for them, as they were obliged to rise to their feet to receive visitors. Lady Alanby of Dole and Sir Thomas, her grandson, were being brought out of the house to them by Rosalie.

He went forward to meet them, his manner that of the graceful host. Lady Alanby, having been welcomed by him and led to the most comfortable, tree-shaded chair, found his bearing so elegantly chastened that she gazed at him with private curiosity. To her far-seeing and highly experienced old mind it seemed the bearing of a man who was "up to something." What special thing did he chance to be "up to?" Was he falling in unholy love with the girl under his stupid little wife's very nose?

She could not, however, give her undivided attention to him, as she wished to keep her eye on her grandson, and, outrageously enough, it happened that just as tea was brought out, and Tommy was beginning to cheer up and come out a little under the spur of the activities of handing bread and butter and cress sandwiches, who should appear but the two Lithcom girls, escorted by their aunt, Mrs. Manners, with whom they lived? As they were orphans without money, if the Manners, who were rather well off,

had not taken them in, they would have had to go to the workhouse or into genteel amateur shops, as they were not clever enough for governesses.

The swaying young thinness of those very slight girls whose soft summer muslins make them look like delicate bags tied in the middle with fluttering ribbons, has almost invariably a foolish attraction for burly young men whose characters are chiefly marked by lack of forethought, and Lady Alanby saw Tommy's robust young body give a sort of jerk as the party of three was brought across the grass. After it, he pulled himself together hastily and looked stiff and pink, shaking hands as if his elbow joint were out of order, being at once too loose and too rigid. He began to be clumsy with the bread and butter, and ceasing his talk with Miss Vanderpoel, fell into silence.

Why should he go on talking, he thought? Miss Vanderpoel was a crackling handsome girl, but she was too clever for him, and he had to think of all sorts of new things to say when he talked to her. And—well, a fellow could never imagine himself stretched out on the grass, puffing happily away at a pipe, with a girl like that sitting near him, smiling, the hot turf smelling almost like hay, the hot blue sky curving overhead, and both the girl and himself perfectly happy,—chock-full of joy,—though neither of them was saying anything at all. You could imagine it with some girls.

Lady Jane was a nicely behaved girl, and she tried to keep her following blue eyes fixed on the grass or on Lady Anstruthers or on Miss Vanderpoel; but there was something like a string which sometimes pulled them in another direction, and once, when this had happened, quite against her will, she was terrified to find Lady Alanby's glass lifted and fixed upon her. As Lady Alanby's opinion of Mrs. Manners was only a poor one, and as Mrs. Manners was stricken dumb by her combined dislike and awe of Lady Alanby, a slight stiffness might have settled upon the gathering if Betty had not made an effort. She applied herself to Lady Alanby and Mrs. Manners at once, and ended by making them talk to each other. When they left the tea-table un-

der the trees to look at the gardens, she walked between them, playing upon the primeval horticultural passions which dominate the existence of all respectable and normal country ladies until the gulf between them was temporarily bridged. This being achieved, she adroitly passed them over to Lady Anstruthers, who, Nigel observed with some curiosity, accepted the casual responsibility without manifest discomfiture.

A few minutes later Tommy found himself standing alone with Jane Lithcom in a path of clipped laurels. In this manner it had happened. At the end of the laurel walk was a pretty peep of the country, and Miss Vanderpoel had brought him to see it. Nigel Anstruthers had been loitering behind with Jane and Mary. As Miss Vanderpoel turned with Tommy into the path, she stooped and picked a blossom from a clump of speedwell growing at the foot of a bit of wall.

"Lady Jane's eyes are just the color of this flower," she said.

"Yes, they are," he answered, glancing down at the lovely little blue thing as she held it in her hand. And then with a thump of the heart: "Most people do not think she is pretty, but I—" desperately—"I *do*."

"So do I," Betty answered.

Then the others joined them, and Miss Vanderpoel paused to talk a little, and when they went on, she was with Mary and Nigel Anstruthers, and he was with Jane, walking slowly. And somehow the others melted away, turning in a perfectly natural manner into a side path. Their own slow pace became slower. In fact, in a few moments they were standing quite still between the green walls. Jane turned a little aside and picked off some small leaves nervously. Tommy saw the muslin on her chest lift quiveringly.

"Oh, little Jane!" he said in a shaky whisper. The following eyes incontinently brimmed over. Some shining drops fell on the softness of the blue muslin.

"Ah, Tommy," she murmured, "it's no use—talking at all."

"You must n't think—you must n't think—*anything*," he said, drawing nearer, because it was impossible not to do it.

What he really meant, though he did not know how decorously to say it, was that she must not think that he could be

moved by any tall beauty toward the splendor of whose possessions his revered grandmother might be driving him.

"I am not thinking anything," cried Jane in answer; "but she is everything, and I am nothing. Just look at her—and then look at me, Tommy."

"I'll look at you as long as you'll let me," gulped Tommy, and he was boy enough and man enough to put a hand on each of her shoulders and drown his longing in her brimming eyes.

MARY and Miss Vanderpoel were talking with a curious intimacy in another part of the garden, where they were together alone, Sir Nigel having been re-attached to Lady Alanby.

"You have known Sir Thomas a long time?" Betty had just said.

"Since we were children. Jane reminded me at the Dunholms' ball that she had played cricket with him when she was eight."

"They have always liked each other?" Miss Vanderpoel suggested.

Mary looked up at her, and the meeting of their eyes was frank to revelation. This splendid girl was understanding her.

"Oh, you *see*!" she broke out. "You left them together on purpose!"

"Yes, I did." And there was a comprehension so deep in her look that Mary knew it was deeper than her own, and somehow founded on some subtler feeling than her own. "When two people want so much—care so much to be together," Miss Vanderpoel added slowly, "it seems as if the whole world ought to help them."

Mary stared at her, moved and fascinated. She scarcely knew that she caught at her hand.

"I have never been in the state that Jane is," she poured forth, "and I can't understand how she can be such a fool; but—but we care about each other more than most girls do—perhaps because we have had no people. And it's the kind of thing there is no use talking against, it seems. It's killing the youngness in her. If it ends miserably, it will be as if she had had an illness and got up from it a faded, done-for spinster, with a stretch of hideous years to live. Her blue eyes will look like boiled gooseberries, because she will have cried all the color out of

them. Oh, you *understand!* I see you do!" Before she had finished, both Miss Vanderpoel's hands were holding hers.

"I do! I do!" she said. And she did, as a year ago she had not known she could. "Is it Lady Alanby?" she ventured.

"Yes. Tommy will be helplessly poor if she does not leave him her money. And she won't if he makes her angry. She is very determined. She will leave it to an awful cousin if she gets in a rage. And Tommy is not clever. He could never earn his living. Neither could Jane. They could *never* marry. You *can't* defy relatives and marry on nothing unless you are a character in a book."

"Has she liked Lady Jane in the past?" Miss Vanderpoel asked.

"Yes. She used to make rather a pet of her. She did n't like me. She was taken by Jane's meek, attentive, obedient ways. Jane was born a sweet, little, affectionate worm. Lady Alanby can't hate her even now. She just pushes her out of her path."

"Because—" said Betty Vanderpoel.

Mary prefaced her answer with a brief, half-embarrassed laugh.

"Because of *you*."

"Because she thinks—"

"I don't see how she can believe he has much of a chance.—I do not think she does,—but she will never forgive him if he does n't make a try at finding out whether he has one or not."

"It is very businesslike," Betty remarked.

Mary laughed.

"We talk of American business enterprise," she said, "but very few English people are dreamy idealists. We are of a coolness and a daring—when we are dealing with questions of this sort. I don't think you can know the thing you have brought here. You *stay* in a dull country place and amuse yourself by doing extraordinary things, as if there was no London waiting for you. Every one knows this won't last. Next season you will be presented, and you will have a huge success, and Lady Alanby knows there would be no chance for Tommy then. He must make his try now."

Their eyes met again, and Miss Vanderpoel looked neither shocked nor angry, but a shadow swept across her face. As

a result of her being her father's daughter, here she was indecently and unwillingly disturbing the lives of innocent lovers.

"And so long as Sir Thomas has not tried, and found out, Lady Jane will be made unhappy?"

"If he were to let you escape without trying, he would not be forgiven. His grandmother has had her own way all her life."

"But suppose, after I went away, some one else came?"

Mary shook her head.

"People like you don't *happen* in one neighborhood twice in a lifetime. I am twenty-six, and you are the first I have seen."

"And he will only be safe if—"

Mary Lithcom nodded.

"Yes—*if*," she answered. "It's silly, and frightful, but it is true."

Miss Vanderpoel looked down on the grass for a few moments, and then seemed to arrive at a decision.

"He likes you? You can make him understand things?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"Then go and tell him that if he will come here and ask me a direct question, I will give him a direct answer—which will satisfy Lady Alanby."

Lady Mary caught her breath.

"Do you know you are the most wonderful girl I ever saw," she exclaimed. "But if you only knew what I feel about Janie!" And tears rushed into her eyes.

"I feel just the same thing about my sister," said Miss Vanderpoel. "I think Rosy and Lady Jane are rather alike."

WHEN Tommy tramped across the grass toward her he was turning red and white by turns, looking somewhat like a young man who was being marched up to a cannon's mouth. It struck him that it was an American kind of thing he was called upon to do, and he was not an American, but British from the top of his closely cropped head to the thick soles of his boots. He was in truth overwhelmed by his sense of his inadequacy to the demands of the brilliantly conceived but unheard-of situation. Joy and terror swept over his being in waves.

The tall, wood-nymph look of her as she stood under a tree waiting for him would have struck his courage dead on

the spot and caused him to turn and flee in anguish if she had not made a little move toward him with a heavenly, everyday humanness in her eyes. The way she managed it was amazing. He could never have managed it at all himself.

She came forward and gave him her hand, and really it was *her* hand which held his own comparatively steady.

"It is for Lady Jane," she said. "*That* prevents it from being ridiculous or improper."

He actually fell upon his knee, and bending his head over her hand, kissed it half a dozen times with adoration. Good Lord! how she *saw* and *knew*!

"If Jane were not Jane, and you were not *you*,"—the words rushed from him.—"it would be the most outrageous—the most impudent thing a man ever had the cheek to do."

"But it is not." She did not draw her hand away, and, oh! the girlish kindness of her smiling, supporting look! "You came to ask me if—"

"If you would marry me, Miss Vanderpoel," he said, his head bending over her hand again. "I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon! Oh, Lord! I do!"

"I thank you for the compliment you pay me," she answered. "I like you very much, Sir Thomas,—and I like you just now more than ever,—but I could not marry you. I should not make you happy, and I should not be happy myself. The truth is, each of us really belongs to a different kind of person. And each of us knows the fact."

"God bless you!" he said. "I think you know everything in the world a woman can know—and remain an angel."

She took it with the prettiest laugh, which had in it no touch of mockery or disbelief in him.

"What I have said is quite final—if Lady Alanby should inquire," she said, adding rather quickly, "Some one is coming."

It pleased her to see that he did not hurry to his feet clumsily, but even stood upright with a shade of boyish dignity, and did not release her hand before he had bent his head low over it again.

Sir Nigel was bringing with him Lady

Alanby, Mrs. Manners, and his wife, and when Betty met his eyes she knew at once that he had not made his way to this particular garden without intention. He had discovered that she was with Tommy, and it had entertained him to break in upon them.

"I did not intend to interrupt Sir Thomas at his devotions," he remarked to her after dinner. "Accept my apologies."

"It did not matter in the least, thank you," said Betty.

"I AM glad to be able to say, Thomas, that you did not look an entire fool when you got up from your knees as we came into the rose garden," said Lady Alanby as their carriage turned out of Stornham village.

"I'm glad myself," Tommy answered.

"What were you doing there? Even if you were asking her to marry you, it was not necessary to go that far. We are not in the seventeenth century."

Then Tommy flushed.

"I did not intend to do it. I could not help it. She was so—so nice about everything. That girl is an angel. I told her so."

"Very right and proper spirit to approach her in," answered the old woman, watching him keenly. "Was she angel enough to say she would marry you?"

Tommy, for some occult reason, had the courage to stare back into his grandmother's eyes quite as if he were a man, and not a hobbledohoy expecting to be bullied.

"She does not want me," he answered; "and I knew she would n't. Why should she? I did what you ordered me to do, and she answered me as I knew she would. She might have snubbed me, but she has such a way of saying things and understanding, that—that—well, I found myself on one knee kissing her hand—as if I were being presented at court."

Old Lady Alanby looked out on the passing landscape.

"Well, you did your best," she summed the matter up at last, "if you went down on your knees involuntarily. If you had done it on purpose, it would have been unpardonable."

OF FINE FEATHERS

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN

Author of "Georgie"

IT was made entirely of blush-rose petals and white cobwebs, or so, in my prejudiced state of mind, it seemed to me, and it fell about Rosette's feet in beautiful, incomparable folds. It seemed a thing exquisite, unrivaled, marvelous, hopelessly expensive, delicate, perfect, and wonderful. That Rosette should wear it merely to teach me wisdom under the pear-trees in the orchard made me feel extraordinarily happy. That she should consider me worth it!

I tried to express all this coherently in one sentence, and at least I made her understand that I admired her new gown.

She looked pleased.

"Is it?" she said doubtfully. "*Do* you? Are you sure you are n't trying to be agreeable, Jerry? It does n't seem likely, but—"

"*You* know what you look like in it," said I, abruptly.

"Oh, well," she laughed, "I did think it looked rather sweet. And it's only a very, very cheap muslin, with some of Mother's worn-out lace. Hortense threw it together."

"*Threw* it together!" I gasped. *Worth*, I should have thought, at least.

Rosette sat down on the plank seat under the Morella cherry.

"It's very nice of you, Jerry, to like it so much. Any woman would scorn it, you know. Really, it would be considered beneath contempt by any person of means and unlimited credit. Our credit is getting more and more limited, and Mother cuts me down every quarter. Until I marry money—" She sighed.

"Rosette!"

"And you think I need n't change it for lunch? Mr. Vanderberg's coming."

"Perhaps," I said miserably and unkindly, "something of crimson plush, with

all your jewelry hung about you in festoons, would please him better. Talk about casting pearls before— Rose-leaves and moonshine will be thrown away before Vanderhog."

"On the contrary," said Rosette, coldly, "his taste is excellent. And his name is 'berg,' *not* 'hog.' I've told you that before."

"I beg your pardon, Rosette."

"I wish you'd try to do him justice, Jerry," she said gravely, "especially as he may—"

"Be your husband some day?" I suggested miserably.

"Who knows?" Rosette sighed. "But about dress, Jerry. It's a dreadfully serious question for a poverty-stricken girl. I used to try to dress to please women once, when I first came out, but I don't now."

"Why not?" I asked, with some disapproval.

"Too expensive." She shook her dark head sadly. "It can't be done. Now, a man—"

"Don't stop. You interest me."

Rosette glanced at her pretty gown and smiled.

"Well, any rag pleases a man if it's pretty and fresh and well-cut."

"What more can a *woman* want?" I asked in surprise.

"Expense and fashion," she replied promptly. "But with men—I wonder, Jerry, if you remember that dress you liked so much—"

"Which of 'em?" said I.

"A yellowish thing. The one I wore the day—oh, you know—"

"Go on," said I, hurt by the sudden sting of a priceless memory.

"Well, it had once been an old, faded forget-me-not muslin, and I dyed it my-

self. It was a thing that had cost about six three when it was new. No woman would have been taken in for a moment, but you were tremendously struck—or you seemed to be. It made you think of your favorite roses,—William Allan Richardson, I think you said,—and you sent me some to wear with it, like a dear. Apricots and cream, too, you said I looked like. Do you remember?"

"I remember," said I, with a groan.

"And yet you hated that pastel Paquin gown I had for Lucille's wedding, and it cost ever so much money, not to speak of the night of sighs and tears I was obliged to devote to it after Daddy had seen the bill."

What was there in this frank expression of her opinion which was making my spirits rise so high? If Rosette was learning to dress with such beautiful and effective inexpensiveness, perhaps—

"I suppose, if I married a poor man," she said slowly and inconsistently, "I should be expected to live entirely in one tweed tailor-made a year, with thick boots and a deerstalker hat."

"On the contrary," said I, hotly, "to your own proving."

"Mr. Vanderberg *hates* mannish clothes," Rosette murmured thoughtfully. "I'm afraid he likes a woman to look a *little* bit theatrical. Floppy hats, don't you know, and lots of rustle—"

"Vandersplash," said I, "is at heart an Eastern, a great mogul. If you want to please him, Rosette, dress yourself in a white sarree, with gold stars and silver moons on it; wear silver anklets on your little brown feet, to clash and chime with joy at his coming; fetter your delicate wrists together with jasmine chains; and veil yourself to the rest of the world."

Rosette grew scarlet, and, indeed, it was unpardonable of me.

"How dare you, Jerry! Oh, how dare you!"

"Forgive me, Rosette."

It was the utter misery in my eyes which she forgave, however. She knew I should never ask her to marry a beggar, and so brought herself once more to overlook my jealousy of the more fortunate.

"If you really want to know what I think about dress, Jerry, I think it is one of a woman's most important duties

to wear pretty clothes, to brighten up dark, dull rooms and ugly, monotonous streets; to wear pretty, delicate colors whenever she can, and to be as different as possible from a gray-and-brown check-plaided man."

"You do *your* duty," I murmured, with my silly heart in my eyes.

"When I see," said Rosette, hotly, "the hundreds of rich women who help to make our little town hideous instead of pretty, I could kill them, in their tweeds and their friezes and their absurd tartans belonging to no clan in the world. And their hats! Oh, Jerry!"

"I've seen their hats," said I, with sympathy.

"Dress is everything to a woman," Rosette went on. "Don't talk to me of beauty unadorned!"

"I was n't," said I, with ready sympathy.

"Mother once had little Chrystabel Grey up from the country. Her father's a doctor, you know, on nothing a year, and her mother's evangelical. You should have seen her best frock—confirmation, I should think, high, with a blue sash, and one stiff little flounce. And her hair! We had a little impromptu dance, and no one would dance with her. I had to make my partners *promise* to ask her before I gave them any with me, and then they did n't even attempt to make the best of her and draw her out. It was her get-up which made her seem so impossible in every way—dull, heavy, stupid; and mother and I were in despair. The poor child went to bed in tears; said she hated the vanities of this world, and was going into a Protestant sisterhood to live a life of self-denial and Christian endeavor. It went to my heart to see the way the village dressmaker had cut the skirt of that unspeakable frock. And the hunt ball was the next day but one. Oh, Jerry!"

"But was n't it little Miss Chrissie who—"

"Yes," said Rosette, with meaning. "And you were one of the worst, Jerry. But it was Hortense who did it—Hortense and I. We took that child into my room next day, and we found an old lace gown of mine, worn into rags at the bottom, but Chrystabel was short, and we cut the rags off. And we made it fit,

over an apple-green slip—I 'd worn it over pink, you see. And I 've never seen prettier dimpled arms and a rounder neck. Hortense did her hair. It was flaxen, and lots of it."

"Some of the men said she was the belle of that particular ball," I ventured, "though I—"

Rosette sighed.

"She 's married now," said she, "to lots and lots of money. And she met him that night. I lent her my emerald chain that I loved as my soul, and she stole my first sweetheart away from me in two waltzes and a barn-dance—"

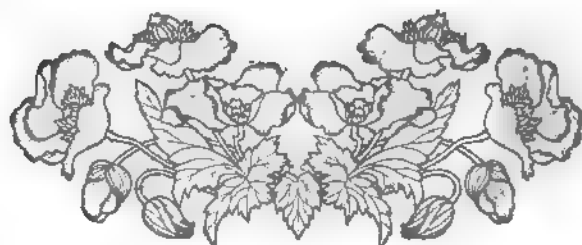
"I only danced twice—" I began hastily. She looked all innocent surprise.

"*You*, Jerry? I 'd forgotten that *you* were there. But you should see her sables now."

"Here 's Vanderpry coming out to look for you," I cried savagely. "Why on earth can't the man wait till—"

"He knows how pleased I always am to see him," said Rosette, gently. "And it 's 'berg,' Jerry, not 'pry.' But it was all fine feathers that did Chrystabel's business, and that proves everything, does n't it?"

"Everything," said I, with a groan.



HALF ASLEEP

BY GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

TO let one's fancy range;
To play the bed is so,
The window so, as it used to be
In that home of long ago;

To play the door is here;
The street is crisscross there:
And then to wait, as I used to wait,
For the step upon the stair.

To count as the footsteps pass,
Now near, now faint and far—
How personal they sound at night,
What company they are!

Some brisk and some sedate,
I wonder where they go;
And I drowse a little, till suddenly
The dear, dear step I know.

The start of joy, the flush,
The tender, happy thrill,
And then, oh, God! I am homeless and old,
And his grave is on the hill!

OUTDOOR BOSTON

BY SAMUEL M. CROTHERS

Author of "The Gentle Reader"

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN

AMONG our big cities, Boston is peculiar in not thrusting its bigness upon us. Its outward demeanor is demure. At its portals Liberty Enlightening the World would look out of place; we should rather expect the Puritan maiden Priscilla to stand as doorkeeper. The evidences of commercial prosperity are present; but they do not stare us out of countenance. They are not concentrated in any one spot, but are "a good diffused." Here and there an incipient skyscraper attempts to lift its head, only to be severely snubbed. Sky-scraping is considered architectural *l'èse-majesté* in the presence of the gilded dome of the State House.

Old Boston, with its narrow, winding streets, has many curious survivals of the past, but the Greater Boston has advanced further than any of our communities toward the city of the future, which is to be not a city at all, but a thickly settled country.

Half-way between London and Cambridge a company of English idealists have founded such a "Garden City." It is a beautiful dream rapidly being realized. The aim is to unite the necessary business of the town with the wholesome life of the country. In the vicinity of Boston this desirable state of things has been brought about by natural evolution. The well-to-do Bostonian lives in one of the garden cities that form a circle around the business center. Here are his real interests. He is not a suburbanite in the New York sense. Milton, Brookline, Cambridge, and the Newtons are not mere bedrooms for Boston. Each community has a life of its own.

For one thing, each has a history reaching back to the beginnings of New England. The Puritans were not naturally an adventurous folk. They had undertaken one great adventure, and that was enough for them. They had come to the edge of the wilderness, but they had no notion of being lost in it. So they clung closely to the shore-line, and built their villages as near together as if they had not a whole continent in which to expand. The rocky promontories jutting out into the water were reasonably safe from Indians and wolves. Here they built their meeting-houses.

The settlements followed the meandering streams, the Charles, the Mystic, and the Neponset. Where the streams came together in the bay was the natural site for the chief trading-place. At first it was only one of a group of tiny villages. In process of time these villages have grown into one great urban community; but the original units still preserve their individuality, their old traditions linger, and the names have a pleasantly simple sound. One takes the cars to Brookline Village or to Upham's Corners or to Meeting-House Hill. The rural expectations are not always adequately fulfilled, but they are seldom so rudely dispelled as when, in London, one travels to Shepherd's Bush, only to find that both the shepherd and the bush have disappeared in the roaring metropolis.

Nature has done much to prevent Boston from becoming "citified" in appearance. It is not built upon the open, inviting the endless extension of the checker-board pattern so dear to American cities. Neither is it insular, neces-



Engraving by John G. Gamble. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill.

THE OLD NORTH CHURCH, WITH ITS SO CALLED PAUL REVERE TOWER



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE STATE-HOUSE, ON BEACON HILL

sitating abnormal growth skyward. It is peninsular. Not only in the peninsulas of Boston and Charlestown, but everywhere in the vicinity, there is the mingling of the land and the waterways. The early settlers, when they went to the Thursday lecture in an adjoining town, always had the choice of two routes, just as Paul Revere must look for the signal-lanterns on the Old North Church,

"One, if by land, and two, if by sea."

Whichever way they chose, they must give up the ambition to follow a straight line. Near the First Parish Church in Cambridge is an eighteenth-century mile-stone that perplexes the modern wayfarer. It states that the distance to Boston is eight miles. At the present time it is a scant three miles over Harvard Bridge; but the mile-stone was accurate enough in the days when the traveler had to go around by Roxbury and come into Boston by the Neck.

These original peninsularities have been largely effaced by the filling in of the shallow waters of the bay, but they have left their mark on outdoor Boston. For one thing, a tract of most valuable real estate was preserved in brine till such time as it was needed for first-class residences. One of the things which makes Boston homelike is that one can walk easily from the business center to the best residence districts. One has only to cross the Common to be among the stately old houses of Beacon Hill. He crosses the Public Garden, and he is among the elect of the Back Bay. There is a sense of snugness about it like that of a prosperous little provincial town. To get lost in the city wilderness one has to go in a different direction.

Copley Square, in the Back Bay, with Trinity Church, the New Old South Church, the Art Museum, and the Public Library, is a creation of the New Boston. The whole district of which it is a center is a bit of the country bodily transplanted into the old city.

In another way the interpenetration of the land and water has given to Boston a character of its own. The various inlets and tidal streams had wide, unsightly margins. From this waste land, neglected by the utilitarian, the landscape-

artist has extracted beauty, as a by-product of municipal growth. Leading to the extensive forest reservations on the more distant hills are broad parkways, following for the most part what were once marshlands. The most important part of the comprehensive plan is the transformation of the Charles River into a pleasure-stream. When the great dam now being built is completed, if the inhabitants of Boston and Cambridge do not indulge in gondolas, the fault will be in the Yankee temperament. Here is a magnificent Grand Canal; it will be strange if the Venetian "pleasures and palaces" do not come in due time.

The new Boston gives the impression of breadth and openness. One may ride mile after mile through a pleasant park-like country interspersed with houses. It is the twentieth-century idea of civic development. Every year, as the facilities for rapid travel are improved, the citizen goes farther afield, and demands more space about his home.

But to the stranger the interest centers in the old Boston, which has clustering about it so many memories of the early life of the commonwealth. The historic imagination still clings to what is left of the old hills. From Charlestown one looks across upon Copp's Hill, with its ancient burying-ground, and the spire of the old church.

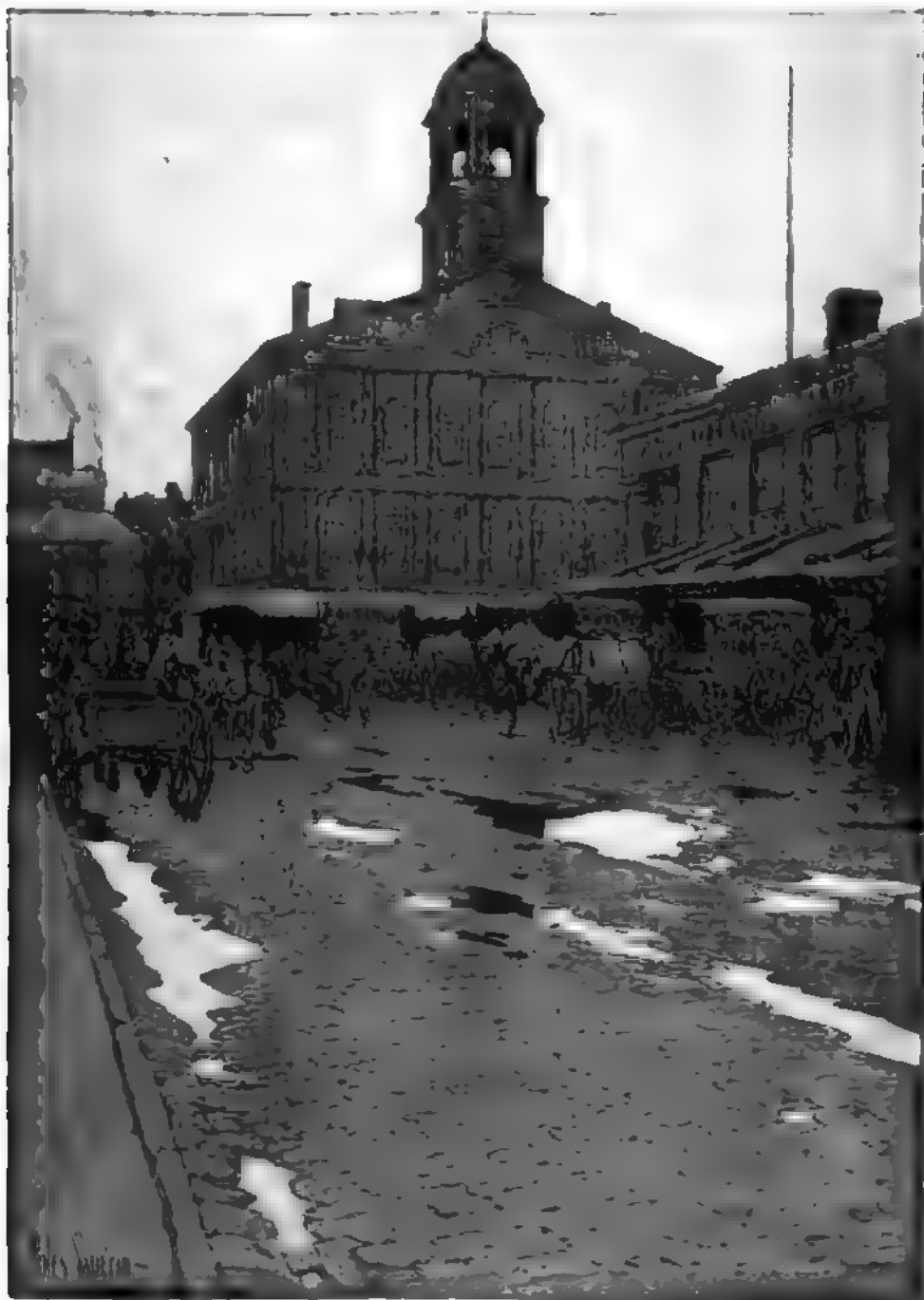
Sometimes in the evening, from the Cambridge bank of the Charles, the picturesque old Puritan city reveals itself with peculiar intimacy. The commercial buildings do not monopolize the sky-line. We see, as in the cities of the Old World, the houses where people live, with the churches lifting themselves above the houses. We turn from the made lands, and see the compact older city rising up the slopes of Beacon Hill. Crowning the hill is the dome of the State-House. Down the river rises the granite shaft of Bunker Hill. The sentiment of the place makes it a direct appeal.

And Boston Common, in spite of recent changes, has not lost its original character. It is still a common, and not a city park. It is a place to be used, and not merely to be admired. To be sure, cows are not now grazing upon it, but the memory of them still lingers, and this



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE OLD PARK STREET CHURCH, AT THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF BOSTON COMMON



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half tone plate engraved by R. Varley

FANEUIL HALL

bit of green earth has still a simple pastoral charm.

At the head of the Common stands the Park Street Church. That it has a graceful spire is not enough to account for the storm of protest which arises when the periodical suggestion for its removal is made. It is a symbol of the old Puritan town. The Bostonian believes that the Park Street Church "is, and of right ought to be" where it is. It is a meeting-house which stands just where a New England meeting-house always stands—by the village green.

For Boston has been singularly reluctant to change from its first estate, and it has become more and not less solicitous about the preservation of its old landmarks. King's Chapel, with its ancient graves around it, the Old South Church, Faneuil Hall, and the Old State-House, are more than carefully preserved antiquities: they are symbols, the outward and visible signs of an inward grace.

For the modern Boston is an illustration of the persistence of a civic tradition. In no city of the United States has the change of population, owing to unrestricted immigration, been so startling during the last generation.

The city of the Puritans has become cosmopolitan. Were Cotton Mather to come to life again and revisit his haunts in the North End, even his linguistic acquirements would be severely tested in finding his way about. And yet, though the population has so largely changed, the type remains. If clever Mrs. Ann Hutchinson were to return and resume her afternoon discussions of things theological and social, she would find an audience waiting for her. Her fashion in dress and in thought might need a little revision, but she would soon come to her own again. Boston would still relish her assaults on the old orthodoxy. Governor Winthrop could still appeal confidently to the Bostonian respect for minorities, "the best part is always the least, and of that best part the wiser is always the lesser." This method of arriving at truth by the elimination of the mentally unfit is not infallible, but it often works well. It is refreshing to find one spot where "the dissidence of dissent" is respected. If the charm of Oxford lies in the fact that it is the home

of lost causes, the perennial charm of Boston lies in its hospitality to causes that have not yet found themselves. And Samuel Adams would still find quick response to his appeals for sturdy resistance to every kind of tyranny. The spirit of the town meeting is not dead.

Yet though Nature, which is "so careful of the type," sees to it that the Bostonian state of mind is preserved, it must be confessed that that state of mind is not so highly intellectual as the newspaper wits would have us believe. Boston suffers the fate of the precocious child who, when he grows up, has all his early feats of intelligence thrown up at him. He is seen through a haze of anecdotes which emphasize his juvenile unusualness at the expense of his present achievements.

Boston took to literature at a time when literature was looked upon as an oddity on the American continent. The other communities, absorbed in the multifarious activities of pioneering, looked with half-envious amusement upon the eager little city which was trying to improve its mind. It was an infant phenomenon. Now, an infant phenomenon has a hard time, and must suffer many things from his contemporaries. They never fail to twit him on account of his divergencies from the average. If he has any intellectual superiority, he is soon made to feel ashamed of it, and he learns to conceal his gifts. So it has happened with Boston. The self-conscious intellectuality of the transcendental period was a passing phase which has long since vanished. In the meantime a score of other cities have become "literary centers." Still, the reputation gained in a previous generation remains.

Even so keen an observer as Mr. H. G. Wells allows himself to see Boston only through the spectacles of the literary tradition. It seems to him to be altogether too superstitious in its worship of "culture." Everywhere he saw copies of the Winged Victory, which seemed symbolic of the spirit of the place. It indicated boundless aspiration, but an aspiration that was not closely related to the facts of mundane life. There was an impression of the lack of strict contemporaneity.

This is the impression one might easily



Drawn by Jules Guerin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrin

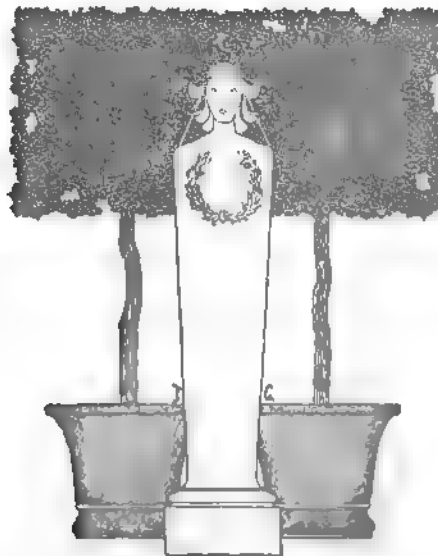
THE OLD STATE-HOUSE

get from the talk of many a Boston drawing-room. But why should one choose his symbol from an indoor ornament? Outdoor Boston is more representative. Here one may see what people are interested in. The statues scattered about the town are not all works of art, but they indicate the kind of men the people delight to honor. There is certainly no lack of wholesome virility.

Turning from the equestrian statue of "Fighting Joe" Hooker, by Daniel C. French and Edward C. Potter, in front of the State-House, we linger before the Shaw Monument, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. If we are looking for a symbol of the real Boston, here we may find it. It is aspiration and an eager forward movement that is represented; but there is nothing vague about it. These men are urged on by something more grimly real than the pursuit of culture. On the Public Garden stands Herbert Adams's statue of Channing, the first of American preachers to discern the significance of modern philanthropies and social reforms. A little farther on we come upon the uncompromising fig-

ure of Garrison, sculptured by Olin L. Warner.

Let the stranger, then, ask a policeman to direct him to French's monument erected to the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly. Instantly he will have made a friend. If the stranger be of a philosophic mind, he will linger over the inscription, "Poet, Patriot, Orator." Then let him stop at the Public Library, and look over the works of this Irish-American Bostonian. He will arise with a new appreciation of what has been going on. The mingling of races has led to a mingling of ideals. Once Boston represented only the spirit of the English Puritan. To-day the Irish Catholic is too important an element to be ignored. In Boyle O'Reilly we see the two lines of tradition merging. The newcomer lifts his voice in praise of the Pilgrims of Plymouth and of the men of the town-meeting. New England ideas are garnished with Celtic wit. Perhaps nothing in outdoor Boston is more significant than the monument which recognizes that the new element entering into the city's life is destined to modify it profoundly.





THE HOODOO OF THE MINNIETTA

BY MARY AUSTIN

Author of "Isidro"

SOUTH by east from the leprous shore of Owens Lake, untangling the network of trails that lead toward the lava flanks of Coso, one comes at last to the Minnietta, a crumbling tunnel, a ruined smelter, and a row of sun-warped dwellings in a narrow gully faced by tall, skeleton-white cliffs.

It lies so secretly in the cut of the country rock, and has so somber a tone in the stark, wide light, that you perceive it at once to be one of those places that contribute to the fixed belief of mining countries that the hot essences of greed and hate and lust are absorbed, as it were, by the means that provoke them, and inhere in houses, lands, or stones, to work mischief to the possessor. This is common in new and untamed lands, where destinies are worked out in plain sight. Manuel de Borba could not persuade the sheriff to accept as a gift the knife with which he killed Mariana, and no miner acquainted with its hoodoo will have anything to do with the Minnietta.

Antone discovered it in a forgotten year. No one knew his other name: at Panamint he was called Dutchy, after the use of mining camps, from which you gather that he might have been a German, Swede, Norwegian, Dane, or even a Dutchman. He was a foreigner, very sick when he came to the hills, sicker when he left them; and he discovered the ledge in a three-weeks prospecting trip, from which he returned to Jake Hogan's cabin with his pockets full of ore, elate, penniless, and utterly worn.

He talked it all out with Hogan, on into the night, with the candle guttering in a bottle and the winking specimens spread out on the table between them. The ore was heavy and dull, and had the greasy feel of richness. Between the pains of a racking cough, Antone promised himself great things. He talked on afterward in his bunk, maunderingly, as his fever rose, to which succeeded the stupor of exhaustion. That was why, three days later, not being able to attend to it himself, he asked Hogan to have the ore assayed and to bring him the report. And the report was so little in the eye of his expectation that a week later, loathing the filthy cabin and the ill-cooked food, feeling death in his throat, all his thought set toward home, Antone accepted the two hundred dollars which Hogan offered him for all right and interest in his claim. Hogan considerably saw him off on the Mojave stage, and immediately gathered his pack to set out for a certain gully faced by tall white cliffs, where the outcrop was heavy and dull, with a greasy feel.

Long afterward, when rage had made him drunk, Hogan—his wickedness, as it were, an added poison to his curse—explained how, when it was full dark, when the one street was barred with blocks of light from dance-houses full of roaring song, he had gone down to the assay office, the light of the furnace glowing low and evilly along the ground, with other specimens than Antone's, but so like them in all but richness that Dutchy,

turning in his blanket and shaken terribly with coughing, never knew. That, said Hogan, when he cursed the men who had done him out of the Minnietta, was the sort of man he was; as much as to say, being a toad, he spat venom, and was not to be trod upon. But at the time he must have thought more cheerfully of his offense.

Within a month it was known in all the Panamint and Coso camps, and as far north as Cerro Gordo, that Jake Hogan had made a good strike at the Minnietta.

Hogan organized a stock company to open the mine and build a smelter, and began to grow rich amazingly. Jigging burro trains went up and down with water; eighteen-mule freighters trailed in with supplies in a wake of tawny dust. Beflounded and fluttered women, last indubitable evidence of a prosperous camp, preened themselves in the cabins set askew under the white cliffs.

It is not given to every man to deal successfully with mining-stock companies. Hogan prospecting a grub-stake and Hogan owner of the Minnietta, putting out its thousands a week, were much the same person. Because he was ignorant, Hogan did not understand his stock company when he had organized it; and because he had come into his property by stealth, feared to lose it by conspiracy. Before the end of the second year, Hogan and the Minnietta Mining and Milling Company were taking away each other's characters openly in court.

Hogan got a judgment that gave him little less than half what he asked; contumaciously he carried it to a higher court, and got a reversal of judgment that gave him nothing at all. So at the last he went out of Minnietta with little more than he had brought into it,—folly and shame, you understand, peering with painted faces from the little cabins under the cliff, had had their pickings of him,—and going, cursed it with fluency and all his might. Tunnel and shaft and winze, he cursed it; sheave and cross-cut; pulley and belt; and blast and fall-rope under the hoist. As he had made it, he cursed it in every part. Those who heard him maintain that in the cursing of Hogan was wrought the hoodoo of the Minnietta; but, in fact, it began in the fake

assay which Hogan carried to Antone in his bed, a villainy of which he despoiled himself in his cursing, with the wantonness by which a man, checked in an evil, reveals the iniquity in which he shaped it.

After that the Minnietta Mining and Milling Company was not uniformly prosperous; the price of silver went down or the quality of the ore fell off, and there were months at a time when the mine was shut down while the directors settled their private squabbles. Now and then, and always at inopportune moments, the company had streaks of economy.

In one of these they happened upon McKenna for superintendent, whose particular qualification was that he was cheap, and being no spender at the best of times, was not always careful to draw his salary at the end of the month. This was very bad business for a mining country, as McKenna came to know when the next shut-down found him with a salary some fifteen months in arrears. He said uncomplimentary things about the management, but did not unnecessarily harass the directors, because he held his job on half-pay until work began again—all of which was still unpaid when the mine reopened with a small force in April.

By this time, you understand, the Minnietta Mining and Milling Company was in a bad way. When the ore was of high grade or the price of silver went up a few points, they could work the mine at a profit; when neither of these things happened, it ran at a loss, and McKenna was their chief creditor. All this time the flux of mining life slacked throughout that district—slacked and dribbled away down the trails of desolate gulches; poured off quick, as it had come, like the sudden rains that burst over those ranges, leaving it scarred with dump and shaft and track. Houses, full of the cheap, garish furniture of the camps, warped apart in the sun; rabbits ran in and out of the sagging sills. Five days' desolation lay between the world and the Minnietta.

During the shut-down McKenna stayed and looked after the mine, because, as he said, it owed him so much that he could not afford to neglect it; but really because the desert had him, catlike, between her paws. So he stayed on, and tinkered

about repairs for the mill and the smelter. After one such session he was observed to go about in the tumultuous silence of a man with a doubtful project; also he ceased to vex the management greatly about his arrears of salary. That was about a year before the Minnietta was shut down altogether.

In the course of time McKenna, as the chief creditor, brought suit, attached the property of the company, and got a judgment by default.

At that time he could have had the whole district on the same terms, for something had happened or was about to happen in some other quarter which made the value of silver to the ton about half the cost of working it. The first thing McKenna did when he came into possession was to rip up the smelter.

This was before the cyanide process was discovered, and the smelter was of the rudest description, and McKenna had repaired it. Four great bars of virgin silver, half the length of a man's body and of incredible thickness, he took out of it in the way of leakings. McKenna used it to put the property in working order. The thing which was about to happen in Germany or Argentina or wherever, had not happened, or, if it had, not with the anticipated effect. Silver went up. McKenna looked to the management himself, grew sleek, and married a wife. But the hoodoo worked.

In the second year Mrs. McKenna had a child, and it died. Did I say somewhere that women mostly hate the desert? Women, unless they have very large and simple souls, need cover—clothes, you know, and furniture, social observances to screen them, conventions to get behind. Life, when it leaps upon them large and naked, shocks their souls into disorder. Mrs. McKenna at the Minnietta had the arm-long grave under the skeleton cliffs, and McKenna, with no screen to his commonness. Her mind traveled back and forth from these and down the gulch to a vista of treeless, discolored hills. Finally, for very emptiness, it fixed upon McKenna's assistant. The assistant was also common, but he had a little veil of unfamiliarity, and Mrs. McKenna was the only woman within three days. I do not say that, given the conditions, the thing that hap-

pened would not have happened without the hoodoo, but it served to take McKenna's mind off the mine, and the hoodoo cut in between. After a while the two went out of the story by way of the Mojave stage, and McKenna, leaving the mine in charge of Jordan, whom he had promoted from his foreman's job to be superintendent, was supposed to have gone in search of his wife. Whether he found her, or if the hoodoo stayed by him in the place where he had gone, nobody ever heard. I think myself that it inheres where it was bred, in the hollow of the comfortless, thick hills. He was, however, bound to lose the mine in some such case as he had got it.

Jordan was the man McKenna had to help him when he ripped up the smelter; he knew exactly how the Minnietta came into his employer's hands, and thought well of it. In every mining-camp there are men incurably unable to be taught by the logic of events. McKenna was certain not to come near the mine again; might reasonably wish to be quit of it. This he might have done profitably, except for the hoodoo, for the grade of ore was increasingly rich. Jordan, as a practical miner, was much about the tunnel, and being left to himself too much, had time for thought, and, as I have said, he was the sort of man who admired the sort of thing McKenna had done. Along in the early summer the direction of the work in the main gallery was altered at never so slight an angle, and in due course of time was boarded over.

Jordan reported to McKenna that, as the main lead appeared to be nearly worked out, it would be better to put the mine on the market before the fact became generally known. Eventually this was done. The selling price was not large, but considering what McKenna thought he knew of the property, and what the purchasers, tipped by Jordan, did know, it was satisfactory to both parties. In some unexplained way the Minnietta came shortly into the hands of the foreman, Dan Jordan, who ripped up the siding, and uncovered a body of high-grade ore.

The Minnietta is a nearly horizontal vein in a crumbling country rock that necessitates timbering and an elaborate system of props and siding. The new

owner had all the petty, fiddling ways of a man accustomed to days' wages. He bought second-hand timbers from abandoned mines, and took unnecessary risks in the matter of siding, and the men grumbled.

Jordan did not get on well with his men; he gave himself airs, and suspected an attempt to cry down his new dignities. He was swollen and sullen with the pride of his prosperity. By this time the conviction of the hoodoo was well abroad in that country, and men were few and fearful who could be hired to work in the Minnietta. When there was a good twenty thousand on the dump the men refused to go into the tunnel again until certain things were remedied. Jordan, who did not believe in it, cursed the hoodoo, cursed the hands, and went down into the tunnel, trailing abuse behind him for the men who followed timorously far at his back.

"Better keep this side the cut, sir," said one of them, respectfully enough. "Them props ain't no ways safe." Jordan kicked the prop scornfully for answer, and when the men, starting back from the sound of falling, dared to approach him, they found him quite dead, his skull crushed and buried under the crumbling rock.

After that the Minnietta passed in due course to Jordan's heirs, two families of cousins who knew nothing of silver mines except that they were supposed to be eminently desirable.

Now, as they had come into the property through no fault of theirs, if the hoodoo were nothing more than the logical tendency of evil-doing to draw to and consume the evil-doer, they should have been beyond its reach. This would have been the case if, as you suppose, the hoodoo were a myth begotten of a series

of fortuitous events. But you, between the church and the police, whose every emanation of the soul is shred to tatters by the yammering of kin and neighbor, what do you know of the great, silent spaces across which the voice of law and opinion reaches as small as the rustle of blown sand? There the castings of a man's soul lie still in whatever shape of hate and rage he threw them from him.

There are places in Lost Valley where, in the early fifties, emigrant trains went through—places so void of wind and jostling weather that the wheel-tracks still lie upon the sand, clear from that single passing; other places where, as at the Minnietta, the reek of men's passions lies in the hollow desertness like an infection, as if every timber had absorbed mischief instead of moisture, and every bolt gives it off in lieu of rust.

If it were not so, there is no reason why the heirs of Dan Jordan should have gone to law about it while the price of silver went down and down. They stripped themselves in litigation while the timbers sagged in the tunnel and the cuts choked with rubble. The ore on the dump, by no means worth twenty thousand by this time, went to a lawyer who had been a very decent sort until he became dissolute through prosperity and neglected his family. The battens of the mill, warped through successive summers, fell off, and the boards shrunk from one another and curled at the edges like the lips of men dead and sun-dried in the desert. And the two cousins, who were once very good friends, do not speak. And if they should come together, or the price of silver go up, say, three points, I do not know, unless they are able to charge the enterprise with some counter passion of nobility or sacrifice, how they will escape the hoodoo of the Minnietta.



BREAKING HORSES WITH KINDNESS

A RECORD OF SUCCESS WITH NOVEL METHODS

BY MARY K. MAULE

TWENTY years ago, on a ranch in southern Texas, a cattle-man sat on a discarded saddle outside the bars of a corral, sick at heart.

Stretched out on a horse-blanket beside him lay a cow-boy,—his “bunkie,”—maimed and crushed and bleeding; and inside the corral a beautiful, high-spirited mustang lay panting out the last moments of a life that she had sacrificed in her mad struggle for liberty.

“It’s all wrong, boys,” he cried, with a sob in his throat; “it’s all wrong, and foolish, and wicked, and inhuman. There’s no sense in this sacrifice of life. This is no way to break horses, and I know it, and I’m going to prove it. From this very day I am going to devote my life to saving the men and the horses that are being sacrificed every year under this brutal system of breaking horses, which is as senseless as it is wicked.”

And he has done it. The very next day Daniel Boyington started out, traveling from one ranch to another all over the West, the Northwest, and the great Southwestern cattle-country, getting up classes among the ranchmen and cow-boys, and teaching them how to break, train, and educate their horses without the roping, choking, blindfolding, throwing, dragging, and beating which they had heretofore held to be an essential part of the education of the unbroken mustang or broncho.

At first he was hooted and jeered at, and the news that “Uncle Dan was coming” was the signal for the larking cow-boys to get together all the “outlaws” and condemned horses for miles around, anticipating great sport in seeing them “do up the old man,” or “run the professor plumb out of the corral.”

When they had seen “the professor” go into the corral without whip, rope, or hackamore, and had seen him subdue, pet, saddle, bit, and ride the most vicious horse in the bunch within three or four hours, when they had seen the trembling outlaw rub its nose against his shoulder and eat out of his hand, they said that it was hypnotism or magic. They accused him of “doping” the horses, and privately offered him big bribes to tell them what charm or medicine he used.

“Uncle Dan” only shook his head and laughed, and his answer was always the same.

“The only charm I use, boys, is the Golden Rule. Treat a horse as you would like to be treated if you were a horse yourself. There is never any need for any one to beat or abuse a horse,” he told them, “for there is no creature living more faithful or loving, if you are only kind and patient with him. Teach him to love and have confidence in you, and give him time to find out what you want, then he will serve you not only willingly, but gladly and proudly. The best charm that any man can use in breaking a horse is kindness. The first impression that a wild horse or a young colt should get from man is that of confidence and friendliness. Teach the youngsters first of all that you do not mean to beat or abuse them, but to become their best friend. Be kind, gentle, and considerate with them, and you will find that you have soon won their confidence and can do anything you like with them.”

The old method, and, sad to say, the method that is still used on many ranches for subduing the unbroken horse, had been to “round up” a herd of the wild creatures that had been running free on

the range, run them into a corral, "cut out," or drive apart from the herd, the horse to be broken, and run him into a large corral, where he was then roped and thrown. If the furious and terrified creature showed fight,—which he always would do if he had any spirit,—he was often choked almost into insensibility, blindfolded, his feet hobbled, a hackamore put on his head, a bit forced into his mouth, and a saddle strapped on his back, and cinched so tight that it almost cut him in two. Then the hobbles were removed from his feet, the blind from his eyes, a cow-boy sprang into the saddle, and the "fun" began.

The broncho got to his feet stiff, stunned, and sore from his fall, in a strange place that he had never seen before, with a hard, cold, torturing thing in his mouth that cut his tongue and tore his lips and gums, and with a burden on his back which he could not understand. It was no wonder that he began to rear and kick and buck; that the sole thought in his mind was to rid himself of these new and painful sensations; and that he struck out with fore-feet, pitched, reared, lay down, and threw himself over backward, hoping to shake off the thing that was terrifying him. The more the horse fought and struggled, the more the cow-boys laughed and shouted, cheering on the "boy" upon his back, who beat him over the head with his quirt, prodded him with the rowels of his long Spanish spurs until the blood ran from his quivering flanks, and goaded him round and round the corral, until, dropping with terror and exhaustion, the poor creature gave up the unequal contest, and was called "broken"; or, if he happened to be a horse of better blood and more spirit, kept up the fight until he killed or injured himself or his rider,—often both,—or until, after a useless struggle, he was turned out on the range again as a hopeless outlaw.

It was Boyington's observation of these methods of breaking, and of the fact that out of every bunch that was driven in to be broken there were a large number killed, or so maimed or injured that they were never of any account afterward, and that the cow-boys who broke them were continually being killed or crippled for life, that decided him to start out to teach his method of training, in which neither

men nor horses are injured, and which, by its gentleness and common-sense usefulness, has not only attracted the attention of the more intelligent breeders of horses and cattle all over this country, but has been enthusiastically recommended and endorsed by a large number of humane societies all over the United States.

Mr. Boyington has a troupe of educated mules, and it was while watching the antics of these homely creatures, which are as docile as dogs, as intelligent as human beings, and as loving and affectionate with their teacher as a lot of frolicsome children, that the writer learned of his methods of training horses.

"I love all animals," he said, stroking his silvery-white hair, and smiling out of his keen, blue eyes, "and experience has taught me that roughness or unkindness should never be used in training them. The first thing to be done in training any animal is to win its confidence, the next, its love. When I am called to a ranch in Wyoming, Dakota, New Mexico, Texas, or any other place where they have a lot of wild, condemned, or outlawed horses to be broken, I make a point of beginning my work as early as I can in the morning, for both horse and trainer are in their best condition then, and are less likely to be irritable and nervous. I never want a horse that I am going to handle to be roped or thrown. As soon as a lariat is thrown over and tightens about a wild horse, that moment he gets a shock and fright that only hours of patient labor can overcome.

"I like to have the horse I am going to break 'cut out' from the herd and driven by himself into a corral. For my method of training I prefer a small corral, perhaps forty or fifty feet square.

"When the horse is turned into the corral, he is always scared and excited, and, as a general thing, runs up into a corner, where he stands all hunched up, trembling and sweating with fear.

"The first thing to do is to show him that he has nothing to be afraid of and to gain his confidence. I never hurry him. I let him stand there for a while, look about him, nose the bars of the corral, find out where he is, and get somewhat accustomed to his surroundings. When he begins to calm down, I go into the corral. At first I don't try to get

near him. I stand back, close to the bars on the opposite side from where he is; and when he has become a little bit accustomed to the presence of that queer black thing behind him, I make some little motion with my hand or foot. When he turns a frightened glance toward me from the corner of his eye, I step back, as if I were just a little afraid of him. This cheers him up a bit and gives him confidence. I repeat this motion several times, and before long he ceases to shake and tremble, his ears come up, and he begins to pluck up courage and look around him.

"When I enter the corral to begin the training of a wild horse that never has been handled before, I take with me no rope, hackamore, whip or spur. The only thing I carry is a long, jointed fishing-pole, and some oats or corn, or some lump sugar in my pocket.

"When I see that my horse is getting over the first terror and excitement of his capture, I begin to talk to him in a low, soothing tone, and as I talk I gradually reach out my long rod and touch him with it now and then very lightly and gently. Sometimes I fasten a sheaf of wheat or oats on the end of the pole, and let him sniff and nibble at it. One thing you can always count on, and that is the curiosity of a horse. He is one of the most curious animals in existence, and when a strange object is presented to him, he will always investigate it, if he is not too much frightened or excited. A horse fresh from the herd knows nothing of grain or sugar, but he likes the first sniff of it, and will usually take to it immediately.

"The reason I use a jointed fish-pole in first getting acquainted with a wild horse is on account of its length and flexibility. With this long pole I can stand far off, without frightening, or making him angry by my approach, and at the same time can stroke and 'gentle' him. By using the rod quietly and dexterously, he soon ceases to rear and plunge when he is touched, and gradually comes to like it. As I stroke him and talk to him, I gradually begin to work up nearer to him, and after a while take off the first joint of the rod and go on stroking and rubbing him, being careful to pass the rod close to his nose, so that he may

see and smell it, and then rub it gently along his back and neck and sides. In ten or fifteen minutes I have him so that he ceases to plunge and rear, but stands still to be stroked, and turns his head and regards me curiously. He wonders what this thing is that is caressing him so softly, and coming a step nearer, he stretches out his curious nose to investigate. I keep on talking to him, take off another joint of the pole, and come that much nearer; and little by little approach, without startling him, until I can run my hand cautiously up the stock of the pole and lay it upon him. This usually frightens him a little, and he will rear and snort and back away; but I don't follow him up or force his confidence, for a little time spent now is much time saved later on. So I keep still, and when I see that he is quieted down, I begin again, and before one can imagine such a thing possible, I have the wildest, most vicious horse, or the animal that has never before been near a human creature, standing still while I pat and stroke him all over, accustoming him to feel my hands about his head, his ears, his neck, his back, and even his tail.

And now that I have gained his confidence, it is time to show him that I am worthy of it by giving him a little reward. I feed him a little oats or sugar out of my hand, pet him, pat him, and tell him that he is a good fellow and that I know we shall be great friends. He may not understand my words, but he will comprehend the tone, and will from that moment begin to trust me.

"When I have got my wild horse this far I am ready to begin to train him.

"Laying my arm over his neck or back, I walk along by his side, urging him forward very gently with a slight pressure of my arm or the rod along his neck or side. He soon learns that that pressure means that I want him to move along beside me. Then as we amble gently from side to side of the corral, every time we come to the fence, where we can go no farther, I say 'Whoa!' in a loud, firm voice. He very soon learns that 'Whoa' means to stop, and soon, no matter what part of the corral we are in, he will stop short at the word of command. This I consider a most important part of horse-breaking, as a well-trained horse should

always obey the voice more than the bit, and should be so educated from the very first that, in case of accident to the lines, he will stop at the word of command.

"By this time it is perhaps ten o'clock in the forenoon, and I have got my wild horse so that I can come up to him in the corral, lay my hands on him, guide him about a little, and stop him without rope, whip, bit, or halter having been laid upon him, and without having struck a blow or used a single harsh measure.

"Could I do this if he were a 'mean' horse?

"There is no such thing as a 'mean' horse, if you treat him right. I have dealt with almost every known kind of horse flesh in the something over thirty years

and patient, and you are sure to win out in the end, and make of the stubborn, high-tempered horse a good and useful animal. A wild horse is naturally afraid of man, and if he rears, strikes, kicks, bites, or runs away, it is through fear, and from his natural impulse of self-defense,



FIRST TOUCHING THE
BRONCHO WITH A
JOINTED ROD



PROGRESSING IN FRIENDLY ACQUAINTANCE

of my experience, and I can say truthfully that I have never seen the horse yet that cannot be conquered, trained, and broken with kindness and patience. Of course horses are like people. There are varying degrees of intelligence, stubbornness, and temper in bronchos and mustangs, just as there are in men; but the only thing one has to do is to back one's wit against theirs. Be kind, gentle,

not because he is 'mean.' If a horse is properly introduced to man, his master, and is properly handled and well broken when he is young or wild, he will never turn out to be a vicious horse. Many horses, like many children, have their characters and tempers ruined by an improper training and education.

"When I have taught my wild horse what it means to guide him about

a little, I bring in the halter and a blanket. I throw the blanket over my shoulder and let him look at and smell it. Then I take it off, whirl it about my head, throw it all over him, lay it on the ground, and lead him over it, rub it gently along his rump and shoulders, and get him used to see it flapping about him. This will prevent him from being frightened at everything that he sees whirling by his head.



CORRECTING A TENDENCY
TO KICK

Then I take the halter and lay it loosely about his neck. If he shows fight, or does not seem to like it, I take it off, pass it along his neck and nose, let him sniff it, rub it gently over his head, and after a while put it on again. I never let him get angry over his halter, for once you have allowed a horse to fight his halter, you always have trouble with him.

"After a few minutes, during which I pat and pet him, and feed him a little sugar or oats to put him in a good humor, I put on the halter and fasten it up, and then I begin to walk him about a little, and teach him to lead. This I accomplish by passing a rope with a running noose in it very gently about his body. Holding the halter in one hand and the end of the body-rope in the other, I move up a few steps, petting him and encouraging him to follow, and while he does so, I hold the rope loose in my hand, so that he does not feel it. But if he begins to pull back, or refuses to follow, I pull gently on the halter and tighten up on the body-rope. This cinches him a little, and he naturally starts forward. Then I loosen up on the rope quickly, pat and

praise him, and lead him on. He soon knows that in order to avoid the unpleasant cinch of the body-rope he must follow the halter, and it is only a few minutes before I can remove the body-rope completely, and lead him anywhere by the halter.

"When I have him broken to the halter, I begin on the bit. That is more difficult. A horse hates a bit, and who



TEACHING THE BRONCHO TO LEAD WITH A HALTER

can blame him? I hold the bit in my hand, warm it up a little if the weather is cold, coat it with sugar, rub it around on his nose, and at last put it in his mouth. Of course he does n't like it, and forces it out. Then, instead of jerking back his head and forcing the bit between his set teeth until his mouth is torn, his lips and gums are sore and bleeding, and he has established in his mind an ineradicable fear and hatred of the torturing thing that has hurt him so badly, I take it away, let him look at it and lick a little of the sugar off, and then I begin again. After a few trials the bit is adjusted without a struggle, and the horse has learned to know what a bit is, and to be willing to have it put in his mouth. To me, biting a horse is one of

the most important parts of his education. Many horses are always hard to bridle, and make a point of holding their heads so high that it is almost impossible for a person of ordinary height to reach them. This is a trial to temper and patience, and gets the poor horse many a cuff and blow that might be saved him if he had been properly taught a very simple thing in his early education.

"When you are ready to put on the bridle, stand by your horse's head and press down very gently with your thumb and fingers on the head just back of the ears. That will make him at once lower his head. Then pet and praise and reward him. A horse has more intelligence than most people suppose, and as soon as he learns that the pressure behind his ears means that he is to lower his head, and that lowering his head means a caress and a lump of sugar, he will soon learn to lower his head of his own accord when he sees the bridle, and save his master many a back-ache and himself many a blow.

"By the time I have the horse bitted, and have led and driven him about the corral a little, it is noon, and both horse and trainer are tired and hungry.

"I take off the bit and halter, pat and pet him, and turn him loose to feed and rest while I eat my dinner.

"After dinner I begin again. This time when I enter the corral he is not afraid of me. He looks up to meet me, and has an idea that somewhere about this strange new friend there is a handful of oats or a lump of sugar. And he is right. He gets it every time. I believe in bribery when it comes to training a horse. Sugar is cheaper than whips, and in the long run a good deal safer.

"The first time the wild horse puts out his nose to your hand is like the first time a child begins to lisp its A,B,C's: its education is begun. It is proud, pleased, and glad, and looks for your praise and encouragement, and praise, caresses, and reward should be given every time.

"When I have fed and patted him a little, I put on the bridle, and then begin

to accustom him to the idea of a rider. I put my hands on his back, jump up and down beside him, throw one foot over him, and then rub and press all along his sides and back. After a while

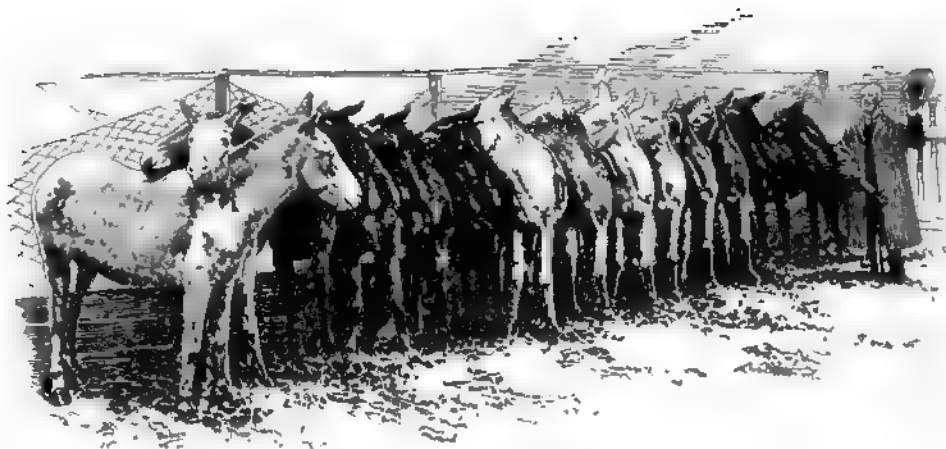


Drawn by I. W. Taber, from a photograph

DOCILITY OF AN "OUTLAW" HORSE, AFTER A LITTLE OVER THREE HOURS' HANDLING.
(WATER VALLEY, TEXAS)

I bring in a small ladder, and set it up near him, placing it so that he may see and become accustomed to it. Presently I lead him up beside it, and mounting the ladder, throw one leg across his back. If he seems at all frightened, I get down, talk to him, and pet him a little, give him time to think the thing over, and then begin again. In the course of thirty minutes I have the horse so that I can not only mount him from the ladder, but can lead him up to the side of the corral, and mount him from a rail of the fence. After that it is a small matter to teach him to let his rider mount when and how and where he will.

"It is not always an easy matter to accustom a horse to the saddle; but this, too, can be accomplished easily if one is only patient and gentle and goes at it in a way to win, rather than to repel, the confidence of the horse. My method is to bring in the saddle and let him become accustomed to the sight of it before I try to put it on. I take it up to him, let him look at it and smell it, and rub it



Drawn by I. W. Taber from a photograph

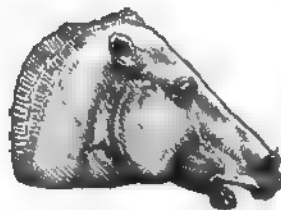
MR. ROYINGTON'S TROUP OF EDUCATED MULES

along on his neck and sides. After a while I lay it very gently along his neck, slide it gently down his back, and slip it off over his tail. This I repeat several times before I try to fasten it. When he has got a little bit accustomed to it, I put the saddle on, cinch it loosely, and lead him about. If he begins to rear and buck and act foolishly, I tie up one of his feet, sometimes a hind foot, sometimes a fore. In this way he cannot bolt, and soon learns that pitching, rearing, and bolting will be punished by having one of his feet tied up. If he attempts to kick, I immediately draw up his foot, and the moment he ceases to struggle I let it down, pat and pet him, and tell him that now he is acting sensibly.

"He knows all right. He reasons it all out, and if you only hold on to your own temper, and are kind and patient with

him, he soon ceases to struggle, and learns to be good. I have worked in this way with the most vicious horses that could be brought to me, and in no case have I found a horse which I could not break and ride in half a day.

"Long before sundown I have my wild horse not *broken*, but *educated*, so that if he is not afterward abused and spoiled in the handling, he is safe, gentle, kind, and a pleasant animal to ride or drive, a true friend in time of need, and a faithful servant whom you can love and trust. He has never had a blow, he is not broken-spirited, winded, jaded, discouraged, and worn out, but comes away from his first day of education, fresh, pleased, and proud, with confidence and affection established between himself and mankind, and a long and useful career before him."



THE STANDARD OF REALITY

BY ELIZABETH MOORHEAD

D R. FARNHAM experienced a vague nervous irritation. But he was careful not to betray it; indeed, being a man of fair mind, he wondered if it was n't altogether unjustifiable, as he glanced round the pleasant dining-room with due appreciation of the well-appointed table and deft service. Nevertheless, he confessed to himself that his luncheon-hour seldom afforded that interval of rest and refreshment so desirable to an overworked physician. There were always things to be adjusted—stupid things, petty things. Did women really enjoy this perpetual discussion of details that might be disposed of in a single word? Mrs. Farnham was turning to him now in helpless appeal, her face flushed with the humiliating recognition of her own lack of authority.

"Won't *you* talk to Maud about the bazar, George? I've done my best, I can't make her see how unsuitable it is for a girl of sixteen to come before the public."

And Maud, both arms on the table, reiterated mutinously: "But it's for such a good cause—the new hospital."

Farnham let his eyes rest in dispassionate contemplation on the two figures before him. Middle-aged heaviness had settled upon his wife, and her small features, which in youth had attracted him by a certain feminine piquancy, were fast losing outline and significance through the encroachment of cheek and chin. And the same fatal tendency toward exuberance was already apparent in Maud's early bloom. More than promise, it had a luscious quality; it needed subduing and restraint. But in spite of the opulence of her figure and the dawning self-consciousness in her warm brown eyes, her mouth remained the mouth of a child. It was quivering almost babyishly as she

answered her father's look with renewed pleading.

His voice softened to tenderness, though he was firm in decision.

"No, Maud; you can't do it, dear. Your mother's quite right, it is n't suitable." Then, as two big tears ran over her cheeks, he added: "Don't be in too great a hurry, little girl, don't give yourself too freely. You'll miss the real fragrance of your life if you blossom before your time."

But Maud, in a tempest of disappointment and rebellion, sprang to her feet and flung herself stormily out of the room. They caught the sound of a half-stifled sob as she ran through the hall.

Pleasure-loving and undisciplined, neither child nor woman, how was it possible to find the clue to her nature? Farnham felt a sudden pang. No help to be had from Alice, that was plain. Her wide blue eyes were slightly moist, her mouth drooped at the corners with an expression as childishly hurt and grieved as Maud's own.

"Poor girl!" she murmured remorsefully. "It *does* seem hard to disappoint her, after all. She'd set her heart on it. No wonder she wants to take part; everybody thinks she's so pretty, and she dances beautifully." Irrepressible maternal pride surged up in her tone despite her effort to express only a proper disapproval. "I declare, I can't tell what to do with her. Next year we shall certainly have to send her to boarding-school. She has no time for study; the boys are all crazy about her—"

"That's all wrong; it must be stopped at once," Farnham interrupted emphatically, and Alice continued with relieved abandonment of responsibility: "Well, I'll be only too glad if you'll take a hand and manage her. You're out of

the house so much of the time you don't really know how things go with the children."

A rush of cold air, a stampede in the hall, a noisy flinging down of books, hats, and coats, and the two boys, just home from school, made a violent entrance. Their mother began at once to remonstrate.

"Dear me! *did* you leave your rubber boots in the vestibule, boys? I'm afraid you've tracked snow into the house. *Why* can't you learn to do as you're told?" Alice, though an accomplished housewife and devoted mother, certainly had n't the knack of discipline and was in a chronic state of bewilderment over her children's cheerful disregard of her mandates.

"You're still hoarse, Ned," she pursued anxiously to the apple-checked lad who was vigorously assaulting a heaped plate. "You'd better let your father look at your throat before he goes out."

Farnham glanced at the sturdy child.

"Ned can wait until to-morrow, I don't believe he needs any dosing. I must be off now. Don't expect me at dinner to-night; I have some out-of-town calls to make and shall be late getting home. I must pick up a meal somewhere on my rounds." Depositing a perfunctory conjugal kiss on Alice's forehead, he left the room.

But she followed him to the hall door.

"I hate to have you wear yourself out as you do. You're looking pale now. Let me tie this handkerchief round your neck; it's very cold out. And I've been meaning to ask you—what about that new patient of yours, the charming widow you told me of? You know you said you wanted me to go to see her, as she's a stranger here."

Farnham submitted good-naturedly to the muffling process, smiling down upon the kindly hands always ready for practical service.

"Mrs. Latimer, you mean? Ah, that was a long time ago. You're too late; she's well again and sails for Italy next Saturday."

"Dear me! how time does fly! I meant to go when you first asked me, but kept putting it off, and now, of course, it's not worth while." And Alice turned back to the dining-room, vexed with her-

self for her neglect. Her husband was the least exacting, the most placable of men, and she considered it a point of honor to gratify his rarely-expressed wishes.

Alone in his electric brougham, Farnham drew a sigh of relaxation. He leaned back against the cushions, crossed his legs, and lighted a cigar. His eyes deepened into a withdrawn and brooding look. They were the eyes of a dreamer and an observer, at once secretive and keen; and this ambiguity of expression, suggesting so much more than it revealed, no doubt contributed somewhat to his influence over the feminine portion of his clientele, causing the flutter of a sentiment quite distinct from curiosity in certain susceptible hearts. Able physician though he unquestionably was, his success seemed a triumph of personality even more than of skill, and at times he humbly felt that his reputation had outstripped his achievement. He accepted the tribute offered him with a sort of surprised humor, not finding himself rigid enough to reject it altogether. As a matter of fact, his humility sprang from the self-questioning and distrust of an egoism intensely preoccupied with its own ideals—an egoism which unconsciously drew sustenance from its atmosphere of half-worshipful admiration, like those plants that feed on air and sunshine. The personal equation was therefore of primary importance to him—the patient, not the malady. He could never reduce the client to the abstraction of the "case," and he had a warmly human feeling which made him always eager to help. But he could not escape the defect of his quality; the imaginative sympathy which enabled him to slip readily into another's place also quickened his sensitiveness to impressions. Absurd that he had n't yet learned to harden himself to the inevitable jar and fret of a prosaic family life! Just now the recollection of his daughter's contumacious behavior disturbed him unduly; it was another unpleasing indication of the line of her development. She was growing into a noisy flirt, the type of woman he specially detested. Well, it was disappointing.

However, these small domestic worries were soon counteracted by the require-

ments of his practice. Urgent conditions absorbed him for the next two or three hours, and it was late in the afternoon when he stopped his motor at the entrance of an amorphous structure with a pretentious façade which unmistakably marked it as that monument of urban prosperity, a modish hotel.

He made his way through its heated ornate halls to the elevator without sending up his name, and on reaching the top floor was admitted by a trim maid to a corner apartment. It had character, this hotel parlor in which he found himself; by a process of discreet substitutions its occupant had contrived to redeem it from garishness and to stamp upon it the impress of herself. It seemed some light aerial refuge swung above the noise and turmoil of the streets, its four windows looking out into a world of flying snowflakes beyond the pall of smoke and fog. Within, there was a sense of harmony produced by a few good prints and photographs on dull-green walls, fresh muslin curtains, a log-fire crackling on the hearth, and white azaleas bravely blooming in their boxes. Calmness of color and absence of trivial ornament made the room restful, while a profusion of books and magazines on the table supplied variety and interest.

Mrs. Latimer, coming toward him with outstretched hand, was the key-note of her surrounding. The swish of her trailing skirts made a musical accompaniment to her leisurely rhythmic movement. For a moment neither spoke, then, just as the pause threatened to become significant, she broke silence.

"Poor man, you're tired! Come, draw up a chair to the fire, and don't try to talk until you feel like it." She seated herself on the other side of the hearth, and gave him a smile, half tender, half mocking.

He threw himself back in his easy-chair and studied her as she meant he should, following with his gaze the lovely lines of her long, slender body in its draped folds of white silk, the fall of lace over her narrow pointed hands, the poise of her small head. Irregularity of feature only added to her charm, giving it a peculiar poignancy. Prettiness—any prettiness he had ever known—was something crude and commonplace in com-

parison with the mystery of an eye too deeply set, the ardor of a full-lipped large mouth, the delicacy of a slightly hollowed cheek. She was a finished product, exquisitely supple in body and mind. Her talk, varied and animated, played lightly over the surface of subjects of his choosing, provoking him to his best expression. He felt thoroughly enlivened, stimulated, and it was only when warned by the gathering darkness without that he reluctantly broke off the thread, straightening himself to say:

"But of course I'll see you to-morrow; we can finish then."

She grew suddenly serious, her tone changed.

"Not to-morrow, no. This is the last time—"

"The last time! You don't go until Friday; why should n't I see you to-morrow?"

"Because I want you to remember things as they are now. To-morrow my packing must begin; everything will be in confusion, trunks standing about, all personal touches removed. You've always said you loved my eyrie, its calm and quiet. Well, I want you to keep the picture intact; I want to leave you the clear impression. If you come to-morrow, you must inevitably think of me as a bird of passage, a wanderer—"

"Ah, that's just the thought I can't bear! You, so fitted for place and power, to make and rule a home—"

She smiled. "You put it extravagantly, my friend, but in a measure I believe it true. Sometimes I feel an instinct for administration that has never been wholly satisfied. Still, you need n't be sorry for me; it's not half bad, my lot. You know how I delight in travel and the study of my kind, and I'm fortunate in having an income which permits me to gratify these innocent tastes—not enough to count in this wonderful plutocratic town of yours, but 't will make a very good showing abroad. This is the day of the independent woman, and there's a joy in putting one's natural strength to the test, unaided."

"You have the transforming touch," he declared. "Any situation becomes not only dignified, but desirable, from the moment it's yours."



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"‘DEAR MRS. FARNHAM,’ SHE SAID EARNESTLY, ‘THERE ARE SOME
THINGS THAT ARE REAL.’"

Without heeding him, she continued musingly:

"One is often lonely, of course; that's the price to be paid for freedom. But there's a loneliness harder to bear than being alone—"

"Ah, how well I know it—that cruel loneliness of spirit!" Farnham exclaimed impulsively, then instantly regretted his words as he saw their implication.

With her unfailing intuition she was quick to defend him from his own thought.

"Of course you know it; we all do. It's a universal experience, I fancy. In the long run one's self is one's best companion,—you see you're driving me to truisms,—though only the solitary man or woman can ever understand the full meaning of this silent comradeship. As for me, I *love* myself"—her face shimmered into playfulness—"with a good, strong objective love that is n't shaken by faults and failings. It's such a satisfying attachment—no uncertainty, no fear of change, for 'one's self—that is the final substance—that out of all is sure.'"

"What triumphant individualism! I envy you your conviction. For you're stronger than I am, I have no such faith in myself; I can't even hazard a guess at what it is—the essential 'me.'"

She paused a moment, looking at him consideringly.

"Is n't it, in the last analysis, neither more nor less than one's greatest desire?"

A silence fell. Then Farnham rose, the muscles of his face twitching in the effort for self-control.

"Yes, you are right. And I have no doubt, at this moment—my heart's desire—"

But she interrupted him quickly, lifting a protesting hand.

"No, no, don't say it! For you *don't* know, you have n't thought long or deeply enough—ah, you don't know your own heart, not as it really is!" She, too, had risen, and stood confronting him in the fire-lighted dusk, a wraith-like figure in her long white tea-gown, her deep lustrous eyes shining out of the pallor of her face. "But you must go now, my dear, dear friend; we've said all that may ever be said between us."

He acquiesced silently, bending his head over the hands she gave him. Outside, the snow was falling softly; inside,

the atmosphere of the warm, flower-scented room became charged and vibrant. It hummed about him until he was deafened and bewildered. Then her hands were withdrawn very gently, and still he stood before her, powerless to move or speak. With half-closed eyes he leaned his head against a chair-back. Suddenly, across his forehead and through his hair he felt a light drifting touch, whether of lips or delicate fingers he could not tell, a caress as soft and cool as a snowflake. He drew a sharp breath. When he raised his eyes to her face she was smiling, amused and compassionate, with something of the look of a mother who sees the transiency of her child's disappointment and desire.

"Good-by," she said, and motioned him toward the door.

He obeyed her gesture without demur. Giving the next address to his chauffeur, he stepped into the motor with his usual composed professional manner. But his brain was whirling and the blood beat in his pulses.

What a woman! She diffused an aroma all her own, filling one's "vase with wine and roses to the brim," capturing the imagination by something enigmatic about her. Was it that most potent charm, a secrecy of passion under light external grace? With her, no fear of deadening monotony; the bottom of her mind could n't be reached; unexplored regions would always open to lure the privileged adventurer.

She renewed his youth, stirring the old longings. What was it, this gift he so passionately asked of life, this Blue Flower he never ceased to seek? He and Alice had found it together in the spring-time of their courtship, inhaling its fragrance for a brief moment; then, through clumsy handling, it had withered in their grasp, and now not a whiff remained to sweeten the dry and dusty ways of their common life. Where did the fault lie? He was honest enough to admit his own shortcomings; he knew too well the weakness of his mind and heart. This present emotion would pass: there was the galling thought. For it was no new thing,—he had felt it before,—the uplift, the rapture, the marvelous intensification of being. He had felt it when Alice's illumined face had flushed under his first

kiss, and again, later—ah, more times than he cared to count! Always the vision and the dream would take the form of woman. Then, as the glamour faded, for a while he would be free, only to find himself again, at some new contact, a willing victim of the same tyranny of sensation. These perturbations, to be sure, invariably ended as they began, never deflecting him from his appointed orbit. But he despised himself none the less. It seemed to him that he was a mere flux of emotions; there was nothing fixed and stable in his nature. How could he believe in the integrity of self if he had no feelings that might be eternalized, no persistent principle of being under the changing surface of his moods?

At least, the habit of mental concentration was established. His work claimed him, and he gave himself up to it with no slackening of interest and attention. It was perhaps only another instance of his flexibility of temper that he was able to put aside completely the besieging impressions of the last hour, transferring every faculty to the service of those who listened for his step and hung on his words, and who found him, in his directed knowledge and perception always sufficient to their need.

Such transitions are not accomplished without much using of nerve-stuff, and he was numb with fatigue when he reached his own door at midnight and entered a silent house. Believing that Alice would be asleep, as was usual on such occasions, he went softly into his own bedroom, careful to make no disturbing movement. As he turned on the light, he was startled to hear an ominous sound from the adjoining room—the sound of a sob, a dull, choking gasp of pain.

Pushing open the door in alarm, he saw Alice on her knees by the bed, her head pillowed on outspread arms. At his approach, she raised a face twisted and swollen with weeping.

"Alice, what is the matter? For heaven's sake tell me! the children—"

She dried her eyes and made an effort to compose herself. "Oh, it's not the children—the children are well."

"Then what can have happened to upset you like this?" He sat down on the bed by her side, forcibly drawing her hands away from her face and clasping

them in his own. His tone was full of entreating sympathy.

"*Nothing* has happened—nothing new, I suppose. It's only that my eyes are opened. I've been very blind and stupid, but I see now. I've found *that*; it tells the story." She pushed toward him a little vellum-bound volume which lay at her hand. She had been sobbing over its pages.

He recognized it at once. A dull flush mounted to his cheek.

"You'd hidden it away very carefully," Alice continued in the same artificially level tone; "but accidents will happen. I kept Ned in the house this afternoon on account of his throat—which you were too hurried to look at, for pressing reasons, no doubt,—and of course he was in all sorts of mischief. He ended by cutting his finger badly. I was frightened and went to your office to get some plaster, and in a drawer, behind rolls of bandages, I found that book. A strange place to keep a gift, it seems to me!" Alice's voice shook. Sarcasm was a new weapon to her, and she realized the ineffectiveness of her handling.

Farnham sat motionless, maintaining his equilibrium. He spoke gently and gravely, as if to an unreasoning child.

"Many of my patients give me books; surely there's nothing shocking or even surprising in that."

"But poems—poems like *that*, to a married man! And some of them marked! Your name on the fly-leaf, with such an inscription, from—" Her voice shivered, and broke at the words.

Again the heavy color darkened his face. Yes, it had been her one error of taste, the giving and inscribing of that betraying little volume,—the one occasion when judgment had failed to hold woman's sentimentality in check. For the poems were lyrical, in a minor key, penetrated by an intimate romantic strain, not of a character to be left free to the casual eye. He had read them with delighted appreciation, although he had not been able to repress a slight movement of annoyance at the moment of receiving such a sign-manual of intimacy. The book seemed to give palpable form to a relation of which the charm lay largely in its indefiniteness. These thoughts shot swiftly

through his brain; there was no perceptible pause before he repeated with undisturbed self-possession:

"You are very unjust, Alice. I've often had personal gifts from women, accompanied by every expression of gratitude and devotion—as you know. That is part of my experience."

"Ah, yes; but you would show them to me. There's the difference! You pushed this one out of sight, and never spoke of it or of *her*; yet you've probably been seeing her every day for weeks. That's what hurts! Why, I'd almost forgotten she existed; I don't know why I happened to think of her to-day. It was a kind of warning, I suppose."

"Alice, do you understand what you're implying? It's dishonoring to all of us—to her, to me, and to you yourself no less." He rose, beginning restlessly to pace the floor. "I don't know what you think or what you want me to say. If you expect me to discuss the personal relation between myself and any patient I shall emphatically refuse to do so." Though his conscience grew restive under forced equivocation, he felt that prompt dismissal of the subject was their only safety. Any attempt to explain his attitude toward Mrs. Latimer must necessarily result in exaggeration; the situation could not be put into words. He had no right to impose upon Alice these vagaries of his truant fancy. Moreover, she would never understand. He realized suddenly the intensity of the mental life he was leading, and for years had led, apart from her; how, in a moment, could he make her a sharer of needs, desires, emotions, which she had not even dimly suspected? Yet paradoxically enough, she had never seemed so vivid, so necessary to him, as at this moment when she was first awakening to the painful sense of her own separateness. Her face was sodden with tears, her hair tumbled, her figure thick and clumsy in her eider-down wrapper, yet in her unbecoming disarray she tugged at his heart-strings.

She broke into fresh weeping.

"Oh, I can't tell what I think! I can't express myself, George; I only *feel* that there's something I don't know—something in you I don't understand. You seem so far away; I can't reach you."

"You *can* reach me, dear; you *do* reach me. Don't you see how you're touching me?" He knelt by her side; his own eyes filled with tears. But she repelled him, drawing back with a little shudder. She seemed endowed with a new insight.

"You're sorry for me, yes; I see that. But you're not willing to do the one thing I ask, to make things clear. I *won't* be left in the dark; I *must* be told; I want to know exactly what has passed!" she cried wildly, rushing headlong to her own discomfiture.

He got up stiffly. "And I will not submit to such a degrading catechism. I shall certainly not undertake to defend myself. Either you trust me or you do not; words of mine can make no difference in your feelings. And your affection is scarcely worth having if it harbors doubt and demands assurance." The primitive male in him awoke in stubborn resistance to any attack upon his right to independent action, and the acquired characteristic of tenderness faded away under this age-long sense of mastery.

Neither slept that night. Farnham lay staring into the darkness in bitter self-scrutiny. Was there real lack in his life, real need in his nature, or were his emotional disturbances merely the sentimentalist's common weariness of the near and yearning for the far? How could he tell? Alice's stammering words came back to him. A married man—there was the crux. Had he a right to woman's friendship, however ideal, outside the bond? Alice was his wife, and from the day of their marriage her feeling had never wavered: this he knew. Undemonstrative she often was; unloving, never. Her life had been given without reserve into his hands. Bearing his children, making his home and place, her youth had passed. Hers was the safe, sheltered life of the woman content in domesticity, and into this enclosed garden no alien presence had ever strayed. And it was one of freakish Nature's unkindest tricks that, though he was Alice's senior by a few years, the blood should still flow in his veins with all the heat of youth, while with her its heyday had subsided into the calm of maturity.

An imperative summons took him from home after a hurried early breakfast. His office hours followed, and so the day

passed. Engrossed in his duties, he had no opportunity to see or talk to his wife.

Alice dropped into a light sleep toward morning from which she awoke with that sense of change, of upheaval, which is the keenest misery to tranquil, unimaginative natures. Her quiet house of life was falling about her, and she viewed the ruins with stupefaction. She could see no possibility of reconstruction. Her husband had become a stranger; with a sinking of the heart she recalled his cold eyes, his unyielding lips, as he had left her the night before. And through all the years she had known nothing in him but tenderness and consideration. She had taken her happiness for granted, she had been so sure, never dreaming that such things occurred outside of novels. Henceforth what should she believe? And what sort of influence could it be that so upset the habit of a lifetime? As the day wore on with no reassuring word from him, every feeling was resolved into an overmastering elemental jealousy. It seized and shook her like a brute force; she was helpless in its clutches. George would tell her nothing, that was evident. But she must know, she must see her way; any knowledge was better than this maddening suspicion and uncertainty. So, irresistibly impelled by woman's futile longing to understand what man can never explain, she determined suddenly that she would adopt the only method open to her—she would go to Mrs. Latimer herself.

She did n't stop to think of what she should say, of how Mrs. Latimer would meet her; all the old proprieties and conventions were swept away in this lurid new world of hers. It was therefore with a chilly sense of fright and awkwardness that she found herself, about five o'clock, actually entering the domain of Circe. The room had a bare, dismantled aspect; preparations for departure were evidently in order. Yes, George had said that she was expecting to leave town. So untimely a visit must be explained at once. As Alice realized the difficulties of her errand, a nervous embarrassment took possession of her, confusing her thoughts and almost paralyzing her tongue.

But when Mrs. Latimer appeared, apologizing for her slight delay, there was nothing in her manner and dress to sug-

gest hurry or pressure, or any shade of surprise. She was smooth, fluent, just warm enough in her welcome, pleased that Mrs. Farnham should give herself the trouble to come to bid her good-by, and sorry that they had n't met earlier in the winter. Alice, resuming her seat, felt herself disarmed and disconcerted. Mrs. Latimer set the pace; what could she do but follow and chat about generalities over a cup of tea, just as if she had n't an aching heart? And through it all Alice was aware of a gradual subsidence of her inner tumult as this other woman's gift of grace subtly asserted and justified itself.

The time was passing beyond the ordinary limits of a formal call, and still she had n't even approached her vital subject. She glanced anxiously at the traveling-clock on the chimney-piece, then desperately decided to break the spell, to take matters into her own hands.

"Mrs. Latimer, I can't leave without asking you,—this is very unconventional I know,—but I feel I must talk seriously about my husband." It was so much harder than she had expected! Her heart beat up in her throat, strangling her. She felt that she gulped her own words.

"Your husband?" A soft, mildly surprised echo, with a lift of the eyebrows, was the only rejoinder.

"I've just discovered that you know him very well—better than I had supposed." Poor Alice floundered, hopelessly at a disadvantage. Already her state of mind was undergoing an indefinable change. In this suave and courteous presence suspicion savored of vulgarity, and she blushed furiously over her own bald words.

"Indeed, I do know him; he has been a kind friend." Mrs. Latimer's tranquillity was unshaken, and she took no notice of her visitor's agitation. "I came here, you know, because I had matters of business to settle,—investments to look after,—and I fell ill shortly after my arrival. The hotel people assured me that Dr. Farnham was one of the cleverest physicians in town, and so—"

"Oh, yes, he told me when you first sent for him," Alice hastened to say, inconsistently eager to prove that she was not altogether ignorant, even though demanding information.

"He helped me in every way," Mrs. Latimer pursued calmly. "He brought me back to strength and sanity, for I had been in a wretchedly depressed state. He is a remarkable man, Mrs. Farnham; I wonder if you know how remarkable?" she murmured, speculatively scanning the ingenuous face before her, with its wide non-comprehending eyes. "He has skill, sympathy, an imagination that often amounts to inspiration—and is sometimes a pitfall. With all these gifts he indulges in none of the Mumbo Jumbo antics that characterize too many of his profession." In this deliberate weighing there was a deep disenchantment, but Alice felt only its cool patronage.

She winced. "Of course, of course; I know he's all that." She tried to speak with dignity; then her voice quavered, and her pride gave way. "What I want is to find out—oh, don't you see?—I *had* to come to you, for I must know what position to take. There are things I don't understand."

Smitten afresh with a sense of her desolation, she uttered this appeal in complete forgetfulness of self. She searched her companion's face for answer. It was inconceivable! Instead of signs of confusion and dismay, she saw only a flicker of amusement. There was laughter in Mrs. Latimer's eyes, controlled, well-bred, but laughter none the less.

"Dear lady, will you think me brutal if I speak quite frankly? Really, you're too serious; these crucial moments of life are generally humorous when one learns their values. Never try to 'find out' anything: that's the old, old fault of our sex, the way we lose our Edens. And why should you trouble to 'take any position'? It is n't worth while, ever; let things alone, and they settle themselves. Why, for your own sake, I'll tell you this: when Dr. Farnham suggested that I should write to him, I did n't even argue the expediency of it, for I knew quite well that in six months our correspondence would die a natural death. I should be transplanted, in new surroundings, with new associations; he, a busy man, every hour of his day filled—how should he remember? Our minds and our time will be occupied; he will think of me only when he chances to open his doctor's diary and sees my name. And I—

I shall find other faces, other friends." Suddenly her voice dropped to a melancholy note. "It's a law of nature; it's always so—and yet we struggle blindly to keep and hold."

Alice shivered.

"It's terrible, what you say. You make it seem that nothing lasts, nothing is real."

Mrs. Latimer was silent for a moment. Then her manner changed. Leaning forward, she clasped Alice's hand in hers with a movement of comprehension.

"Dear Mrs. Farnham," she said earnestly, "there are some things that are real, that can never be wholly lost—and they are the things you have."

Alice departed with tingling cheeks and buzzing thoughts. She had made herself ridiculous. Well, George must never know of this folly. Though she still had an uncomfortable lurking consciousness of Mrs. Latimer's power and her own inaptitude, she instinctively shrank from unnecessary probing and self-torment. Her logic was readily subject to her inclination, and as her natural cheerfulness reasserted itself, she determined to put behind her the misgivings that had embittered the day, not caring to search beneath the actual appearance. There were still some things she could not understand, for to her the relations of life were as clearly defined as countries on a chart, and her geography did not include the *pays du tendre*. Journeyings in that land were outside her experience, and the discovery of her husband's divagations baffled her. But she had evidently taken it all too seriously; it was not as she had supposed; she had been obtuse and maladroit.

Out of her medley of reflections Mrs. Latimer's last words gradually emerged. Therein lay positive assurance, firm ground to stand on; and her final summing up of the situation was a generous outrush of pity for the isolated woman in her denuded hotel apartment. This feeling strengthened as she left her carriage at her own door. The warm pleasantness of her home seemed to enfold her as she went in; never had she had such a sense of things established—inalienably, indestructibly hers.

Curtains were drawn, lamps were lighted. Maud, in the drawing-room, was

at the piano. Alice glanced through the doorway and saw the girl's happy absorption in her music: it was her gift. Down the stairs came a scamper of footsteps as the two boys hailed their mother's return. And across the hall, in the library, sat Farnham in his big easy-chair by the fireside. He looked worn and dispirited, propping his head on one hand. Alice was frightened, and forgot all else, running to him.

"George, are you ill?"

"Only tired—not ill. I had to come home to rest. Morrison"—naming his assistant—"is attending to my calls while I'm luxuriating here." He smiled at her with his old gentleness; he had a singularly lovable look and smile.

"Oh, I'm glad," she breathed, her resistance completely broken up.

"And I've been thinking, Alice," he went on, taking her hand in his, and playing with the fingers as he spoke, "that we might manage to run away together for a little trip. We're both overwrought, we both need change; and I find I can arrange to leave home just now. What do you say to a few weeks in Florida or the Bermudas?"

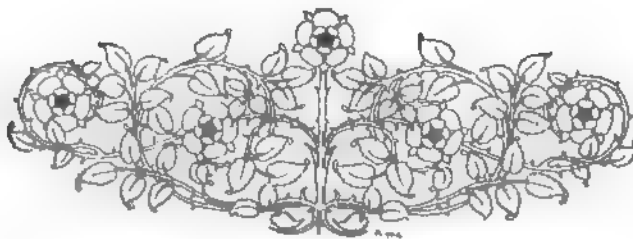
"Oh, George!" She bent to give him one of her rare kisses, and in that slight caress their difference was healed without the futility of attempted explanation. She crept contentedly back to her old place of trust, a little sore at heart, perhaps, but asking nothing more than love in his word and look. He drew her to him in silence; what was there he could say? They were not one, never wholly one, but still conjoined in their good intention.

After she had gone up-stairs to dress for dinner, he sat there musing in the firelight. He was utterly tired in mind and body, and in this relaxed and passive

state a new lucidity stole over him; the compulsion of his will was removed, and his thoughts seemed to flow in a magical harmony with Maud's playing. A subdued and softened Maud, she had welcomed him at the door with her arms about his neck, her cheek against his in silent penitence. Looking into her eyes, he had read deeper meanings, and for the first time had felt his child's spiritual kinship. How dull he had been! Why had he never seen it before—that her faults and weaknesses were his, crudely manifest in youth's eager snatching at pleasure and admiration, while underneath, in the recesses of her girl's heart, there burned that spark of imperishable expectancy and desire which was the essence of his own personality?

And Alice? She was his wife; she held him to the fundamental facts, the primal duties—offspring, the struggle for subsistence, the strong needs and demands of daily living. The very warp and woof of his existence was woven by her hands, unskilled though they were. His relation to any other woman must necessarily be fugitive, without substance and actuality. At times these stolen moments of rich communing, of quickened fancy, seemed real; but he saw at last that they were visions of life, not life itself. For life, austere and imperturbable, had its roots in responsibility, and reached to heights and depths far beyond any passing transport of spirit or sense.

She had said—dear sibyl and enchantress whose bitter-sweet sorcery made him her captive still—that he might know himself truly in his deepest desire. She was right; he had learned it through the day's discord. The desire of his heart was set toward the order, the beauty, the security of home: that was his standard of reality.



THE BLOOD OF VIKINGS

BY FLORENCE MOLOSO RIIS

OLE was a Norwegian; not the kind found in several samples of modern fiction, with whom fashionable women, sojourning among the fiords, fall head over heels in love.

Ole, this Ole, wore overalls that might have been blue when they were any color at all; he said "I tank" and "I bane"; he ate onions chopped up fine in his butter; usually there was a subtle suggestion of that pungent vegetable hovering about his person.

On a ranch in the wheat-belt of eastern Washington Ole was general-utility man. In New England he might have been raised to the dignity of "hired man."

On a triangular drag attached to an old horse, Ole "packed" water in a barrel from the spring in the gulch. When the barrel was originally introduced to the Billings ranch it contained molasses. About the time the little Billingses were enjoying a daily dose of cream of tartar to offset the many gallons of thick sweetness, Ole, with a rag and a bit of soap, scrubbed out the barrel. He did not stop at a clean interior; he scoured every hoop until it shone. Then he turned it upside down and scrubbed the bottom, which was vain labor; for who would see whether the bottom was dirty or not? Never had such a lovely water-barrel decorated a kitchen on the flat. Perhaps, next to his idol, Ole loved best the barrel.

When the threshers came, he carried iced tea to the men in the fields and waited on the cook. When Billings went to town, it was Ole who hitched up; it was Ole who trotted along by the buggy to open the gate at the end of the lane. If Billings dropped the whip, Ole picked it up and handed it back with the soft, ever-ready "Please" of the Scandinavian peasant.

Often he sat on the back steps peeling

potatoes for the "missus," a calico apron tied high up under his arms. Sometimes, after the chores were done, he filled the tin wash-basin and scrubbed the feet of the younger generation of Billingses. For this office the children preferred Ole to their mother, he was always so careful with stubbed toes.

On rainy days the big Norwegian sometimes played weird airs on a crazy old accordion. During other leisure moments he weeded the garden.

It was a sickly garden. Without man's aid, nothing but coyotes and sage grew on those Washington flats. "Man's aid" is only a devious way of saying water—water yellow and oily, dribbling twenty miles through shovel-made ditches.

It is the everlasting alkali. When it gets into the blood of the women, it makes their voices and their hair colorless and raspy. The looking-glass over the bench outside the back door gets fly-specked; for the women forget about looking-glasses when the alkali gets them. All this, in turn, has its effect on the men.

Billings was an example. It was this way. A befuddled stork left at Ole's door, one gasping July night, a little flower of a baby; and before you could say Jack Robinson the square-headed Mrs. Ole found upon her hands a strange young lady.

If the comparison were not outworn, one might say the girl was like a lily. Yet a very up-to-date lily she was, too, with her name in a boarding-school catalogue, and her head marceled on the outside, and containing within a thing or two concerning which her viking ancestors were quite ignorant.

Now, Ole is the hero of this tale, but there is no denying that he was also a fool. The passionate idolatry that his Norse forefathers bestowed upon their

heathen gods, Ole laid at the feet of the girl.

Well, one fine day Billings, the owner of the whole business,—onion-patch, ranch, thresher, the "missus," the stubby-toed youngsters and all—Billings the boss disappeared; also Ole's little flower girl.

It was the "missus" who broke the news to Ole. She ran screaming and purple-faced out into the garden, waving a letter. When she calmed down enough to take notice, she also took a step or two backward at sight of Ole.

He was not a pretty thing to see. Right there in the middle of the onion-bed, Ole raised to heaven the two-pronged fork he used to root out weeds. Job cursed God and prayed to die. Ole cursed God, while foam bubbled around his mouth as it does down the jaws of a mad dog; then he prayed for help to kill his enemy.

The water in the barrel behind the kitchen door ran low for the first time in thirty years. In the corral a new milch cow mooded for relief. She knew it was milking-time. In the little shanty at the head of the gulch Ole was oiling his old army-rifle.

With it slung over his shoulder,—the shoulder that for thirty years had known only garden-rakes and hoes,—Ole started for the bunch of shacks farther up the cañon, politely known as the "county-seat." Here he went to the sheriff.

Now, when a man whose eyes are spider-webbed with hot red, tells one a tale peppered with "I bane" and "I tank," one's emotions become mixed. So the sheriff wondered whether he had better humor Ole or clap a pair of hand-cuffs on him.

But there happened to be a Mrs. Sheriff.

She proved to be Ole's salvation—or damnation, as one looks at it. She was one of those uncomfortable women who creep into men's heads when they think she is locked up tight in their hearts. Once in, she stays there, a sort of sub-consciousness.

The sheriff had never managed to get his political and domestic relations untangled. During Ole's recital the sub-consciousness was working over-time; when the sheriff pulled a fountain-pen out of his waistcoat pocket, the subcon-

siousness supplied the spirit, and the author supplied the graphic English.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The bearer, Ole Svenson, is after a skunk of a coyote that broke into his corral and stole a lamb. Any assistance you can give him will be appreciated by

Yours truly,

Hiram Mundy, Sheriff of Paradise Co.

Right here is where the blood of the vikings comes in.

When Ole left the sheriff's office with the letter inside his calico shirt, and the old army musket slung over his shoulder, he was the son of a viking. His back, stooped and narrowed with years of churning and weeding, straightened; his chin went up; his eyes narrowed.

As of old his Norse ancestors, with skins about their loins and horned helmets on their heads, bore down upon their foe with the cunning of gods and the cruelty of devils, so Ole, the day-laborer, who was also the son of kings, now started his hunt for the man he must kill.

He went first to Spokane, and walked the streets night and day. A policeman clubbed him over the head to emphasize an invitation to move on. The blood trickled down his face. Then he crossed to Seattle. By day he haunted hotels and lodging-houses. The cruelty of devils shone already in his crazy eyes; the cunning of gods—which had only lain dormant through half a dozen generations of Oles—now blossomed forth.

As a result, he ceased to lay his precious letter before men with silk hats whom he happened to meet at various bars. At night he learned to dodge blue coats upon which brass buttons sparkled.

Running into one suddenly one night, Ole smiled a smile of insane cunning, and softly asked his way to the one street the name of which he knew. It put the officer off the track. In a dive on the edge of that prosperous young hell, the Seattle Chinatown, they called him "the locoed Swede," and stole his money.

During his endless pacing of the narrow streets, women with red cheeks and sickening eyes appeared out of shadowy doorways, and touched his arm. Meantime, in an imposing hotel up on the hill, where boys with buttons bring ice-water

at two bells and writing-paper at three, the little flower girl turned her face to the wall and died. It really is not a pleasant story.

The man Billings bolted, and the thing got into the papers. Ole knew enough English to watch the two dailies. The story was a juicy morsel for certain young men who wrote at space rates. One yellow sheet dished it up with pictures, and said the girl was at the morgue. To the morgue went Ole.

He did not kiss her, or fondle her, or make silly, useless speeches to dead ears: he had a suspicion. In search of proof of it, he pushed back her heavy, yellow hair.

He found the proof. It was about two inches long, and reached back from her temple.

After leaving the room, with the long tables, he stumbled over his own big clumsy feet on the street. A drunken sailor from a man-of-war in the sound came rolling musically along and, thinking he recognized a kindred soul, slapped Ole on the back and invited him to "C-c-ome along an'—hic—an' hev a smile, ol-ol man."

When he could manage his legs, Ole tumbled into a bakery. For two days he had forgotten about eating. Now the odor of hot rolls made him sick at the stomach. He bought a loaf of rye bread and tore it into half a dozen bites. Every crumb had disappeared before he reached the door. Then he went back to the counter and bought another loaf.

Finally, through it all, he found a clue.

It was spring when Ole reached home. Instead of the gentle, blue-eyed Ole who had fed motherless calves by coaxing them to suck his finger in a pail of warm milk, instead of the Ole of the clean water-barrel and the sickly garden-patch, here was a gaunt monomaniac, a man with one desire—the blood of his enemy. For hot and swift through his feverish white head pumped the blood of his forefathers, who lived by blood.

Meanwhile, Billings sneaked back home. His wife had hysterics for nearly two days; then she said she really could not blame Jimmie: it was that low-down girl.

The lodge of which Jimmie was "Noble Grand" met in the hall over the hardware store, and proposed to expel him out into the cold; but Billings had an uncomfortable way of buying up stray little mortgages. So Billings remained "Noble Grand."

And so the way was clear now to Ole. It was a spring day when he at last reached home. It was one of the days when men forget that they want to go to heaven when they die; one of the days when one would just live and live, and dying, maybe, at last, sleep forever without dreams.

Out to the edge of things stretched the new wheat. Little tom-boy breezes whistled and sang and played hide-and-seek among the pale greens and browns. Deep in rocky gulches Nature went mad, and poured out with reckless hand the red wine of life. Pussy-willows bowed gravely to pussy-willows in the spring. Then they turned around and bowed again to heavy cactus blossoms so lovely that they must die before sunset just of their own fatal beauty.

Ole crouched down in the irrigation-ditch where it crossed the lane; he played with the trigger of the gun. A buggy came whirling down the road toward the closed gate. You could not see who was in it for the cloud of dust that sprang up under the nervous little racer's feet.

But Ole knew, and his heart leaped with joy and nearly choked him. He cocked the gun. The shades of old Norsemen danced with glee in the quivering air above the ditch. At last the blood of the vikings was to have its day.

Ole took careful aim.

Then, stronger than the inherent passions of the man, more potent than the blood of his ancestors, sprang into life again the habits grown and nurtured during thirty years of onion-weeding. With a little mumble of apology, Ole sprang up out of the ditch, tripping over the gun.

As he had done it a thousand times before, he did it now: Ole, the son of vikings, flung the gate wide open, and bowed his master through.

THE AMERICAN OF THE FUTURE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

ONE Monday in the spring of 1906, a New York morning paper recorded the fact that "ten thousand men, women, and children, immigrants from all sections of the globe, were inside New York Harbor before sundown yesterday, as many more were on big immigrant vessels reported off Sandy Hook, and three times ten thousand on other vessels little more than two hundred miles from port. All told, at least fifty-two thousand immigrants will have reached port by Thursday morning, the largest number that has yet come to New York at one time." The new-comers belonged to many different nationalities. Some came from Great Britain and Ireland, some from Germany and Austria, some from Russia and Poland, and more from Italy. The reporter noted that there were also a few French and a few Arabians.

More than fifty thousand in four days! And these were only the advance guard of the host that followed fast all through the lengthening days of the spring months. Men and women and children from every part of Europe, even from Africa and from Asia, poured into New York, to scatter themselves throughout the United States. A few of them intended to work only during the summer, and then to return whence they came; but the most of them were resolved to lead a new life in the New World. They wished to better themselves, and they did not pause to ask whether we wanted them or whether their coming was for our good, also. They left us to ask these questions, and to find such answer as we could.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild motley throng—
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,

Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.

.
O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded?

.
For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood,
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

In these lofty lines Aldrich sharply phrased what many Americans vaguely feared. The motley horde that invades us hopes to better its condition; but what of our condition? What effect will Malayan and Scythian and Slav have upon us? Are they worthy to be welcomed within our commonwealth? Will they trample America as the thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome? Must we dread the coming of a day when the lean wolf, unmolested, shall make her lair in the deserted streets where once the many churches stood, the stately libraries, and the frequent schoolhouses?

Our inexpugnable optimism is prompt to dismiss this dire possibility; and it is still our pride to proffer a refuge to the oppressed. But the danger-signal has been heeded, and the gates are no longer unguarded. The "featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho" are denied admission; and the wisdom of this exclusion is evident, however harsh we may sometimes seem in its application. These Orientals have a civilization older than ours, hostile to ours, exclusive, and repellent. They do not come here to throw in their lot

with us. They abhor assimilation, and they have no desire to be absorbed. They mean to remain aliens; they insist upon being taken back when they are dead; and we do well to keep them out while they are alive.

We exclude also with equal wisdom the maimed and the halt and the blind. We seek to keep out the wastrel and broken driftwood of humanity; in a single year we have sent back whence they came twelve thousand undesirable immigrants, some of them insane, some of them diseased, but most of them mere weaklings likely soon to become dependent. We have accepted the principle that it is our duty to defend our coasts against an undesirable invasion. We are glad still to provide a refuge for the oppressed, but only when those who demand hospitality are fit to be incorporated in our body politic, and only when they are willing loyally to accept the laws under which they seek shelter. Of late we have been putting hard questions to all new arrivals at our ports, and if they have no answers ready, the gates are closed in their faces. We have seen in time the danger of too lax a liberality, and we have recognized the sagacity of the late Mayo Smith's saying, that those "who desire that the United States should discharge the function of a world-asylum forget that asylums are not governed by their inmates."

But there are those among us who are not satisfied with this setting up of barriers against the unfit, and who see a menace to American standards in the admission even of the physically fit, if they come from alien stocks. There are those—and they are not a few—who would keep out the "men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes" and all "bringing with them unknown gods and rites." Willing enough still to welcome Teuton and even Celt, they see peril to our citizenship in granting it to Slav and to Scythian, with "tiger-passions, here to stretch their claws." They look askant at New York, with its immense masses of imperfectly assimilated foreigners, with its Little Italy, with its mysterious Chinatown, with its Syrian quarter, with its half million of Russian Jews. They ask themselves whether the metropolis of the United States can any longer be considered an American city.

To this last question the answer is easy. New York is quite as American to-day as it ever has been in any of its three centuries. Diversity of blood has always been its dominant characteristic. As one of its historians has tersely asserted, "no sooner has one set of varying elements been fused together than another stream has been poured into the crucible. There probably has been no period in the city's growth during which the New Yorkers whose parents were born in New York formed the majority of the population; and there never has been a time when the bulk of the citizens were of English blood." The history of the metropolis from which these quotations are taken was written by Theodore Roosevelt, a typical New Yorker, as he is a typical American; and he illustrates in his own person this commingling of stocks. He is of Dutch descent, with other ancestors who were Huguenot and Scotch-Irish; and he has declared that so far as he himself is aware, he has not a drop of English blood in his veins.

The diversity of origin is nothing new in American cities, and equally old is the dread of the successive new-comers. It is a curious feature of the settlement of this country,—so Mr. Roosevelt pointed out elsewhere in his vigorous narrative of the development of his native city,—"that each mass of immigrants feels much distrust and contempt for the mass—usually of a different nationality—which comes a generation later." There is piquancy in the fact that the chief immigration into New York City in the thirty or forty years following the Revolution was of English stock from Connecticut and Massachusetts, and that the old New Yorkers regarded this New England invasion with jealous hostility. Some of these old New Yorkers were descendants of the original Dutch, and of the Walloons and Huguenots who had come over while the little town was still New Amsterdam; and some were descendants of the English, the Scotch, the Scotch-Irish, and the Germans, who had arrived in increasing numbers in the century between the downfall of Peter Stuyvesant and the first public appearance of Alexander Hamilton at the outbreak of the Revolution.

The New Englanders were swiftly as-

simulated, as the Huguenots had been a century earlier; and they, in turn, disliked and dreaded the Irish invasion that soon followed, and the later German invasion that came before and during the Civil War. But in that bitter conflict the Irish and the Germans and their children proved themselves stanch Americans; they revealed their belief that this was not only a good land to live in, but a good country to die for. And the Irish and the Germans in their turn also disliked and dreaded the more recent invasion of Italians and Russian Jews; and they joined with the older New Yorkers in wondering whether these strange newcomers were not unfit for the citizenship which had been generously granted to them. Yet there is scarcely a larger proportion of foreigners in the population of New York at the beginning of the twentieth century than there was at the end of the seventeenth, nor are the dangerous elements proportionately larger than they were then. The fire still glows beneath the crucible, and the process of fusing is as rapid and as complete to-day as ever it has been in the past. The children are the flux for this fusing: they are taken captive first by the schools, and then the public libraries bind them fast; and finally the young folk react on their parents. Sooner or later the foreigners are made over; they are born anew; and they have a proud consciousness that they have come into their birthright.

When Maxim Gorky was asked what had most impressed him on his arrival in New York, he answered that it was the bodily bearing of the throngs in the streets. "They stand erect," he said; "they do not cringe." And yet a large majority of the men who made up the throngs were immigrants or the sons of immigrants. In their native land they may not have been allowed to assert their manhood; but they had it in them to assert when they arrived here and adjusted themselves to our free conditions. And their self-assertion, their self-expression, has been to our profit, since the most of them came from stocks which had been denied the opportunity to select out their best. They have brought undeveloped possibilities to this country, where careers are widely opened to all talents. It needs to be noted that two of the most

distinguished electrical inventors of America are of Slavonic birth. That shrewd observer of social conditions, Miss Jane Addams, has asserted that we talk far too loosely about our immigrants. We use the phrase "the scum of Europe" and other unwarrantable words, "without realizing that the undeveloped peasant may be much more valuable to us here than the more highly developed but also more highly specialized town-dweller, who may much less readily develop the acquired characteristics which the new environment demands."

"The way to compare men is to compare their respective ideals," said Thoreau; "the actual man is too complex to deal with." In some mysterious fashion we Americans have imposed our ideals on the Irish and on the Germans, as we are now imposing them on the Italians and on the Russian Jews. The children and the grandchildren of these ignorant immigrants learn to revere Washington and Lincoln, and they take swift pride in being Americans. They thrill in response to the same patriotic appeals which move us of the older stocks; and when New York celebrated the centenary of the Constitution, nowhere were the portraits of the Father of the Country more frequent than in Little Italy and in the Ghetto. When the President of the United States declared that a certain friend of his was "the most useful citizen of New York," he named not a native, but a man who was by birth a Dane; and if any one with equal opportunity for knowing should undertake to draw up a list of the five most useful citizens of New York, he would have to include also one Hebrew of German birth. If this observer should extend the list to ten, he would be forced to set down the name of another German Hebrew whose service to the public good has been quite as indisputable.

The census records the number of those of foreign birth, and also those who are of foreign parentage; and these figures seem to suggest that there exists among us a mass of undigested aliens. But in so far as the statistics do suggest this, they convey a false impression. The boys and girls of Little Italy speak English as fluently as they speak Italian, and while they salute the flag in school, in the street they amuse themselves with "Little Sally

Waters" and with the traditional games of Anglo-Saxon youth. Already are the intelligent sons of Italian immigrants coming up through the high schools of New York and the City College, and entering the graduate departments of our universities to fit themselves for the higher degrees. It is not uncommon to hear a young man of German parentage term his own father "a Dutchman." The sons of the Fatherland often forget their German, and their children do not always acquire it. A prominent lawyer of New York is the nephew of a prominent German author, and he told me once that he had read only those of his uncle's works which had been translated into English. The German theater in New York is deserted by the sons and daughters of the older Germans who subsidize it; the young people prefer to see plays in the English language, with which they are more familiar.

Even among the immigrants themselves the process of Americanization is sometimes extraordinarily swift. It did not take long for Gallatin and Agassiz and Schurz to make themselves at home here, and the less gifted and the less well educated foreigner has an even stronger incentive to get out of his Old-World shell. When the late Professor Boyesen went to Minnesota, he was surprised to find that his fellow-Scandinavians preferred to speak English even to him; and it was explained to him that the use of their native tongue would reveal their peasant origin, and thus testify to their social inferiority to a gentleman who had been graduated from the University of Upsala, whereas the use of English lifted them all to the lofty table-land of American citizenship.

The process of assimilation, at work now under our own eyes, was visible also to our fathers and to our forefathers. Indeed, there is no stronger phenomenon in all the marvelous history of civilization than this very process—than this Americanization of countless aliens, generation after generation, with no violent modification of American ideals. Three centuries ago, "men of sturdy English fiber began to come in search of mental, religious and economic freedom," as an acute student of social conditions has phrased it. "Daring men in search of

new experiences came as adventurers and discoverers. Men of moral daring came in search of religious and civic freedom. Men of industrial and commercial daring came in search of larger opportunity. These men established ideals and set standards and created tendencies for a nation." These standards, these ideals, these tendencies still survive after almost three hundred years, modified a little, no doubt, but developed only, not radically transformed, and never renounced. The American of to-day, whatever his descent, has most of the characteristics of the American of yesterday. Ideals endure, and aspirations have not been blunted by time or turned aside by alien influences.

It is true enough that the makers of America were mainly of British origin. Benjamin Franklin and Washington Irving were the sons of immigrants, one English and the other Scotch. But, from the very beginning, the admixture of other elements was abundant, most obvious in New York, but perceptible even in New England. Before the Revolution, besides the Dutch in New York, there were Swedes in New Jersey. In Pennsylvania there were Germans and Scotch-Irish, and in New York and South Carolina there were Huguenots, and no single stock has contributed to our citizenship so many men of ability in proportion to its numbers as this sturdy and stalwart group of French Protestants. Thus we see that there is no basis for the prevalent belief that the people of the United States were once of almost purely English descent, and that they have been diluted by foreign admixture only since the war of 1812. In the Louisiana Purchase and in the Northwest Territory there were many French settlers, and men of Spanish descent were incorporated by the acquisition of Texas and of California. The commingling of these many bloods during our first century of national life must be more or less responsible for the divergence now obvious between American ideals, American standards, and American tendencies, on the one hand, and British ideals, British standards, and British tendencies, on the other. Both sets are derived from the same root—from the ideals, the standards, and the tendencies of the older Anglo-Saxon stock, transplanted in England from the Teutonic mainland, and stimu-

lated by the commingled Hebrew and Greek and Roman ideals of the church.

It is well for us to recall the fact that the English race itself was of many mingled strains, Celtic and Teutonic, welded into unity at last, and achieving its richest expression under Elizabeth. But while the British have been inbreeding for centuries now, with only occasional enrichment by alien stocks, Spanish-Hebrew, Huguenot, and German, we Americans have been absorbing vigorous foreign blood; and to this infusion must be credited some portion of the differences between the subjects of the British King and the citizens of the American republic. These differences are abundant and they are evident, and there is no need to catalogue them here.

It is the testimony of most of the intelligent Europeans who have come here to study us in recent years, that we Americans are less insular than our kin across the sea, less set in our ways, more open-minded. Señor Juan Valera, sometime Spanish Minister in Washington, in the preface to his delightful tale of "Pepita Ximenes," declared that the American public reads a great deal, is indulgent, and "differs from the British public—which is eminently exclusive in its tastes—by its cosmopolitan spirit." It may be said that this is one of the variances between the Americans and the British due to the influence exerted by those elements in our population which are not Anglo-Saxon and not even Teutonic. Cecil Rhodes once scornfully commented on the "unctuous rectitude" of the British, and Lowell once declared that "England seems to be the incarnation of the 'Kingdom of this world.'" Neither of these accusations will lie against us Americans, open as we may be in other respects to the conviction of sin. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the influence of the Celt—of the Huguenot and of the Irish. To this same Celtic softening of Teutonic harshness we may ascribe also the broader development here of that social instinct which is deficient in Great Britain and dominant in France. This social instinct manifests itself in manifold forms—in a wider sympathy, in a friendlier good nature, in a more thorough toleration, both religious and political. It has contributed its share to the core of idealism

which sustains the American character, but which is often veiled from view by sordid externals. It finds fit expression in lavish giving to public service, and it leads also to the preservation of natural beauty and of the sacred places of our brief history.

When we consider all these things carefully, we cannot help wondering whether we have not been guilty of flagrant conceit in our assumption that we could not possibly profit by any infusion of other bloods than the Teutonic. We find ourselves face to face with the question whether the so-called Anglo-Saxon stock is of a truth so near to perfection that any admixture is certain to be harmful. We find ourselves doubting whether this stock has always done so well that it has an undisputed right to a halo on demand. Much as we owe to England, we have other debts also; and even New England, of which we are all justly proud, is not now the focus of the whole United States,—however much we may have profited in the past by the lofty example of Emerson and Lowell.

To some of us "My Country! 'T is of Thee" seems only a sectional lyric, by a bard who did not think nationally. There is a certain significance in the fact that political stability, and even political sagacity, have been most evident in certain of the sections where the foreign-born citizens are most thickly settled.

All that the New Englanders could bring over from Great Britain was a British standard; and if the American standard now differs from the British standard, this must be due, more or less, to the pressure exerted in America by a contribution other than English. If we to-day prefer, as we do undoubtedly, the existing American standards and ideals and tendencies to the British standards and ideals and tendencies, we must recognize the various foreign elements in the United States as having exerted an influence satisfactory to us now, however much our forefathers may once have dreaded it. We must recognize that the commingling of stocks which has been going on here in the past has been beneficial—or at least that its results are acceptable to us at present. And in all probability our children will admit also that the commingling that is going on in the present, and

which will go on in the future, is likely also to be beneficial or at least acceptable.

The strength of the founders of the American republic lay chiefly in character. It is not by brilliancy, by intellect, or even by genius that Washington and Jay and John Adams impressed themselves on their fellow-citizens in Virginia, in New York, and in Massachusetts. Ability they had in abundance, no doubt; but it was by character that they conquered, by their moral individuality. And it is the grossest conceit for us to assume that character is the privilege or the prerogative of any single stock. We have a right to hope and even to believe that whatever we may lose by the commingling of the future, by the admixture of other racial types than the Teutonic and the Celtic, will be made up to us by what we shall thereby gain. Our type may be a little transformed, but it is not at all likely to be deteriorated. There is really very little danger indeed that the preaching of the Puritans will ever be superseded here by the practices of the Impuritans.

It is true that the later new-comers are not altogether Teutonic or even Celtic; they are Latin and Slav and Semitic. But it is only a stubborn pride, singularly out of place in an American of the twentieth century, which makes us dread evil consequences from this admixture. The Teuton here has been supplanted by the Celt; but the resulting race may profit still by attributes of the Latin and of the Slav. The suave manner of the Italian may modify in time the careless discourtesy which discredits us now in the eyes of foreign visitors. The ardor of the Slav may quicken our appreciation of music and of the fine arts. Possibly these gains may have to be paid for by a little relaxing of the unresting energy which is our marked characteristic to-day. It may be that when milder strains are commingled with the harsher Teutonic stock, there will be other modifications, some of them seemingly less satisfactory. But there is no reason to suppose that in the future we shall not make our profit out of the best that every contributing blood can bring to us, since this is exactly what we have been doing in the past.

In 1900 there were ten millions of the foreign-born here in the United States; but of these three quarters were of Eng-

lish or Teutonic or Celtic blood, the very elements out of which first the British and then the Americans have been compounded. That is to say, there were fewer than three million out of some seventy million whites to which the most rigid stickler for racial purity could possibly object. In 1900, again, there was only a million of these foreign-born who could not speak English. And who doubts that the children of this million are now busy acquiring our language to fit themselves for the struggle of life? These children are, indeed, likely to look upon English as their mother-tongue; and with the language they are taking over also the ideals of the community in which they are growing to manhood,—ideals which the grandchildren of the immigrants will have absorbed unconsciously. It is well for us to remind ourselves that ideals are communal and not individual; they are the result of the environment and not of heredity. They are not born in the blood, even though instincts may be; they are taken over from our associates; they are implanted by the group-feeling. As Lowell once put it pithily, "The pressure of public opinion is like the pressure of the atmosphere;—you can't see it, but it is sixteen pounds to the square inch none the less."

We need not fear any weakening of the Teutonic framework of our social order. Beyond all question, we shall preserve the common law of England and the English language; for these are priceless possessions in which the welcome invaders are glad to be allowed to share. The good old timbers of the ship of state are still solid, and the sturdy vessel is steered by the same compass.

One of the best equipped observers of American life, and one of the shrewdest, also,—Professor Giddings,—faces the future fearlessly. He holds that in the coming years a mixture of elements not Anglo-Teuton "will soften the emotional nature" and "quicken the poetic and artistic nature" of the American people; it will make us "gentler in our thoughts and feelings because of the Alpine strain" (and this includes the Slav). We shall find ourselves "with a higher power to enjoy the beautiful things of life because of the Celtic and the Latin blood." And as if this prophecy of emotional benefit was not

heartening enough, Professor Giddings holds up to us the high hope of an intellectual benefit, probably through the com-

mingling of bloods. "We shall become more clearly and more fearlessly rational, —in a word more scientific."



TOPICS OF THE TIME

PEACE, WITH "SOMETHING DOING"

WAS it worth all the trouble and strain,—oratorical, prandial, journalistic, financial,—the National Arbitration and Peace Congress of New York? Did it accomplish anything substantial, beside the generous opportunities afforded to the jaded wits of the pen and the pencil?

Yes, we think it was worth all it cost in nerve-wear, time, and money—irrespective of any immediate influence upon subsequent proceedings at The Hague. The jokes pass, and the effect remains of setting the world thinking. As we have said before, the world is moved by "attention." Wars begin with the military command, "Attention!" In the Peace Congress of New York the world's attention was fixed upon the thought of the undesirability of war, of the very great desirability of peace and of the proper methods to maintain it. War and peace, in general and in particular, are the offspring of public opinion; there can be no public opinion without thought. And the mind of the world was, for a little while at least, concentrated upon the thought that there is another and a better way of deciding international disputes than by nations flying at one another's throats; namely, as Dr. Hale pointed out, the very way adopted by the United States of America when it established the Supreme Court of the United States.

The tendency of modern internationalism is evidently toward peace—peace congresses or no peace congresses. This sometimes troubles those philosophers who see, along with war's evils, the good that war has accomplished in the history of human evolution; and above all the training in physical and moral prowess

that armed conflict has secured to individuals and nations.

Timely as to this consideration is the book recently published by Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, on the "Newer Ideals of Peace," in which she quotes a passage from Mr. William James on the need to "discover in the social realm the moral equivalent for war—something heroic that will speak to men as universally as war has done, and yet will be as compatible with their spiritual natures as war has proved itself to be incompatible." Miss Addams is inclined to believe that a secret change is, in very fact, going on all about us. "We care less each day," she says, "for the heroism connected with warfare and destruction, and constantly admire more that which pertains to labor and the nourishing of human life. The new heroism," she declares, "manifests itself at the present moment in a universal determination to abolish poverty and disease, a manifestation so wide-spread that it may justly be called international."

The idea that a condition of military destruction and war enthusiasm is necessary for giving physical and moral muscle to men is not tenable in our time. The every-day conditions of peace are found to be or can be made to be, quite strenuous enough for the display of both physical and moral exertion and courage.

When we add the altruistic to the ordinary exertions of life in a time of peace, along the lines laid down in Miss Addams's "Newer Ideals," it becomes evident that the race is not at all likely to degenerate through stagnation in the era of arbitration which has already begun. Even warlike Emperors and Presidents are able to get a good deal of action and exercise, not to say fun, under the reign of the newer ideals of peace.

OPEN LETTERS

Reading in Cuban Cigar Factories

A SUGGESTION FOR PRISONS

A GROUP of industrial workers on the island of Cuba are putting into practical use a new system of education, which, if adopted by the States and the National government for use in their penal institutions, would, in my opinion, go a long way toward the accomplishment of the education of criminals in the sphere of morality.

This system, called the "Institution of Reading," is a very simple one, and can easily be put into practical use. It consists merely in the employment of a person to read aloud to the operatives. It was begun in 1878 by Señor Saturnino Martinez, then a *tabaquero*, and now a distinguished Cuban poet, and is now found in virtually every one of the large Havana cigar factories and in many of the smaller *galeras*.

From an article by James H. Collins in the "Bookman" of July, 1905, I gather these further facts: The "Institution of Reading" arose from two conditions: first, the high price of books, and, second, the inability of many of the cigar-makers to read.

In the afternoon, says Mr. Collins, the babel of soft Spanish talk and laughter ceases, and there rises a single voice pitched above the ordinary tone, and punctuated now and then by a burst of general merriment. This is the voice of the paid reader, translating war news from a New York paper or declaiming the latest novel.

The reader sits aloft in a small, railed box resembling a pulpit, placed in the middle of the work-room, so that his voice may carry to all parts of the galera. He reads three hours daily, usually in the afternoon. By long custom, half of this time is given to newspapers, and half to novels, and the character of those selected speaks much for the taste of the *tabaqueros*.

The *tabaqueros* elect of their number a president, secretary, and treasurer, the latter receiving from each cigar-maker fifteen cents a week, creating a weekly revenue of from \$50 to \$75. With this, books and newspapers are bought and the reader's salary, which ranges from \$30 to \$60 a week, is paid. Each day the president and the secretary select from the newspapers the matter to be read.

The reading of a long novel takes about three weeks, and each is selected by a ballot.

Long poems are frequently chosen. Byron is much read, and Shakspeare is not unknown. "Vanity Fair," "Oliver Twist," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," are some of the favorite books.

The *tabaqueros* have thus been educated up to such a standard of excellence that they want to hear books of a high literary and moral character.

It is said that the Havana *tabaqueros* were the backbone of the last Cuban revolution. They are the best-paid workmen on the island, and are great travelers.

This scheme of education of the Cuban cigar-makers is, in my opinion, one that is well adapted to use by prison authorities.

It would give to the prisoners the companionship of the best authors and reformers, and would place in the hands of the prison management a means of directing and molding the thought of the prisoners along the highest and best lines of moral and religious judgment.

Hospitals for the insane, and other public institutions where it is desired to control the minds of the inmates and teach particular lessons, might adopt this system to great advantage.

Emmet Mansfield Adair.

"Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" —A Postscript

IN the June CENTURY, on page 304, was printed, as an illustration of David Homer Bates's paper, the facsimile of a despatch which Lincoln wrote to a Mr. Maxwell, a critic of General Thomas, after the battle of Chickamauga, but which Lincoln withdrew after placing it in the hands of the cipher-operator, because he concluded that the critic was not worthy of special attention. As the despatch was a remarkable testimonial from Lincoln to the heroism of General Thomas, the autograph was presented to the latter, after the war, by Mr. Tinker, one of the cipher-operators. The privilege of printing it for the first time was obtained by Colonel G. C. Kniffin from Mrs. Frances Breckenridge Kellogg of Washington, D. C., the widow of Colonel Sanford Cobb Kellogg, formerly of General Thomas's staff, who was made the custodian of all General Thomas's private papers by his aunt, Mrs. George H. Thomas.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Qualification

WHEN Copycus gave up the ghost,
 "A second Herrick," critics said.
 To me the likeness seemed at most
 That he and Herrick both were dead.

John Kendrick Bangs.

Lined Wrote Whilst Reflectin' on the Vacation I spent on a Farm.

O FARMER, independentest of all
 Mankind art thou! I know, because, last
 year
 I spent my whole vacation, pretty near,



Drawn by Nixon Waterman

On Uncle Eben's farm, and though I'm small,
 I hoed his corn and beans, and helped him
 haul
 And stack his hay. I'd work until I'd
 fear
 I'd just drop down and end my sad
 career
 Before they'd give the welcome dinner call.

My uncle dost not weigh his words with care,
 For once he told me that I wast a shirk;
 But I would rather breathe the country air
 Than be a shut-in office-boy or clerk;
 For I found out whilst visitin' out there
 That I like farmin', but I hate farm work.

J. A. Williams.

Some Cuban Proverbs

WALK your horse, and carry all your eggs
 to market. Trot him, and carry only one.

LIFE is short, but a smile is only a second's
 effort.

COULD men and women see the same jokes,
 fewer would complain to the alcalde.

SOME wives will make their husbands fly for
 shelter to the middle of a swarm of bees.

IT is not that the snake eats of poisonous
 food; it is that he is, by nature, poisonous.

ONE may get as wet by falling into a brook
 as by falling into the sea.

TO the ant-hill the wandering footstep of the
 happy child becomes a catastrophic act of
 God.

TURN your back, and your neighbor, looking
 at you, will change the expression of his face.

WASH charcoal with milk: it will remain black.

A PESO, lost in a dust-heap, was as bright as
 ever; but what good did it do?

THERE are those who rail at God, declaring
 that He sharpened the thorns with malice.
 They forget that with beneficence He sharp-
 ened wits so that thorns may be avoided.

Edward Marshall.

The Millionaire's Plaint

O LORD, I pray Thee hear my prayer:
 Beckon the fate that flaunts
 Her ensign o'er my grim despair:
 Give me a few more wants.

Thomas L. Masson.

Fairy-Spelling

I'VE heard about a fairy-spell.
 Oh, that's the kind for me!
 I cannot learn the common way,
 I spell disgracefully.

I'd like to meet a fairy-child
 Beside a magic well.
 I'd beg a fairy spelling-book;
 Then I could learn to spell.

Abbie Farwell Brown.



A Boy at Sea

Sketches by Albert D. Blashfield

SUNRISE AT SEA

THE great sun, red and round,
Popped out of the morning sea.
He never made a sound,
And nobody knew but me.

THE LOG-LINE

IT's best of all on the very stern
To watch the log-line turn and turn
And lose itself in a blur of light,
Back toward Italy, out of sight.

THE LOOKOUT

THE lookout lives in
crow's-nest, high
Up on the mast, quite
near the sky,
And when the sailor
strikes the bell,
He answers lonesomely:
"All 's well."

THE LIFE-BOAT

THE life-boats are covered with canvas tight.
I climbed up into one
one night.
It made a little hammock bed,
And only the stars were
over my head.

THE PORT-HOLE

USUALLY all that I
can spy
Out of my port-hole
is water and sky.
But once the boat
gave a sidewise
dip,
And far, far off, I
saw a ship.

BEAN BAGS

BEAN-BAGS are always getting lost,
And some day the ocean will be
crossed
By bean-stalks all in
a solid row.
A very old sailor told
me so.



FIRE-DRILL

TO-DAY we had a fire-drill,
I and the captain and the men.
We manned the life-boats with a will,
And then unmanned them all again.

NIGHT

THE deck seems cozier and small,
Not as it does by day at all.
The passengers are blithe and gay.
We 'll all be home in one less day.



I stand in the bow. The moon shines out.
The engines throb. I want to shout:
"We're coming, America! I can feel
You wind us in on a mighty reel."

MERBOYS

MERBOYS must have a lot of fun.
I like to make believe I 'm one,
Down there upon the ocean's bed,
With steamers passing overhead.

I wonder what they thought the day
My sailor hat was blown away,
And if they found my jack-stones' ball.
They 'd not know how to play at all.



If I were one, I 'd hunt for wrecks,
Old slimy things, with rotting decks,
And money-chests heaped all about,
With golden doubloons oozing out.

I think I 'd ring the buoy-bell,
And take some sponges home to sell.
(Of course I 'd save myself a few)—
I *wish* imaginings were true!

CHURCH

CHURCH is very queer at sea.
Nurse puts a fresh white suit on me,
And mother wears a pretty gown,
And takes my hand, and we go down.

The table-cloths and knives are gone.
The tables have dark covers on.



There are no proper churchly pews,
But rounding chairs that turn on screws.

When all the people's heads are bowed,
The captain reads the prayers aloud;
And then they sing most solemnly:
"For those in peril on the sea."

It is a very lonely hymn.
I climb up by the port-hole's rim
And watch the rolling waves and think
How awful it would be to sink.

I 'm glad that church is short, for I,
If I were small, might want to cry
When they all sing so solemnly:
"For those in peril on the sea."

Katharine Ruth Ellis.



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

SUBURBAN METHODS

MRS. FERNBANK: Nora, go up and tell Mr. Fernbank to hurry if he expects to get his train.

NORA: I 'm just after tellin' him, and he says if I 'll put the grape-fruit on the top step and the coffee on the landin', he 'll ketch the E. 10.

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"SING BUT TO ME AS I WERE ALL THE WORLD"
(SEE "THE WOODS OF IDA")

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THE GATES OF THE CITY

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

I

IN the days when cities were surrounded by walls, all who would enter or go forth were obliged to pass through the gates—usually called “frowning portals” for the purposes of romance. So it was no wonder that these places became popular and important points not only in war, but in times of peace.

Here barterers and beggars would gather, soothsayers, story-tellers, and many others who had business with those coming or going, including not a few who had no business there at all except to look on. That is why “the gates of the city” form a frequently repeated background for the human drama all through ancient history and literature.

Nowadays, to be sure, we have done away with walls for the most part, but we have not increased the number of exits and entrances. Proportionately they are more restricted than ever. The railroad stations, with their wide-arched train-sheds, covered with dirty glass, may be regarded as the modern city gates by those who get a more satisfying interest out of things by reason of a resemblance to something else. Similarly the ferries and bridges, with a little more

squinting of the eyes, may be looked upon as so many ancient portcullises, if you like.

But the present point is that these are the places where humanity (such as it is nowadays) may be seen passing in and out of the city. And because our cities happen to be so much larger than those of old, and every one in and out of them is more given to travel, both for work and for fun, these portals are in a position to frown, if so disposed, at the daily ebb and flow of multitudes greater than the entire population of many a complacent ancient capital. For here the paths of the world converge. Here meet people of about all the kinds that there are, brought shoulder to shoulder for a moment, as in a narrow mountain-pass, then scattering out to the four winds of heaven, each traveler aiming at something somewhere, and each in rather more of a hurry, no doubt, than was the average ancient.

II

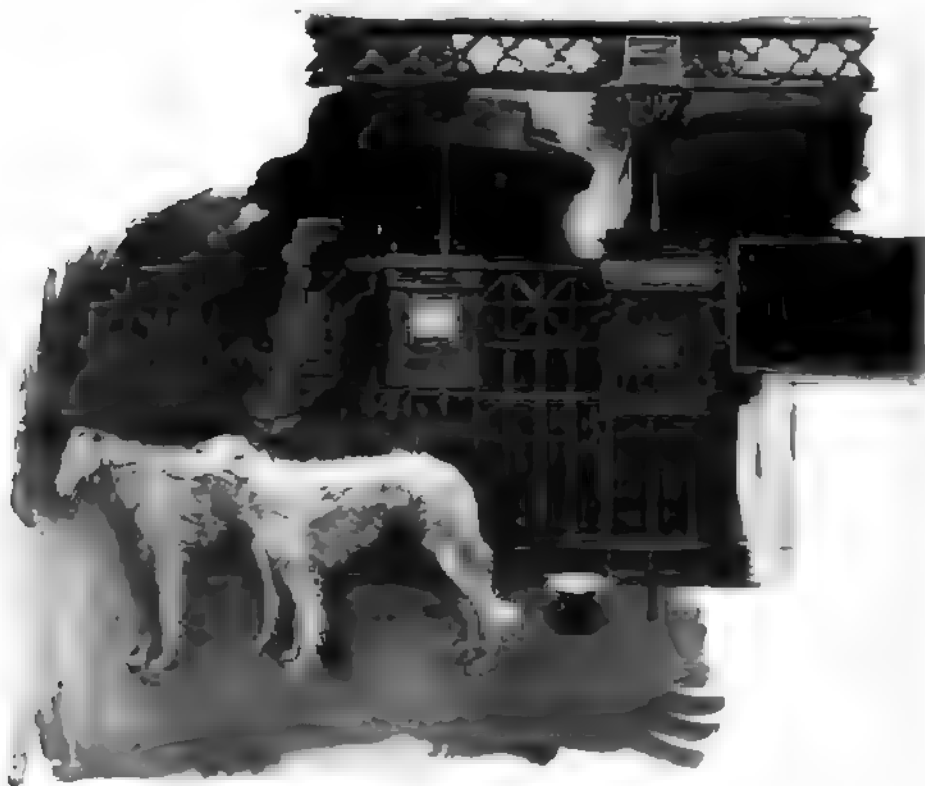
THESE huge, echoing, funnel-like places, created by commerce merely for the coming and going of so many impersonal units, take on a deeper significance to most of the units themselves. For many

they serve as memorable backgrounds to the human emotions,—joy, grief, hope, disappointment,—all crowded together into such cruel contrasts. The glad laughter of reunion breaks in upon the uncontrolled sobbing of farewell. The gay wedding party romps thoughtlessly by the slow moving group in black accompanying the white-pine box. Fashion glides through, followed by a maid carrying her lap-dog; Poverty trudges along with no one to carry her wailing children. Athletes spring upon the train, bound for country clubs; invalids are wheeled along in chairs, bound for the sanatoriums. Youth is here, going home from school; Old Age, going home to die.

The gate-way of the city marks the beginning and end of many things. Here the traditional young man from the country is confronted by a confused view of the city he has come to conquer, though at this moment, contrary to tradition, he is more likely to be thinking

about his baggage. Here again, after conquering, or being conquered, he slowly retraces his youthful steps, to retire upon his farm—or the county's.

The station is a rendezvous for lovers and the means of flight for the faithless. Here the city goes out into the fields to play, and the country comes to the town to work. In the crowd are mothers waiting for their sons, green-goods men waiting for their prey, pickpockets watching for their chance, and detectives watching for theirs. If we wait long enough, we can see nearly all the world, coming in or going out, asking questions, answering them, buying tickets, losing them, gazing or being gazed at—from the Presidential party embarking upon a speech-making tour, or a foreign prince of the royal blood, to the herds of steerage passengers being shunted like cattle into long immigrant trains, or "fresh air" children returning to the noise and delight of their beloved and begrimed city streets.



Drawn by Orson Lowell Half-tone plate engraved by E. Levin

WAITING FOR SOMEBODY



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

OLD AGE TAKES A TRAIN

III

HISTORY is repeating itself, and even America is becoming a nation of cities. When we began as a nation,—in fact, as late as the beginning of the last century, only four per cent. of the population was urban. At the time when the nation's unity was threatened, all but sixteen per cent. were still country people; now a third of us live in the city.

But along with this trend there is also a tendency to live beyond the city walls. Those who come and go we call commuters, and they are usually pictured as in a great hurry, carrying several bundles. These make up the great bulk of the crowd that jostles its way morning and evening through our city gates, predominating all other types of travelers, unless perhaps it happens to be a traveler of such an unusual sort as not to be a type at all—like the peasant woman from the

Balkans in long boots and a short plaid skirt, or the Hindu maharajah, whose bright costume contrasts with the dullness of his tired eyes as he bestows a benignant, quizzical glance at the unreasoned haste of this restless young nation.

Commuters acquire in time a similarity of expression as they pass in and out through the gates. They have an air of accustomedness to their surroundings, quite as if the station were their familiar club. For that matter, many of them use it as such. When the inspiring megaphone-man announces a train, they do not seem to be startled, like the poor, panicky woman with the many babies and bundles. The commuter is often in a hurry, but he is seldom flurried; he nods to passing acquaintances, or keeps on reading the afternoon paper, as he strides abstractedly through the iron gates, and mounts the steps of the moving train with much

the same assured air of ownership as when he ascends his own porch, perhaps an hour later, far away from the hurly-burly.

Nearly all of them wear this look of their type, though in reality they are no more alike than the individuals of any other army marching in unison and carrying knapsacks or newspapers. The guard there at the gate, who has a ticket-punching acquaintance with all of them, soon learns to distinguish the different varieties. At the Grand Central Station, in New York, the "substantial

banker" is likely to show "Greenwich" on his monthly ticket, whereas the man behind, who is like him, but with less substance, will probably go on to Stamford. Similarly the horsiest and yachtiest commuters are apt to live in Larchmont, while those not quite so pronounced get off at New Rochelle. Artists and literary people are more frequently bound for Lawrence Park, Bronxville, than for any other one place, while a variegated mob makes for Mount Vernon. But of course even to these rules there are at least enough exceptions to prove them.

Your true commuter must be by nature a man who takes to routine. There are some who have commuted for a quarter century or more, and yet have not acquired the trick, and never will. They are the ones who write letters to the newspapers, airing their grievances against the heartless railroad corporations. They are not born commuters;

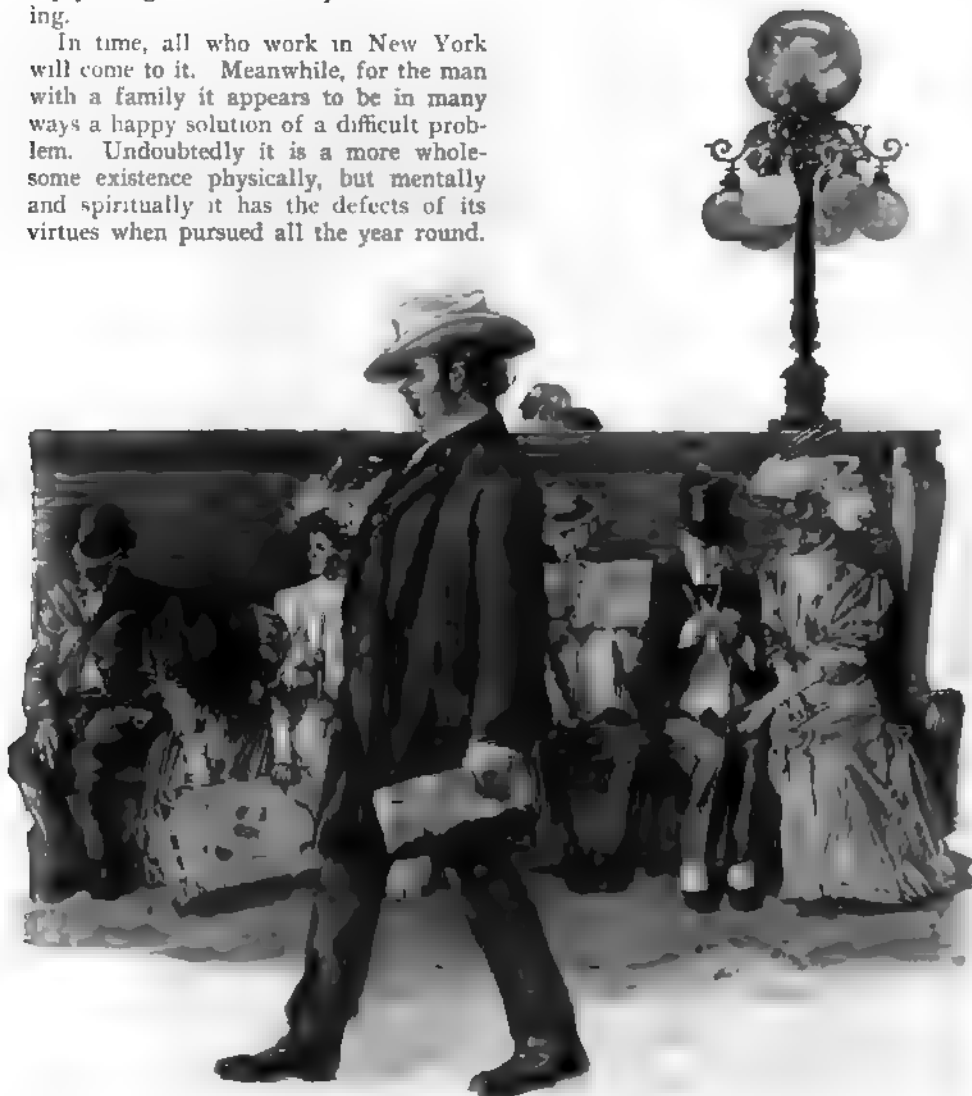


Drawn by Urson Lowell

they have had commutation thrust upon them. But many really enjoy the life of the commuter. They like the clock-like regularity. They like the pleasant social aspect of the early morning trip to town, the neighborly interest in one another's affairs, the ample time for reading the newspapers, which numerous city residents miss by not being obliged to get an early start. They look forward to the pleasant relaxation of the whist game on the way home, with head on one side to keep the smoke out of their eyes. Some of them even say that they enjoy being awakened early in the morning.

In time, all who work in New York will come to it. Meanwhile, for the man with a family it appears to be in many ways a happy solution of a difficult problem. Undoubtedly it is a more wholesome existence physically, but mentally and spiritually it has the defects of its virtues when pursued all the year round.

The commuter devotes the best part of the day to one narrow corner of the city; the rest of his time, not consumed on the train, is in the still more narrowing atmosphere of the suburbs. He neither gets all the way into the life of the city nor clean out into the country. So his view of things has neither the perspective of robust rurality nor the sophistication of a man in the city and of it. His return to nature is only half-way; his urbanity is suburbanity. Much of our literature, art, and especially criticism shows the taint of the commuter's point of view.



THE WAITING-ROOM



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

IMMIGRANTS AWAITING SHIPMENT

IV

FOR many different sorts of people the railroad station is more than a mere passage for going and coming. The number of persons employed in every great terminal is an army in itself, from the high officers in the unseen offices overhead to the low officials in the cellar; from the general-manager, looking out for dividends, to the uniformed porters, looking out for tips—and showing rare insight in the selection of passengers with a single hand-bag from the Pullman, while avoiding less likely ones with bird-cages from the common coach. There are auditors

and the men who hammer the wheels of arriving cars; sellers of food and sellers of flowers; train-despatchers and boot-blacks; floor-scrubbers and telegraph-operators; ticket-sellers and those who pounce upon incoming trains, almost before they are emptied, with long-handled window-cleaners, and with the hurried, businesslike manner characteristic of all connected with the business of hurrying people back and forth across the country.

The possibilities of the station as a sort of club are thoroughly appreciated by the true commuter. When he has been up too late the night before, playing bridge with the neighbors or gossiping about

other neighbors, he stops here for a hurried breakfast in the morning. Some station restaurants are famous for their specialties. When his wife joins him in town to go to the theater, he meets her at the station. He can shave here, too, if he chooses, and for five cents can even rent a place to dress in. If he forgets his umbrella, he can lease one at the parcel-room. If it has cleared off, he can check his cumbersome raincoat.

The parcel-room is one of the best institutions of this club. Perhaps this explains why so many stations are called depots in this country, though never in France. The parcel-room is a depot. All sorts of things are sent there, marked by the commuter's name and held until called for. The agent, of course, knows the commuter, and often knows which is his wife, too, as well as the newsboy knows which is his newspaper. When Mrs. Commuter comes in town for a day's shopping, she telephones down to the office, from the station, that certain very

important things are to be sent to the parcel-room, and that he must not forget this time to bring them out with him. Only, at the Grand Central, they do not refer to it as the parcel-room: it is called Mendel's. All the New York shops know Mendel's, and it is unnecessary to give any further address. At the close of any day you may see the familiar sight of one or more of the rearguard of commuters—the kind who never allow more than a fraction of a minute for the transit of the station—rushing madly toward the corner where Mendel's is situated. The agent sees them coming from afar, butting through the crowd as the gong sounds outside by the gate. He reaches down for their packages, holds them out over the counter, and the commuters grab them on the run as the mail trains catch up the mail-sacks at full speed, then squeeze through the gate just as it is slammed shut by the ticket-puncher.

I know a man who used Mendel's so



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

COMPETITION FOR A TIP



Drawn by Orson Lowell.

"FRESH-AIR" CHILDREN

often when a commuter that he can not break the habit now that he lives in town. His bachelor apartment is on Gramercy Park, he is occupied during the day at 49th street, and in the evening he is very often occupied in one of the neighboring residence streets. Rather than go all the twenty-odd blocks down to Gramercy Park and back, it is his custom to bring his evening clothes in a suit-case to Mendel's in the morning; then, at the close of his day's work, he rents a dressing-room at the Grand Central. This arrangement gives him so much more time to devote to the evening, which is a great consideration just now.

"Over by the telephone-booths" is the place where lovers meet. They pretend to be waiting for a telephone number as they pace up and down with elaborate

carelessness, which does not even make the station attendants smile, they are so used to it. There is a stand near-by where violets can be purchased leisurely while waiting for the meeting, and there are plenty of doors and corners to dodge in and out of should acquaintances appear. The booths themselves are sometimes "commandeered" when the necessities of love or war arise.

v

At the Bureau of Information two men are kept busy from morning until midnight answering questions in seven languages.

I once asked this one: "Do you get many fool questions here?"

The man who speaks only American looked as if he thought that was one. "Do we!" he replied. "The other day some-



Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

WAITING FOR A TRAIN

body wanted to know how many ties there were in the Poughkeepsie Bridge. Sometimes they ask how long the Erie Canal is. Oh, yes, we get fool questions all right."

Most of the inquiries are for timetables or railroad connections, and the majority of them come in the afternoon and evening. Some of them are somewhat remote, such as, "What is the best afternoon train out of Sacramento for San Francisco?" or, "How do you get to the Klondike?"

Many travelers, unused to the quick manner of these alert minds, trained to answering questions, are apt to linger and blink and ask it all over again, as if unconvinced that the reply could be in earnest when given with so little thought. "Just as if we had to think," commented this useful official, "to answer questions we get fired at us a hundred times a day."

In addition to the questions over the counter, come questions by mail and telegraph, beside the many that are put by telephone over the two trunk lines and the two wires that connect with the various departments of the building.

The megaphone-man stands up on an elevation like a pulpit, with stairs leading down on each side of it, which helps the ecclesiastical effect. For eight hours he stands there magnificently and tells people that their trains are ready for them, then his voice is relieved by the arrival of one or the other of his two confrères. They work thus in eight-hour shifts all through the day and night at the gates of the city, animated guideposts at the parting of ways, as all men in pulpits should be.

In some station the announcement ends up with a stirring "All aboard!" which makes one feel like taking that



Drawn by Orson Lowell

AN EARLY MORNING ELOPEMENT

train whether it is the right one or not. Some of these announcers are famous the country over. There used to be one in Chicago some years ago before the megaphone was a common household utensil, who pronounced the names of the various stations with such wonderful resonance, with such a compelling suggestion of the alluring possibilities in the connections he mentioned, that it was almost as good as a romance

of travel and adventure just to listen to him.

But it is a very serious matter, the dean of the Grand Central announcers assures me, and it is n't every one can do it. And he offered to let me try if I did not believe him. He declared, moreover, that he is obliged to expend just as much effort now as in the old, dark, megaphoneless days. It is all a great mistake to think it helps *him*, but the public whom he serves is benefited because his voice now reaches out to the uttermost recesses of the room. "Just put me up there on one of those vestibules out in the shed," he declared, warming up to the subject with proper professional

pride, "and I 'll bet I could throw my voice clear out to the end if they 'd only keep their confounded engines quiet."

The dignified deliberation of his utterances had always impressed me deeply. His explanation of this, however, has made clear that his manner was not due to the vain-glorying of one in a high calling. I had ventured to ask him about his rhetorical pauses. "Why do I say 'Track—number—eighteen?' Because if I said 'Track number eighteen,' the way you talk, those people you see 'way down there by the Pullman office would only get something like 'Ac-clack-teen-clack.' You have to know how, in order to do this thing right. After I say 'number' I wait till the echo brings it back to me before I say 'eighteen.'

"Even then, you see," he added, shrug-

ging his shoulders after an interruption caused by a woman carrying a baby up the steps toward him timidly as if about to offer a sacrifice—"even as it is, you see they come up here and bother me with questions as if I was only a bureau of information. What? Oh, yes, she heard me, but she just wanted me to say it all over again for her specially—sort of whisper it to her confidentially. That's because she 's a woman," he added, with the calm tolerance of a philosopher looking down upon the passing, fretful world from a superior height. Then he raised the mighty megaphone to his lips to announce another train.

Every evening there is something of a scramble for the 11.57 or the 12.03 or whatever may happen to be "the last train" out, up, down, or over for the sub-



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collier.

HE CATCHES THE TRAIN—BUT SPREADS CONFUSION

urbanites that live in those directions. Theater-parties come scurrying through, close upon one another's heels, the men, with overcoats buttoned up to their chins, striding ahead and fumbling for tickets, the women, holding on to their hats, their high heels clicking on the mosaic floors as they make haste in the interesting feminine way, arousing the sleepy ones waiting for an early morning express.

Once the haven of the open gate is



Drawn by Orson Lowell

ALL THERE, BUT THE TIME-TABLE SAYS
"DAILY EXCEPT SATURDAY" AND
THIS IS SATURDAY

reached, they slow up for breath, and have something to laugh about half-way through the long, dreary anticlimax of their evening's entertainment. But almost every night certain ones are excluded from among the blessed, for the man in brass buttons at the gate is as impartial as St. Peter. A tantalizing feature of this is the dramatic pause ordained between the inexorable clanging of the gates and the slow, deliberate starting of the unobtainable train, while those kept out stand with their faces pressed against the bars, like prisoners looking, for a moment, as if they meant to bite their way through. When this thing happens to a solitary couple, unmarried, unchaperoned, and unacquainted in the midnight city, it is a tragic moment as they turn and look at each other, wondering what to do about it.

The Lost and Found Department ought to furnish interesting data for psychologists, and for moralists, too. The absent-mindedness of travelers gives employment to two busy men at the Grand Central Station. Whatever is picked up in the trains is brought in to them, or is supposed to be; and a surprisingly large percentage of what is found is actually brought in. It includes all sorts of stuff, from stickpins to packages of bonds. A great many things are claimed, identified, and recovered almost immediately, so that not all that's lost and found is recorded on the books. But even so, on the Saturday when a certain inquiry was made, the clerk reported no fewer than 107 articles for that one week. This included none of the harvest gleaned from the parlor and sleeping cars, for the Pullman Company has a Lost and Found Department of its own.

Odd human traits are disclosed in the strange adventures of some lost articles. If the articles themselves could only tell of their experiences, we might know more about the traits. Occasionally a jewel or something else of considerable value will be reported as lost, and will be inquired for day after day in vain. Then suddenly, sometimes after an interval of weeks, the missing property will turn up at the Lost and Found Department, often in such a manner as to preclude the acceptance of a reward. These are called "conscience" cases by the clerks, and



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

ON THE CITY-SIDE OF THE GATE AND THE LAST TRAIN GONE

they get a great many of them. One day a certain artist, perhaps because he is an artist, absent-mindedly left a valise in the train. It contained money, household silver, and two bananas. Some time after he had given it up for lost, it came back. Opening it, he found everything there except the bananas. Perhaps the finder decided that he was entitled to that much for carrying such a heavy load in his hand or on his conscience so long. Perhaps he had a wife who thought that the bananas would rot and tarnish the silver.

VI

IN every station one may find those who do not take trains or meet them, nor attend those who do. Some come to the waiting-room only to wait—respectable derelicts still hoping that something will turn up, and wrecks who have given up hope. It is a warm place in winter,

the seats are comfortable, and thoughtless passengers often obligingly leave newspapers behind them. It makes good waiting. There are so few other places to wait—so cruelly few for women adrift, but not yet foundered. Sometimes, to deceive that meddlesome busybody, the station detective, they carry in traveling bags, and pretend to be pulled down with their burdens, emptied long since at the pawn shops.

In the case of the men, one might find out their story, if one cared to; but as for the women,—the shabby little old lady with the corkscrew ringlets, for instance,—is she, like Eli in the Scriptural tragedy, watching at the city gates for sons who will never come back? Or is it a lover she thinks of as she sits there all day, waiting and waiting? We can only wonder, and try to forget, as we go on our way.



YOU CAN'T TELL

BY REBECCA LANE HOOPER

WITH PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON

Jaffrey, Vermont.

August third, Nineteen Five.

*To Miss Evelyn Vernon, Gloucester,
Massachusetts.*

MY DEAR "MINCH": I hope you don't mind my clinging to the name "Minch," in memory of that year at college when we gave Pinero's "The Amazons," and you, my dear girl, played the *Reverend Mr. Minchin*. You were so very clerical that I am sure, in some previous incarnation, you really were a clergyman.

You will be properly impressed to hear that we've decided to give Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" for the "Footlight Dramatic Club" here in Jaffrey. Really. I shall be stage-manager, and shall not be in the play at all. Of course it's a huge disappointment not to act, but Shaw is refreshing enough to pay

for the drudgery of coaching him, and "You Never Can Tell" is fine for hot weather. Just a joke; not a problem or a political discussion. Of course I should prefer to give one of the other Shaw plays, but it would never do with amateurs, and in the Congregational church parish house; for it is to help support this worthy institution that we give these plays.

You remember Mr. George Jaffrey of New York? He comes here summers because this place was named after his ancestors. Now I knew at once that, although I had complete charge of "You Never Can Tell," he would expect to run it. There is no reason why he should, which is probably why he will want to. Of course he knows the stage, for he was a stage-manager for twenty years before he took up the milder occupation of

wholesale china importer. His opinion is valuable, but he has such an unfortunate way of expressing it that every one becomes thoroughly enraged when he tells them how to play a part. Alas! you can't use professional methods with amateurs. Now, as Mr. Jaffrey is a capital actor of eccentric parts, and as I knew I could n't keep him out of the play, I decided to ask him to play *William*, which would keep him so busy he would n't have time to hurt the feelings of the other actors. I hoped that the gentle spirit of *William* might pervade him; for I don't see how any one could be obstreperous with such a "kind" part on his hands. So I drove over to the Jaffrey house. Mr. George Jaffrey came out on the piazza with his provoking smile.

"Why, here is the famous Miss Edith Hinsdale Howland. What can the renowned Miss Howland want with me?"

I told him about the play.

"Who 's going to do *William*?" he asked promptly.

"A very fine part," said I, evasively.

He ruminated.

"I should dearly love to play *William*," he said at last, with that confidential and affectionate manner which people assume when they offer to take the best part in a play. This time it was what I wanted. I suppose you have learned by bitter experience, Minch, to let a man appear to suggest things himself.

"Oh, Mr. Jaffrey, will you really play *William*?"

Reflectively he rubbed his thin, gray Van dyke beard.

"Why don't you get Andrews to play *William*?" he asked. "His last butler was a masterpiece."

"Yes," I said; "but he could n't possibly learn such a long part as *William*; and, besides, we want you."

"Who is going to do *Gloria*?" he asked.

"Miss Morris," I replied. "I have n't met her yet, but I 'm going to drive up there from here, and ask her. Now you think over the part of *William*," I said as I drove away.

He did n't advise me to give "Pygmalion and Galatea" instead of "You Never Can Tell" because I drove away before he had a chance. He adores "Pygmalion and Galatea."

Miss Morris was at home. She is really just cut out for *Gloria*, for she 's tall and beautiful, and a bit self-conscious.

"How do you know I can act?" she asked.

"You don't have to act very much in *Gloria*," said I, cheerfully. "I 'm sure you can do it, and we can't possibly have the play without you."

Well, she did n't know, could n't decide, was honored to be thought of, wished she had met me before; could n't we take some walks together?

"Now, please," I insisted, with the winning smile which I employ at this stage of casting a play—"please come to a reading of the play Monday night at the parish house."

She studied the pattern of the rug a long time.

"I 'll come," she said finally, with the air of a Bernhardt.

"And, please," said I, more winningly still, "don't write me a note after I 'm gone, and say you find you can't come." I had heard she was given to deeds of this type.

"No, indeed," she said, and smiled as I drove down the hill.

On the way I met the Congregational minister and his wife.

"How 's the play?" they called in one voice.

My horse stopped. Her name is Rosy—feminine for Roosevelt. Rosy always stops of her own accord when we meet any one, because she knows I usually wish to speak. There have been times, however, when I did n't, and it was awkward.

"Oh," said I enthusiastically to the minister and his wife, "I really believe we can get Mr. George Jaffrey to play *William*."

"Oh, that will never do," said the minister, rolling out his under lip, as he does when grieved. "The people don't like to be bossed by him. Why don't you ask Andrews for *William*?"

"He could n't learn the lines."

"Well, don't ask Mr. George Jaffrey. It won't do," said the minister. "We must keep the play in the society, and Jaffrey goes to the Episcopal church. Don't ask him."

"Very well," I said.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MISS MORRIS WAS AT HOME . . . 'HOW DO YOU KNOW I CAN ACT!' SHE ASKED"

It was rather awkward to think I had already asked him.

"Miss Morris will play the leading woman," said I, to change the subject.

"She 'll back out," predicted the minister's wife. "She sent word that she could n't pour at Mrs. Hunt's tea because she was indisposed, and that night she was *seen* taking a long walk with Mr. Parsons."

I did n't blame Miss Morris, for I had stayed away from the same function "because I had too much to do." As a matter of fact, I went up in our pine woods, and lay flat on my back, staring up into the sky all the afternoon.

"Now, you 'd better get Andrews for *William*," said the minister.

I gave him a merry nod, and drove on.

Just then I met Mr. Jaffrey on his way to the post-office. It has often puzzled me what people would do in the country if it was n't for the post-office.

"Be sure and come to the rehearsal Monday night," I called after him.

"Now, see here, Miss Edith Hinsdale Howland, I can't possibly play *William*; but I tell you what I 'll do. I 'll manage and coach the whole thing for you."

The very thing, Minch, that I particularly wanted him not to do! So I said:

"Oh, Mr. Jaffrey, it 's too kind of you to offer to manage. We really could n't accept as much as that; but do play *William*. Why, we can't give the play without you as *William*."

"How about this?" he asked, fingering his Vandyke. "*William* must be smooth-faced."

"Yes, I 'd thought of that, too," I said; "but surely you 'd be self-sacrificing enough to——"

"No, I can't do it; but I 'll manage for you. If you 'll bring over a copy of the play, and a blank-book, we 'll make a prompt-copy, and write in the stage business."

I found myself agreeing to come, although I did n't want to in the least. He has a peculiar effect on me.

By comparing notes, we found that Sunday morning before church was the only free time for us both. I looked at him to see if he would be shocked, and I found he was looking at me with the same inquiring expression. We concluded that, since the play was for church purposes,

we could legitimately and not irreligiously make a prompt-book Sunday morning.

"Come to breakfast," he commanded—"eight o'clock. I 'll tell Mrs. Jaffrey. She 'll be delighted to have you."

On the drive home I reflected that I had a possible *Gloria* and two stage-managers, Mr. Jaffrey and myself.

When I reached home, I called up Mr. Andrews on the telephone.

A play? Why, he thought a play would be fine. Delighted to play the comedy part of *William*. Was it long? He knew I realized how impossible it was for him to learn lines. Was I to be at home the rest of the morning? Well, then, he 'd drive round and talk it over. Could he borrow the book?

I forgot to tell you, Minch dear, of the "book" aspect of my troubles.

When I decided to give the play, I found I 'd left my own copy of "Plays Pleasant" in New York. I sent for it at once, and ordered six more from the publishers. Meanwhile I needed a copy of the play to use in making the cast. There was n't any in the little library at Jaffrey. Shaw and Kipling are not considered fit reading for the general public in Jaffrey, and no one in town seemed to have a copy of "You Never Can Tell."

Suddenly it occurred to me that the poet and playwright Thomas Hartwell, who has a summer place in town, must have one. He was not at home, but his stepson was staying in his house. I called up the stepson, and asked if I might burglarize the Hartwell library. I know Mr. Hartwell intimately, or I should n't have presumed. With the liberality we all show when dealing with other people's possessions, the stepson said I could have anything in the house, and that he would leave the back lattice gate unfastened next morning.

"Next morning" I went back to the lattice gate, but the stepson had forgotten me, and the gate was not only hasped, but bolted. Neither fingers, nor a small stick I picked up, would insinuate themselves to undo those fastenings. I might have unhasped it, but what would have been the good when it still remained bolted? I was in the position of the well-known small boy who said, if he had some milk, he could have some fine mush and milk, if he had some mush. I tried all the

doors of that house in vain. I never respected a thief so much before. They are so clever about breaking into houses. I wished I had had one with me.

I have at last solved the question of why people become thieves: they are far too clever for any other occupation. If ever a burglar enters our house, I shall bow, and say:

"Sir, I honor your calling. Most pleased to contribute. Here are our spoons."

At length I found a window unlocked. I "clumb" through, not any too dexterously, for upon the window-sill were those two exasperating little iron projections to which blinds are commonly attached when fastened. Once inside, I found a copy of the book without any trouble, and then decided I would ask Thomas Hartwell to play the dentist. He is to return from Italy the last of this week, and he fairly dotes on dramatics. The dentist's part is not such a very "fat" one, but it is the leading man, and I thought Mr. Hartwell could skip through it with some agility. With his copy of the play under my arm, I felt more enthusiastic than ever—almost as if he had actually consented to play the part. Now, this stolen copy was the only one in town. Of course every one wanted to borrow it, to read his or her prospective part; but I held on to it firmly, and assured them they would each have a copy Monday night.

Mr. Andrews arrived to discuss the part of *William*. He was fairly bristling with enthusiasm. I thought I could explain *William* to him satisfactorily; but no, he must take the play home with him, so that Mrs. Andrews could see whether she thought he could learn the lines. I reluctantly let him have it. He suggested that Mr. Washburn would be good for the part of *Phil*, and we decided to ask the following girls in order for *Dolly*. The ideal *Dolly* was in mourning. Here is a list of the prospective *Dollies*.

Kate Jaffrey. (Just engaged, and fiancé visiting her, so she's pretty sure to refuse.)

Dora Ranken. (Been invited to Bar Harbor, but might be persuaded to remain if the part was dangled at her in an inviting manner.)

May Blankley. (Really too quiet for the part, but if you give her black coffee

just before she goes on, she surprises herself and every one else.)

Rose Wilson. (Who is too floppy to act, anyway.)

As I'd never met Mr. Washburn, the prospective *Phil*, Mr. Andrews said he would ask him to take part, and telephone me the result. He called me up very soon, and said Mr. Washburn was delighted; loved Bernard Shaw, and was "awfully" pleased to be asked. As for himself, as long as *William* did n't come in until Act II, Mrs. Andrews said she thought he might learn the part. He was going to New York for a week, and could n't come to the rehearsal Monday night, but would try to learn his lines while he was away. Mrs. Andrews wanted to know if she could help manage the stage. Every one wants to be stage-manager.

This shows how the cast stands, Minch:

The Dentist, Thomas Hartwell, if he'll do it.
William, Mr. Andrews, if he can learn the lines.

Phil, Mr. Washburn, wildly enthusiastic.
Gloria, Miss Morris, if she does n't back out.
Dolly, Either Kate Jaffrey and Dora Rankin, or May Blankley and Rose Wilson.

I think it looks pretty hopeful, and I'm going now to cast the other parts. I wish you would come on and play *Gloria*.

Always faithfully,
Edith.

Jaffrey, Vermont.

Friday, the fourth of August.

MINCH DEAR: Let me state that all plays produced by amateurs should be called "You Never Can Tell," for you can't.

My latest grievance is that Mr. Johnson, who has always loved to act, and even gets up plays so that he can be in them, is actually demurring about accepting the part of *McComas*.

After I wrote to you yesterday, I called up Mr. Johnson. Almost before I had a chance to say "Hello" over the telephone he said:

"I know what you want."

He was busy; did n't think he could. What kind of part was it?

As I know he likes to wear a blond wig and play a young lover, I was non-

committal about *McComas's* being a prosy old fossil of a lawyer.

Would he have to shave off his beard?

I was afraid he would.

Well, then, he did n't think he could take part. He'd shaved off his beard so many times for the "Footlights," and it seemed as if he no sooner grew a good Vandyke than somebody would get up a play, and off it would have to come.

He sounded so pathetic, and so imposed upon, that I said we would cut the lines that referred to *McComas's* being clean shaven.

Well, then—still mournfully,—could he borrow the book, to read the part, before he decided?

No; I had only one copy of the play, and that was lent to Mr. Andrews. Would n't he come to the rehearsal Monday night?

Well, he'd like to see the part first.

I finally told him he should have a copy of the book Sunday morning, and said "Good-by" emphatically, before he could offer any more objections.

There is a fine art in knowing when to close an interview.

There is an actress summering in town. After much meditation, I decided to ask her for *Mrs. Clandon*, the mother. She is assertive, to say the least, and the rehearsal would be lively and interesting to the point of frenzy, with Mr. George Jaffrey trying to manage her. Neither one of them has the slightest opinion of the other's ability—no more than either of them has of mine. But I decided to risk it, so I asked Central for the actress's number. She had no telephone. At this news I decided not to ask her, anyway. For some psychological reason, her having no telephone seemed to decide against her. Fate steps in occasionally and helps one.

So I drove to town, and asked a Mrs. Douglass for *Mrs. Clandon*. But Mrs. Douglass was going to leave town the first of September, and we had planned the play for the eighth. Mrs. Douglass suggested that her friend Miss Littlefield might act the part. Now, I did n't want Miss Littlefield, but as she was with Mrs. Douglass at the time, I could n't say so.

Miss Littlefield is an extremely admirable person, but she has the habit of contradicting. We had some Browning

readings this summer, and she contradicted Browning, and every one who knew enough to have an opinion about him. She even contradicted those who did n't, by saying in shrill soprano tones: "Oh, how can you keep quiet!"

These quiet ones smiled aimlessly and uneasily, and left the room at the earliest opportunity. I was afraid she might have the same effect on my cast, so I finally decided to pass off as a pleasantry Mrs. Douglass's suggestion that Miss Littlefield act *Mrs. Clandon*. This was nervously but successfully accomplished, for I gave neither of them a chance to say another word. Coming from the house, I met the inevitable Mr. George Jaffrey in his motor-car.

"Whom are you going to have for *Bohunk*?" he called, as soon as he perceived Rosy and me. "That's one of the most important parts in the piece."

It is always disconcerting to have any one, especially a man, ask you about something concerning which you have n't made up your mind.

"My brother," I answered, as much to my own surprise as to Mr. Jaffrey's. "He's never acted, but he can, for he's a perfect mimic; and as he played on his college football team, and led the cheering at the base-ball games, he will do, both as to voice and physique."

Mr. Jaffrey looked rather alarmed. He is very little over five feet, and my brother is six feet two, and they have had differences at the golf club.

"Who will be the father?" asked Mr. Jaffrey, feebly.

"Frank Leeming."

"Frank Leeming!" he gasped. "Have him for the father! Why, he never could play the part in the world."

"Oh, I know he was the orphan child in the last thing we gave, and of course he's very much of a kid; but with proper coaching,"—with a winning glance at Mr. Jaffrey,—"he will do nicely."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Jaffrey, complacently. "Now be sure you bring some good mucilage when you come over Sunday morning," and he drove away bombastically in his motor. Rosy and I looked so ignominious in the ceremony of his important exit.

The Congregational minister and his wife came down the concrete walk, ar-

rayed for "calling." They are perpetually "calling," and really seem to enjoy it.

"Will you ask Frank Leeming to play *Mr. Crampton*?" I said at once. When running a play, one is apt to dispense with conventional greetings.

The minister carefully replaced his immaculate silk hat upon his equally immaculate curls, which can never be induced to lie down and behave like straight hair.

"He's doing some studying to make up some entrance conditions at Harvard," said the minister, "but he'll do it. You can count on Leeming."

"Miss Littlefield wants to play *Mrs. Clandon*," said I, cruelly.

"Oh, oh, don't have her!" said the minister's wife, and out rolled the minister's under lip. "Why, for three months we sat at the same table with her when we took our meals at the hotel, and she contradicted everything my husband said. Get *Mrs. Andrews* to play the part. *Mr. Andrews* is going to be in it, and that will make it pleasant for both of them."

At this moment *Mr. Washburn*, who had agreed to play *Phil*, walked by. As I told you, I had never met him; but it was one of those awkward cases where we knew each other by sight. Our eyes met, and then we each looked hurriedly away. Then I thought this was a foolish procedure, when we really knew each other, and it was my place to bow first; so I glanced at him expectantly. His gaze was rigid and straight ahead. I felt as if I had been slapped. To make matters worse, I suddenly realized that the minister's wife had been talking, and was still talking, to me, and I had n't the least idea what it was about. I listened for some clue, but in vain. As soon as she paused for breath, she looked at me inquiringly.

"Of course not," said I.

They both looked thunderstruck, and I knew I was on the wrong track.

"I agree with you entirely," I tried. They looked mollified at once, so I hurried off to the express office to see if the copies of the play had come.

They had not. There is always some very good reason why the publishers can never send them on time.

On the drive home, I met *Mrs. Pratt* of Baltimore. I pretended not to see her, but she called out in her most penetrating tones:

"Hello! Are you really going to get up 'You Never Can Tell'?"

I assured her we really were going to try so to do.

"Who is going to be in it?" she demanded. I groaned inwardly, and began:

"The *Dentist*—*Thomas Hartwell*."

"Why, I did n't know he was in town."

"He is n't; but he's coming to-morrow night."

"Well, that certainly is fine. I'll tell everybody."

"Please don't," I said. "I have n't asked him yet; but I have every reason to think he'll accept. Then *McComas*—*Mr. Johnson*."

"Oh!" said *Mrs. Pratt*, with a little shriek. "Why, his wife said he could not be in any theatricals this summer."

"I think he'll come round," I said. "*William*, the butler—*Mr. Andrews*."

"But he's going to New York."

"Yes; and he's also coming back from New York. *Phil*—*Mr. Washburn*."

At this inopportune moment, I saw *Mr. Washburn* again coming down the street.

"*Mr. Washburn*?" asked *Mrs. Pratt*, distinctly. "I don't think I know him. Who is he?"

Inasmuch as he was just going by, I did n't want to explain who he was, and neither would I attempt to bow to him again.

"That young man," said *Mrs. Pratt*, eying *Mr. Washburn*'s retreating figure, "looked as if he were trying to bow to you. Who else is going to be in it?"

"*Mr. Crampton*—*Frank Leeming*."

"Oh, yes. That's the oldest Leeming boy, is n't it?"

This, Minch dear, is the way my careful friends pursue me. I tried reading a newspaper as I drove along, and pretended not to notice any one; but the wretched *Rosy* always stopped, and before I knew it, my friends were upon me, inquiring about the play.

"Go on, dear," urged *Mrs. Pratt*, to me, not to *Rosy*.

I went on.

"*Mr. Bohun*—my brother *Tom*."

"Tom! Well, dear me! Is it possible! He is such a stunning big boy. That is fine. Well! Well!"

Amid this shower of ejaculations, I regret to say I hit Rosy with the whip. As she started in a surprised trot, I heard Mrs. Pratt still talking:

"Are n't there any women's parts? I never heard of a play without any women."

"They 're not quite decided," I called back.

"Well, I only hope you can get it up," she shrieked after me.

Instead of saying a person is going to "give" a play, the world at large speaks of it as if it were some refractory person who was lying in bed, and whom every one was trying to call to breakfast. All are dubious, but hope you can "get it up."

"Oh, Edith," called a voice from behind the closed blinds of the Pilsbury house, "I 'm not dressed, so I can't come down; but Miss Morris told me she was not going to be in the play. She might come to the rehearsal, but she positively won't be in it. I thought I 'd better tell you," the voice added, as a look of wrath settled upon my brow.

"Thank you," I called back cuttingly.

Oh, Minch, my dear safety-valve, have you ever discovered that if you are starting in at anything, especially if it 's something pretty ambitious, that your friends will all make it a point to call on you, and tell you it 's impossible? Then, if you surmount your obstacles, and come out successfully, it is: "What a wonder you are! How did you ever do it? But, there, I knew all the time you 'd succeed."

I wish they 'd sprinkle a bit of this in as we go along. Strange to say, it 's the ones who have succeeded, the great ones of the earth, who encourage you from the start.

"I won't give in to Miss Morris or any of the rest," quoth I to myself as I drove home. "The church needs the money, and as I 'm not yet tired of Bernard Shaw, I won't be deterred."

"How tired you look!" said the family to me, as I drove up to the piazza. I immediately felt twice as tired as before.

"We are going to put our foot down. You sha'n't do this," they said.

Dear, interfering family! Oh, Minch, Minch, Minch!

Good night.

Edith.

Saturday.

THINGS are going swimmingly, Minch dearest. Mrs. Andrews says she 'll play *Mrs. Clandon*; Mrs. Bradley says she will set the stage; and Mr. Johnson has told some one he will be *McComas*. Now I want you to come up and see the performance, and incidentally help "make them up." I know you are busy writing the great American play; but let it rest, and see what a fine performance we 're going to give. To-morrow I go to breakfast at the Jaffreys's, and we make the prompt-book. Then to church, to settle a few last points, and then on Monday night we 're actually going to get at it.

I think I 'll wait until to-morrow at breakfast to ask Kate Jaffrey to play *Dolly*. Her fiancé will be there, and in Kate's burst of enthusiasm I 'll argue the fiancé round to think he wants to bring her to rehearsal every night. It 's too bad, when they 're just engaged; but it will have to be done.

Thomas Hartwell arrives to-night, and I 've sent him a note to come and have tea with me to-morrow afternoon, and while he is busy with tea and toasted muffins, which he adores, I shall ask him to play the *Dentist*.

Mr. Washburn,—*Phil*,—is just going by on horseback. He sits his horse uncommonly well, and it 's rather original of him to be riding horseback when he 's in the automobile business. I 'm sure he is going to be a great help to me in the play. There is something about him which makes me feel confident even before I know him. Did you ever feel that way about any one?

I 'm so glad I triumphed over myself when I felt like giving up the play yesterday.

Your ever enthusiastic

Edith.

P.S. Mr. Washburn just rode back again, by the window. He seems much impressed by our view.

P.S. The telephone just rang, and the Amateur Dramatic Club of Springfield want us to repeat the play for them. I told them I 'd do my best to persuade the

cast. They 'll all want to act again, if it 's successful. A successful play always unearths homes for cripples and orphan asylums as excuses to make its hit again.

Sunday Night.

MY DEAR MINCH: There are times when sticking to a thing becomes fool-hardy. This morning,—it seems years ago,—I rose promptly at seven, yawning mightily. A heavy fog hung over everything, as it has done for the last few days. Then at ten o'clock in the morning it has burned away, and the thermometer has soared to ninety. So, knowing what would probably happen, I shiveringly clad myself in my sheerest and thinnest muslin gown, put on my lingerie hat and white coat, and started for Mr. Jaffrey's eight-o'clock breakfast. Under my arm was my copy of Bernard Shaw's "Plays Pleasant,"—the publishers had not sent the others,—one blank-book, and one tube of paste. As I walked the sopping, dripping wooded mile between our house and the Jaffreys, I seemed to be the only creature alive in the misty world. But my walk warmed me up, and I reached the Jaffreys's hungry and enthusiastic. Their house reverberated dismally with the ring of the old-fashioned door-bell, which sounds not unlike an ambulance-gong. Immediately there was much scurrying about up-stairs, and then nervous footsteps hurried down the front stairs and down the long hall. There was jarring, unhasping, and bolting, and unlocking, and finally Mr. George Jaffrey himself admitted me. His hand was like ice as I grasped it, and so was the expression of his face.

"The maids' going to church every Sunday morning plays the dickens with everything," he confided as he went down the hall ahead of me. "Come in by the fire."

Now, if you remember, Mr. George Jaffrey has n't many joints in his body. In fact, he seldom bends his head, and although I 've watched carefully for three summers, I 've never seen him shrug his shoulders. This morning he was more rigid than ever.

"Don't you feel well?" I asked in dulcet tones.

The funereal gloom settled thicker on his face.

"Caught cold in my shoulder. Did n't sleep a wink."

"Then let me come again some other time," I said, picking up my paste, blank-book, and play.

"No, no; stay, now you 've got here," he called back graciously as he went to the foot of the staircase.

"Kate! Bess! Come down! We 've got to have breakfast this minute if we 're going to do anything."

Then back to me, by the fire.

"This house is run for the convenience of the maids," he observed, with the air of a person saying something entirely novel.

Mrs. Jaffrey and Kate Jaffrey came down, blinking and shivering, with the fiancé close on their heels, his lips blue with cold.

"*Burr!*" they shivered, as they caught sight of my white gown. This did n't seem to me exactly like a warm reception, but I kept outward calm.

We went out to a cereal, melons, and fishballs, and delicious coffee and muffins. Mr. Jaffrey immediately wanted six or seven different things at once, and Kate and Mrs. Jaffrey had to keep leaping up to get them. I politely stopped eating each time they rose, but each time Mr. Jaffrey fiercely commanded me to eat, so that by the time Kate and Mrs. Jaffrey were finally seated, Mr. Jaffrey and I were through breakfast. The fiancé had n't eaten a thing for watching Kate. Of course he had n't seen her for nearly nine hours, so I excused him.

Mr. Jaffrey commanded me to go into the library and get to work. Slowly and painfully he threw another log on the fire, declining my help. Then we cleared the latest popular literature from the center table, and started in.

First Mr. Jaffrey disrespectfully ripped the cover from my copy of Shaw. Then we ripped the binding, cut each leaf separately, pasted it in the blank-book, and on the opposite page wrote the stage directions.

Previously the minister and I had been over the play, and decided that, for amateur production, one or two speeches had better be cut.

"Make a mistake. Don't you do it," commanded Mr. Jaffrey. "Let 'em be shocked!"

I appeared to agree with him.

Just as we were hard at it, Kate Jaffrey came and stood in the doorway, arrayed for church.

"All right for you," she announced to me. "I thought you would ask me to play *Dolly*."

"Humph!" said her father. "You could n't play *Dolly*."

"Well, I would n't any way, now," she said, turning lovingly toward the fiancé, who hovered in the rear, in the grandeur of a frock coat, silk hat, and gray gloves. These things are so impressive in the country. No one but ministers and fiancés ever appear in them at Jaffrey.

I decided there was no use wasting my breath in asking Kate to play *Dolly*, for she gave the fiancé an unutterable look, to which he responded eloquently, and they vanished.

The morning flew quickly, under the pleasant cynicism of Shaw, and I stole into church just in time to hear the minister say, "And my third and last point is—"

What it was I never knew, for the church had no open fire like the Jaffreys' house, and it was exactly like perching in the refrigerator to sit there. Every one had on thick clothes, and I looked so cold and garish that I slunk out as soon as possible.

My brother seized me.

"Look here, you might have told me I was going to play *Bun* or *Boon*, or whatever it is, before you told everybody else," he said amicably.

"I'm almost frozen," I returned. "Do drive me home quickly."

But the minister and Frank Leeming were upon me.

"See here," said the minister, grievously, "Frank Leeming says he can't play the part of the *Father*."

"Oh, Frank!" I pleaded. My teeth chattered with the cold, which Frank took to be sorrowful emotion.

He would have been glad to do it, but his father said if he did n't pass off his English condition this fall he would have to leave Harvard.

I tried to smile bravely, as I told him it was no matter; but I was on the verge of a sneeze, which would n't come, so the smile must have been a failure.

Mrs. Andrews came up in a dark blue

gown, looking warm and cozy with a blue marabou boa flying fluffily about.

"Oh, Edith," she said, "I think perhaps I'd better not try to be in the play. You see, the baby has n't been very well, and both Mr. Andrews and I don't like to leave him alone so many evenings. I'll help you any other way I can."

She had the "baby," Paul Revere Andrews, by one hand.

"He looks well," I said skeptically.

He is three years old, and about as brown and chubby as any child I've ever seen, and he is so full of vitality that he talks out loud during the sermon; but the Andrewses think he should be brought up to go to church. He eyed me contemptuously as I kissed him.

My persuasions were of no avail. Mrs. Andrews could n't be in it.

Mrs. Bradley bore down upon me.

"It's fine about the play," she said. "I told them I'd decorate the stage for you."

"There probably won't be any stage to decorate," I said briefly, as I got into the carriage. My brother and I drove nearly home in silence. My misery was too great for words, and so was his sympathy.

Finally he said:

"I'm awfully sorry to go back on you, Sis, but if you're planning the play for the eighth of September, I can't possibly be in it. We're going to build a new fraternity house, and I've got to meet the architects in New York on the fifth, and then go straight to college."

Another long silence fell. I shivered more and more. I began to wonder if I were going to die of chills and fever.

When we reached home, I put on my warmest gown and went to dinner. Now, our Sunday dinner is something of an occasion, I would have you know, Minch. All the best china is trotted out, and the napkins with the monogram, and we invariably have coffee mousse. These details, and my warm gown, soothed me.

Thomas Hartwell will come this afternoon, and that will give me new life and inspiration, I thought. Suddenly an uncomfortable warmth began to steal over me. I wondered what one ought to take, for I was now sure I was dangerously ill. I had had chills all the morning, and

now the fever was coming on. Just then I met Mother, fanning vigorously.

"Did you ever see such a change in the weather?" she asked. "It's as hot as it can be, and there's a big thunderstorm gathering in the north."

It grew hotter and more stifling. At five o'clock, the hour for which I asked Thomas Hartwell, it was pouring, and the thunder and lightning were constant, while the wind threatened to tear the awnings from the house.

Naturally no Thomas Hartwell appeared. At seven it cleared up a while, then thought better of it, and settled in for a steady rain. Now, at nine o'clock, I'm going to bed.

I've decided to play *Dolly* myself, and if Mr. Washburn is as nice as he looks, it will be great fun to be his twin. Let George Jaffrey manage it. I know we shall fight; but I don't care.

Here, Minch, is the cast as it stands to-night:

The Dentist, Thomas Hartwell, if not struck by lightning.

Phil, the attractive Mr. Washburn.

William, Mr. Andrews.

Crampton, Nobody, since Frank Leeming's father is obstreperous.

Bohun, Nobody, since my brother can't do it.

McComas, Mr. Johnson, if his wife will let him.

Gloria, Miss Morris. I'm using absent treatment on her.

Mrs. Clandon, Nobody, since Mrs. Andrews won't leave Paul Revere Andrews with the maids.

Dolly, I myself.

Do come up, and play *Mrs. Clandon*. Minch dear. I mean it. Wire me if you will.

Your loving
Edith.

Monday.

MINCH DEAR: There was no rehearsal to-night. The books did n't come. Not that there would have been, if they had.

This morning's mail brought me two letters, one in a fashionable scrawl, on scented organdie, and the other on business paper, with the name of a firm in the upper left-hand corner.

This is the scented organdie letter:

"*Elmhurst, Jaffrey.*

"*Sunday Afternoon.*

"DEAR MISS HOWLAND: Here I am doing just what I said I should n't—writing to you that I cannot come to rehearsal to-morrow night. I am going down to New York in the morning to meet some friends.

"Moreover, I've been talking over the matter with my sister and her husband, and they agree with me that I'm not strong enough to take such an important part as *Gloria*.

"You see, I know my own limitations, and it is really kinder to you and to the play to withdraw. I hope you will get an ideal *Gloria*, and if I can help you in any other way, I shall be very glad.

"Yours cordially,

"*Marie Morris.*"

Here is the plain business note:

"*Sunday Night.*

"DEAR MISS HOWLAND: I ran through the part of *McComas*, and I'm sorry to say I don't think I can spare the time to help you. The summer is our busiest time. If there is anything else I can do to help you, please call on me.

"Faithfully yours,

"*Russell Johnson, Jr.*"

I knew he would n't like the part of *McComas*.

Thomas Hartwell did not get struck by lightning yesterday. He did n't arrive in New York until this morning, and is coming here on the midnight train. The minister and I decided not to ask any more people to be in the play until we find out if Mr. Hartwell will be the impecunious *Dentist*.

If he consents, and you'll come, we'll fill up the cast with anything.

There's one thing that's worrying me a little. I have n't told the minister that George Jaffrey insists on coaching. I don't dare. I'm glad for some reasons that we had no rehearsal to-night, for the chauffeur took Mr. Jaffrey's new motor-car, the pride of his life, on the sly, Saturday night, and thirty miles from Jaffrey ran off an embankment. The chauffeur is well and sound, but the automobile had to be shipped to the factory for repairs. Mr. Jaffrey's rage at the chauffeur and his lame shoulder, made him anything but an amiable being to-day.

Your telegram has just come. You



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"KATE JAFFREY CAME AND STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, ARRAYED FOR CHURCH"

are a dear. You would have made a fine *Mrs. Clandon*, but I think perhaps you 'd better play *Gloria*, my dear.

By the process of elimination which has been going on, there would have been no one at the rehearsal to-night but Mr. Washburn and me. Of course some one had to let Mr. Washburn know there was no rehearsal, and I called up Mrs. Andrews to ask her to do it; but she was out, so there was nothing for it but for me to call him up and tell him myself.

Minch, we had the most exciting conversation over that telephone. Just imagine—he knows the Whitings of Richmond! Also said he had nothing to do to-night, if the rehearsal was called off. I suppose I might have asked him down; but you know how I detest mere calling, and how fatal it is to sit down in a cold-blooded way and deliberately get acquainted. Still, his voice sounded very pleasant over the telephone.

Edith.

Telegram to Miss Evelyn Vernon, Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Tuesday.

Play given up, Minch. Leave for Lenox to-morrow. Will write.

Edith Hinsdale Howland.

Hotel Aspinwall, Lenox.

Wednesday.

DEAR MINCH: Have I been beaten, or have n't I?

Thomas Hartwell came down to the house in Jaffrey before nine o'clock Tuesday morning. He said he 'd heard from the station agent the minute he arrived that I wanted him to be in a play, and he rushed right down to say he could n't. He 'd miss a year's income rather than not play in "You Never Can Tell," but he 'd promised his publishers some material as a result of his trip in Italy, and he 'd got to work at it every minute until he left town on the sixth of September. But, oh! how he did dislike to give up playing *William*!

"Oh, did you expect to play *William*?" I asked faintly.

"Why, yes. What part did you intend for me?"

"*The dentist*," I said; "the leading part."

"Oh, I did n't think much of that

part," he said disappointedly; "but I should like to play *William*. Why did n't you give 'Sweet Lavender'?"

I always thought "Sweet Lavender" was squalid and dingy, myself. The people in it never interested me, and I did n't care whether they solved their problems or not. So the cast of "You Never Can Tell" then consisted of

Phil, Mr. Washburn.

Dolly, I myself.

I had no doubt but the cast would enjoy itself at the rehearsals, but it would have been hard to give a creditable performance when everybody else in the cast was nobody, except for Mr. Andrews, who is in New York. So I wisely but sadly gave it up.

They are now trying to cast a new and utterly original piece,—one never before given by amateurs,—namely, "She Stoops to Conquer." I think the title sounds like a reflection on my failure to give "You Never Can Tell," but I suppose Goldsmith did n't foresee such a contingency when he named the play.

I sent a note to Mr. Jaffrey, thanking him for his help. I did n't want to see him, and have him crow over me.

But don't think I escaped. He walked over to the station before the train left.

"The famous Miss Edith Hinsdale Howland about to leave town," he said.

I hoped his shoulder was better.

"All well. See here, I 've a suggestion. Next summer we 'll give 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' and I 'll coach it."

This has been his farewell speech for three years.

Mr. Hartwell was at the station looking after some of his baggage.

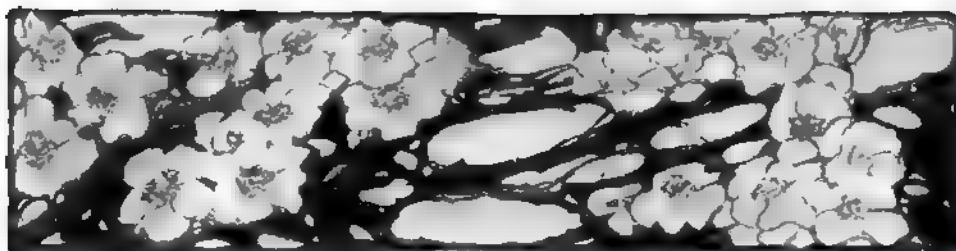
"We 'll do better things in dramatics next summer," said Mr. Hartwell to Mr. Jaffrey. "We 'll give Pinero's 'Sweet Lavender,' and I 'll coach it."

I silently made up my mind that next year we would give a Shaw play, and I would coach it.

Firmly yours,

Edith.

P.S. I 've just had a note from Mr. Washburn, who says he is coming down to visit his mother's cousin, who is staying here at the Aspinwall. I have just answered it, and told him I hoped he 'd bring his motor-car, for I was sure his mother's cousin would enjoy it.



MAGNOLIA GARDENS

A VISIT TO CHARLESTON'S FAIRY-LAND

BY FRANCES DUNCAN

Author of "Mary's Garden and How It Grew"

WITH PICTURES BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

WHEN good Charlestonians die, their bodies, it is said, go to Magnolia Cemetery, and their souls to the Magnolia Gardens. Indeed, it were quite excusable in a wandering spirit, if, chancing on these gardens when the azaleas were in their radiant perfection, he should mistake the place for Elysium, especially if looking for such a garden-like Elysium as Herrick's.

Although widely known, and visited yearly by hundreds, Magnolia is not a public garden, but a noble old estate on the Ashley River, belonging now, as it has belonged for two hundred years, to the Drayton family of South Carolina.¹

Very much as the folk of Tokio go out to worship the beauty of the cherry-blossoms, so, in March and April, Charleston people and any stranger fortunate enough to be within their gates make a pilgrimage to Magnolia. During the season the little steamer plies between Charleston and Magnolia, making the trip twice daily.

Alas! few are the places which, in Browning's phrase, are "still un-Murrayed." A strident voice must needs inform the voyagers that "we are now passing the Exposition grounds. The square building among the trees is the

Woman's Building." One thinks longingly of the more poetic traveling methods of an earlier day—of the long canoe, manned by its gaily clad negroes, in which, a century and a half ago, people visited Magnolia. If one might slip past the wide-spreading marshes with only the red-winged blackbirds' gurgle to break the rhythm of a negro chant and the dip of quiet oars.

Yet from the steamer the river is lovely. Tall live-oaks on its bank are gay in the delicate green of their new leafage; at their feet the marshes, formerly rice-fields, now lie outspread in one green quietness. So close does the little steamer run as it follows the lazy windings of the channel, that one may see the vivid young green of the new growth pushing its way up through the faded tops of last year's marsh-grass. Now a heron rises slowly, now a "quick sandpiper" flits, and now, where the marshes have retreated, the boat slips through quiet brown water, in the shadow of live-oaks, which bend over it from the river's edge.

One by one the fine old estates are passed, but of the beautiful residences which a century ago overlooked the Ashley, Drayton Hall alone was left unde-

¹The present owner of Magnolia, Mrs. W. J. Hastie, is a direct descendant of John Drayton, who, in 1709, owned Magnolia and the adjoining plantations, Runnymede and Drayton Hall. While there were always gardens at Magnolia, the garden of to-day, and the wealth of Indian azaleas which

has made the place famous, is the work of the Rev. John Grimké Drayton, the father of the present owner of the estate. Runnymede is owned by Mr. C. C. Pinckney; but Drayton Hall, like Magnolia, is still in the family, being the property of Mr. Charles Drayton.

molished by the Civil War. Just before reaching Magnolia, one has a glimpse of its lawns, gay with azaleas, and through the bordering live oaks the red brick of the manor-house, the lines of its stately architecture plainly seen. Then the boat drifts up to a little landing, where a group of voluble negro guides are waiting to escort visitors.

In earlier days the state approach to Magnolia was not from the river, but from the road half a mile to the west of it; and guarding the entrance on this side, is a magnificent avenue of ancient live-oaks, hoary and bowed with their festoons of gray Spanish moss—Druids, rather than the "green-robed senators" of Keats's fancy.

Like the original manor on the site of which it stands, the present house, a modern frame building, overlooks the Ashley. Before it stretches greensward, and here the planting of the azaleas in irregular groups does not strike one as unusual.

But no garden will make friends with a whole party of visitors at once. The *genius loci* is the shyest, most elusive of deities, and in these latter days, when folk are armed with "How-to-Know" and "What-to-Look-at" books, and tourists go about seeking what they may devour in the way of sights, determined to let not one of them escape, the shadow-loving spirit has grown as wary as a hermit thrush and as difficult of acquaintance.

The visitors take their way along an irregularly curving path between landing and house. Overhead meet great camellias and crape myrtles, tall and deliciously fragrant; while, like dusky guardian angels, the attendant negroes go before and behind the groups of visitors—a wise precaution, doubtless, for aside from the lesser danger of losing a tourist or two, there are those who have never "loved the wood rose and left it on its stalk," even when the rose in question was in a private garden and the property of another.

The stranger found herself under the wing of an elderly negress, who, with the solicitude of a hen for a brood of incautious chickens, was ushering her little flock along the path. Dutifully enough she kept with her fellows, admired with them the azaleas—beautiful and brilliant, indeed, and grown to a height their kin in

the North can only dream of reaching—until a darkly inviting alley offered a sudden temptation. Overhead its azaleas arched, making a network of brown interwoven branches, lighted here and there by the scarlet of a blossom which shone through the roof. "A garden should not provide a temptation and a way of escape in one," quoth the Truant Visitor, as, eluding the vigilance of the guide and detaching herself from the encompassing crowd of sight-seers she made her way through the dusk of the friendly alley. The voices of her fellow-pilgrims died to a murmur in the distance. A moment later she found herself in the sunlight again, for the alley had opened on a broad, azalea-bordered path, and with the guilty, delicious happiness of a truant school-boy, she found herself alone at last beside the river, with the great trees, the marvelous azaleas, and the noon stillness. The path was sunlit, except where the trees and their swaying moss flecked it with changing shadows. No more could she help following it than the Hamelin children the fluting of the Pied Piper; but she followed it idly enough, now wondering at the intense color of the azaleas, now watching through the dark branches of the live-oaks and the drooping moss the glint of the sunlight on the river as it lay quiet, yet alive and sparkling in every atom of its surface.

Then suddenly all changed. As suddenly as one turns the corner in a dream and with no more wonder, as suddenly as the Hamelin children found the door of the mountain shut upon them, the outside world had vanished. She was alone in a vast and airy twilight, a place of silent enchantment.

Here, dim in their draperies of moss, a brotherhood of giant oaks upreared huge, age-contorted limbs, while at their feet, burning ever deeper and deeper into the depths of the forest, were azaleas like an enchanted fire—blaze upon blaze of color, a very sea of vivid, unearthly brilliance. Now concentrated into white, then rose—the intense rose at the heart of a burning log; now paling, sinking into ashes; then flushing, suffused with orange as with a flame, or burning into crimson again. As if in the spacious twilight, imprisoned by their mighty boughs, these hoary Titans held the very



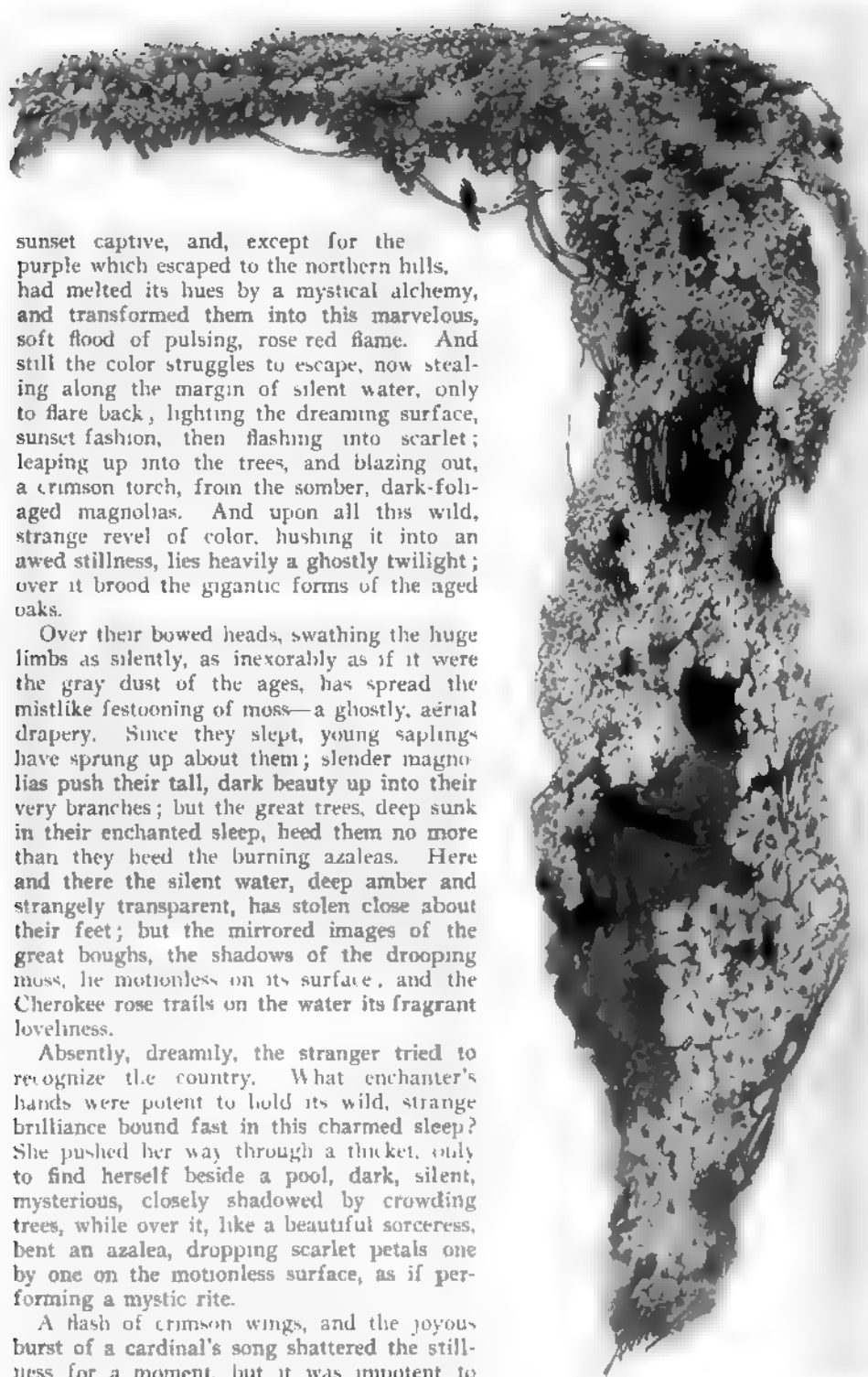
AZALEAS IN THE MAGNOLIA GARDENS

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts. Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A VISIT ON THE LAWN IN THE OLDEN TIME



sunset captive, and, except for the purple which escaped to the northern hills, had melted its hues by a mystical alchemy, and transformed them into this marvelous, soft flood of pulsing, rose red flame. And still the color struggles to escape, now stealing along the margin of silent water, only to flare back, lighting the dreaming surface, sunset fashion, then flashing into scarlet; leaping up into the trees, and blazing out, a crimson torch, from the somber, dark-foliaged magnolias. And upon all this wild, strange revel of color, hushing it into an awed stillness, lies heavily a ghostly twilight; over it brood the gigantic forms of the aged oaks.

Over their bowed heads, swathing the huge limbs as silently, as inexorably as if it were the gray dust of the ages, has spread the mistlike festooning of moss—a ghostly, aerial drapery. Since they slept, young saplings have sprung up about them; slender magnolias push their tall, dark beauty up into their very branches; but the great trees, deep sunk in their enchanted sleep, heed them no more than they heed the burning azaleas. Here and there the silent water, deep amber and strangely transparent, has stolen close about their feet; but the mirrored images of the great boughs, the shadows of the drooping moss, lie motionless on its surface, and the Cherokee rose trails on the water its fragrant loveliness.

Absently, dreamily, the stranger tried to recognize the country. What enchanter's hands were potent to hold its wild, strange brilliance bound fast in this charmed sleep? She pushed her way through a thicket, only to find herself beside a pool, dark, silent, mysterious, closely shadowed by crowding trees, while over it, like a beautiful sorceress, bent an azalea, dropping scarlet petals one by one on the motionless surface, as if performing a mystic rite.

A flash of crimson wings, and the joyous burst of a cardinal's song shattered the stillness for a moment, but it was impotent to break the spell. A turn of the path, and the stranger had come out upon a grassy level

Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts
A GOOD PLACE TO HIDE

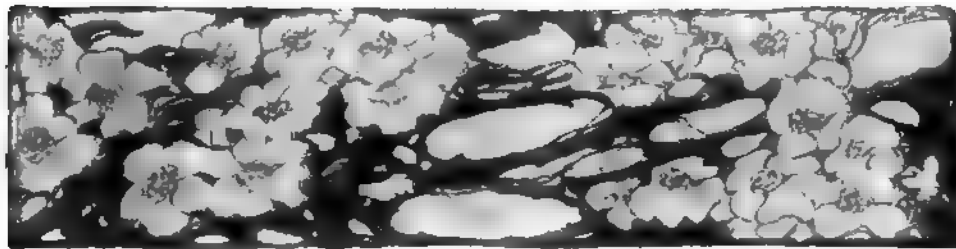
from which the great trees had withdrawn a space, and the azaleas, retreating, had formed a mystic circle. What rites took place here? What fairy race came hither on summer nights to hold high carnival? It would be the aged Merlyn one would find seated on the knotted roots of the great oak yonder, while beyond, where the sunlight sifted through the high-arched trees, flecking the greensward, would come Vivien, lithe and beautiful and evil, and within that magic circle wreath her stolen spell of woven paces and waving hands.

There was a sound of approaching footsteps; then the shriek of a whistle, long and strident, tore the silence. It was no wizard or enchantress that parted the thicket, but the ancient negress, who, displeasure in every line of her face and figure, had come to look for the truant escaped from her safe convoy. Absently the stranger followed her back to the flock, walking along the broad path beside a bayou, shadowed still by the great trees, and bordered, not now by magic fire, but by Indian azaleas of unusual beauty. Half-unconsciously she heard her fellow-pilgrims, wondering which variety such

an one might be, and regretting that the camellias had passed. She was vaguely annoyed by the white-painted bridge which arched the bayou. "At least it should have been of stone, 'blackish-gray and mostly wet,'" she murmured discontentedly.

In other azalea-gardens, the most important in this country being that of Professor Sargent at Brookline, the azaleas themselves, in a wide range of color and variety, are obviously on exhibition, and dominate the place. But at Magnolia, although the climate makes possible a wonderful variety of tender sorts inaccessible to Northern gardeners, striking as is the beauty and brilliance, the azaleas are not the masters, but are overpowered by their environment. Hence the peculiar, almost dramatic effect.

There are places in which, considered as a garden, the planting might have been bettered, and young magnolias have sprung up, marring somewhat the lines of the great oaks, and should be thinned out. But I would not have my vision disproved: the business of life and garden-craft is not to dispel illusions, but to keep them.



NOT BY BREAD ALONE

(AFTER HIPPOCRATES)

BY JAMES TERRY WHITE

IF thou of fortune be bereft,
And in thy store there be but left
Two loaves—sell one, and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.



Drawn by A. B. Wenzel. Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"EVANSTON AND HIS WIFE WERE SITTING SIDE BY SIDE UPON THE COUCH"

THE CASE OF THE EVANSTONS

BY DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops"

CARTY CARTERET went into the club one June afternoon with the expectation of finding Braybrooke there, and selling him a horse. Braybrooke was not in the club, but Carteret came upon three men sitting in the bow-window. They had their backs to the avenue, and were apparently absorbed in discussion. As Carteret approached, Van Cortlandt, who was speaking, glanced up and stopped. At the same moment Carteret drew back. They were not men with whom he cared to assume the familiarity of intrusion.

"Sit down, Carty," said Shaw. Carteret hesitated, and Shaw rose and drew another chair into the circle.

"Go on with the story," he said to Van Cortlandt. Carteret hesitated a moment, and then sat down.

"I dare say Carty has heard it," observed Van Cortlandt, apologetically, as he was about to resume his narrative; "he's a pal of Ned's."

Carteret looked at him inquiringly.

"I was telling them about the Evanston affair," said Van Cortlandt. Carteret opened his cigarette-case and took out a cigarette.

"What is the Evanston affair?" he said shortly. He was more interested than he cared to show.

"They've caught Ned Palfrey," said Crowninshield, with a laugh. Carteret turned to Van Cortlandt. "What do you mean?" he said.

"It's a fact," said Van Cortlandt. "It seems that last Thursday Frank Evanston came home unexpectedly, and found Ned there. Exactly what happened no one knows, but the story is that the gardener and the footman threw Neddie out of the house and into the fountain." Carteret threw away his

cigarette, and straightened himself in his chair.

"And they say," observed Crowninshield, "that his last words were, 'Come on in, Frank; the water's fine.'" There was a general laugh in which Carteret did not join.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"That's the cream of it," replied Van Cortlandt. "The rest is purely conventional—separation and divorce proceedings."

"That's an interesting story," said Carteret, calmly, "but untrue."

"How do you know?" said Shaw.

"Because," said Carteret, "on Thursday, Ned Palfrey was at my house in the country."

"Dates are immaterial," said Crowninshield. "Very likely it was Wednesday or Friday."

"I say," said Van Cortlandt, "I'll bet you even, Crowny, it was Friday as against Wednesday."

"I'll take that," said Crowninshield; "but how shall we settle it?"

"Leave it to Ned," said Van Cortlandt. There was another laugh.

"In the second place," continued Carteret, disregarding the interruption, "I know for a fact that last evening the Evanstons were still living together in the country."

"Well, I know there is going to be a divorce," said Van Cortlandt. "I got that from a member of Emerson Whittealesea's firm, and he's Evanston's lawyer."

"A lawyer who would tell a thing like that ought to be disbarred," said Carteret. "If I could find out who it is, I should try to make it unpleasant for him."

"Why?" said Crowninshield.

"Because," said Carteret, "the three people concerned in the story that he has furnished a foundation for, are my friends."

"So they are his," said Van Cortlandt; "so they are ours. That 's what makes it interesting. What 's the use of friends," he went on, "if you can't enjoy their domestic difficulties?"

Carteret rose. "That is a matter of opinion," he said stiffly.

"Well," retorted Van Cortlandt, "there 's nothing one can do about it."

"Have you ever tried?" said Carteret.

"Have you?" said Van Cortlandt.

Carteret made no reply. He turned on his heel and left the room. Half-suppressed laughter followed him into the hall, and he went on to the billiard room to "cool out," as he expressed it. He was very angry. He paced several times to and fro beside the pool-table; then, with a sudden determination, he walked rapidly out of the club and got into his motor.

"Go to Mr. Palfrey's," he said to the chauffeur. "Hurry." A few blocks up the avenue the car drew up to the curb, and Carteret got out. He crossed the sidewalk, and disappeared into the great apartment house where Palfrey had his rooms. Half an hour later he came out and hurriedly entered the car. He motioned to the chauffeur to change places. "I 'll drive," he said. "How is your gasoline?"

"The tank 's full, sir," said the man.

"Good," said Carteret.

He started the car, and began to thread his way up the avenue. At 59th street the clock on the dash-board said ten minutes to six.

He turned into the Park and ran through the avenues at a speed which made arrest imminent, yet he escaped. The Park was a miracle of flowering things, of elms feathering into leaf, of blossom fragrances, of robins at their sunset singing; but Carteret was unaware of it all. At ten minutes past six he was in the open country. Here he opened the throttle and advanced the spark. He called upon the great machine for speed, and the great machine lifted its shrill roar and gave generously. The clock and the trembling finger of the

speedometer showed that many of the miles and minutes passed together. At ten minutes of seven he turned into the gateway of a great country-place, and a few moments later came upon its master on the west terrace. Evanston greeted him pleasantly, but was evidently surprised to see him.

"Did you motor down?" he asked.

"Yes," said Carteret; "sixty minutes from 59th street."

Evanston gave a low exclamation.

"It was n't difficult," said Carteret, "the road 's very good." An awkward silence followed, which both men felt.

"Lovely view," said Carteret, looking off across the lake toward the sunset. Then there was another silence.

Evanston broke it. "Have you still got that horse that you wanted to-sell me?" he said.

"I think so," said Carteret; "but I 'm not trading horses this afternoon." His voice changed and he looked at Evanston.

"Frank," he said, "can you keep your temper?"

"I 've had some practice," said Evanston. "Why?"

"Because," said Carteret, "I 'm going to irritate you. I 'm going to butt in. I 'm going to mix up in a matter that is none of my business. If you want to knock me down, I sha'n't like it, but I won't resent it."

Evanston looked at him suspiciously. "What do you mean?" he said.

"From what I 've heard," said Carteret, "your private affairs are in a tangle."

"So you 've heard?" said Evanston.

"Yes," said Carteret, "I have heard a good many things which are probably not so. I want to know the facts."

Somewhat to his surprise, Evanston made no show of resentment.

"The facts are simple," he said. "I 'm tired of this thing, and I 'm going to put an end to it."

"I 've heard that," said Carteret; "but if you don't mind telling me, I 'd like to know why. I like you, Frank," he added; "I like your wife; I like your children—I don't want to see you bust up."

"You are very good, Carty," said Evanston, "but nothing can be done about it. It 's a long story, with rights

and wrongs on both sides; but at the beginning it was my fault, and I am ready to pay for it."

"What do you mean by 'your fault at the beginning?' " asked Carteret.

"I married her," said Evanston.

"Well, did n't you want to?" asked Carteret.

"I wanted to too much," said Evanston; "that was the trouble."

Carteret looked puzzled. "I don't think I understand," he said. From his point of view the more complex personality of Evanston had always been baffling.

"It was this way, Carty," Evanston went on. "Her mother—you know her mother?"

Carteret nodded. "Always for the stuff," he observed.

"Exactly," said Evanston. "Well, to put it bluntly, she made the match."

"But I thought you were rather keen about her."

"So I was," said Evanston; "but Edith was n't keen about me. The mother forced her into it, and I was foolish enough to believe that if she married me, she would care for me. The fact was," he added, "I was walking on air, with my head in a dream."

"I understand," said Carteret.

"Well, we were married," continued Evanston, "and then suddenly out of a blue sky came the panic and the T. & B. failure, and I was flat broke and a defaulter."

"Defaulter!" said Carteret.

"Defaulter as to my side of the matrimonial bargain, which was to provide the establishment," said Evanston. "The realization of this fact was sudden and painful."

"Sudden? How do you mean sudden?" asked Carteret.

"Something happened," said Evanston, "that opened my eyes."

"Do you mean the loss of your money?" said Carteret.

"No," said Evanston, "you know the money end of it came out all right. My uncle died, and I inherited more than I had lost; but I had already learned how much and how little money could do. And so things drifted along, and now the only course open seems to be to call it all off." Evanston was silent.

"Is that all?" asked Carteret.

"Yes," replied the other.

"Frank," said Carteret, "you have told me everything but the facts. Don't interrupt," he went on, as Evanston made a gesture of protest. "The essence of the matter is this—you think that your wife is in love with Ned Palfrey; you believe Palfrey in love with her, and you are jealous of him."

"I don't see the need of going into that," said Evanston. "There is no scandal. I trust my wife and I trust Palfrey."

"The need of going into it," said Carteret, "is to set you right on two points. First, your wife does n't care for Palfrey except as a friend, and if I am any judge of what is going on in a woman's mind, she cares more about you than you will allow her to show you. Secondly, except as a friend, Palfrey does n't care for your wife."

"Carty," said Evanston, "you are wasting your time and mine. I know that a man is foolish to be jealous of any other man, and I know that Ned Palfrey is a good sort. I'm sorry for Palfrey. He has as much cause for resentment against me as I have against him. If it had n't been for me he would have married her. If he marries her later on, I shall have no feeling about it. But I can't stand the situation as it is, and I don't care to have you tell me there is nothing in it."

"You have no proof," said Carteret, "that there is anything in it."

"No proof?" said Evanston. He smiled bitterly. "Only the proof of my eyes."

Carteret threw away his cigarette. "The proof of your eyes," he said.

Evanston nodded. "Perhaps you remember," he went on, "that just after the crash I disappeared for a week."

"Yes," said Carteret; "it was two years ago, just before Christmas."

"People said that I was hiding from my creditors; that I had gone to Australia; and some that I had killed myself."

"That was what Edith believed," said Carteret. "It nearly killed her."

Evanston laughed scornfully. "Women don't die of such things," he said. "Well, to go on, it happened that, the

day I disappeared, Palfrey called upon my wife. We were at the house in 70th street then." He paused uneasily, and Carteret began to wonder. "I came up-town late in the afternoon," he continued, "and let myself in with a key. I heard voices in the drawing-room and went down the hall. The curtains in the drawing-room doorway had fallen apart, and I looked in. Palfrey was there. They were standing by the fireplace and had dropped their voices so that I could n't make out what they were saying, but I saw him take a step toward her, and then he took her hand." Evanston stopped. "And then," he added, "the sawdust dropped out of my doll."

"What happened?" asked Carteret.

"He kissed her," said Evanston.

Carteret started inwardly. Then an illumination came to him. "No," he said; "she kissed him."

"As a gentleman," said Evanston, "I would rather put it the other way."

"As a gentleman," said Carteret, "you must put it the way it was."

"Does it make any difference?" asked Evanston.

"The difference between right and wrong," said Carteret. "Listen to me. You knew, I suppose, that Palfrey wanted to marry Edith's sister Louise."

A look of wonder came into Evanston's face. "No," he said.

"Well," said Carteret, "he did. I know it, and when you saw him at their house and thought he was after Edith, you were barking up the wrong tree."

Evanston had risen, and was listening apprehensively. His face had grown white.

"What has this to do with the case?" he demanded.

"The afternoon that you speak of," said Carteret, "Louise told Palfrey that she was going to marry Witherbee. With that piece of news he went to your house, to the woman who had been his friend and confidante—your wife. He was a good deal cut up, and when he said good-by—you know he sailed for Europe the next day—I presume she was sorry for him, and, being the right kind of woman, she showed her sympathy in the right kind of way."

Evanston made a strange gesture, as if

to put away by a physical action the thoughts that were forcing themselves into his mind. "No," he said huskily; "it is n't true, it can't be true."

"Do you think I would come to you with a lie?" said Carteret.

"But you were n't there," said Evanston. "How do you know?"

"Neither were you," said Carteret. "Why did n't you go in like a man and find out your mistake?"

For a time Evanston made no answer. Then his voice sank to a whisper. "I was afraid," he said. "If I had gone in, I should have killed them." He dropped into his chair again, and turned his face away. His body shook convulsively, but he made no sound. Carteret stepped awkwardly to the terrace balustrade and stood gazing at the sunset. The silence lasted for several minutes. Then Evanston spoke; his voice was still uncertain. He rose and walked unsteadily toward the balustrade.

"Carty," he said, "I believe you. What shall I do? It's awful," he muttered; "it's awful."

"It's awfully lucky," said Carteret, "that we have straightened things out." Evanston shook his head wearily. "But we have n't," he said; "we can't. It's too late."

"Look here," said Carteret, impatiently, "don't be an ass."

"But don't you understand," said Evanston. "If what you say is true,—and I believe you,—then I have acted"—he stopped and thought for the right word, but it did not come. "I left her that afternoon without a word. A week later, without explanation, I came back, and for two years I have treated her—God knows how I have treated her!" he murmured. "If she did care for me at the first," he went on, "if she cared for me after the failure, the end of it must have come when I went away and came back as I did. And now to put an obstacle in the way of her freedom, to try to buy her again, would be the act of a blackguard."

"But suppose she loves you?" said Carteret.

"That," said Evanston, "is impossible."

"It ought to be impossible," said Carteret. "If she put rat poison in your tea,

any jury would acquit her; but, fortunately for us, women are not very logical."

"No," said Evanston again; "it is impossible."

"That is your view of it," said Carteret. "Would anything convince you that you are wrong?"

Evanston was silent a moment. "If the thoughts she had about me in those days," he began,—“in those days after I had come home,—if they could come back like ghosts, and should tell me that all that time she cared for me, in spite of what I was and did—” He paused.

"Then it is impossible," said Carteret, dryly.

He turned away toward the sunset again and looked at his watch. It was a quarter past seven. In the last twenty-five minutes his hopes had flown high and fallen dead. Evanston's point of view was beyond his comprehension. He felt that the man was mad, and that he had come upon a fool's errand.

He turned back toward Evanston. "I must be going," he said. At that moment a servant came from the house and approached them.

"Mr. Whitehouse is on the telephone, sir," the man said to Evanston. "He says his cook has been taken suddenly ill, and may he come to dine to-night and bring Professor Blake."

Evanston looked helplessly at Carteret. "That 's odd," he said, "is n't it?"

"He evidently has n't heard," said Carteret.

"Evidently," said Evanston. "But why should n't he come?" he added. He turned to the man. "Tell Mr. Whitehouse that Mrs. Evanston and myself will be glad to have him and Professor Blake." The man bowed and went back to the house.

"It 's better that way," continued Evanston. "We 'll have a party. I don't know who Blake is; but Whittlesea 's coming down, and you 'll stay."

"I can't; I have no clothes," said Carteret.

"That does n't matter," said Evanston. "Dine as you are."

"No," said Carteret, "I must go. I 'm of no use here."

"Don't say that," said Evanston. He held out his hand. "Carty, you are the

only human being that understands or wants to understand."

"Then," said Carteret, "I 'll stay."

It was nine o'clock, and they had finished dinner. From the dining-room the men went to the library to smoke, and Whitehouse's friend, the Professor, began to talk. He was an Orientalist, and had recently discovered a buried city on the plateau of Iran. Carteret was not interested in buried cities, so he smoked and occupied himself with his own thoughts. From the distant part of the house came the music of a piano. He knew that it was Edith playing in the drawing-room. It occurred to him that it would be pleasant to go out upon the terrace and listen to the music. He was meditating the execution of this project when he saw Whittlesea slip out; the same idea had occurred to the lawyer.

Carteret watched him go with chagrin, but he felt that it would be rude for him to follow, so he sat where he was, and bore up under the buried city. The talk went on until suddenly the cathedral clock in the hallway began to strike in muffled arpeggios. Whitehouse started up and looked at his watch.

"It 's half-past nine," he said to the Professor. "If you really must take the night train, we ought to be starting."

"I 'll ring," said Evanston, "and have somebody order your trap."

"Thank you," said Whitehouse, "I would rather order it myself; I want to speak to my man. I know where the stable telephone is." He went out.

"I am sorry you have to go," said Evanston to the Professor.

"So am I," the Professor replied. "This has been a most delightful evening."

Just then Whitehouse put his head in the door. "The stable telephone is out of order," he said, "I 'll have to ask you to send some one, after all."

"The telephone 's all right," replied Evanston; "the trouble is, you don't know how to use it." He rose, and joining Whitehouse, left the room.

As he went out, the Professor started to rise, but something held him, and he sat back awkwardly. His sleeve-link had caught in the cord of the cushion on which his arm had been resting. He stooped to disentangle it, and turning the

cushion over, his eyes rested on a curious pattern worked in gold. He gave a low exclamation of surprise, and carried the cushion into the lamplight.

"Anything the matter?" inquired Carteret. To him the Professor was a curious beast, but he felt that it was civil to show an interest in him.

"There 's a verse," replied the Professor, "embroidered in Persian characters on this cushion. It 's the work of a poet little known in Europe. It 's very extraordinary to find it here."

"Very," said Carteret, suppressing a yawn.

"I 'll make you a translation of it," said the Professor.

"Thank you," said Carteret.

There was a silence, during which the Professor wrote on a stray sheet of paper, and Carteret speculated on the chance of his horse Balloonist in the Broadway steeplechase. The Professor was handing the slip of paper to Carteret when Whitehouse and Evanston came hurriedly into the room.

"I 'm afraid you 'll have to hurry," said Whitehouse. "We have very little time."

"All right," said the Professor; "but I must say good-by to Mrs. Evanston." He nodded a good-night to Carteret, and went out of the room, followed by Evanston and Whitehouse.

Carteret heard the music stop in the drawing-room, and he knew that the Professor was taking his leave. He heard it begin again, and he knew that the guests had gone.

"I must go myself," he thought. "Evanston wants to talk with Whittlesea."

He was about to rise when he glanced idly at the sheet of paper which the Professor had given him. Carteret was not fond of poetry. He considered it a branch of knowledge which concerned only women and literary persons. But the words of the translation that he held in his hand he read a first time, then a second time, then a third time.

He rose, with a startled sense of discovery, and then Evanston came in.

"You are not going," said Evanston.

"No," said Carteret, vaguely. "Frank," he went on, "do you know anything about that sofa pillow?"

"What sofa pillow?" asked Evanston.

Carteret took the cushion with the strange embroidery, and held it in the lamplight.

"That?" said Evanston—"Edith gave me that."

"When?" asked Carteret.

"It was a Christmas present," said Evanston—"the Christmas after the failure."

"After you came back?" said Carteret. Evanston nodded.

"Do you know where she got it?" asked Carteret. "I mean the embroidery."

"She worked it," said Evanston.

"Well," said Carteret, "it 's Persian."

"Very likely she got the design from her uncle," said Evanston. "She used to be a great deal with him. You know he was Wyeth, the Orientalist."

Carteret gazed fixedly at Evanston. "The design," he said, "that is embroidered is a verse." Evanston looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"Well," he said, "what of it?"

"I want you to ask Edith what it is," said Carteret.

"Why?" said Evanston.

"Don't ask why," said Carteret. "Do it."

"What use can there be in calling up the past?" said Evanston. "It can only be painful to both of us."

"Never mind," said Carteret; "do it as a favor to me."

"You must excuse me, Carty," said Evanston, somewhat stiffly.

Carteret moved to the wall and rang the bell. Neither man spoke until the servant appeared.

"Please say to Mrs. Evanston," said Carteret, "that Mr. Evanston and Mr. Carteret wish very much that she would come to the library." As the man left the room, Evanston came forward.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"My meaning ought to be plain," said Carteret. "I intend to have you ask your wife what is on that cushion."

There was something in Carteret's tone, in the look in his eyes, which made Evanston's protest melt away, then transfixed him, then made him whiten and tremble.

Carteret heard the rustle of a woman's dress in the hallway. "Do you under-

stand?" he said quickly. "You must ask her. You must force it out of her. If she refuses to tell you, you must choke it out of her. 'The ghosts have come back!'" Then he hurriedly crossed the room to the French window that opened upon the terrace. As he reached the window, Edith stood in the doorway.

"Do you want me?" she asked.

"Frank wants you," said Carteret, and he stepped out blindly into the night. He groped his way across the terrace, and from the terrace went on to the lawn. Overhead the stars looked down and studded the lake with innumerable lights. The night insects were singing. The fireflies glimmered in the shrubbery. The perfume from the syringa thicket was heavy on the still air. Ordinarily these things did not appeal strongly to Carteret; but to-night it was different. The air was gratefully cool upon his bare head, and he felt the cool dew upon his shoes. A few steps across the grass and he stopped and looked back. The house was silent. From the library windows the lamplight streamed out upon the terrace. He turned away again and stood listening to the night things—the measured chorus of the frogs in the distant marsh, the whippoorwill that was calling in the darkness on the point. Then he resumed his progress across the lawns. Suddenly he came upon a figure in the darkness, and started.

"Has that fellow gone?" It was Whittlesea's voice.

"Yes," said Carteret.

"Then I must go back," said the lawyer. "Carteret," he went on, "this is wretched business. One would think that, in a spot like this, on such a night, people ought to be happy."

"You are right," said Carteret. "Whittlesea," he added, "come with me. Don't speak." He slipped his arm

through the lawyer's and guided their steps toward the terrace. They mounted it and stealthily approached the library window. From the darkness they could see into the lighted room, and not be seen. The lawyer gave a low exclamation, and drew his arm away.

Evanston and his wife were sitting side by side upon the couch. His arm was about her, and his face was bent close to hers. They made no sound, but her body shook a little, and trembled as if she were weeping silently. Carteret turned away. Then he stole across the terrace and down upon the lawn again.

The fireflies still were glimmering in the syringa-bushes, the night voices still were chorusing, but Carteret was unaware of them. He looked vaguely into the heavens. The Milky Way glimmered from horizon to horizon.

"Has the singing nightingale a thought of the grainfields?"

he began to murmur.

"If I love you, oh, my beloved, what are poverty or riches?"

It was the verse upon the cushion.

He stumbled on something in the darkness, and brought his eyes down from the heavens.

"Carteret, you're an ass," he muttered. Then he fumbled for his pocket handkerchief, and wandered on across the lawn till he came to the path that led to the stables, where his motor was waiting. Here he stopped and looked back at the house. The lamplight was still streaming from the library windows, and the silence, save for the night things, was still unbroken. For perhaps a minute he stood and gazed, then he turned and went up the pathway.





THE WATERWAYS OF AMERICA

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith" and "Partners of Providence"

THE NEW "OLD TIMES"

WHEN the newly invented steam-power whistle was given its first trial on a boat that was making the landing at Washington, Missouri, the passengers were panic-stricken, and captain and crew had much work to dissuade them from jumping overboard. They had heard something to the effect that there was an ingenious attachment on top of the boilers which would give signals when necessary, and they had naturally supposed that the whistle was a long-needed improvement in safety-valves—a kind that would give an alarm just before the boat was going to blow up. Hence their haste. Now it is my opinion that if a big boat were to make a call at certain Missouri "river towns" to-day, there would be as much consternation as when the first whistle blew. Washington, when I knew it, was a gala-place to make a landing; but long ago the last boat sank, and no one built another.

The upper Mississippi is in a scarcely more prosperous way. While the lakes have prospered, the waters of the Mississippi, especially above Cairo, have been murmuring mostly of old times. In the early 80's they used to talk about "old times"; but in 1880 the freight on the St. Louis levee amounted to 2,130,525 tons. Since then it has dwindled to about one third, and last summer, on going back, I discovered that the 80's had in

turn become the good old times, and these latter days the low-water mark of history. In fact, freight statistics will show that the early 80's were the days of real prosperity. When I knew the Missouri as a navigable stream, it brought wheat down, and gave it over to the big Mississippi tow-boats, to be forwarded on its way to Liverpool. Now no wheat goes down the Mississippi. They consider the Missouri innavigable. The panegyrics of the river were undertaken too soon.

But the real "old times" on the river took place thousands of years ago, and these are the ones that are of immediate importance to us. They are just beginning to take on a practical meaning in these days of denser population, freight congestion, and car shortage.

It has not been long, in geological time, since the Great Lakes had their outlet by way of the "Chicago portage" and flowed in a voluminous stream, thirty feet deep, diagonally across Illinois to the Mississippi and on to the Southern seas. The Illinois river is the decadent relict of that old connection between the Mississippi and the lakes. In those days the Mississippi was more steady-going than it is now. Having the lakes for its constant reservoir, it was like a big canal, such as might have been specially designed for a vast, steady-going population. But the East won the lakes away, scarifying a more attractive route to the

sea—Niagara. While yet the West was busily engaged in completing its cut across the ridge that surrounds the lake plateau, the East prepared a deeper bed to the Atlantic, and the lakes (almost forty feet deeper than they are now), suddenly gave themselves away to it. This was to be its union forever; and so there was a gay marriage of the water, with the ever-jeweled Niagara hung upon its front. The Mississippi was left alone, outstretching an arm to the lakes in the shape of the Illinois River, but not quite reaching them. The "divide" was high and dry, and stood between.

The very short Chicago River, which drains the lake-ward side of this divide, has been in everlasting doubt as to which way it should flow; it has gone forward and back according as the wind blew. Whenever the wind on the lake has made a *seiche*, or hollow in the waters, and crowded them out of their normal shore level, the delicate equilibrium of the Chicago River has been upset, and it has turned back as if in remembrance of the long lost and barely separated Illinois. According as Chicago wind has changed, it has tended to its northern allegiance and then to the southern. I have never seen a stream more hesitant and undecided than the Chicago River.

Therein is the whole explanation of what is ailing the decadent and unprosperous Mississippi: it needs something that the lakes can give it.

The Illinois River, with its forks, reaches diagonally across the State almost to Lake Michigan, but flows away from it to the Mississippi. Near its headwaters, another and very short river, the Chicago, has its source, and this river empties into the lake. This parting of the waters means that there is a general slope of the land toward the Mississippi, and that there is a ridge around the lake. The Illinois drains the long slope toward the Mississippi; the Chicago drains the lake-ward side of the ridge. The fact that the Chicago River hardly flows at all shows that the lake-side slope is very gradual—that the ridge is not high between the headwaters of the rivers; in fact, before Niagara changed its depth, the water used to flow across a low part of the ridge. Before the level of the lakes dropped, the low ridge at this point was

a mere submarine feature in the course of the outflowing waters; but now it is a land feature, shedding water on the one hand toward the Mississippi and on the other hand toward the lake. The Chicago River would as lief flow one way as another, but the Illinois is very decidedly bound for the Mississippi. Why not, therefore, make a cut from river to river, turning the Chicago backward into the Illinois, and thus letting the lakes empty into the Mississippi again? As the Great Lakes are a water plateau, such an opening to a lower level would cause the Chicago River to turn about and flow briskly in the opposite direction, having its source at its mouth. The channel to be excavated through the ridge would be about thirty miles in length; and if it were made from twenty-four to twenty-six feet in depth, it would pass large vessels bound for the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, and on by way of Panama to Japan. Such a cut, under modern conditions, would cost fifty million dollars, a small price for such an alteration of the map. It would be a feasible strategy in hydraulic engineering; and the reader will hardly question this day-dream when I say that it is merely my way of explaining what Chicago has already done by means of the Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal.

The Chicago Ship Canal is not at present passing the big ships it will hold, because it is waiting for the Illinois River to be deepened to the Mississippi. Neither has the full flow of water been turned on; but when this is done, and the vast population is making use of the route to the gulf, the fortune of the Mississippi will have been made—the prehistoric undertaking will have been completed by machinery. The Mississippi is a river that is waiting.

DIVIDED WE STAND

THE largest inland cities of the United States are in two grand divisions, which might be called transportation groups: they are either on the Great Lakes or on the Mississippi River system. The Great Lakes have never had a ship passage to the sea. The St. Lawrence route is too shallow; the Erie Canal is still shallower; the Chicago Ship Canal to the Mississippi stands unconnected; the Lake Erie and

Ohio River Ship Canal is still on paper—the charter of private capital.

The Mississippi, although it throws up “bars” which, in seasons of slack water, would prevent the passage of all vessels except those of the lightest draft, is a deep waterway from five to seven months in a year; and it has given passage to a war vessel for twelve hundred miles. There is no reason, except a commercial one, why ships should not come up as far as Memphis. But the river needs some permanent improvement as far as St. Louis to make it of full commercial importance to the country in these days of large “ton mile” freight units. And this has not been done.

Not only do these inland cities lack an outlet to the sea, but the two waterway systems have not been given adequate connection with each other. The iron ore is on the lakes and the coal is on the rivers, and yet there is not a way in this age of steel for the ore boat to get to the coal. Our wheat must go abroad or at least to the Atlantic seaboard, and yet the big lake vessels cannot keep on with it to either place. The far-seeing De Witt Clinton, having the welfare of New York in mind, looked westward in the early twenties, and even then wanted the Government to build a canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, as a western extension of the Erie Canal. But Clinton, like John Fitch with his steamboat, and like Gallatin with his plan for internal improvements, was ahead of his time. In the Erie Canal, Clinton brought much of the future to pass, but not all of it.

While the Mississippi, especially above the mouth of the Ohio, has fallen upon hard times, the lakes have prospered greatly. It is within the memory of men not far advanced in years, when the traffic of the lakes was, to a large extent, carried on in small schooners. Now the freight goes in the 10,000-ton ship. The traffic of the lakes amounts to upward of 90,000,000 tons a year, mostly ore and wheat. The iron ore comes from the upper lake region and stops midway of Lake Erie, where it takes the cars for the overland trip to Pittsburg; the wheat keeps on to the end of the lake at Buffalo, where it finds the Erie Canal and the railroads competing for the haul to New

York. The wheat comes in big cargoes from Duluth, which is the natural “funnel” to the hard-wheat regions of Minnesota and the Dakotas; it comes in large shiploads from Chicago, and even draws upon the fields of Canada. Besides this, there is an immense lake tonnage in coal. It is estimated that the freight for 1906 will have passed that of the year before by 10,000,000 tons, but the official returns are not to be had at the time of this writing.

The territory containing the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley is really America, the vast treasure-house of the continent, guarded on each ocean-side by mountain chains. Here is the granary of the country, the alluvial cotton tracts to which Europe is beholden, the raw material of the age of steel and the food of its enginery. And yet it is virtually a land-locked treasure-house. The lakes are the home of imprisoned fleets, and the railroads hold the key.

THE SITUATION AS SEEN BY CHICAGO AND NEW YORK

THE Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal was completed in 1900 and has cost about \$50,000,000. Through it the drainage of the city flows to the Illinois and thence to the Mississippi. But it is not only a sanitary canal; it is also, as I have said, a ship canal over thirty miles long. As it now stands, it ranks in possible tonnage with the largest canals in the world. It is as deep as Suez, and more capacious. But it is, as I have said, a ship canal on which ships cannot go anywhere, the reason being that it comes to an end in that prairie country near the headwaters of the Illinois. This river needs to be dredged in order to float a ship or a fleet of barges on the way to the gulf. At present the Illinois merely suffices to carry away the water brought to it by the canal. As such a deep waterway connection of the two waterway systems of the great interior would be of far more than local significance, the general Government is looked to for the necessary deepening of the Illinois. The costly canal, which has a normal depth of twenty-four feet, and the State river, which is easily deepened, have together been offered to the Government at any

time Congress may see fit to give the canal a connection with St. Louis of at least fourteen feet in depth.

This present summer sees practical operations well under way on a larger Erie Canal. It will cost \$101,000,000 and will be a bigger work than Panama, in the sense of cubic measurement of dirt removed and masonry installed. The appropriation of so much money was a matter for the people of New York to decide; and not only the money, but another important matter, was to be settled at the polls. Should this deeper outlet of the lakes to the ocean be a ship canal or should it be only a bigger barge canal? When New York asked herself the question, Chicago began to hearken and to be interested.

Just as De Witt Clinton, when the old Erie Canal was finished in 1825, looked westward and wanted the Government to build a canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi as a western extension of the Erie, so Chicago now looked eastward. All the cities about the lakes were interested, too; but Chicago, being the biggest, became spokesman, in a very disinterested way. Having had modern experience, she pointed out, for instance, that the price of a canal does not increase in proportion to its size. Neither does the expense of operating boats increase in proportion to their tonnage. Therefore, the bigger the canal the cheaper it is for the present and the future. New York ought to consider her interests and build a ship canal, and Chicago offered this information on the best authority. When confronted with these facts, Father Knickerbocker was seen to wink his eye. And when the truth was further obtruded, he said, with a frankness surprising in New York, "Why should we build a ship canal for Chicago?"

The people at the polls voted for all the size wanted in the new Erie, but it is to be of a discreet shape. It will be very capacious, but not over twelve feet in depth. Grain going abroad must take to the barges at the end of Lake Erie and be handled again in New York City. Thus the great commission merchant arranged to remain at his bigger toll-gate, and make profit for revenue only. But it is well to remember that when the old Erie Canal was built, the rest of the

country refused to give government assistance, saying it was purely for "local benefit." And New York has very consistently continued to make it so. This is the largest practical joke I know of at the present day.

CHICAGO'S FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE Chicago Canal has a capacity of 14,000 cubic feet a second, but the Chicago River is at present being allowed to flow backward at the rate of from only 4000 to 5000 cubic feet a second; and the trustees of the sanitary district are contemplating the addition of two other feeders, north and south of the city, one of which will make a reversal of another river, the Calumet. But the city is awaiting a decision as to how much water may be used out of the lakes. In the short time since the canal was built the city has grown so rapidly that plans are being laid for the future—a future already amply provided for in the ship canal itself. Anything which draws upon the water of the lakes concerns Canada as well as the United States, and therefore falls within the cognizance of the International Waterways Commission. As I write, the news comes that the commission has advised the Government to place the limit permanently at 10,000 cubic feet a second. This would not affect the big canal as regards navigation, for it has the stated depth, regardless of flow; but the limitation of water supply affects the dilution of drainage, and therefore the amount of sewage that can be turned into the stream. This is of moment to the sanitary problem of the future. The Chicago Drainage Board is arguing the matter at Washington, in opposition to the International Waterways Commission, and if the advice of the Commission is taken by the Government, Chicago will some day have to find additional methods of sanitation.

The maximum flow at Chicago would slightly decrease the flow over Niagara Falls, and this has already shrunk greatly because private capital has been given so much water out of the Niagara River by New York and Canada. But the principal reason for limiting the western outlet is that the full capacity of the canal would lower the lakes a few inches; and

as this would subtract from the depth of the locks between the lakes, it would have a bearing upon navigation which must be closely looked after. The power plants at Niagara, while they spoil the falls, do not have this effect of lowering the lakes, for they merely use the water in passing, not diverting it out of the lakes. The general public, and many newspapers, not considering this, view the matter entirely from the standpoint of Niagara, being exercised over the spoiling of the "scenery." Water is yearly becoming a more important element for navigation, sanitation, and power, and the saving of Niagara Falls, while in itself an admirable purpose, is the least important of all the interests.

The whole matter could be more than remedied by damming and regulating the Niagara River. In fact, the Government made an exhaustive examination of the possibilities a few years ago, and it was found that it could be done at moderate expense. This would virtually store up as much as is wanted of the season's rainfall of the lake region as in big reservoirs, giving unlimited water for power, navigation, and sanitation—in fact, conserving the summer's energy of the sun and using immense power at will. What is most important, it would increase the depth of Lake Erie, the shallowness of which embarrasses the big boats. But it would be a matter in which the two governments would have to balance their respective benefits.

Whatever the future may be, the Chicago Ship Canal is in no way affected, for its depth is assured, regardless of the speed of the current. It is expected that Chicago will grow to a population of over four millions before her limit is reached, and a big health problem will have to be solved in one way or another.

THE ERIE CANAL

GOETHE said he was always glad that God gave him the ability to laugh at certain things. The Great Lakes have been from the beginning the big *cul de sac* of the continent. New York early saw the meaning of the map, and built her future in a ditch. That ditch to tide-water, four feet in depth, was all the lakes needed to decide which city they should make

the metropolis of the coast. The lakes were a veritable magician's bag of wealth, needing only the touch of commerce to bring forth endless riches from where there had been none. The Erie Canal was the magic touch. When that much distrusted pick-and-shovel waterway was built, Buffalo grew big at the Lake Erie end of it, and along its 363 miles of transportation sprang up the cities of central New York. In 1825 the United States became suburban to New York City, and since then the golden treasures of the West have been going every autumn to that metropolis. From the truly philosophic standpoint the United States is a country lying west of the Island of Manhattan. It is connected with New York by the Erie Canal.

At first New York wanted the partly united States to build the canal; but the Southern States-rights sentiment being in the political ascendency, it was pointed out that the Government should not spend money on anything that was to be of merely local benefit. So it was that New York State, with De Witt Clinton to the fore, built the canal herself. If the whole state of affairs were intelligently viewed from this distance of time, it would be plain that New York City had her renowned "provincialism" thrust upon her.

THE STEAMBOAT—ITS ALARMING DOINGS

THIS ditch, four feet deep and forty feet wide, was built to run in opposition to the Mississippi. And, what is more, it successfully did it.

When Fulton, a hundred years ago this 4th of August, succeeded in going against the current of the Hudson "by fire and steam," it seemed to be a good thing for New York and her stately river. But it turned out to have unforeseen and most alarming results. At that time the freight and passenger route to the West was from Philadelphia or Baltimore over difficult mountain roads in "Conestoga" wagons, or from New York up the Hudson and thence across the center of the State in light "Schenectady" boats that had to be poled up the almost innavigable Mohawk in the direction of Lake Erie. The fact that the other coast cities were fenced off by the Alleghenies was New York's advantage from the beginning.

The further advantage of having such a route-maker as the Hudson—and it supplemented by the Mohawk Valley running across the State almost to the lakes—has made New York's transportation history. Those Schenectady boats were running on the New York Central of that time. Various freighting companies ran on these routes to the West, and it was a sufficiently difficult and expensive mode of transportation for even light and valuable merchandise. This Western commerce was the prize for which the Eastern cities competed; and transportation was an important factor in price then as now. While the manufactured products of the East could bear such transportation to the Western market, it was quite a different matter for the bulky farm products to go to market by such means. Then as now it was a case of "what the traffic will bear." So it was that the merchants in the West, buying the produce at Pittsburgh or Cincinnati or Louisville, would drift with it down the Ohio and the Mississippi in flatboats to New Orleans, where a market awaited, and whence it went to the open ports of Jamaica or other parts of the world.

Drifting down the Mississippi has always been the cheapest kind of power transportation. The Western merchants, having arrived at New Orleans, had before them the problem of returning home with a stock of merchandise to trade for produce again; and to go up the Mississippi with freight was quite a different proposition. Keel boats went up by manpower in a few months, and rates were high; so the traders found it preferable to take ocean passage to Philadelphia, New York, or Baltimore, buy their goods there, and return home by the westward freight routes. Thus they swung around the circle, receiving money at New Orleans and leaving it in the East.

Such was the very satisfactory state of affairs when, only four years and five months after the *Clermont* steamed up the Hudson, the steamboat found its mission—the Mississippi. Fulton opposed the Hudson in August, 1807, and the beginning of 1812 saw Captain Roosevelt, the first "Cap" of them all, going up and down the Mississippi, also "by fire and steam." There the steamboat began to evolve and propagate and bring forth

a new race, and at once the merchants at New Orleans saw a better way home. It was much easier thus to float up-stream than to skirt the continent by sea and be jolted homeward over the Alleghenies or poled up the shallow Mohawk; moreover, New Orleans had axes and such things to sell, and so the Western merchants returned with them immediately, forgetful of such cities as New York and Baltimore and Philadelphia. It seemed to the East as if their Western trade had been killed at a blow. Better for them had the steamboat never been invented.

New York saw that the only salvation would be a route which could deliver merchandise in the West as cheap, or cheaper, than it could be had from New Orleans. A reading of the map now showed that New York had a natural monopoly pointing itself toward her. While the other cities were shut off by mountains, there was a practicable canal route across New York; and the Mohawk explored the way. To build a canal 363 miles long, carrying the artificial waterway by masonry over and across natural streams, was all an impossible Utopian idea to the rest of the country. It would be too expensive, if practicable at all. They considered Governor Clinton of New York a dreamer. He even found opposition in his own State, for the southern tier of counties did not see how the route across the middle of the State to the Hudson would be of benefit to *them*, who were also taxpayers. But Clinton was a diplomat. This southern row of counties had long had the idea of an "Appian way" over the mountains to the West. This roadway had, indeed, been suggested to them by the elder Clinton himself when he saw the possibility of it during an expedition against the Iroquois. The younger Clinton now promised that if the lower part of the State would help him with the canal, he would in turn help them to get the highway directly westward from the city of New York. In 1817, just ten years after the appearance of the steamboat on the Hudson, the work began. It was not only completed, but was a success at once.

OPPOSITION CANALS

THE whole aspect of commerce was changed again. The West belonged to

New York; farmers across the mountains, in the lake regions and in the valley of the Ohio, wanted the things that came so cheaply by the Erie Canal. It took passengers west, and increased the demand; it brought their produce to the seaboard. New York went ahead at a leap, and became the metropolis of the country. The other cities took alarm, and were now suddenly interested and willing to believe almost any undertaking worth while.

It was in 1825 that the Erie was finished. In 1826 Pennsylvania fell to work, determined to build a canal from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, despite mountains. In 1827, Baltimore, seeing that Philadelphia was stealing a march, decided to build a horse railroad,—a new idea,—and in three years had it operating as far as Ellicott's Mills.

While Pennsylvania was engaged in the big canal undertaking, the horse railroad proved such a success that she took new thought, and abandoned the idea of an all-water route, seeing it would be easier to get over the heights not only by horse-power, but by inclined planes. Each inclined plane was operated by a stationary engine winding a rope around a drum, the freight trains moving up the slopes after the manner of moving a house. By the time Philadelphia's combination route of canal, horse-railway, and inclined plane was completed, something else had taken place which was to change it all again. In 1829 the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company tried an imported locomotive, and found it a failure; but in 1831 the South Carolina Railroad, which had tried sails for power and had a disastrous runaway, had a locomotive built in New York. It proved so tractable that the day of the horse was past. The route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg became the Pennsylvania Railroad of to-day; the horse-railroad to Ellicott's Mills grew into the Baltimore & Ohio; the long-dreamed-of "Appian Way" through southern New York became the Erie Railway; the New York Central struck out along the route of the Erie Canal.

Despite the coming of the locomotive, canals did not immediately lose that prestige which the Erie gave them. The West was building them, too. They were so

profitable in fairly level country that the building of them continued for several years on both sides of the mountains. There came to be about forty in all. What might be called the canal-building era came to an end in the early 40's. Ohio began in 1825, immediately following the success of the Erie, and did not subside till 1842. The ever-growing railroads, although they could not haul so cheaply as could these public waterways, gradually superseded them for reasons which we shall come to later. These old canals have been long neglected, never enlarged, and many of them have been entirely abandoned. But the Erie was an exception.

NEW YORK'S FOREIGN AFFAIRS

WHEN the New York Central paralleled the Erie Canal over fifty years ago, it looked very much as if canals were a thing of the past. When the West Shore hemmed it in on the other side, canals had fallen in public opinion to the "ragging canawl" of the humorist. But the truth is, the Erie did not rage at all. It kept growing—slowly, as befits a canal. When it was completed in 1825 it was four feet deep and forty feet wide; in 1835 it was deepened to six feet, and took barges of 240 tons burden. Later it was given another foot, and was enlarged to a width of seventy feet at the top and fifty-six feet at the bottom; and there it remained. And while the railroads competed strenuously, its boats kept appearing at Buffalo and hauling the treasure by the only and original route to the sea. As late as 1897 it is said to have carried as much through freight as did these two trunk-lines together; and it kept on doing it, despite the long-drawn jeers of locomotives.

It was not only hauling wheat, but it was also, in its quiet way, regulating the railroads. David Harum, when he went to New York to visit his rich friends,—those whose knives "would n't hold nothin',"—felt quite at home among millionaires after he observed that the elder ones were the kind that would duck heads if you called out "Low bridge!"

But again things have been taking a turn. In recent years New York noted with alarm that other cities on the seaboard were growing in trade, and, what

was worse, they were shipping wheat. It was all due to the fact that the coöperating railroads, when they took wheat in the West, would bill it to foreign markets by way of any Atlantic port the shipper might choose at a set price; they did not bother about the little differences in distance. In this way the heavy traffic was distributed; and, anyway, the roads all prospered to the limit of their capacity. The canal had become only a single factor in New York's prosperity, quietly tending to its own business, not big enough to be a threat. And anything that does not threaten is not really competition. It was evident that the growth of the country had made the canal smaller; and New York, being used to her old-time advantages, began to think of enlarging the canal's influence a few feet.

As it was Captain Roosevelt who was the first to loom up on the Mississippi and start the destruction—which was the making—of New York's commerce, it was now a Roosevelt to the rescue. In 1899 there appeared a large volume called "Report," the same being "authorized by Governor Roosevelt." The new Governor, having examined the facts, advocated an enlarged canal which would take nothing less than thousand-ton barges and have plenty of width to multiply its capacity many times. This would be very costly; but from that time the idea of heroic measures began to take hold.

It so happens that since New York began to take notice of the new state of affairs, civil engineering has developed new methods in making waterways, and this has given a new significance to the Mohawk River. It thus came about that what New York needed was not an enlarged Erie, but a new one. It took some time for the estimated \$101,000,000 to become familiar to the public mind; but it has been voted, and is now being put into the new waterway.

New York's purpose, as she sees it, is to do away with "railway discrimination." But from the standpoint of the other cities New York is going to make the railroads discriminate in her favor. And this is probably the truth, too, for the truth depends upon where you live. So Chicago wanted the new canal much deeper, and the other cities wished it even smaller or

entirely blotted out of existence; but, after all, they are merely interested observers. The real player in the game is Montreal.

There was another reason why the people of New York changed their minds from nine millions to a hundred and one millions.

Canada had slowly been working around the Thousand Isles, developing the St. Lawrence route to the ocean in connection with her Welland Canal. Just recently the worst obstructions had been removed between Montreal, on the deep water of the St. Lawrence, and the outlet of the lakes. Way had been opened for boats of 2200 tons, and then Montreal invited the wheat to come that way to the sea. Immediately it was done, capital, which knows no country, noted the new shift in affairs. Men in Buffalo and Chicago made offers to the harbor commissioners of Montreal regarding the construction of elevators and wharfs and a fleet of 2200-ton boats. This scheme would result in annually subtracting 35,000,000 bushels of wheat from the New York elevators.

However, New York has an inherent advantage which at present insures her against heroic loss as regards Montreal. Our Eastern seaboard, with its large manufacturing cities, poor soil, and dense population, makes a steady demand for the food-stuffs of the West, whereas the St. Lawrence route would be mainly feasible for the foreign trade. The foreign trade is spasmodic, depending upon the world's crop failures; and it is the steady traffic that builds up a route commercially and makes it the habitual thoroughfare.

The St. Lawrence route to the ocean is calculated for only a fourteen-foot depth, and while it would take boats so much larger than those of the new Erie, they would not be ships in these days. So it also is only a barge route. On the other hand, it has been calculated that Montreal, with half the expenditure now being put into the Erie, could have a thirty-foot channel—enough to give the largest ocean-going steamers access to the lakes. This would put a different complexion on lake navigation. As it is, the lakes now have two barge outlets to the ocean, but no deep waterway commensurate with modern ships. And will traffic show any favors to Canada? Will Montreal some

day have the thirty-foot channel, and what effect will it have?

Chicago is pressing the Government to unite her ship canal by deep dredging with the gulf. When Panama is done, Chicago will be about 500 miles nearer the Orient than New York will be. What effect may this have on the habits of ships? It will be seen that there is considerable intricacy, and a call for master players, in the game of "Water, water! Who has got the water?"

Country-building is now a science. Take a rule and draw the shortest possible line to connect Lake Erie with the Ohio River. At one end of it we find Ashtabula and at the other end, Pittsburgh. To this relation Ashtabula owes much of her importance—it is the route of iron to coal. Each of the two cities is on its waterway, Ashtabula on the lake, and Pittsburgh at the head of the Ohio, and, luckily, at the river gateway of the Pennsylvania coal. If the coal were on the lakes or the iron on the river,—if they were both, in other words, on one waterway, without that 100-mile barrier of land between,—steel would cost much less than it does. Transportation is much cheaper by water than by rail, and reloading is a still larger consideration. Nature would have been very considerate had she put coal and ore on one waterway, and it seems almost a special providence that she came so near doing it as she did.

But God helps those who help themselves, as corporations long ago discovered; and things being as they are, what might one expect? Naturally, that a ship canal be built to make that connection. That is exactly what the Fifty-ninth Congress chartered a company to do. The canal, as proposed, will cost about \$35,000,000. As the Government improvements on the Ohio, now being pushed forward, provide for only a slack-water depth of nine feet, and that with much lockage, the Lake Erie and Ohio River Ship Canal will not be the desired outlet to the oceans. It is only a canal from the lakes to Pittsburgh. The lakes have yet to be given the connection with salt water. Such is the peculiar state of our waterway anatomy to-day. In the meantime Chicago has a disdain of New York's forthcoming canal with a depth of only twelve feet, and

New York is at present quite unmindful of that big blind alley of commerce in the West. Besides these, the future holds other waterway enterprises; but before considering the times at large, let us look at the means of fulfilment.

The hydraulic dredge is a machine-boat,—a product of the American mechanic for the purposes of the civil engineer,—and it is a comparatively recent development. It had its beginnings about fifteen years ago, and shortly afterward achieved some success on a short stretch of the Chicago drainage and ship canal, since when it has been growing, and is now assuming its full import, mostly in foreign countries. The largest, or sea-going type, such as we send abroad, has the indicated horse-power of an average battleship. Russia is using this new American boat in deepening the Volga; another had a successful test on the Scheldt in Belgium, and was bought by Russia; another, of Chicago manufacture, is in the service of the Queensland government. It has done good work in opening bars on the Mississippi, and was really instigated, I might say, by our headstrong rivers.

It is a boat with a powerful centrifugal pump and a suction pipe leading down to bottom, in combination with a rapidly revolving cutter which works in the dirt in much the same manner that the screw of a ship works in the water. The water, heavily laden with the loosened dirt, comes up through the whirling pump and goes to shore through a discharge pipe. In wide channels, the discharge pipe is floated in pontoons to the point desired. It is an elephantine sort of boat, throwing the water out of its long trunk; it makes the channel and builds a levee at one operation. Instead of dredging in the usual sense of the word, it virtually washes a river out.

Our forefathers got themselves a new waterway by digging a channel and then turning the water into it; they had to build their canals on dry land. When they repaired and cleaned the canal, they let the water run out. But now, instead of building in convenient nearness to a stream, we go right into the innavigable channel, deepen it, and make a proper river out of it. Water, instead of forbidding us, becomes the very means of

handling the dirt—and a cheaper one. The hydraulic dredge washes out the detritus and throws it up on shore in the same manner that Nature would do were she turning her forces to our special benefit. We accept what Nature has partly done, and use her methods to finish the job. Lyman J. Cooley, a noted hydraulic engineer, in writing the preliminary report of the Chicago Canal, sixteen years ago, said: "The future canals should be built on a different model from those of the past; must have more depth for speed, and, in the great purpose of the future, they should be so located and designed as to be like a feature of Mother Earth, persisting indefinitely, self-maintaining." The present practice is in line with that forecast.

There are two other ways of managing rivers, which might be called reformatory rather than creative. Where the river has width to spare and the bottom is alluvial, dams are built partly across it, compelling the volume of water to crowd and hurry through the narrower way, in which case the river makes room for itself by scooping out more depth, becoming, in fact, its own hydraulic dredge. This is wing-damming. It is the method used on the upper Mississippi, where it is not too big and powerful to handle in this way.

But there is the case of the spendthrift Ohio. Last January it was up fifty feet and over, and this summer one will no doubt be able to wade across it. The Ohio will scarcely hold water at all, and does not do so any longer than is necessary. And that is not long, because the Ohio will not have anything to do with water a moment after it can possibly get rid of it. In the case of a river which has such a declivity that it spills itself, emptying its flood-water into the sea, and then having no steady reservoir, as has the St. Lawrence, a mere deepening of the channel would not be the remedy. The problem on the Ohio is to make it save for a rainy day, and this is done by building a series of dams, holding the water back in long stretches which are virtually elongated lakes, not allowing it to escape. This is the nature of the Federal work

that is now being forwarded on the Ohio. The dams, when completed, will give slack-water navigation of nine feet throughout the river. The dams are passed by short canals, with locks, which take the boats around. When the Ohio is on a fifty-foot rise, the "improvements" disappear entirely: the boats go over the dams regardless of their existence. Then, when the Ohio's busy season is over, the works of man come to light, and the boats make use of them.

While these two ways of temporizing with a river are old, and good as far as they go, our new way of working under water enables us to make something out of a river which has been so negligent of its opportunities that our forefathers saw no hope in it; and it is alike applicable to a Mohawk or a Mississippi. The embankment, or levee work, of the Mississippi progresses year by year. When it is considered that the Mississippi has some 600 tributaries, and among them such impulsive contributors, some idea may be had of the forethought necessary to conquer and control it. It needs all of its river-bed and more. A levee is, in effect, a dam all along the shore—not an obstructing, but a confining of it. Formerly the levees were entirely made by inhabitants with pick and shovel throwing up the dry land; but now the hydraulic dredge takes the material from the bottom of the river itself, and while deepening the channel, throws up the embankment; and by throwing up the confining embankment, it gives the river a tendency to deepen itself.

At present there is a movement all over the country which manifests itself in many river-improvement associations; and since new methods have arisen, and transportation problems have made themselves felt, and Panama has given a new commercial vista, there is scarcely a river too obscure and unambitious to rise up and call for modern advantages. All together they raise their voices for the improvement of the Mississippi.

The Fifty-ninth Congress, heeding the new demand, this year contracted for an outlay for rivers and harbors of more than eighty-six million dollars,¹ the

¹The River and Harbor appropriations approved March 2, 1907, totaled \$37,108,083. In addition to the above, contracts were authorized

to be entered into, subject to future appropriations by Congress, aggregating \$49,829,349, which raises the total for such improvements to \$86,937,432.

largest allowance in our history, and, as it chances, a fitting celebration of the centenary of the steamboat and the maturity of its new-found and much-needed friend, the hydraulic dredge.

We Americans have each pawned our fortunes with this city or that; and ever since we began to make dots on the map we have, in one way or another, been engaged in playing geographical checkers. The location of cities is a contest of judgment regarding our intricate and lengthy waterways. All the great cities are founded on the reaching-out possibilities of transportation, which is the means of getting. And as water has always been the cheapest means of fetch-and-carry, the city which is to grow must be at a strategic point with reference to waterways and undeveloped wealth. An American city is indeed a great imagination surrounded by a continent.

Duluth, a dream of the early 70's, has come to pass. To-day a greater tonnage passes through the outlet of Lake Superior than through any other ship canal in the whole world. It is iron and grain—and the grain comes from Duluth. As to her relations to the Mississippi, that dream, too, may some day come to pass, for now civil engineers tell us that right there is where Nature has prepared another great route for a canal from the lakes to the big river. But Wisconsin points to a still better connection by way of Portage; and the last session of the State legislature memorialized Congress to that effect.

Twenty years ago, the wheat from Kansas and westward of St. Louis assembled in the St. Louis elevators and went down the Mississippi in 1000-ton tow barges on the route to New York or Liverpool. To-day there is no such wheat movement on the Mississippi. As the growing Western railroads spread out to newly discovered vantage-points, Texas kept settling and growing crops where the cattle ranges had been until she was bursting with cotton and needed a port; and so the railroads struck out for the port at Galveston. After that it was better for the railroads to take the wheat south instead of hauling it to St. Louis, for in this way they could set it down on the seaboard at once. Thus the great port of New Orleans lost a large share of her

trade to a port that was opened by the dredge.

In recent years the size of vessels on the Great Lakes has greatly increased, following the rule that the greater the tonnage the cheaper the cost per ton. As the vessels grew, they reached a point where they would stick and come to a standstill on the backs of the tunnels in the Chicago River. Finally the largest would not attempt the Chicago passage at all. Could money have remedied this state of affairs it would have been done immediately, at whatever cost; but Chicago had cable street-car service, and it goes by way of the tunnels. A cable-system cannot cross a bridge; therefore the only way to get rid of the tunnels was to electrify the roads. This was undesirable, because electric trolley-wires are a menace in time of fire in the crowded, sky-scraper district; and, moreover, the political contingent that has been working for municipal ownership opposed the giving of such privilege to the street-car company. Here was a condition which took a long while to solve by the necessary political methods, and in the meantime lake commerce favored Milwaukee, much to the discommodity of the larger city. Chicago has moved heaven and earth, and, despite the fire problem and despite politics, is now tearing out the tunnels and preparing to woo back the ships.

Time was when many thought that Milwaukee was destined to be bigger than Chicago, and cast their fortunes with her. She had a good harbor and was 85 miles nearer New York by the all-important water route, being that far up from the end of Lake Michigan. But from the railway standpoint that water was an obstruction on the way to and from New York; and in getting to the Northwest by the nearest route, they aim for the foot of Lake Michigan, at Chicago. In this way Milwaukee and a large part of the West is suburban to Chicago. Milwaukee has to come to Chicago to go East. But cities do not easily give up to natural disadvantages. For that reason we see the immense car ferries plying out of Milwaukee across Lake Michigan; they run freight trains on the water.

Chicago hangs like a busy bee to the lower lobe of Lake Michigan, having at

once a straight land route to New York, and the cheap water transportation; and from there she stretches out iron arms to the coal-fields of Illinois. In like manner that the Alleghenies are an obstruction between the seaboard cities and the lakes in favor of New York, so the lake is an obstruction, and at the same time a means, in favor of Chicago. The ships can reach her at a point where the land-currents of commerce swing around to the northwest; for a multitude of reasons, all foreseen by her founders, she is the great composite metropolis of the country. Duluth hangs far out in the hard-wheat regions, where the crops take to the nearest ship; but, being in a coal-less district, she has not the inherent wealth to make her a manufacturing city, and thus a speculative city: she is a forwarding point. Pittsburg is founded on the fact that it is cheaper to carry ore to coal than to take coal to ore; and were this not the case, the steel mills would be on Lake Superior. Pittsburg, being where the ore comes to meet the coal, is a strategist in the logic of transportation.

Pennsylvania early found herself in command of the West because she held the head-waters of the Ohio, and was thus the starting-point for the Mississippi and all its water pathways to the far country. With the growth of communities it is always true that to him that hath shall be given; and Philadelphia had command of Pennsylvania because she had got a start by her inland position on a navigable arm of the sea. Being thus the outfitting place for the West, she had another impetus to wealth; but she could not get waterway connection with the river and the lakes, as could New York, and we see the difference to-day.

From the first, the business man, who is essentially a commercial geographer, and his right-hand man the civil engineer, have kept their heads together and neglected no move that would make a city's dreams come true. Railroads we must have, because others have them; but it has always been by water that our ship comes in. As the waterway is bent, the commerce is inclined.

The stage of water in the Delaware is such that for a modern deep-draft ocean vessel to visit Philadelphia it is necessary to come in on the tide, and then

await the pleasure of the ocean to get out. This summer Philadelphia will have a thirty-foot channel in the Delaware, so that vessels will be free to come and go at any time. Last summer there was launched at Clydebank, England, the *Lusitania*, 790 feet in length and 37½ feet in depth, loaded. This makes the entrance to New York harbor three feet too shallow for the times. The Government must deepen the harbor to fit the ship. Thus we see that cheapening of freight rates, and the greater comfort of ocean travel attained by the building of larger ships, is dependent upon our ability to dredge. The Union Pacific is preparing to build to the State of Washington, which is rapidly developing its resources. Seattle and other cities have a wonderful harbor on Puget Sound; the recently built Great Northern liners, the largest ships ever built on the Pacific, are plying from it, and the north Pacific coast is otherwise assuming importance, so that Canadian railroads are reaching out to it. Although one would not think it in comparing Seattle and San Francisco with regard to their distance west on a map of the United States, Seattle is much the nearer to the Orient, as can be seen on a globe with the meridians converging toward the pole. Oriental trade, instead of pointing directly across to San Francisco Bay, now seems to have V-shaped intentions on the future—in one direction toward Puget Sound and in the other toward Panama. A large share of the last appropriation by Congress for rivers and harbors went to Puget Sound, harbor improvement being the thing necessary in order to reap the benefit of these natural advantages.

THE FUTURE

It is not unlikely that in a hundred years, when they are looking back at us as we are now looking back at the 4th of August, 1807, we shall be called an era, the record of which will have been written in the handwriting of the steam shovel and the hydraulic dredge. It will no doubt take some time for mud-lifting machinery to appear as romantic as does Fulton's *Clermont* proceeding with breath of fire against the will of Nature,—we are too addicted to the spectacular to see so much in a mere day-laborer

machine,—but see what it is doing. The old Ohio and Erie Canal, so long neglected, is now being rehabilitated. Long ago it had grown shallower from disuse, and when, twenty years ago, it was completely crippled by flood, it fell into utter neglect; but the times have called it into being. It is being repaired and deepened by appropriation from both the State and General governments. This refers to what is known as the northern division of the canal and the Muskingum River, which, to quote from the report of 1905, "will have opened a waterway for the shipment of unbroken packages from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico." There is a reawakened interest, a new meaning, in all the Ohio canals, and regarding the other branch of the Ohio and Erie, which would give a like connection by way of Portsmouth, on the Ohio, the board of public works, in its last report, recommends the repairing of that also, "inasmuch as there is a proposition before the General Government to improve the Ohio River from Cairo to Pittsburg, and turn it into a *great canal*." In view of the fact that the Ohio and Erie will give this connection between lake and river, there is a question in the State as to whether another canal, the Miami and Erie, reaching from Toledo on Lake Erie to Cincinnati on the river, shall be abandoned or improved. The filling up of such a canal makes a most valuable property as a right of way, especially as a railway route. Between these two alternatives, canal or other highway, the board of public works says "The Board stands for the permanent improvement of the canal."

"Private capital," as usual, has a finger on the pulse of the times. There is every reason to believe that the ship canal from Ashtabula, Ohio, to the improved Ohio River will soon be under way. Another canal company has started to cut off Cape Cod, the vermiform appendix of Massachusetts—a work long needed because of the loss of life and time and property incurred by the rounding of the dangerous cape: this will be the Panama Canal, as it were, of the Eastern coast.

Although the Chicago Ship Canal did not get its desires from the last Congress, it is being backed up by a multitude of

interests in the Mississippi Valley, and an appropriation was made for the Government engineers to survey the route. The administration itself is carving its initials across Panama, a transcontinental canal, and the big passage across New York is at last under way.

It took a poet to discover that "things are not what they seem," meaning that they are not what they seem to most people; but many commercial prophets are now saying that as the last century was the railroad-building era, the present will be, by way of distinction, the era of canal-building, and this includes not only the deepening and damming of rivers, but the dredging of harbors and seaboard approaches.

Throughout the Mississippi Valley are associations the object of which is to be attorney for the rivers and plead their deserts before Congress. It is not a sudden manifestation, but one that is just beginning to achieve its objects, the first annual convention of the Deep Waterways Association having been held at Cleveland in 1895. And it would be a mistake to infer that the movement is a mere matter of associations, with anticipative theories regarding Panama, for though that surgical operation on the continent sent a thrill up all the tributaries of the Mississippi, the present movement is only a more active manifestation of what has long been felt.

Since we began the neglect and abandonment of canals, France has quadrupled her waterways. According to figures furnished by commercial associations, the British Isles have 8000 miles of canal, and it does not all antedate the railroad. The Manchester Canal was built at a cost of \$75,000,000 to reduce freight rates for a distance of 35 miles, and while it did not prove a good interest-bearing investment on such a large expenditure, its indirect and more permanent benefits are said to have warranted it. Germany has 3000 miles of canal, carefully maintained, besides 7000 miles of other waterway. France, with an area less than we would consider a large State, has 3000 miles of canal; and in the northern part, where the canals are most numerous, the railways are more prosperous. England, Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium are all contem-

plating further extension and improvement of their canal systems.

Any class of water transportation is incomparably cheaper than land transportation, unless something better than the modern railroad is invented. For this reason the greater part of our domestic, or inland tonnage has been and is carried by water and not by rail. For that reason the railways own the largest steamers on the lakes. The wheat trade was lost to the Mississippi, not by competition, but because the railroads did not bring it there. The Mississippi above Cairo is decadent not for lack of ability to compete, but for lack of commerce, which is to say, accessibility by means of its own tributaries.

Last summer I stood on the levee at St. Louis and solemnly contemplated the Mississippi. Solemnly, I say, because I was thinking of the twenty years that had flowed by since last I saw it. Having now returned after so long an absence, I felt that it would be proper to announce myself; and so I went down the levee in hope of meeting some one who might be connected to me by water relationship, for the river was evidently suffering hard times, and something needed to be said about it. I found a number of such, all willing to help me deplore; and several boats were offered for my private use by solitary care-takers who had nothing to do but stay aboard and "watch."

Here was a big side-wheeler in the general unkempt condition that befalls a boat which is not making money. Her texas doors were open to the winds, and betrayed a single cot and olden blanket that were nevermore to be "made up"; her cabin was a bar-room and dance-hall, with the state-rooms torn out, and was entered by a door over which was a sign reading, "Please do not throw chairs overboard." She eked out enough coal to keep the breath of life going by an occasional excursion. I duly deplored, and then "reminisced" my way along till I came to one of the big Stacker Lee stern-wheelers, which was laid up in idleness while her sister did all the work. The watchman, betimes a mate, was a big, hearty, hospitable river-man who was hard on "niggers," and told me of the fabulous wages they demanded in these

days. But he was good for the soul of a white man.

"The Atlantic and Mississippi Line has gone up," I remarked.

"Long ago," he said.

"Where are the Mississippi Valley boats—that used to take the wheat down?"

"Gone up long ago."

"What became of the big elevator where we used to come?"

"That electric power-house is on the place. They don't tow down any more wheat."

"Where is old Captain A—?"

"Him? Oh, he 's up on the Yukon. Had to go to Alaska."

"Where 's B—?"

"Him? He 's on the ferry-boat."

"When does the boat leave for up the Missouri?"

"There ain't any."

"What! Is n't that river navigated?" I had come for the purpose of that trip.

"Not any more."

"Why don't some of you idle boats try it?"

"Like as not we 'd never get back."

"When does the boat leave for New Orleans?"

"There ain't any."

"No boat to New Orleans from St. Louis?"

"Not clean through. You can take the boat to Memphis; then you change to Vicksburg; then you change to Natchez, I think, and,"—but here he had to go and ask some other river-man whether it was necessary to change at Baton Rouge. This was so far away from his present-day interests that he had not thought of it lately.

We talked a while about boats that were dead and gone, and then, thinking I might have an intention of trying the way to New Orleans, he told me that I would not find Vicksburg on the Mississippi any more. The river had moved two miles away, and *was* going to move from Memphis, but they got it fixed.

I could scarcely believe that one of my years could be so completely the Rip Van Winkle of a situation. It had seemed to me entirely natural that boats should be running on the Missouri. That was what a river used to be used for.

Because of certain things which brought

me there I had a whole mindful of statistics, and now having nothing else to do, I inwardly repeated them over: "The Mississippi has 600 tributaries, of which 45 are navigable; the tributaries stretch their arms 4300 miles east and west; it has a drainage area of 1,267,454 square miles, and with its branches it has a navigable length of 15,000 miles. On a like area China supports 400,000,000." But under the circumstances the figures seemed impertinent. The whole business appeared like Miltonic imagining. However, while we were sitting there, I mentioned to my river-man some of the money that was being put into the Erie Canal.

To a man sitting on the upper guards of a steamboat out of work, with a Mississippi passing useless before his eyes, a mere canalful of water seems to come high at the price. Where there is such a large well-planned route running to waste, it seems mere folly to build a little river at so much expense. Likewise,

times have so steadily gone from bad to worse on the river that there does not seem to be much hope for the Father of Waters itself. The steamboat man at St. Louis has got pretty comfortably settled into the idea that things have gone to the dogs. The chain that lifts the California cut-off is patched with a piece of wire and a piece of twine, on which the whole engineering depends. It is not worth while spending much time or money on a steamboat. All he knows is that the railroads have got the upper hand, that they have cut into him with malice prepense, that they have got traffic bound with iron bands. Times have changed, and any remedy or "revival" at this late day seems an idle dream.

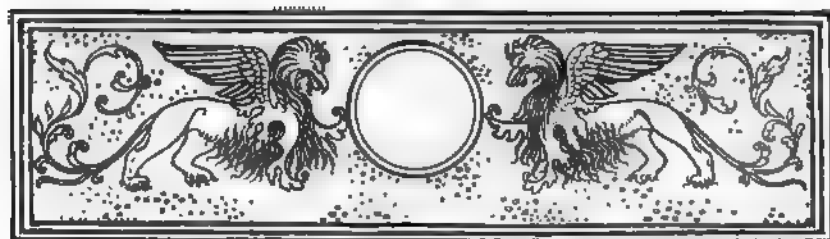
He is the opposite of the Commercial Association man. The life of a steamboat man on the Mississippi is a great panorama of climes, customs, and characters; but a map-reformer must have more of a bird's-eye view of the situation.



WHAT WOULDST THOU MORE?

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THE sun and all the stars shine on thy head,
 The grass and blossoms all are at thy feet;
 Nature's glad pageantries for thee are spread,
 Her winds loosed for thee, seminal and sweet;
 For thee young morn binds his bright sandals on;
 Pale evening leads thee to the mother-fold;
 The patient seasons serve thee; none are gone
 Of all the glories thronging from of old.
 Hoar silence sings thee her primeval lay;
 Apt dream wraps round thee her enchanting light;
 August companions walk with thee by day,
 They share thy bed in darkness of the night:
 The full years pour upon thee of their store,
 They gather for thy lap. What wouldst thou more?



HEART'S DESIRE

BY ANNIE E. P. SEARING

SHE was young, with all the hall-marks of youth's freshness and beauty upon her, and the garden on the hillside that looked over the city wall toward the Tuscan hills was very old, and held within its small inclosure the charm and mellowness of age. The ilexes that formed the sheltering arbor where she sat were planted when Ghibelline and Guelph watered those same green hills with the best blood of Italy. The marble table on which her elbow leaned had been carved before Dante went to sing his exiled songs in sad Verona, and the grim box-trees that sentinelled the path took on their semblance of beast and bird before the upstart nation of her parentage came out of its birth-throes. Far out over the landscape before her the pulsing July haze hung like a curtain. She could see the distant Castello, hung like a bird-cage on the craggy peak where she and her husband sometimes drove to talk a little with the *contadino*, and sip his matchless wine, while they looked, and drank deeper draughts of the subtler vintage of time. Beyond, the white ribbon of the road wound down into a cool, green cave of verdure, where the water slipped along over the stones in the depths of the Val d'Este.

But none of these pictures now made a conscious image on her mind. For the first time in months her heart was strangely filled, to the exclusion of other claims to interest, by the insistent thought of her mother. In some indefinable way her whole being was absorbed in a new and yearning sympathy. Very often, in the intervals of her busy mornings, she

would lay aside brush and palette and come here to look out through the framework of the arbor into a Siennese landscape that might have been a background for a Cima or a Bellini Madonna. But not to-day. The thought became like a tangible presence, and blotted out all visible objects. The well-known grace of that tall figure three thousand miles away would have seemed more real at her side than the outline of the beloved hills before her. It was almost oppressive, and it was with something like an effort to readjust herself to realities, to dispel a fantasy, that she began to go painstakingly backward over the years and to review their family experience. She felt as if she were in the clutch of some inexplicable possession, and so she forced herself to a calm, impersonal consideration of the facts of that fecund past of theirs, and her mother's story.

Josephine Poindexter had been left a widow with three small children to rear. Her scanty assets were a ready pen for fugitive journalistic work, and a courage that never recognized defeat. Poverty, weakness, fatigue, rejection, she had a way of laughing them all away that somehow soon proved to have very much the air of success. After a while it passed as success; then it was success. Her best friends never knew how she did it, but after a while they came to admit it as a thing done—two sons and a daughter put through college and established in life. The boys were now pegging away on their long climb up the ladder of the law, not arrived, but steadily mounting; and the girl, the baby, after two years of art

work, had made the ideal marriage, and had come to Italy with her artist husband. Everybody said, "How perfect!" and "Was there ever any one so wonderful as Josephine!" and "Such a *lucky* little family!"

The girl sat dreaming back into the years, with her chin in her hands, seeing visions of that "wonderful" mother during the long, long time of the triumphant work and its rewards. She felt suddenly overwhelmed with visions of things unnoticed at the time of happening—long days and half nights of arduous efforts; hollow-eyed mornings, when the unfailing brightness of expression blinded them to her fatigue; winters when she did without things; and the seasons she lived in cheap boarding-houses while they were away at college. For the first time there flowed over the girl a great wave of the loneliness the mother must have felt during the time when she had them only in the summers, and even then there had been no surcease of the constant writing. Sometimes they had taken tiny houses not too far from the editorial offices where she must report daily, and sometimes, if the children had other plans or invitations or summer courses, she just stayed on in town. Had she let them use her up, in their selfishness, or rather their self-absorption? It was very bitter to think of. But she had seemed always so gay, so instinct with life and vigor, so absorbed in her work and its demands on her time; she had ever been so dominating in mapping out the way in which they each must walk that it had probably never occurred to one of them that duty required of them aught but to walk undeviatingly therein, wherever it led.

There came to the girl with sudden and new illumination some words she had once overheard a distinguished literary man who was her mother's friend say of her: "A remarkable woman, and with a curiously dynamic personality. She could, I believe, have achieved greatness, if she had ever had time to develop her own power." That was it. She had never had time to be herself, to carve out her own career. She had spent all the best years of her life making a way for her children to live their commonplace lives. The impetus that she put upon them

was so passionate as to be irresistible, and any refusal or reluctance would have seemed base indeed to their youth and compliance. To the daughter, in her new maturity, there was a shock in this review, a sense of things distorted and awry. Then it came as a sequence of natural and ordered events; now it all seemed the history of a hideous sacrifice. So much rich and rare character and talent fairly done to death in the drudgery of the days! Why, oh, why had she given them so much! Why spent heart's blood when less was enough! She saw her through a blur of tears as she had looked on her for the last time—and now for the first she felt sure that it was the last time, indeed—the slender figure waving gay good-by from the pier as the steamer slid out,—was it a year ago?—thin and pale, but, as always, the illumination of the smile that kept the face young in spite of its lines. They had not thought of her as being ill, but urging her to come with them for a long rest, she had made answer: "First months are better alone. But perhaps—another year. Yes, truly, on my word, it shall be next year, if I may."

"Ah," was the fierce cry of revolt, "why did she let us do it! We sucked her life like vampires."

She reached out for an American magazine that lay on the table, and turned the leaves over to some verses of her mother's that she had not seen till they came to her recently in print.

"There's no time left for any wasteful doing,
Nor to get fame or gold!
No time for mocking mummeries,
And none for growing old!

"There may be coming yet some heavy
weather,
No shrinking soul, no fears!
No whining, and no showing the white
feather,
No vain regrets, no tears."

She felt that she stood on the threshold of a great inner life of that mother to which she had had no entrance during the trivial egotism of her youth. It came to her with the poignancy of a fresh discovery that here was a woman like herself who had had the cream of her early life and ambition, who had

dreamed dreams and dared projects, and just in the time of joyful promise had without a word or sign harnessed her Pegasus to the plow and gone patiently to the drudgery of bread-getting. And through all the years of their loving companionship, the only knowledge and understanding between them had been a one-sided sacrifice, a one-sided comprehension. She could always recall the mother effort to understand and help over the difficulties and instil into each a special aspiration. She had no recollection, not one, of any reciprocal understanding, of any sympathetic interest in the work of the mother hands or in her aims or hopes. Proud of her in a vague way they all were, as somehow different from other women, stronger and braver than other mothers, and a rare combination of father and mother combined; but they accepted it as natural to their state, and not worthy of note. The loneliness, the utter isolation, within her own little family-circle, of that brave soul fighting through the years a single-handed battle, came over this child of the sacrifice with such a wave of bitterness that she bent her head on her folded arms and wept in very anguish.

There was a stir of air, a breath like a sigh, and a touch on the bowed head, while a delicate pervasive odor passed. It was as if her mother had leaned and kissed the little curl on her neck as she was wont to do.

She lay still for a long time in wonder and awe, suffused with strange peace and the sense, gradually stealing over her, that all was well.

A step came down the tiny, graveled path, and she looked up into her husband's pitying eyes. She put up her

hand and pushed aside the blue envelop he held, and clung to him.

"You need not tell me," she said, and her voice was hushed with the wonder of a glimpse into the Unfathomable. "I seem to know it. I think—I am sure she came herself."

Later, when the last letter reached them, it told that she had known for a long time—knew on that summer day a year ago that the end was in sight.

"You must think of me always," she wrote, "without sorrow and without regret, as one who attained her heart's desire. I wish I could in any way make you understand the elation that filled my soul that day I saw you two sail away together into the beautiful new life that is to be yours. The finishing touches were put upon my life-work. Think what that means! I know now how it feels to have completed a great statue, written the last line of an epic, put *finis* to a book that contains the researches of a lifetime. I could have sung aloud there on that pier, have danced in the madness of my triumph and exaltation. The last of these three children that were entrusted to me accounted for in the schedule of life's reckoning. All three of these trusts fulfilled. All of them established, all of them happy. Forgive me, dear heart, but the aching loss of you was blotted out and gone in that sense of ecstatic victory, of achievement. I had won a race with Death, and triumphed in my finished task. Now I am very tired, and his friendly face has no terrors, but the smile of the angels. Here or there, child of my love, is but the distance of a breath, and if it may be, I shall keep my promise, and be with you ere the year is gone."



SALT MEADOW TYPES



PAINTED BY
EMIL HERING



THE RIVER-BOAT CAPTAIN
THE SNIPE-SHOOTER
THE FISHERMAN
THE SQUATTER



Painted by Emil Hering Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE SNIPE-SHOOTER



Painted by Emil Hennig Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE FISHERMAN

THE WILLING MUSE

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

Author of "The Troll Garden"

VARIOUS opinions were held among Kenneth Gray's friends regarding his approaching marriage, but on the whole it was considered a hopeful venture, and, what was with some of us much more to the point, a hopeful indication. From the hour his engagement was an assured relation, he had seemed to gain. There was now a certain intention in his step, an eager, almost confident flash behind his thick glasses, which cheered his friends like indications of recovery after long illness. Even his shoulders seemed to droop less despondently and his head to sit upon them more securely. Those of us who knew him best drew a long sigh of relief that Kenneth had at last managed to get right with the current.

If, on the insecurity of a meager income and a career at its belated dawn, he was to marry at all, we felt that a special indulgence of destiny had allowed him to fix his choice upon Bertha Torrence. If there was anywhere a woman who seemed able to give him what he needed, to play upon him a continual stream of inspiring confidence, to order the very simple affairs which he had so besottedly bungled, surely Bertha was the woman.

There were certain of his friends in Olympia who held out that it was a mistake for him to marry a woman who followed his own profession; who was, indeed, already much more within the public consciousness than Kenneth himself. To refute such arguments, one had only to ask what was possible between that and a housekeeper. Could any one conceive of Kenneth's living in daily intercourse with a woman who had no immediate and personal interest in letters,

bitten to the bone as he was by his slow, consuming passion?

Perhaps, in so far as I was concerned, my personal satisfaction at Kenneth's projected marriage was not without its alloy of selfishness, and I think more than one of us counted upon carrying lighter hearts to his wedding than we had known in his company for some time. It was not that we did not believe in him. Had n't it become a fixed habit to believe? But we, perhaps, felt slightly aggrieved that our faith had not wrought for him the miracles we could have hoped. We were, we found, willing enough to place the direct administration, the first responsibility, upon Bertha's firm young shoulders.

With Harrison, the musical critic, and me, Kenneth was an old issue. We had been college classmates of his, out in Olympia, Ohio, and even then no one had questioned his calling and election, unless it was Kenneth himself. But he had taxed us all sorely, the town and the college, and he had continued to tax us long afterward. As Harrison put it, he had kept us all holding our breath for years. There was never such a man for getting people into a fever of interest and determination for him, for making people (even people who had very vague surmises as to the particular eminence toward which he might be headed) fervidly desire to push him and for refusing, on any terms, to be pushed. There was nothing more individual about Kenneth than his inability to be exploited. Coercion and encouragement spent themselves upon him like summer rain.

He was thirty-five when his first book, "Charles de Montpensier," was published, and the work was, to those who knew its author intimately, a kind of

record of his inverse development. It was first conceived and written as a prose drama, then amplified into an historical novel, and had finally been compressed into a psychological study of two hundred pages, in which the action was hushed to a whisper and the teeming pageantry of his background, which he had spent years in developing and which had cost him several laborious summers in France and Italy, was reduced to a shadowy atmosphere, suggestive enough, doubtless, but presenting very little that was appreciable to the eyes of the flesh. The majority of Kenneth's readers, even those baptized into his faith, must have recalled the fable of the mouse and the mountain. As for those of us who had travailed with him, confident as we were of the high order of the ultimate production, we had a baffled feeling that there had been a distressing leakage of power. However, when this study of the High Constable of Bourbon was followed by an exquisite prose idyl, "The Wood of Ronsard," we began to take heart, and when we learned that a stimulus so reassuring as a determination to marry had hurried this charming bit of romance into the world, we felt that Kenneth had at last entered upon the future that had seemed for so long only a step before him.

Since Gray's arrival in New York, Harrison and I had had more than ever the feeling of having him on our hands. He had been so long accustomed to the respectful calm of Olympia that he was unable to find his way about in a new environment. He was incapable of falling in with any of the prevailing attitudes, and even of civilly tolerating them in other people. Commercialism wounded him, flippancy put him out of countenance, and he clung stubbornly to certain fond, Olympian superstitions regarding his profession. One by one his new acquaintances chilled, offended by his arrogant reception of their genial efforts to put him in the way of things. Even those of us who had known him at his best, and who remembered the summer evenings in his garden at Olympia, found his seriousness and punctilious reservations tedious in the broad glare of short, noisy working days.

Some weeks before the day set for Kenneth's marriage, I learned that it

might be necessary for me to go to Paris for a time to take the place of our correspondent there, who had fallen into precarious health, and I called at Bertha's apartment for a serious talk with her. I found her in the high tide of work; but she made a point of accepting interruptions agreeably, just as she made a point of looking astonishingly well, of being indispensable in an appalling number of "circles," and of generally nullifying the traditional reproach attaching to clever women.

"In all loyalty to you both," I remarked, "I feel that I ought to remind you that you are accepting a responsibility."

"His uncertainty, you mean?"

"Oh, I mean all of them—the barriers which are so intangible he cannot climb them and so terrifying he can't jump them, which lie between him and everything."

Bertha looked at me thoughtfully out of her candid blue eyes. "But what he needs is, after all, so little compared with what he has."

"What he has," I admitted, "is inestimably precious; but the problem is to keep it from going back into the ground with him."

She shot a glance of alarm at me from under her blond lashes. "But certainly he is endlessly more capable of doing than any of us. With such depth to draw from, how can he possibly fail?"

"Perhaps it's his succeeding that I fear more than anything. I think the fair way to measure Kenneth is by what he simply can't do."

"The cheap, you mean?" she asked reflectively. "Oh, that he will never do. We may just eliminate that from our discussion. The problem is simply to make him mine his vein, even if, from his fanciful angle of vision, it's at first a losing business."

"Ah, my dear young lady, but it's just his fanciful angle, as you so happily term it, that puts a stop to everything, and I've never quite dared to urge him past his scruples, though I'm not saying I could if I would. If there is anything at all in the whole business, any element of chosenness, of a special call, any such value in individual tone as he fancies, then, the question is, dare one urge him?"



Drawn by FREDERICK MESSER. Published by HOLT, RINEHART & WATSON, N. Y.

"DIDN'T I TELL YOU," SHE CRIED, "THAT WE SHOULD DO FINE THINGS!"

"Nonsense!" snapped Bertha, drawing up her slender shoulders with decision,—I had purposely set out to exhaust her patience—"you have all put a halo about him until he dare n't move for fear of putting it out. What he needs is simply to keep at it. How much satisfaction do you suppose he gets out of hanging back?"

"The point, it seems to me, my dear Bertha, is not that, but the remarkableness of any one's having the conviction, the moral force, just now and under the circumstances, to hang back at all. There must be either very much or very little in a man when he refuses to make the most of his vogue and sell out on a rising market. If he would rather bring up a little water out of the well than turn the river across his lands, has one a right to coerce him?" I put my shaft home steadily, and Bertha caught fire with proper spirit.

"All I can say is, that it's a miracle he's as adaptable as he is. I simply can't understand what you meant, you and Harrison, by keeping him out there in Ohio so long."

"But we did n't," I expostulated. "We did n't keep him there. We only did not succeed in getting him away. We, too, had our scruples. He had his old house there, and his garden, his friends, and the peace of God. And then, Olympia is n't a bad sort of place. It kept his feeling fresh, at least, and in fifteen years or so you'll begin to know the value of that. There everything centers about the college, and every one reads, just as every one goes to church. It's a part of the decent, comely life of the place. In Olympia there is a deep-seated, old-fashioned respect for the printed page, and Kenneth naturally found himself in the place of official sanctity. The townswomen reverently attended his college lectures, along with their sons and daughters, and, had he been corruptible, he might have established a walled supremacy of personal devotion behind which he could have sheltered himself to the end of his days."

"But he did n't, you see," said Bertha, triumphantly; "which is proof that he was meant for the open waters. Oh, we shall do fine things, I promise you! I can just fancy the hushed breath of the

place for wonder at him. And his rose garden! Will people never have done with his rose garden! I remember you and Harrison told me of it, with an air, before I had met Kenneth at all. I wonder that you did n't keep him down there forever from a pure sense of the picturesque. What sort of days and nights do you imagine he passed in his garden, in his miserably uncertain state? I suppose we should all like well enough to grow roses, if we had nothing else to do."

I felt that Bertha was considerably keeping her eyes from the clock, and I rose to go.

"Well, Bertha, I suppose the only reason we have n't brought him to a worse pass than we have, is just the fact that he happens to have been born an anachronism, and such a stubborn one that we leave him pretty much where we found him."

II

AFTER Kenneth's wedding, I left immediately for Paris, and during the next four years I knew of the Grays only what I could sense from Kenneth's labored letters, ever more astonishing in their aridity, and from the parcels I received twice a year by book-post, containing Bertha's latest work. I never picked up an American periodical that Bertha's name was not the first to greet my eye on the advertising pages. She surpassed all legendary accounts of phenomenal productiveness, and I could feel no anxiety for the fortunes of the pair while Bertha's publishers thought her worth such a display of heavy type. There was scarcely a phase of colonial life left untouched by her, and her last, "The Maid of Domremy," showed that she had fairly crowded herself out of her own field.

The real wonder was, that, making so many, she could make them so well—should make them, indeed, rather better and better. Even were one so unreasonable as to consider her gain a loss, there was no denying it. I read her latest, one after another, as they arrived, with growing interest and amazement, wholly unable to justify my first suspicion. There was every evidence that she had absorbed from Kenneth like a water plant, but none that she had used him more violently

than a clever woman may properly use her husband. Knowing him as I did, I could never accredit him with having any hand in Bertha's intrepid, whole-hearted, unimpeachable conventionality. One could not exactly call her unscrupulous; one could observe only that no predicament embarrassed her; that she went ahead and pulled it off.

When I returned to New York, I found a curious state of feeling prevalent concerning the Grays. Bertha was *la fille du régiment* more than ever. Every one championed her, every one went to her teas, every one was smilingly and conspicuously present in her triumph. Even those who had formerly stood somewhat aloof, now found no courage to dissent. With Bertha herself so gracious, so eager to please, the charge of pettiness, of jealousy, even, could be too easily incurred. She quite floated the sourest and heaviest upon her rising tide.

There was, however, the undertow. I felt it even before I had actually made sure of it—in the peculiar warmth with which people spoke of Kenneth. In him they saw their own grievances magnified until he became symbolic. Publicly every one talked of Bertha; but behind closed doors it was of Kenneth they spoke—*sotto voce* and with a shake of the head. As he had published nothing since his marriage, this smothered feeling had resulted in a new and sumptuous edition of "Montpensier" and "The Wood of Ronsard"; one of those final, votive editions, suggestive of the bust and the catafalque.

I called upon the Grays at the first opportunity. They had moved from their down-town flat into a new apartment house on Eighty-fifth street. The servant who took my card did not return, but Kenneth himself stumbled into the reception hall, overturning a gilt chair in his haste, and gripped my hands as if he would never let them go. He held on to my arm as he took me to his study, telling me again and again that I could not possibly know what pleasure it gave him to see me. When he dropped limply into his desk chair, he seemed really quite overcome with excitement. It was not until I asked him about his wife that he collected himself and began to talk coherently.

"I 'm sorry I can't speak to her now," he explained, rapidly twirling a paper-cutter between his long fingers. "She won't be free until four o'clock. She will be so pleased that I 'm almost tempted to call her at once. But she 's so overworked, poor girl, and she will go out so much."

"My dear Kenneth, how does she ever manage it all? She must have nerves of iron."

"Oh, she 's wonderful, wonderful!" he exclaimed, brushing his limp hair back from his forehead with a perplexed gesture. "As to how she does it, I really don't know much more than you. It all gets done, somehow." He glanced quickly toward the partition, through which we heard the steady clicking of a typewriter. "I scarcely know what she is up to until her proofs come in. I usually go at those with her." He darted a piercing look at me, and I wondered whether he had got a hint of the malicious stories which found their way about concerning his varied usefulness to Bertha.

"If you 'll excuse me for a moment, Philip," he went on, "I 'll finish a letter that must go out this afternoon, and then I shall be quite free."

He turned in his revolving-chair to a desk littered deep with papers, and began writing hurriedly. I could see that the simplest kind of composition still perplexed and disconcerted him. He stopped, hesitated, bit his nails, then scratched desperately ahead, darting an annoyed glance at the partition as if the sharp, regular click of the machine bewildered him.

He had grown older, I noticed, but it was good to see him again—his limp, straight hair, which always hung down in a triangle over his high forehead; his lean cheek, loose under lip, and long whimsical chin; his faded, serious eyes, which were always peering inquiringly from behind his thick glasses; his long, tremulous fingers, which handled a pen as uncertainly as ever. There was a general looseness of articulation about his gaunt frame that made his every movement seem more or less haphazard.

On the desk lay a heap of letters, the envelopes marked "answered" in Kenneth's small, irregular hand, and all of them, I noticed, addressed to Bertha. In

the open drawer at his left were half a dozen manuscript envelopes, addressed to her in as many different hands.

"What on earth!" I gasped. "Does Bertha conduct a literary agency as well?"

Kenneth swung round in his chair, and made a wry face as he glanced at the contents of the drawer. "It 's almost as bad as that. Really, it 's the most abominable nuisance. But we 're the victims of success, as Bertha says. Sometimes a dozen manuscripts come in to her for criticism in one week. She dislikes to hurt any one's feelings, so one of us usually takes a look at them."

"Bertha's correspondence must be something of a responsibility in itself," I ventured.

"Oh, it is, I assure you. People are most inconsiderate. I 'm rather glad, though, when it piles up like this and I can take a hand at it. It gives me an excuse for putting off my own work, and you know how I welcome any pretext," he added, with a flushed, embarrassed smile.

"What are you doing, anyhow? I don't know where you 'll ever learn industry if Bertha can't teach you."

"I 'm working, I 'm working," he insisted, hurriedly crossing out the last sentence of his letter and blotting it carefully. "You know how reprehensibly slow I am. It seems to grow on me. I 'm finishing up some studies in the French Renaissance. They 'll be ready by next fall, I think." As he spoke, he again glanced hurriedly over the closely written page before him; then, stopping abruptly, he tore the sheet across the middle. "Really, you 've quite upset me. Tell me about yourself, Philip. Are you going out to Olympia?"

"That depends upon whether I remain here or decamp immediately for China, which prospect is in the cards. Olympia is greatly changed, Harrison tells me."

Kenneth sighed and sank deeper into his chair, reaching again for the paper-cutter. "Ruined completely. Capital and enterprise have broken in even there. They 've all sorts of new industries, and the place is black with smoke and thick with noise from sunrise to sunset. I still own my house there, but I seldom go back. I don't know where we 're bound

for, I 'm sure. There must be places, somewhere in the world, where a man can take a book or two and drop behind the procession for an hour; but they seem impossibly far from here."

I could not help smiling at the deeply despondent gaze which he fixed upon the paper-cutter. "But the procession itself is the thing we 've got to enjoy," I suggested, "the mere sense of speed."

"I suppose so, I suppose so," he reiterated, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. "The six-day bicycle-race seems to be what we 've all come to, and doubtless one form of it 's as much worth while as another. We don't get anywhere, but we go. We certainly go; and that 's what we 're after. You 'll be lucky if you are sent to China. There must be calm there as yet, I imagine."

Our conversation went on fitfully, with interruptions, irrelevant remarks, and much laughter, as talk goes between two persons who have once been frank with each other, and who find that frankness has become impossible. My coming had clearly upset him, and his agitation of manner visibly increased when he spoke of his wife. He wiped his forehead and hands repeatedly, and finally opened a window. He fairly wrested the conversation out of my hands and was continually interrupting and forestalling me, as if he were apprehensive that I might say something he did not wish to hear. He started and leaned forward in his chair whenever I approached a question.

At last we were aware of a sudden slack in the tension; the typewriter had stopped. Kenneth looked at his watch, and disappeared through a door into his wife's study. When he returned, Bertha was beside him, her hand on his shoulder, taller, straighter, younger than I had left her—positively childlike in her freshness and candor.

"Did n't I tell you," she cried, "that we should do fine things?"

III

A FEW weeks later I was sent to Hong-Kong, where I remained for two years. Before my return to America, I was ordered into the interior for eight months, during which time my mail was to be held for me at the consul's office in Canton,

the port where I was to take ship for home. Once in the Sze Chuen province, floods and bad roads delayed me to such an extent that I barely reached Canton on the day my vessel sailed. I hurried on board with all my letters unread, having had barely time to examine the instructions from my paper.

We were well out at sea when I opened a letter from Harrison in which he gave an account of Kenneth Gray's disappearance. He had, Harrison stated, gone out to Olympia to dispose of his property there which, since the development of the town, had greatly increased in value. He completed his business after a week's stay, and left for New York by the night train, several of his friends accompanying him to the station. Since that night he had not been seen or heard of. Detectives had been at work; hospitals and morgues had been searched without result.

The date of this communication put me beside myself. It had awaited me in Canton for nearly seven months, and Gray had last been seen on the tenth of November, four months before the date of Harrison's letter, which was written as soon as the matter was made public. It was eleven months, then, since Kenneth Gray had been seen in America. During my long voyage I went through an accumulated bulk of American newspapers, but found nothing more reassuring than occasional items to the effect that the mystery surrounding Gray's disappearance remained unsolved. In a "literary supplement" of comparatively recent date, I came upon a notice to the effect that the new novel by Bertha Torrence Gray, announced for spring publication, would, owing to the excruciating experience through which the young authoress had lately passed, be delayed until the autumn.

I bore my suspense as best I could across ocean and continent. When I arrived in New York, I went from the ferry to the "Messenger" office, and, once there, directly to Harrison's room.

"What 's all this," I cried, "about Kenneth Gray? I tell you I saw Gray in Canton ten months ago."

Harrison sprang to his feet and put his finger to his lip.

"Hush! Don't say another word!

There are leaky walls about here. Go and attend to your business, and then come back and go to lunch with me. In the meantime, be careful not to discuss Gray with any one."

Four hours later, when we were sitting in a quiet corner of a café, Harrison dismissed the waiter and turned to me. "Now," he said, leaning across the table, "if you can be sufficiently guarded, you may tell me what you know about our friend."

"Well," I replied, "it would have been, under ordinary circumstances, a commonplace thing enough. On the day before I started for the interior, I was in Canton, making some last purchases to complete my outfit. I stepped out of a shop on one of the crooked streets in the old part of the city, and I saw him as plainly as I see you, being trundled by in a jinrikisha, got up in a helmet and white duck, a fat white umbrella across his knees, peering hopefully out through his glasses. He was so like himself, his look and attitude, his curious chin poked forward, that I simply stood and stared until he had passed me and turned a corner, vanishing like a stereopticon picture traveling across the screen. I hurried to the banks, the big hotels, to the consul's, getting no word of him, but leaving letters for him everywhere. My party started the next day, and I was compelled to leave for an eight-months' nightmare in the interior. I got back to Canton barely in time to catch my steamer, and did not open your letter until we were down the river and losing sight of land. Either I saw Kenneth, or I am a subject for the Society for Psychological Research."

"Just so," said Harrison, peering mysteriously above his coffee-cup. "And now forget it. Simply disabuse yourself of any notion that you've seen him since we crossed the ferry with you three years ago. It's your last service to him, probably."

"Speak up," I cried, exasperated. "I've had about all of this I can stand. I came near wiring the story in from San Francisco. I don't know why I did n't."

"Well, here 's to whatever withheld you! When a man comes to the pass where he wants to wipe himself off the

face of the earth, when it's the last play he can make for his self-respect, the only decent thing is to let him do it. You know the yielding stuff he's made of well enough to appreciate the amount of pressure it must have taken to harden him to such an exit. I'm sure I never supposed he had it in him."

"But what, short of insanity—"

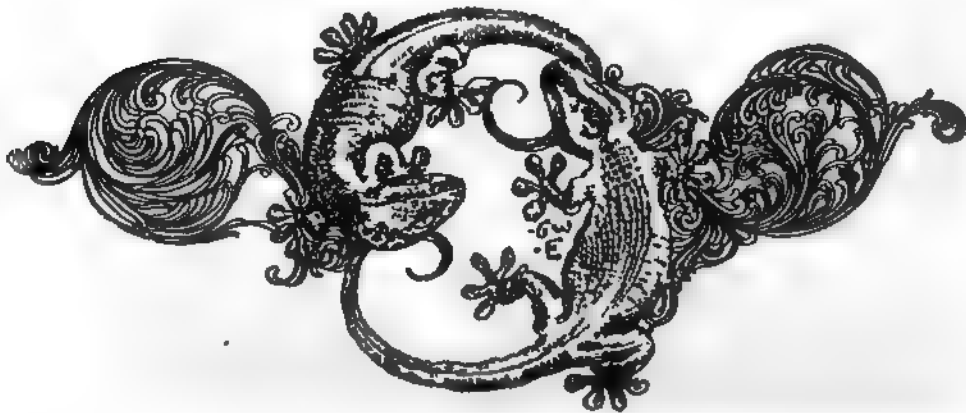
"Insanity? Nonsense! I wonder that people don't do it oftener. The pressure simply got past the bearing-point. His life was going, and going for nothing—worse than nothing. His future was chalked out for him, and whichever way he turned he was confronted by his unescapable destiny. In the light of Bertha's splendid success, he could n't be churlish or ungracious; he had to play his little part along with the rest of us. And Bertha, you know, has passed all the limits of nature, not to speak of decorum. They come as certainly as the seasons, her new ones, each cleverer and more damnable than the last. And yet there is nothing that one can actually put one's finger on—not, at least, without saying the word that would lay us open to a charge which as her friends we are none of us willing to incur, and which no one would listen to if it were said.

"I tell you," Harrison continued, "the whole thing sickened him. He had dried up like a stock fish. His brain was beaten into torpidity by the mere ham-

mer of her machine, as by so many tiny mallets. He had lived to help lessen the value of all that he held precious, to disprove all that he wanted to believe. Having ridden to victory under the banners of what he most despised, there was nothing for him but to live in the blaze of her conquest, and that was the very measure of his fall. His usefulness to the world was over when he had done what he did for Bertha. I don't believe he even knew where he stood; the thing had gone so, seemed to answer the purpose so wonderfully well, and there was never anything that one could really put one's finger on—except all of it. It was a trial of faith, and Bertha had won out so beautifully. He had proved the fallacy of his own position. There was nothing left for him to say. I'm sure I don't know whether he had anything left to think."

"Do you remember," I said slowly, "I used to hold that, in the end, Kenneth would be measured by what he did n't do, by what he could n't do? What a wonder he was at not being able to do it. Surely, if Bertha could n't convince him, fire and faggots could n't."

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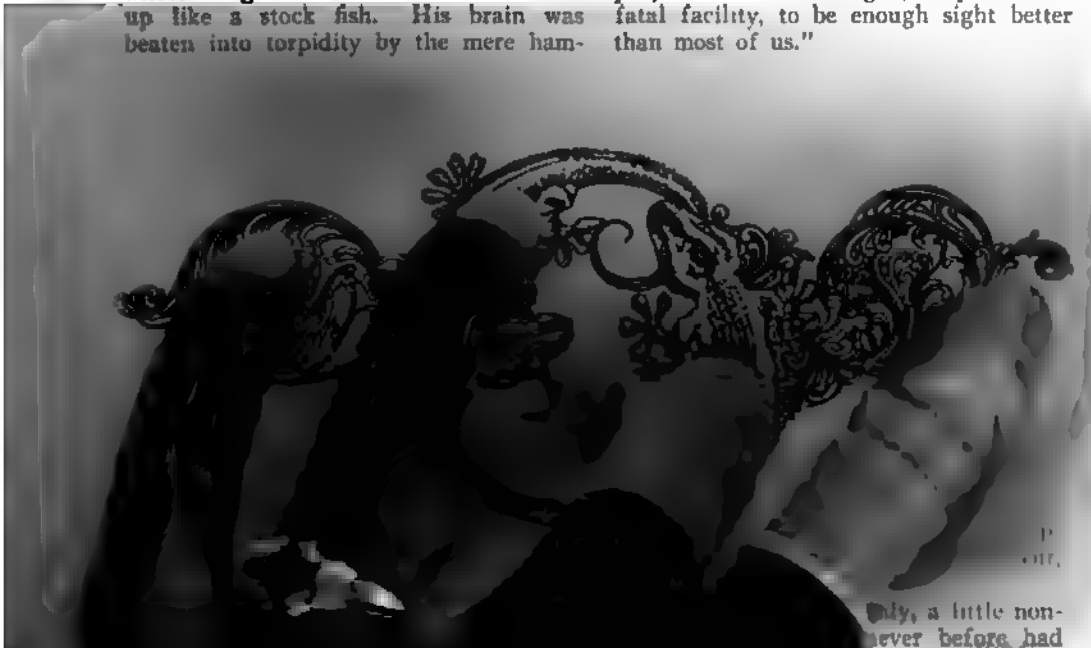
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Only, a little non-
ever before had

WADDY'S AUTO RIDE

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

Author of "When You Were a Boy"

BECAUSE he firmly intended to buy an auto, for three weeks Mr. Waddy, his mind soaked with auto lore, had been riding experimentally in machines embracing all types and colors, it seemed to him; yet here was an outfit absolutely unique.

The chauffeur wore evening clothes made of yellow oilskin. The trousers were tucked into bright-red, flaring-topped jack-boots reaching almost to the thigh, and his hands, and arms to the shoulder, were encased in bright-red, equally flaring gauntlets. On his shirt-front was the name of the auto, an obscure, very odd name which Waddy furtively studied and never quite mastered, while upon his head was a fireman's helmet with a miner's lamp set in it. He was further protected by a student's eyeshade and a veil of mosquito-netting. Yes, assuredly he was a queer-appearing chauffeur.

"Wait a moment," he bade; whereupon he wrapped Waddy's neck with a huge fur boa,—much like the seventy-five-dollar gray boa which Waddy had presented to Mrs. Waddy as a pacification when she protested against the extravagance of an automobile,—and carrying the ends up across the ears, knotted them securely over Waddy's hat.

"(Our patent muffler," explained the chauffeur. "This is the only car—" His voice died away.

The car itself, a cross between an undertaker's wagon and an omnibus, was high and square, and black, with yellow polka-dots. It had a bowsprit, and beneath the bowsprit was of course a figurehead, a mermaidish woman whose countenance resembled that of the Waddys' latest domestic, Lizzie.

The car was entered by crawling un-

der and squeezing up through a hole in the bottom. During the squeeze, Waddy's clothing accumulated considerable grease from a mass of machinery; but he knew that he should not complain about such a little thing. He sank down upon the upholstering within; down, down he went to his chin! He felt like a currant in dough. The cushion fitted about his form, holding him fast.

"(Our patent clutch," explained the chauffeur, in a strange, faint voice. "Impossible for any one to fall out—"

The chauffeur cranked with an instrument like an old-fashioned coffee-grinder, attached to what might be termed a dashboard. Immediately there was a whirling rattle, and a shrill ringing as of an alarm-clock. The auto started. The figurehead began to sing "Dearie."

"Ah," thought Waddy, "that is the siren, of course."

He noticed that the car was steered by the bowsprit. Wherever the bowsprit pointed, the car followed. The bowsprit appeared to swing from angle to angle, as it was manipulated by the chauffeur.

Looking beneath his feet, through a glass window, Waddy descried, far below, the backs of many horses, rising and falling in perfect cadence, as if all the horses were pacing. It struck him that this was a very convenient method of demonstrating the horse-power, and he tried to count the backs, but failed. However, he estimated that it was probably a forty-horse-power car. He wondered if the car rested upon the backs, or if there was a treadmill arrangement. The chauffeur must have observed that the horses were attracting attention, for suddenly he said, "Rear!" and instantly the horses, with one accord, ran or paced backward.

"Reverse speed," explained the chauffeur, in his thin, unreal voice.

It was a beautiful and inspiring sight—those forty or so backs, rising and falling together.

Waddy was astonished to find that he was not sunk to his chin any more, but was perched high on a stool with long, unsteady legs. The seat of the stool slowly and regularly turned on a pivot, as stool-tops of a screw nature do, and turned him with it.

"Our patent revolving-seat," explained the chauffeur, thinly.

Waddy deemed it a very precarious kind of seat, so high and so spindly and so befuddling. Giddy, he hung on with both hands, and endeavored to view the scenery as he slowly spun.

An electric car was bearing down toward them; at the street intersection they would meet. The chauffeur did not slacken, and Waddy fruitlessly called his attention to the peril. The stool was so very, very high, and the patent muffler kept getting into Waddy's mouth, obstructing it. Should there be a collision, what a fall he would have from that stool! thought Waddy, agonized. Horrors! Desperately he clung, but with a soft, mushy sound they passed right through the car, and kept on going. There was no shock perceptible at all.

"Our patent jar-absorber," the chauffeur was explaining. "You see, we scarcely felt—" His voice, floating upward, died away.

Waddy relaxed his grip, the danger being past. The siren figurehead was still singing "Dearie." *She* was not harmed, then. He was glad, because if she *was* Lizzie, that new domestic of theirs, even though she would not wash or cook or sweep, and they were nevertheless paying her forty dollars a-month, it would be terrible should anything happen to her.

What a wonderful auto this was! If only he might recall the name of it!

The street dipped abruptly—a long hill. The chauffeur pulled a lever, which evidently opened a valve, for a turgid curtain of oil spread in front, as from the pipe of a watering-cart. The oil drifted back in a fine spray, and Waddy comprehended why the clothing of the chauffeur was of impervious material. He wished

that he himself had worn his mackintosh; but the elevation of the stool was a wise provision.

At the crest of the hill the wheels of the auto curiously flattened, and, as if upon runners, the machine, its path lubricated by the oil-curtain, proceeded to coast.

"Our patent sliding-gear," explained the chauffeur, far away. "We are the only—"

The speed waxed terrific. What a swoop! On his high revolving-stool Waddy swayed dizzily. If he fell off he would break his neck, because they were going at least a mile a minute. The hill (was this Main street?) was lined with people, watching. He saw his wife. Did she recognize him, and realize his predicament?

Thank Heaven! the car slowed. They were in the country, with no sign of habitation near them. The car stopped, and the chauffeur got out. He touched a button, and the revolving-seat telescoped, with a motion like a pneumatic chair in a barber's shop; and Waddy, relieved, also got out.

"What 's the matter?" he inquired.

"It 's a long distance tire," explained the chauffeur; "but it 's the quickly detachable."

He snapped a front tire off as easily as one snaps a rubber band from a fruit-jar, and leaning it against a tree beside the road, hung upon it a label, "Bien-olionufsky." Waddy recognized this as being the name of the auto, but he could not determine whether it was French, Italian, or Russian.

He walked about the machine, with wise manner, inspecting. The figurehead was still persistently singing "Dearie," but he did not dare look at her, lest she might be Lizzie, and would think that he was spying upon her. Domestic of to-day are so sensitive. It was none of *his* business that she was here.

"What is the motive power of this machine. Gasoline?" he asked, of the chauffeur.

"Gasolean or gasofat—it depends upon the feed," informed the chauffeur, gravely.

"Oh," responded Waddy, a little nonplussed. The matter never before had

been put to him thus, but it sounded reasonable. "And what is the style of body? I don't think that I ever saw a machine just like it."

"I tonneau," replied the chauffeur.

While Waddy puzzled over whether the man said "I dunno," or meant that it was an "I" tonneau, whatever variety of tonneau that might indicate, the man crawled back through the hole in the bottom. Waddy hastily followed, and perched upon the stool. It occurred to him that another tire should have been placed, but off they started.

"It seems to run just as smoothly as ever," he ventured to remark, for the bare rim was not in the least noticeable.

"Smoother," corrected the chauffeur. "Only three fourths as tired, you know."

"The poetry of motion," murmured Waddy.

"Right you are," agreed the chauffeur. "I had forgotten. Excuse me."

He let his fingers wander over a piano keyboard, which somehow appeared in front of him. Every time that he pressed a key, the auto squawked. He recited:

"Why waits that magnate, oh, so long,

While dark it grows, and darker?"

"To take upon a run-about

Some lovely little sparker."

The worm gear raised his beady head:

"And think you that he'll get her?"

"No, no," the strut-rod proudly said.

"You know, a car-boor et her."

Waddy hoped that car-boor did not refer to himself. He had tried to treat the chauffeur politely.

"Water cooled?" he found himself asking.

The chauffeur opened a cock in the base of the keyboard, and a stream gushed forth.

"Full springs," he declared. "See?"

The demonstration was convincing; but the water suddenly came steaming hot, and then ceased altogether.

"Watch out!" cried the chauffeur, excitedly. "Turn on the fourth cylinder! The dry battery is leaking, and has dried up the springs!"

Waddy struggled to obey. Where was

the "fourth cylinder?" The **boa muffler** hampered his vision as he **essayed** to search about him for something indicating a valve. The stool had shrunk, and was doll's size, not more than **six inches** high; his knees were elevated; the **boa** was crowded up by them, and he retained his seat only with utmost difficulty.

No, he did not want *this* machine. It would not suit his wife, he was certain. It called for too much stress.

Behind rang out a hoarse shout.

"On torpedo deck! On torpedo deck!" yelled the chauffeur, madly.

Beneath him Waddy instantly beheld the decked-over bows of a **torpedo-boat**, and he himself was atop of a **conning-tower**. Mounted police were galloping furiously after them. They had exceeded the speed limit!

Forward rushed the auto, while in its stern stood the chauffeur, in **fireman's** helmet, through a **nozzle discharging** round balls—torpedoes! Or was that the exhaust?

"Bang!"

Whenever a ball struck a **policeman**, there was a report, and the **policeman** and horse vanished. At each "**hit**," an instrument in the auto counted **harshly**: "One!" "Two!" "Three!"

"That must be the **annunciator**," thought Waddy.

Faster and faster flew the auto. From the exhaust-nozzle poured the **torpedoes**, like small India-rubber balls, **annihilating** the pursuers. The ride was most exhilarating, but Waddy wondered if they would be hanged when caught.

"Dearie! My dearie!" sang the **siren**, piercingly. Louder it sang, and more insistently. Why, it was his wife! With a distinct shock the auto stopped. Waddy blinked about him.

"DEARIE! Dearest!" appealed his wife, shaking him. "You've been having the most awful dream here in your chair!"

"Well, I don't want *that* auto," stammered Waddy.

"I'm glad there's one you don't want," retorted his wife.



Bust of Forbes-Robertson. By Emil Fuchs

Ever yours sincerely
J. Forbes-Robertson

THE NON-RESISTANCE OF AMOS

A STORY OF THE "PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH"

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Author of "The Things That Are Cæsar's," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

THE farm-house, which was red, two and a half stories high, with flat gables, and shutters of a brilliant green, stood in a neat little yard, shut off from the gleaming pike by a pale-fence of equal whiteness. From the gate a narrow brick pathway, bordered by parallel rows of inverted clam-shells, led straight to the pale-blue porch, which was a mere platform, seven, or at most eight, feet square, with twin benches, hard and narrow, nailed fast at each side of the doorway, where the house-wall was economically employed for the back.

Amos Driesbach sat on one of these, and his neighbor, Daniel Schlegelmilch, on the other. When one adds that there was to be neither immediate funeral nor wedding on the farm, one has shown clearly that the late afternoon was that of a Sunday; since in no other case would the front porch have been in use and its master enabled to sit there, with his large, hard hands clasped in his lap, and his mild brown eyes gazing idly toward the distant, wooded hills and over the rolling fields of yellow wheat, ready for harvest, and of green tobacco just beginning to tremble in the first perceptible breeze of the summer day.

To the Philistine from the city, Amos would have seemed in few particulars different from his guest, or, for that matter, from any of a hundred other farmers in the Lancaster County country-side. From the black, low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats of each—to an uninitiated eye they were almost shovel-hats—the customary locks of deep brown were cut

square across the forehead and, behind, fell below the collar, where they ended in the precise line that is eloquent of home-barbering, guided by the useful earthen bowl. Each man wore coarse, brown woolen clothes, with short coats secured by hooks and eyes and cut in almost clerical fashion, and with waistcoats which, at the neck, were scarcely cut at all; and each had strong, regular features, brick-red from the warm sun above and the healthy blood beneath; a straight mouth, very determined, yet very ready to smile; and cheeks clean-shaven to the line of the lower lip, where the dark-brown beards began, and curled downward, hiding the throat. Amos, of course, had an obvious advantage in age,—he must have been ten years the junior of his neighbor,—and, though a small man, was a little straighter, a little easier in the carriage of his muscles, and while not perhaps stronger, certainly more pliant,—a little "snappier," as an athlete might put it, but nothing beside.

Schlegelmilch raised the edge of his waistcoat with his right hand, to permit the laborious extraction of his left hand from the horizontal opening to a trousers-pocket in which it had been buried to the wrist.

"So-o," he said, "*die Mabel ist todt.*" He sighed, though whether from physical exertion or mental reflection it would be difficult to determine, since Mrs. Driesbach's demise had occurred fully a month before.

Amos's brown eye softened, and he permitted himself only the briefest nod.

"Yes," pursued Schlegelmilch, this time raising the waistcoat-edge with his left hand in order to permit a possible symbolic interment of the right—"yes, she was a good Mabel; but she *is't* *todt*. Her schnits und knep was the bes' I ever et, and my Sarah she says the same still. She was a good cooker of the meat, too, if I *have* had besser wedgables a'ready. How are you gettin' *ou* wisout your woman yet, Amos?"

Amos cleared his throat.

"Ok," he answered, "about as well as you 'd sink fer. Martha Lutz she 's yet a good housekeeper fer me, but it ain't what it used to. I want to bow to the Lord's will, Daniel, but it ain't what it used to."

"Oh, I give you right, Amos; I give you right. But it must be a great comfort that you felt the call a'ready."

"It is," Driesbach assented. "I get a lot of good out of church yet. But that 's because die Mabel wanted me to join."

Schlegelmilch raised the thick, black eyebrows, which nearly joined above his aquiline nose. He was a pillar of the faith, and in this sentiment of his neighbor's he dimly heard the bell of heterodoxy.

"A man don't join for no such reasons as them, Amos," he said severely; "or if he does, he does it to his own damnation."

But Driesbach remained undisturbed. He shrugged his broad shoulders, and even smiled pleasantly.

"A man ought to love his wife, ain't?" he inquired.

"Yes, but—"

"We-el," Amos concluded, disregarding the interruption, "I guess, then, the Lord ain't goin' to damn no one for doin' what his wife wants—specially if it 's joinin' the house of the Lord."

He spoke with an air of finality and with a glitter in his eye which Schlegelmilch, remembering the high esteem in which Amos had always held the lightest whim of the dead woman, decided had better be met with silence. Consequently there was a long pause, such as was not so uncommon between them as to seem strained to either, and during which both men sat gazing idly at the far-off hills, lighted now with the departing rays of the early July sun.

It was Amos who broke the pause. His

remark seemed, at first, apropos of nothing at all, but was, in reality, the logical outcome of thoughts awakened by Schlegelmilch's recent attitude.

"And I am goin' to buy one of them sewin'-machines," he announced.

Daniel's eyes bulged large with horror.

"*Arc* you goin' to buy one of them sewin'-machines?" he echoed.

Again the unruffled Amos nodded.

"But, Amos," cried Schlegelmilch, "it ain't right, them sewin'-machines. They ain't Ghristian. They 're a wanity."

"Mebbe," said Amos, placidly.

"Why, it 'll be li'snin'-rods next you 're gettin'," continued Daniel.

"I was sinkin' about li'snin'-rods some, too," confessed the widower.

But there Schlegelmilch felt himself upon sure ground.

"*Kook amul to*," he exclaimed. "Li'snin'-rods won't help you still if the Lord means fer to strike you; and if He don't mean fer to strike you, it 's just srowin' money away a'ready."

"Perhaps," assented Amos; "but what if He ain't still sinkin' about you one way or anozer? But that makes nussing," he continued, his firm mouth tightening above the chin beard until two deep dimples were shot into the brick-red cheeks. "About that sewin'-machine, I 'm fer gettin' it."

Schlegelmilch's faith could bear no more. He rose, and faced his seated host, one hand still deeply pocketed, but the rude forefinger of the other shaking a warning emphasis.

"Amos Driesbach," he said, "man an' poy I have knowed you yet. I knowed your fazzer and your muzzer. And not these sirty year have I had hard words wis you. But right here our two roads run away against each other. It 's all because you worked oncet on the railroad and got them city ways. Ten year pack it may be, mebbe, but you 're a wordly man. Them orrick sewin'-machines is a wanity. Next it will be a puggy with springs, and then suspenders, and puttons on your front coat!"

The dimples deepened in Driesbach's two cheeks.

"I 'm fer gettin' a sewin'-machine," he reiterated so emphatically that the statement might have been a fresh one.

"But w'at fer good will it do you,

Amos Driesbach? Lizzie Lutz she can't run no sewin'-machine."

"Na."

"And there ain't no uzzer woman on the farm, ugh?"

"Na."

Schlegelmilch's imprisoned hand had broken jail with a general convulsion, and his arm spread wide in wonder.

"Then w'at fer are you goin' to get a sewin'-machine?" he gasped.

Amos did not move. His gaze continued calmly beyond his interlocutor, but there was a moment of pause.

"Because," he said at last, "die Mabel she always was fer wantin' one."

Schlegelmilch's wonder only deepened. "But die Mabel," he began—"what good is a sewin'-machine? Why, die Mabel *ist todt!*"

"Yes," nodded the widower; "die Mabel *ist todt*; but she always was fer wantin' a sewin'-machine, and I balked her, like, about it. And now she *ist todt*. It was all I ever balked her fer; so I 've bin studyin' over it still. I 'm fer buying a sewin'-machine."

Once more Schlegelmilch raised his bulky hand and opened his wide mouth to protest. But he got no further; he got, indeed, only so far as a sight of Driesbach's brown eyes, and in those usually quiescent depths saw a gleaming phosphorescence which stopped him short. The hand fell to his side, the mouth closed slowly, and Daniel turned and shuffled off the porch.

"*Gutenobit*," he said.

"*Gutenobit*," replied Amos, and continued to gaze out into the gathering twilight across the fields. It was there, half way to the woods, that the family graveyard lay.

Yet, quietly as Amos sat pondering and inoffensive as he seemed, Daniel Schlegelmilch's expressed opinions of him were, in truth, only those which the large Amish community had, for some years, silently held concerning him. At best he was regarded as a brand snatched from the burning, and snatched none too soon. Every one agreed that there had been some severe, if not irremediable, charring in the flames of the world, and there were



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruget

"HE, AS AN INFIDEL, HAD TO HANG ABOUT THE OUTER DOOR"



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins
 "IN THE EARLIER DAYS AT THE RED SCHULHAUS
 ON THE PIKE"

not a few who suspected that, deep beneath these singed edges, there yet glowed some sparks of the evil fire.

Amos had, in fact, seen the city. As a wild young rake he had even descended toward the pit as far as the railroad,—the young Amishman's one way of escape from the estate of his ancestors,—would take him. He had become a brakeman in the freight service; had lived for a while in Lancaster, for a while in Downingtown, and for five whole months in Philadelphia itself. Worse than this, he had joined the road's Young Men's Christian Association. Heaven only knew what false doctrines he had imbibed at such a font; but certain it is that, at the association's gymnasium, he had taken, and made brilliant success in, a course of physical development, which, since it included thorough instruction in the art of fisticuffs, was enough to bear horror to the hearts of all *wehrlos*.

But that was all ten years ago. Here

and there the old Teutonic *Wanderlust* reappears among this quiet people, and, with a pagan voice that will not be denied, calls a young man away from home and the home traditions; away from the habit and the occupation of his fathers; away even from the faith for which his forebears once walked calmly to the stake. Such a call had come to Amos, and he had obeyed it as one must. Yet the wisest call cannot long hold any good Pennsylvania German from his own; for the *Wanderlust* is only the beginning of the *Heimweh*; and so, like all the others, Amos, a decade ago, had, in every sense of the word, returned.

Perhaps it was of what followed that he was thinking as he sat there in the twilight, while the long, purple shadows crawled over the yellow fields, and the lamps were lighted in the house behind him. Certainly he had never yearned again for the glories of the town; and so it must be that now, as the evening drew



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THEY INSISTED THAT HE MUST FORSAKE THE WORLD"

its gray veil between him and the silent burying-ground, his thoughts reverted to that day of his home-coming when he, still the rustic on the city street, but in the country lanes a swaggering, flashy, light-stepping, quick-moving villain of twenty, had met Mabel Leidy at that *Liebesmahl* which, though he, as an infidel, had to hang about the outer door, had proved so veritable a "love-feast" for him.

A child he had left her and a woman he found her again, demure and sweet, with the patient hazel eyes, the cheek like the peaches in old Yeager's sunny orchard, and the voice that, at the "sing-in's," was as fresh and sweet as in the earlier days at the red *Schulhaus* on the pike. But Mabel was a woman of her people. Across her breast the modest kerchief met, and under her dumpled chin, where were tied the ribbons from her brown sun-bonnet, there peeped forth the thick, white strings of the hidden cap which bespoke the Amish faith. Amos sought the elders of the church, as a man must do before he seeks even the maid

herself, and when they insisted that he must forsake the world before they would consent to his suit, forsook it with a free heart.

Perhaps he was thinking of these things that evening, and of the *Glücktrinker* at the wedding and the games of the infare; but more likely it was of the ten quiet years that followed, during which slowly—very slowly, as it seemed to his fellows—he reverted to the hereditary type, and, after his parents' death, took up the prosperous farm that had been the Driesbachs' for a century and a half. It must have been that now his mind was full of that time of undisturbed contentment—undisturbed, save that, to the neat, well-ordered, scrupulously clean farm-house, no little children came—a circumstance as rare in the country side as Driesbach's quondam flight cityward, for which, indeed, it was generally supposed to be a punishment. Surely the quiet man with the brick-red face and the hard, folded hands was thinking of these things, and of how the gentle woman had gone her patient way, and then at

last had died, and her first little baby with her.

The Amish is a silent being, both in his sorrows and his joys, though he feels deeply and keenly. Amos, therefore, bore this blow as becomes a man and as was the habit of his neighbors. But he thought much, and the determination which had excited Daniel Schlegelmilch's righteous ire may have been the outcome of some surviving primitive faith demanding sacrifices to the departed. At any rate, it was fixed, and, since Chance works swiftly when she turns a hand to the dramatic, opportunity dawned with the next morning.

On the pike, by the side of the field where Amos was working, there paused a light wagon, driven by a thick-set man in a shepherd's plaid suit of clothes, a gaily decorated straw hat, and a pink negligée shirt into which had been screwed a large diamond stud. The man's face matched his shirt, and his nose went it three shades better. He had a black mustache, and another diamond glittered from his big right fist; but these things did not impress Amos, whose whole attention was absorbed by a bright, brand-new sewing-machine, which, in all the

glory of its "latest modern improvements," stood in luring novelty in the wagon.

The event was so pat upon his invitation that the racial caution of Amos Driesbach took the wings of the morning and went as far as they would carry it. Natural hesitancy, the dread of the strange, the sense for a bargain—all these were his birthright, and all forsook him in the instant of need. Scarcely pausing timidly to finger the curious engine of domestic industry, he replied in the affirmative to the agent's question as to whether he wanted to buy a sewing-machine. Regretting only that the instrument in the wagon was a sample, he trudged quiescent to the house, his hypnotized eyes constantly on the wagon, and there, without reading it, he signed and returned the partly blank "order" which was offered him by the resplendent agent, who straightway thanked him, mounted again into the wagon, and, in a retreating pillar of dust, disappeared down the pike.

That was the second of July. By the second of August Amos had not yet received his sewing-machine, but on the second of September he received—what was



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"THERE PAUSED A LIGHT WAGON, DRIVEN BY A THICK-SET MAN"



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by K. Varley

"WHAT IS THIS HERE NON-RESISTANCE
WE BELIEVE IN?"

almost as rare—a letter. It was from a particularly disagreeable note-shaver in Lancaster, and, in the briefest and most businesslike manner, it informed Amos Driesbach that, two months previous, the writer had bought up the said Driesbach's note of hand to James Conners, and that the five hundred dollars acknowledged therein would be due on the second of October next following.

An Amishman may not go to law, and, in spite of the sore doubts of his neighbors, Amos was as faithful as his somewhat flickering lights permitted. He knew so little of things legal that he had some difficulty in understanding the letter; but he consulted with the ecclesiastical authorities, and as the ecclesiastical authorities, precisely after the manner of the legal ones, decided that there was nothing for him to do but to pay the money, he paid it, though not one minute

before the time specified in the detestable note of hand.

It was on the way back from Lancaster that he stopped at Schlegelmilch's farm. Daniel, just fresh from the day's work, was quitting his hard ablutions under the pump by the shed at the rear of the farm-house. His shirt was open at the neck, exposing his hairy chest, his sleeves rolled up above knotted arms, his face gleaming redder than ever, and the fresh water sparkling on and trickling from his beard.

"Hootay," greeted Amos.

"So-o," drawled his neighbor, smiling broadly, "you 've been an' paid that little note a'ready, Amos?"

Driesbach nodded.

"Ok, we-el," continued his neighbor, "I venture now you see you should ought to go the Lord's way still. I give you warn, remember. The Lord ain't got no

love fer them, I says. Sewin'-machines it 's a wanity, I been told you, but you would n't nefer listen oncet."

Amos waved this aside.

"Daniel," he said quietly, "I 'm still fer gettin' a sewin'-machine."

Schlegelmilch's hands paused in the midst of rubbing the long hair which rose now in a mop on his round head.

"Wha-at?" he demanded.

"Yes, die Mabel wanted the house should have it, and I 'm fer *gettin'* one. But that ain't what I come ~~fer~~ to talk with you still. I want to know what is this here 'non-resistance',"—he found the word with difficulty,—“what is this here *non-resistance* we pelieve in?"

Daniel pondered. Like many other articles of faith, this, he found, was easier to repeat than to explain.

"Why, don't be so *dumm!*" he at length ventured. "Non-resistance, that means not to *resist* like." Then he paused.

"Yes?" Amos encouraged.

"Yes," pursued Daniel, feeling his way; "*wehrlos* they don't make no soldiers."

"And in a fight, Daniel?"

"Ok, there! If a man hits you, you must not hit him pack yet."

"If a man hits me, I must not hit him pack yet?"

"So-o."

Driesbach pondered.

"Is that *all*, Daniel?"

"That is all, Amos."

"*Gutenobit.*" And Driesbach turned away.

A week later, however, he created a new scandal in the country-side: he took in a Lancaster newspaper, and not a weekly paper, either, but a regular city sheet, published every evening. True, it was not delivered at Driesbach's farm before the morning following its publication, but that made a difference only in the effect of the evil, and none in the wickedness of the intent.

Yet if Amos suspected the scandal which he was creating, he seemed certainly not to regard it. As long as the autumn weather permitted, he sat on his back porch every evening, with the paper held close to his eyes, and there, to the silent awe of his farm-hands, laboriously spelled out every word of it—news, edi-

torials, and advertisements. And when at last winter set in, he wasted pennyworth after pennyworth of oil pursuing the same course indoors, wholly oblivious to the proud sniffing of Lizzie Lutz. All through January, February, and March he continued in his practices, but not until a day in late April did he find the item of which he was in search. Then, with his clumsy fingers he carefully ripped it out of the sheet, and bestowed it, as if it were treasure-trove, in the great, fat wallet of his brown coat.

The clipping, if one may call it that, read as follows:

(Special to the *New Era*.)

Christiana, Pa., April 20.—A smooth individual who has thus far unfortunately escaped arrest, has been trying a neat bunco-game for a day or two in this portion of Lancaster County. He drives about through the farming district with a sewing-machine which he says is a sample of a line of goods he is offering at a cut-throat price. He gets farmers interested, and then works the old dodge of having them sign a "contract" which turns out to be a promissory note. Up to the latest reports, he has not succeeded in catching any suckers on the note proposition, but there have been one or two instances in which he got a small advance payment from his intended victims. The authorities are on the look-out.

As soon as he had secured this valuable piece of information, Amos routed his employees from bed, and gave them certain instructions for the conduct of the farm. The next day one of them got out the old wagon, covered with yellow oil-cloth, drove him into town, and left him at the railroad station.

It was quite ten days later that Amos overtook his prey. What trials he had endured, what weariness of body and despair in spirit he had borne, it boots little to relate. Suffice it that he scoured a circle twenty-five miles in diameter before he came upon the trail, and that, throughout every mental and physical torture, he had been sustained by that hard sense of justice and inflexibility of purpose which is the heritage of all his race. In the deepening evening he was making his slow way along a deserted stretch of road when he saw the unforgettable wagon, with its mem-



Drawn by Frederic R. Croger Half tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"WHOLLY OBLIVIOUS TO THE PROUD SNIFFING OF LIZZIE LUTZ"

orable driver, jogging jauntily toward him.

They would have gone by him, but Amos quietly stepped forward and barred the way. His firm hand gripped the bridle, and forced the horse's head violently backward, until the red nostrils were high above him.

The wagon came to a sudden stop, and the driver rose in his seat and leaned forward, his thick face half-angry, half-startled. He had been in a merry mood, for a season which had opened inauspiciously had that afternoon turned for the better; he had just sold two notes of hand for six hundred dollars. The money, however, was at this moment reposing snugly in an inside pocket of his gay coat, and the sudden appearance of an unknown man with so strange a form of address contained, therefore, an element of alarm.

"Here, you!" the agent shouted. "What do you mean, anyhow?"

As he spoke, whip and reins dropped from his hand and Amos saw the quick glint of steel in one of them.

"I was kind of sinkin' I 'm fer gettin' a sewin'-machine a'ready," he answered mildly, and then, in a voice almost disappointed, he added humbly: "Or are they *all*?"

It was a speech, in spite of the prefatory action, calculated to inspire trust. Mr. Conners—for that was certainly one of his names—noisily dropped his revolver, in sheer astonishment, upon the floor of the wagon.

"You want to git a sewin'-machine?" he echoed. "Well, it 's a queer way to go about it, holdin' a fellow up like a regular hand-out man!"

"Are they all?" repeated Amos, carefully retaining his point of vantage at the horse's head.

"What?" asked Conners.

"The sewin'-machines."

"What about 'em, Jake?"

"I said, are they *all*?"

"*All*? All what?"

"*All* any more."

"O-o-oh!"—Conners threw back his head and laughed,—“you mean are they *all gone*!”

Amos began to make his way along the horse's flank, one hand upon the shaft. He was smiling stupidly.

"Su-ure," he responded. "*Are* they *all*?"

"Well, no; they ain't 'all,' I guess. Anyhow, there 's plenty more where this un come from, that 's sure."

Amos had slowly advanced to the dash-board. Now he stepped around the wheel, between the spokes of which he planted one heavily booted foot, and leaned suddenly forward, reaching a pair of apparently gesticulating hands before him.

"I sough mebbe they was *all*," he explained, "because that one you sold me for five hunnerd last fall I ain't *got* yet."

It was only then that Conners recognized him. With a wild bellow he stooped for the fallen revolver.

But Amos had been too quick for the agent. One dexterous twirl of the gesticulating hands and he had pushed the weapon out of harm's way; another and his arms were about Conners's feet. Three seconds later and the shepherd's plaid gentleman—for he was dressed precisely as on the occasion of their last meeting—was lying flat on his back in the dust of the road.

He was up in a bound, arms raised and fists clenched.

But the mild-eyed farmer raised an open hand, and the swindler, in sheer amazement, came to a pause.

"Just *e-easy* fer a minute," said Amos. "*Ich will dir's explehne*. Mebbe we can talk some about it first."

Conners turned an eager eye toward the wagon, in the shafts of which the weary horse stood at ease. But Amos quietly slouched forward and barred the way.

"Well, what d' y' want?" snarled the agent. "You signed the note all right. 'T ain't my fault if you can't read right. The law can't touch me."

"Na," admitted Amos, "the law can't touch you still. I guess it 's had touchin'

enough out of me, a'ready. But I would n't go to na law, annyways; I 'm Amish."

"Are you? I 'm obliged to know it, I 'm sure, whatever it is. But what d' y' want, then?"

Amos smiled genially.

"The damage fer them sewin'-machines," he replied, "you said was forty *dollars*. I want a sewin'-machine an' four hunnerd and sisty dollars. Then my ticket to Ghristiana that was forty cents yet," he continued with the glibness of one who is repeating a well-learned lesson; "and I 've spent sree dollars and fifty cents more fer board and lodgin', goin' after you. Four hunnerd and sisty dollars, and forty cents is four hunnerd and sisty dollars and forty *cents*. Four hunnerd and sisty dollars and forty cents, and sree dollars and fifty cents, is four hunnerd and sisty-sree dollars and *ninety* cents. I want that machine and four hunnerd and sisty-sree dollars and ninety *cents*."

Conners's expression changed from the puzzled to the merry.

"Oh, you 're a fool!" he laughed. "Get out of my way."

He made one step toward the wagon, but a strong, hairy hand met his chest and pushed him back. Amos meant firmness merely, but the result was almost that of a blow. Conners stopped abruptly, panting hard.

"Get out my way!" he thundered again, raising a fist on which the diamond was still flashing.

"Four hunnerd and sisty-sree dollars and ninety *cents*," repeated Amos, in a sing-song. "And if you don't give it, I must make you."

"You make me? I 'd like to know how!"

"I guess I 'll have to *fight* you oncet," said Amos, calmly.

"*You* fight! Why, you clumsy fool—"

And there Conners stopped, for a great, red fist at the end of a long arm was wagging at the tip of his thick nose.

"*Try* it once a'ready," suggested Amos, smiling.

What Conners would have liked to do there is no saying. Perhaps, at the first, he pitied his dupe as thoroughly as he despised him. In any case, however, the presence of the fist served to recall his

recent tumble into the road and to restore him to a saving sense of wrong.

"I *will* try it!" he shouted, and for a third time raised his flashing fist.

Amos, as it descended, caught it fast and, with a leap closed in. Immediately Conners found both his wrists firmly pinioned in the farmer's left hand.

"Na," said Amos. "I 'm one of the *wehrlos*, I tell you. If you hit me first oncet I could n't resist you: it would be ag'in' the *Good Book* rule. But there ain't no rule ag'in' me hittin' you first a'ready, so we must start *that* way."

Faith without works Driesbach held in scorn. He translated his text immediately into action, and administered a resounding slap upon Conners's broad cheek.

"Now," he resumed in a matter-of-fact tone, "take your coat off still and come on."

But Conners, taught a new regard for his rustic antagonist, instantly assumed a fighting attitude.

"I guess I can lick you with my coat on," he growled. "Come ahead!"

Not so Amos. "We-el, I 'm fer taking mine off," he said.

With a sweep of the long arm, he cast his brown coat of almost clerical cut by the side of the road, and placed his broad-brimmed black hat upon it. Next, he quietly rolled his shirt-sleeves far above the pliant elbows, ripped open his shirt at the base of his strong neck, and so stood ready for the fray.

Ready, indeed. With the putting aside of that coat, which was the emblem of peace, ten years dropped from his shoulders. His back straightened; his body swayed gracefully; his head, beneath its rounded shock of flowing brown hair, rose proudly, the chin up, and the very hairs of the beard bristling. Again he was breathing, through quivering nostrils, the close atmosphere of the old railroad gymnasium; again he saw its lights and heard the cheers of on-looking friends; again he faced a rival in the ring.

Nor was the antagonist, dimly aware of the change and endeavoring to meet it, wholly unworthy. Conners had swept away his own hat and, though he had not taken off his coat, had compromised by buttoning it tightly about him. He ap-

peared, after all, the fighting animal. Under the bristling, close-cropped, black hair of a bullet-head was a mere patch of forehead, the brows beetling, the eyes twin, glowing beads. His heavy nose was matched by an equally heavy jaw, and under his crisp black mustache he was endeavoring to sneer until he showed fangs as strong and as yellow as those of a wolf. His whole body was a knotted mass of muscle; he must have had an advantage of twenty pounds in weight and six inches in height, and, though his bovine neck puffed out above his collar, he was clearly in excellent trim.

Amos came forward lightly, despite his heavy boots, and the two faced each other, arms extended, fists clenched, sparring for an opening. The swindler's eyes were already red with anger, but the eyes of the Pennsylvania German were not angry. They were worse: they were resolved.

"One arm free," he said, smiling, "and no fighting in the break-aways."

There was a flurry of fists. Amos feinted with his left, followed with his right to his opponent's unguarded cheek, and then the battle had begun.

Snarling, panting, gasping, Conners tried to "rush his man" and overcome by sheer force of weight, but for a while the little fellow, his long hair flying out behind him in a small puff, the pennant of battle, blocked every blow. They met, clinched, and separated.

Again and again was this repeated, and each time Amos was less and less successful in his defense. Once Conners achieved an ugly blow between the farmer's eyes, and immediately afterward placed another almost upon the tingling spot of its predecessor. The fists of each were landing now with a curious *thuck-thuck*, but though Conners had succeeded in evoking a white rage to his assistance, and tried for the face, Amos was perfectly cool, calm, calculating, playing always for the "wind," yet never fouling, never striking a hair's breadth below the waist. And, as the fight progressed, his smile broadened above his wagging beard. In his brown eyes there showed the proud light of battle, of the love of fighting for fighting's sake. The man was renewing his youth and sloughing off the skin of environment. Behind the



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"I TOLD YOU TO TAKE YOUR COAT OFF YET!"

generations of persecution and restraint stood the old Adam belligerent.

Both were now taking considerable punishment, but, though the welts on the little man's face were the more noticeable, his less frequent but more deadly body-blows were beginning to tell perceptibly upon his big antagonist. Somehow he felt the unfair handicap of a superior knowledge.

"Try oncet fer my *vind*," he cried, hopping nimbly about his heavy adversary, and landing a terrific blow in the short-ribs. "Try oncet fer my *vind*."

It is uncertain whether or not this angered Conners beyond his small powers of endurance. What is certain is that he rushed again into a clinch and clutched Amos fiercely, running in as if to avoid punishment and flinging his arms about his enemy's neck. Amos calmly embraced his opponent, delivering short jabs the while in the small of the fellow's back, and finally pushing himself free, his hands on Conners's chest. And then, in separating, when Driesbach's guard was down, the swindler fouled cruelly with a swinging blow below the waist.

"I 'll get your wind all right, — you!" he gasped, and followed the foul with a smashing bang on the German's nose.

Amos fell back, doubled up and gasping. But before the enemy could once more "rush him," he managed to get up his guard and check the approach. The sweat was in his eyes, but he brushed it away with a free hand. On the pink of his upper lip there sprang a patch of crimson. The blood from his nose got into his mouth, but he spat it out, and kept playing with his fists while the enemy advanced again.

Head down, bellowing and snorting like a bull, Conners hurled himself forward, his arms lashing out in swinging blows, his great fist, with its flashing diamond, moving like a flail. But Amos, white now with pain though he was, sprang lightly aside, and, as the man lurched past him, landed a stinging welt upon the fellow's great, red ear. Conners staggered to the fence and, gripping it hard, leaned there, blowing.

Amos, instead of following, waited calmly in the middle of the road, though

with a tight mouth twisted in pain, left foot forward, crouching, his fists moving gently before him, his head protected by a broad shoulder slightly raised.

Conners eyed him bewilderedly for quite half a minute.

"I told you to take your coat off yet," said Amos.

At that rage again claimed Conners, and with it action. He dashed wildly forward, arms once more flying, and made another attempt to use his superior weight to crowd in and foul. But this time the little farmer was prepared. He met the rush gracefully, warded the vicious blow, and landed a mighty fist, with a full sweep, neatly upon his enemy's chin.

The big man's head shot forward precisely as if his neck were broken. He doubled at the waist and the knees, and so, trembling, with closed eyes, crumbled to the ground.

Amos, his brown eye again alight, hopped about the corpse-like figure, ready to resume the fight, and glibly counting.

"One, two, sree," he began, and so reached ten without a sign from Conners.

Then he dared to turn his back upon his adversary and fetch some water from the meadow-stream across the pike.

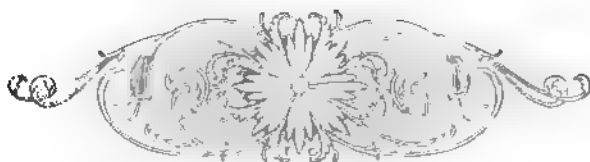
When the swindler opened his glazed eyes, his head was in Amos's lap. Driesbach had resumed his coat, and with it the greater part of his faith.

"Well," gasped Conners, "I reckon you can take the purse an' the gate receipts, too."

"Sag," said Amos; "it would only be fair-like if I knocked off twenty—if I knocked off one dollar fer the fun I had."

"What do I owe ye, then?"

"The sewin'-machine, because die Mabel wanted one in the house—vis a bill of *sale* fer it—and four hunnerd and sisty-sree dollars and ninety *cents*. And I 've been sinkin' like, while I was fightin' you yet, that if that money had been in the bank all the way to Lancaster these eight mont's, there 'd be the *ind'rest* on it a'ready. The law says the *ind'rest* would be twenty dollars, but *wehrlos* don't *hold* by the law none; we lend each ozzer at a lower rate; so I 'll say *four* per cent., which would be sixteen dollars an' sisty-sree cents. We 'll call it four hunnerd and seventy-seven dollars and twenty-sree *cents*, wis seventy-five cents off, say, fer the fun I 've had. I brought along a lot of *silver* wis me yet, so I could make *change* a'ready."



SONG

BY HELEN HAY WHITNEY

LIGHT of the World, what are violets but eyes of you!
 Perfume—your hair blowing back on the breeze!
 Ah, but the fugitive, dainty surprise of you
 Pricking in green on the blossomy trees!

Give me the sun of your smile to be fire to me;
 Give me the moon when the passion has gone;
 Give me the light, to be dream and desire to me,
 Down the dark alleys that lead to the dawn!

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

LOUIS CHEVIOT was one of those who reached the Klondike in the autumn of '97. A lucky chance brought him the opportunity of going shares in a lay on Bonanza with a man whose fitness for "pardnership" he had tested coming over the awful pass, and shooting the Hootalinqua Rapids.

The two had washed out ten thousand dollars apiece by the end of June, and with the prospect of making an even better thing of it the next year, Cheviot left his partner to carry on the development of the lease, and turned his bronzed face homeward.

He was as certain now as before he had garnered this experience that for wild life, *qua* wild life, he had no taste. That it should be so was partly, strange as it may sound, a result of the cool and balanced mixing of the elements in him. He had no physical sluggishness to be sloughed off by harsh impacts, no mental inertia to be hammered into action by hard necessity, no crust of chrysalis that must be broken before the winged life might emerge, no essential wildness of spirit that needed training, no excess of ungoverned ardor that needed cooling in the Northern frosts. So it was that he was coming home with little gain but bullion, since he had gone forth with smaller need than most, of the lesson learned in chastening the body, or the lightning revelation of some crushing danger.

He could endure hardship with reasonable patience for some reasonable end, but the gains of civilization were, in his eyes, too excellent to be even temporarily abandoned without a sense of heavy de-

privation, which affected him like a loss of common dignity.

Even though he had not one, he loved the idea of home. He loved his friends and all the friendlier aspect of the earth—gardens, ordered communities of his kind, and all man's device for socializing life and regulating the unruliness of nature.

And there was Hildegarde, who had not answered either of his two letters. Why was that? He felt a contraction of the heart as he refused to allow himself to formulate surmise; yet if any one had come and said to him, "Galbraith's in Valdivia," he would have felt it no surprise.

Some friends of his were going out by the Yukon River route. He knew it to be unlikely that he should return to this part of the world. As well see that aspect of it, too, since he might do so in congenial company.

It was really the company that decided him; that was responsible for a circumstance that changed the entire course of his own and several other lives. Instead of going back as he had come, by the shorter way, he found himself at the end of July, with seventeen hundred miles of river behind him, waiting at the mouth of the Yukon for the San Francisco steamer.

He heard with surprise that there was a letter for him at the post-office. The more strange, if true, since his coming to St. Michael was less than mere chance: it had been unlikely in the extreme.

However, upon demand, an envelop appeared in the window of the little post-office. Before it ever reached the hand of the man waiting without, he recognized Hildegarde's writing. He tore it open to



Drawn by L. E. B. and J. C. M. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Merrill

BRETHREN! HE SAID, 'THE ANGEL OF THE LORD HAS BEEN WITH ME.
HE HAS SHOWN ME GREAT RICHES.'" (SEE PAGE 585)

read a hurried résumé of what she said she had already written him at length to Dyea and to Dawson, and now repeated, on the bare possibility of his taking the American route home; for her father was just setting out by that route to the far North, and by the same ship that carried her letter. His plan of campaign was not generally known, and all she could say with certainty was that he would be at St. Michael some time in August. She greatly hoped that if Cheviot should be passing that way, or even if he found that he could arrange to go there without too great personal cost, that he would look out for her father. She "quite approved," Cheviot read with incredulous eyes (Hildegarde, who had thought the expedition mad for a man young and as sound as an oak)—she quite approved her father's going. At the same time she did not forget that he was no longer young, and being so lame, was at a disadvantage. "Good Lord, I should say so!" The upshot was that she "lived upon the hope" that Cheviot would bring her news of Mr. Mar. The ideal thing would be that they should come home together. If Cheviot brought that about she would be "unendingly grateful."

No syllable about Galbraith.

Cheviot went straight to the Alaska Commercial Company's Hotel and looked through the names registered since the season opened. Not a Mar among them. So the ship that brought the letter had not brought Mr. Mar, for this was the only conceivable place he could have stayed in. It was no small personal relief to Cheviot that wiser counsels had prevailed.

The same afternoon it was noised about the office that a steamer had just been sighted. After all, Mar might only be delayed. While most of the population rushed down to the beach, Cheviot scribbled a hasty note and handed it to the clerk.

"If a man of that name should come in on this ship," he began.

"He has n't gone back yet," interrupted the clerk, studying the superscription.

"You don't mean he's here already?"

"Well, he *was*."

"When? It can't be the person I mean."

"Lame man about sixty? Yes, yes; remember him perfectly. Could n't quite make him out, for he did n't seem to care a tinker's curse about getting to the Klondike. The boys set him down finally as a sort of a missionary, because,"—with a laugh—"he seemed so ready to go the wrong way."

"Which way?"

"Up the coast to Golovin Bay." No, he had n't come back. A trader from Kwimkuk, who had been down for supplies, said Mar was staying up there at the Swedish mission. That was all the clerk knew. He was turning the pages back to the entries of the previous summer. "That's the man."

And there was Mar's unmistakable signature staring Cheviot in the face.

"But that's '97," he said, bewildered. He pulled out Hildegarde's letter, and looked again at the date. It was a year old.

Shortie Hinkson stopped sweeping out the office to say: "One o' them missionary fellers come down here from Golovin Sat'day. No, he ain't gone back yit. I seen him only a little while ago goin' by the A. C. office."

When, a few minutes later, among the crowd down by the old Block House, the missionary was run to earth, Cheviot found him a great, tow-headed Swede, looking as if he had been not so much cut out of wood, as hacked out, and with a very dull implement at that. Close at his elbow, and appealed to now and then for verification of some statement, was a thin, little, dark man, with glittering black eyes and a turn for silence.

The tall missionary was bargaining for some "canned stuff" with the great A. C. Company's agent, Captain Seilberg. This magnate, leaning against one of the mounted cannon the Russians had left behind in '67, was looking through a spy-glass at the ship discernible on the far horizon, while between ejaculatory oaths he "did business" with the rugged Lutheran. Waiting for a chance to introduce himself, Cheviot wondered aside to a bystander, why those two talked English to each other.

"Oh, Seilberg's a Norwegian."

"No, a Dane," put in another, over-hearing.

"I thought," said Cheviot, "they could

all understand one another, after a fashion—all Scandinavians."

"Scanda who? Well, anyway, they're too thick on the ground in Alaska for us to bother about fine distinctions."

"Yes," agreed the customs officer, as Cheviot pressed forward to speak to the missionary, "so far as we're concerned, they're all Scandahoojians together."

Yes, Mr. Christianson knew Mr. Mar. Mr. Mar was still at the Mission House up at Kwimkuk. How to get there?

The big missionary turned to his silent companion, who still stood gloomily by. Mr. Bjork and he would n't mind taking back a passenger in their boat. They were going just as soon as they'd settled matters with Captain Seilberg.

"Vell, I von't keep you," said the great man, cavalierly, shutting up the spy-glass with a snap. "Dat's not the *Trush*—Got dammer!" He turned testily away. Mr. Christianson followed, with words about rebate on "damaged cans," Mr. Bjork followed Mr. Christianson, deaf to Cheviot's questions about Mar, with eyes fixed in glassy abstraction on the red-brown scoræ underfoot.

THE two "Scandahoojians" and their passenger left St. Michael the next day in the little sail-boat *St. Olaf*, managed with no small skill by Mr. Bjork. It was the rugged Christianson, however, who issued the orders, and, strangely enough, considering his aspect, supplied the social element and the information. If you saw Christianson alone, you would have thought him one of the grimmest works of God; but seeing him beside Bjork, you would find him almost genial.

What chiefly occupied Cheviot, as the *St. Olaf* sped through the windy drizzle, was a growing wonder as to how Hildegard's father had come to be stranded up here all these months, and how a man accustomed to creature comforts, a cripple, and close on sixty, had endured the conditions of life at Golovin. What *were* the conditions at Golovin. Curious to know, for Hildegard would ask; afraid to know, for Hildegard must be answered, he kept seeing in flashes, and as through the eyes of a girl, all the probable harshness of the old man's adventure.

Cheviot's questions about Golovin were

interpreted by Mr. Christianson somewhat narrowly, eliciting an account of how the mission prospered, what the native population was, how many were converts, and other matters not strictly to the point Cheviot had in mind.

"Yes, *oh*, yes; dere is great acti-vitty. You can see in our reports. Ve make great progress. Ve bring de true light to many who sat in darkness. But ve arre poor—meezerabble poor. Nobody know, what haf not lief dere, how harrd de life. Eh, Bjork?"

Bjork, sheet in hand, gloomily assented, without aid of speech.

Cheviot caught his glancing eye. "Are you—a—a—at the mission, too?"

The dark man studied the course, and held on his silent way.

"Oh, yes; Mr. Bjork ees von of os. He is not long dere; but he understand. Ve haf great need of vorkers. So he come."

"You mean—you sent home for Mr. Bjork?"

Mr. Christianson stared a moment. "Send home? Oh, it is far to Sveden. Heaven is nearer."

It was Cheviot's turn for mystification.

"Vhen ve need helpers," Mr. Christianson explained, "ve pray for dem. God send os Mr. Bjork."

He spoke with a curious matter-of-factness.

"Oh," said Cheviot. "And—a—how did Mr. Bjork know where to find you?"

"He see Kvimkuk in a vision. He see de mission house, and he see me, too. Eh, Bjork?"

The helper nodded with preternatural gravity.

"Where were you," said Cheviot, "when you had the vision?"

"On board a vhaler. Dat's vhere Bjork vas," proudly Christianson answered for him. "On de vhaler up in Grantley Harbor, while I am down dere at Kvimkuk praying for help."

"But how could he leave his ship?"

"Little boat," said Christianson, laconic for once.

"Oh, the captain let him off?"

Christianson shook his pale locks. "You do not know vhat dey are, dose vhaling captains."

"You don't mean—" in his astonish-

ment Cheviot addressed the dumb navigator again, as if given such a theme he must at last find tongue—"you don't mean you—" and then he halted, for there 's something about the impact of the word "deserted" that men shy from—"you don't mean you left the ship without leave?"

Bjork's face never changed; but not so Christianson's. He regarded his acolyte with a somber enthusiasm. "It vas yoost like Bjork—say nodding; ybost follow de call. Dat 's Bjork."

"Pretty big risk I should have thought."

At which, somewhat to Cheviot's surprise, Bjork gave a sharp little nod, and Christianson showed his long, yellow teeth in a rather horrible smile.

Cheviot felt egged on to say: "Don't they shoot deserters up here?"

"Yes," said Bjork, speaking for the first time.

"If dey find dem," amended Christianson.

Bjork's little eyes glittered. His thin lips moved faintly, as if they too would have smiled had they ever learned the trick of it.

"And you came straight to Kwimkuk?" persisted Cheviot. "No; he land oop by Sinook," Christianson said. "He see dat not de place he vas shown in de vision, and dose vhaler fellows after him de next day. Bjork hid in de scrub vilow, and creep along vid hands and knees. After two days he come to a native camp. Next morning he see out dere dat *Seagull* comin'. But he haf an-odder vision. He know now he haf to get a squaw to hide him in de bottom ob a kyak, and take him like dat down de coast to Golovin. Terrible long journey! I am down dere on de shore when de squaw beach de boat. I see Bjork crawl out de hole in de middle, half-dead, and look round. Look all round. Den I hear him say in Svedish, 'Dis de place!' and I say, 'Vad plads?' leedle surprised. And he come right avay up to me, and he say: 'De Lord sent me.' So I see he vas de man I pray for."

"Oh! And when he is n't managing a boat—up at the mission, what does Mr. Bjork do?"

"Oh, he help," said Christianson, with

unshakable satisfaction in the answer to prayer. "Better as anybody he can preach."

"*Preach!*" echoed Cheviot, not believing his ears.

"Yes, Bjork not talk *mooch* except when he is in de pulpit, or when he haf a refelation."

Well, they were odd *Hausgenossen* for Hildegarde's father. How long had Mr. Mar been with them? Cheviot asked. Ten or eleven months. He had got to St. Michael too late last year to reach the Klondike. He just had time to go and take a look at Golovin Bay, when the winter overtook him at Kwimkuk. So he stayed there.

But this summer? Well, he was taken ill just about the time the ice went out of the bay—no, no, he was all right now. Mrs. Christianson had nursed him. Christianson did not know what Mar's plans were,—doubted if anybody did,—though he was laying in supplies for some sort of excursion. He once had an idea of going all the way to Teller Station to see the Government reindeer. That was Mar's stuff there in the boat. Of course it was little use now to go to the Klondike. Besides, what incentive had a man of that age to face the hardships of prospecting in the Arctic? It was no matter if such a man had not great fortune. He would n't know how to use it. He had not—Mr. Christianson was sorry to say it, but Mr. Mar had not the true light.

From which Cheviot gathered that Mr. Mar had not contributed all he might to the cause of righteousness. But it was a relief to know that he had not been in straits.

"He seem to haf blenty to pay his bills." So why had he come up there, caring neither for money nor for missions? Here Cheviot caught the momentary gleam in Bjork's little eyes—a question in them, but unspoken, like all else that went on in the close-cropped bullet head. Cheviot became aware that his old friend had somehow succeeded in making himself an object of intense curiosity to these queer folk.

They all liked Mr. Mar, though (Christianson tried to catch Bjork's eye, but the dark one declined confederacy)—though Mr. Mar had done something a

little while ago that made a great deal of trouble.

"Hein? Vell, it vas like dis. Von of our great deeficoolty is de vitchcraftiness of de natives. Not a season go by vidout dey have to tie up some von." He pursed his wrinkled lips and slowly shook his colorless locks.

"Oh," said Cheviot, feeling his way. "How long do they keep them tied up?"

"Till dey confesses, or till dey dies."

There was need, then, of the missionary in this savage place, where Hildegarde's father had had to spend a year of his life.

"And if they confess, it 's all right, is it?" asked Cheviot.

"If dey confess, and if dey go and get a piece of de fur or whatever it is dat dey 've cut off de clo'es of de person dey been vitching, and if dey give it back and promise never again."

"And then they 're forgiven?"

"Yes. Sometimes dey 're stoned, sometimes dey 're yoost spit at and den let to vander away; but dey 're forgiven."

"Oh, like that? Well, I wonder they trouble to confess."

"Dey like dat better dan to be dead."

"Dead?"

"Burnt."

"Really? They went as far as that? But now—you mission people, I suppose, have put a stop to such goings on."

"Ve are not greater at Kvimkuk dan Saul at Endor."

Cheviot stared.

"But Mr. Mar," the missionary went on, "he vill be viser dan de prophets. He t'ink dere are no more any vitches. Not even vhen he see dat Yakutat girl dey call Omilik—not even vhen he see vhat she have done. But von day Mr. Mar hear some noise, and he go down to de beach, and he see de girl tied to de tall stone ve fastens our boats to. He see dey been beating her, and now dey pile up de driftwood round, and he, not understanding,"—the missionary explained, with an air of forbearance—"he not understanding, he try to interfere. Dey very mad, of course. Dey send for me. I tell Mr. Mar I *know* dis girl have vitched a baby and two men. De vomen all know it; everybody but Mr. Mar know it quite vell. Mr. Mar get very oxcited, and say he not believe it. Dey bring de baby. He say: 'Dat a sick

baby, anyhow.' He not understand at all. Dey go on vid making de fire. Mr. Mar yoost goin' to do somet'ing foolish vhen de girl cry out: 'I confess. Yes, yes, I do all dem t'ings.' 'Dere, you see!' I tell Mr. Mar. So dey make de vitch go and bring de little pieces vhat she cut off de baby coat, and off de men's clo'es for to vitch dem vid. Dey all holla vhen dey see dose t'ings—all but Mr. Mar. He say de natives dey all done dat; dey all steals pieces off everybody in de settlemint, 'cause dey so 'fraid, anybody get sick, dey be called vitches; and if dey not got any pieces to give up, dey know dey shall be burnt. 'So dey all keeps plenty 'gainst de evil day,' says Mr. Mar.

"He mek so great foos, I tell dem yoost to tie de girl so she not wriggle out, and leave her dere like dey done Chuchuk last year. So dey does dat. Ve all goes away.

"Von day and night, two day and night, t'ree day and night, dat girl yoost de same. Dey cooms to me and says, 'Somebody gif dat vitch to eat.' I say nobody vill do a t'ing like dat. Dey say dey sure. Next night dey vatch. Dey see Mr. Mar go down vid bread and vater. You can t'ink dey are mad. It is good I am dere. I say: 'Vait! I vill talk vid Mr. Mar.' I do dat."

His faded, white-lashed eyes grew sterner still as he recalled the interview.

"Well, what happened?"

"It vas for me a moment of great responsibeeleete. De more ve talk, de more I see it ees for Mr. Mar a mattter of sentiment. *No*, of *nairves*. For os it ees a matter of religion. Ve live vid dose people, ve teach dem, ve feed dem in time of famine, ve nurse dem ven dey are sick; but ven dey do vat the Yakutat voman haf done—"

His low, booming voice went out across the surf, leaving behind a trail of menace, like the deadened roll of a distant gun.

"What then?"

Cheviot's eyes were held by the fiery look on the rugged face; impossible to doubt the burning sincerity that gave its ugliness that moment of almost uncanny power.

"Mr. Mar see it no good to say dere is no more any vitches vid dat Yakutat

voman at our door. So he say ve shall not be crool even to a vitch. Den I tell him: 'A man also or a voman dat haf a familiar spirit or dat is a vizard shall surely be put to deat': dey shall stone dem vid stones; dere blood shall be upon dem.' 'For all dat do dese t'ings are an abomination unto de Lord.' "

After a silence, "What did he say to that?" Cheviot asked.

"Hein—hn—hn!" Christianson shook back the square-cut hanks of tow that fell from under his hat. "Not even Mr. Mar," he said, with an air of triumph,— "not even Mr. Mar talk back to Moses."

But the good man's satisfaction seemed short-lived. He was grave enough as he went on: "Big storm in de night. Next day no vitch dere." He waved a great bonny hand toward Kamchatka.

"Vitch gone off vid de vind."

Then lowering his voice, as though out there in the sea hollows listeners might be lurking, he bent forward:

"If dey vas to know Mr. Mar go down in de storm, and cut de rawhide for let dat vitch go!" Again, with grim foreboding, he shook the hanks of tow.

"Ve all like your friend, but ve sorry see any yentleman t'ink he know better as de Bible."

x

CHEVIOT found Hildegard's father virtually a prisoner.

His board and lodging had been too welcome a source of revenue to the mission for Christianson to feel called upon to smooth the way for his departure, and Mar had been some time in grasping the fact that his plan of hiring a boat and a couple of natives to go up the coast for a "look at the country," was hopelessly knocked on the head since his interference in the matter of the Yakutat witch. Not a native in the community who felt safe with him since that episode. The lame man was in league with the Powers of Darkness.

Mar's pleasure at seeing Cheviot was genuine, but not as unmeasured as one might expect. And when almost before the first shower of questions and answers had begun to abate, Cheviot flung in information as to when the next ship was leaving St. Michael, Mar assumed the

subject to be of interest only to Cheviot. Pressed further about his own plans, the elder man said evasively they were not very settled, and changed the subject. Cheviot was nonplussed. Was Mar only waiting till they were clear of the mission house? No; for they were out fishing the whole of the next day, and most of the days following, and still Mar talked of any and every thing save of going home. Was he waiting for funds? Surely not now that Cheviot was at hand. He seemed inexplicably satisfied to sit all day over a trout pool up the river, despite the pestilential mosquitos, or in a boat out in the bay fishing for tomcod, and all the evening playing chess in the bare mission parlor, in the midst of a company sufficiently singular. Shady fellows from the Galena camp above White Mountain; prospectors expelled from Cook's Inlet; lousy, filthy-smelling natives, come upon one pretext or another; weird missionaries, dropped down from places no man but themselves seemed ever to have heard of; a reindeer herder in the Government service, though a Scandahoovian, like the majority at the Golovin Mission, and highly welcome, albeit hardly on the score of his piety. For "Hjalmar," as Christianson called him, was the one who jibbed most at the morning and evening prayers, and particularly at the long grace before meat, with its delicate proposals to the Almighty that he should induce those present to save their souls by giving to the Golovin Mission. With the same breath that thanked Him for "dis dy bounty," the Omnipotent was reminded that if this agreeable state of things was to continue, people must pay not only for the meal, but for the cause.

Mar listened, or did n't listen, with an air of respectful quiescence, and ate his meals unabashed. But he commiserated Cheviot.

"How this must make you long for your Valdivia luxuries. Well, when do you go back?"

"Whenever you 're ready."

Mar showed as little gratitude as pleasure.

"You must n't think of waiting for me," he answered shortly.

Cheviot was profoundly perplexed as to what he ought to do. Mar was not a

man that any one could comfortably catechize, but to go away and leave him here with public opinion so against him, for Cheviot to present himself to Hildgarde knowing he had left her father on this inhospitable shore, to all intents and purposes a prisoner, it was not to be thought of.

Mar's favorite scheme for a good day's fishing was to row across to the river-mouth, where some Englishmen several years before had made a camp.

In the sheltered hollow, a little way up the stream, they had built a cabin so well that, although long deserted, it still offered refuge from the drenching rain, or from the unshut eye of the sun; even from the greater torment of mosquitos—for Mar had learned the value of the Eskimo use of a "smudge." On the way to the cabin he would gather two handfuls of arctic moss, of straw and some aromatic-smelling herb, twist all together in two wisps, and set one alight on the flat stone that formed the threshold, and the other smoldering in a rusty pan upon the sill of the single window, with the result that the mosquitos fled. In great comfort Mar and Cheviot would proceed to make tea, and eat their sandwiches; at least Cheviot ate his. He noticed that although his friend never disposed of a third of what he brought, he did not the next time bring any less. Quite suddenly, one day, it dawned upon Cheviot why; for although the crackers and cheese and sandwiches that were left were always carefully put away in a tin cracker-box, the box, on their return, was invariably empty.

And Mar never seemed the least surprised.

Was it simply that he could not bring himself to abandon the poor wretch he had rescued—could that be at the root of his delay? But why did he not take Cheviot into his confidence and get the girl out of the country, if she were in hiding hereabouts? Was it conceivable that Mar—

Cheviot got little further in his speculations till the morning when Mar, in the act of making a cast, said under his breath and without moving a muscle: "There 's that fellow again!"

Cheviot turned just in time to see Bjork's head disappear behind a bunch

of tall reeds that grew in the hollow by the little freshwater stream below the cabin. "What 's he lurking about like that for?"

"I 'm afraid he 's on the track of a poor, wretched girl." And Mar told the story of the Yakutat witch, but with additions not creditable to Mr. Bjork.

"It 's usually an old woman, here as elsewhere, that 's accused and set upon; but this girl can't be above seventeen, for she had n't been long out of the Bride's House."

"The what?"

"Oh, the horrible igloo where they confine the marriageable girls for half a year. They stay in there, in the dark all that time, never seeing the face of man, and they come out cowed and fat and pallid, and then they 're for sale as wives. Those that no man takes, are looked down upon, and left to shift for themselves, and must earn their own living. The Yakutat girl was pounced on instantly by a man she hated for some reason. He took her off, but she escaped, and made her way to the mission. Nobody was at home at the time but Bjork and me. I saw her come in, and I saw her come flying out of the mission parlor wilder even than she 'd entered it, and go tearing down to the village. She found shelter there, for a while, with the woman who had brought her up. But public opinion was all against her, and when it was found that the reason her 'husband' Peddykowchee did n't come and get her was that he was ill, they said she had bewitched him. His younger brother said she 'd done the same to him, and then a miserable little baby—oh, it was a ghastly business! 'Sh!' And Mar fished in silence for a full hour, with occasional sharp glances through the alder thicket behind him, down among the reeds by the deserted cabin.

The next day the store left in the cracker-box was found to be untouched.

"She 's seen Bjork," said Mar, under his breath; "she 's afraid to come any more."

"Why don't you help her to get out of the country?" Cheviot asked, setting alight the smudge on the window-sill.

"I was planning that when you came, but I don't want to mix you up in any such ticklish business."

"It's no more ticklish for me than for you."

"Oh, I'm blown upon already. The people here have been red-hot about it. They have n't cooled down yet."

"They never will," said Cheviot.

"No," agreed Mar; "but I've made the cause mine, you see. After you're gone—"

"I'm not going till you do."

"That's nonsense."

"If you like."

"It's on account of that letter of Hildegard's?"

"Whatever the reason is, I'm going to stay if you are, and you may as well let me in for my share of the fun."

"Your share!" repeated Mar, reflectively, and stroked his long, gray mustache. "I was arranging to get the girl away," he went on presently, "when you came. I had bought this boat and made a habit of being out all day."

"Exactly. All we need is provisions."

"No, I sent Christianson to St. Michael for provisions. They're at the mission now."

"Of course; we brought them up with us. Then we've nothing to do but get the stuff into the boat."

"Without exciting suspicion."

"And pick the girl up somewhere on the coast."

"Before they realize we're gone for good."

"Surely you and I could start off on an excursion together without exciting suspicion. Why, you told them, when you first came, you were going up the coast 'to have a look at the country,'" he added, remembering Christianson's phrase.

Mar studied him an instant with uncommon intentness.

"What is it?" laughed Cheviot. "You look as if you could n't make up your mind to trust me."

"No; I'm making up my mind I will." Again he paused for a moment, and then added: "I am too old to do the thing alone."

"Well, I can manage the boat, anyhow."

"Oh, the girl can row as well as a man; but I must have a partner." And sitting there in the deserted cabin, Nathaniel Mar, for the last time, told how a hundred and odd miles farther up the

coast he had panned out gold with a dead man's help when he himself was young.

And when he had said it, that thing befell him that overtook any enthusiast in talking to Louis Cheviot. Mar saw his story on a sudden in a comic light. Clear now, its relationship to twenty "tall stories," fit matter for a twitch of the humorous lip, a hitch of the judicial shoulder.

The unconscious Cheviot had choked off many a confidence just by that look of cool amusement.

"I've always said," Mar wound up, preparing hastily to withdraw again into his shell—"I've always said it would keep—and it *has* kept, close on thirty years."

"Well, it won't keep much longer," said Cheviot, briskly.

"Why not?" A tremor shot through the man with the secret.

"Why? Because it's in the air."

Mar clasped and unclasped his big walking-stick as if about to rise.

"Before another year," Cheviot went on, "the whole of Alaska will swarm with prospectors."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure. Why, it's begun. I don't believe there's a single Yukon tributary where there is n't a man wandering about, this minute, with a shovel and a pan."

"The Yukon! Well, that's a good way to the South!"

"Those men that stopped at the mission last night—they were miners."

"They—they were after galena," said Mar, almost angrily. "They knew that fairly good ore had been brought down Fish River off and on since '81."

Cheviot laughed. "Well, if you imagine they won't so much as *look* for gold—let's smuggle your witch to St. Michael, and take the first steamer home. *I've* had enough of the North."

"You say that because you don't really believe I've discovered a second Klondike."

"Why should n't I believe it? And have n't I turned my back on the Klondike we all know exists?"

"Those men that came to the mission yesterday," Mar said hurriedly—"they—they *were* going to Fish River, were n't they? Not—not up the coast?"

"No, no; that 's all right," Cheviot reassured him. "All I meant was that somebody hereabouts had only to whisper 'Gold!' for this whole country to swarm."

"I know, I know; but we 'll have the start, Cheviot."

Mar pulled himself up by the aid of his stick, and dragged the rude soap-box table out of its shady corner into the light nearer the window—a light but little obscured by the faint smoke-wreaths that curled about the pan, and sent abroad a slightly pungent breath, agreeably acrid except to the summer pest. Mar's excitement found little expression in his face, but, so to speak, came out at his finger-tips. He could hardly hold the piece of paper he had pulled from his pocket. Up to ten minutes ago he had felt almost as far from his ancient purpose as though he still sat on the high stool in the inner room of the Valdivia Bank. Now, and within the last few seconds more especially, fulfilment seemed breathlessly near. Sitting on one side of the soap-box, with Cheviot opposite, Mar traced on the back of an envelop the land-locked inner bay of Golovin, the outer bay, and, from Rocky Point, a broken line on up the coast.

"This," he said, shading a little strip bordering the shore—"this is the sand-spit where I found the Eskimo camp. Here 's the crooked river, with its mouth full of wood. Only six or seven miles to the north is the anvil-shaped mountain."

The two men bending low over the soiled envelop were too absorbed to notice the glitter just above the window-sill—eyes narrowed to evade the smoke; two mere points of light to the right of the rusty pan, with its haze of smoldering incense.

Mar's pencil whispered over the paper in the silence. Then he spoke:

"From this broken range on the north three or four streams come trickling down to the coast. The one on the west, here, winds round from the north side of the Anvil, and it was just at this point, as I remember—just here,"—and the pencil shook, as if in doubt, or refusing to commit itself, till Mar planted the point so firmly on the paper that it made a dent as well as a mark—"just here I found the gold."

When finally Cheviot raised his eyes the glitter was gone from the sill.

WHILE the two in the cabin laid their plans and made a list of provisions and requirements, a man was creeping on hands and knees, through willow-scrub and reeds, down to the boat that lay moored in the cove below the cabin.

Christianson sat talking to Hjalmar, the herder, of the Government project of introducing reindeer among the Alaskan natives, when the door of the private office was flung wide. They looked round to see Bjork standing there.

On the sallow mask a strange light shining; the hard lips twitched in a recurrent rictus, showing a doglike gleam of sharp eye-tooth, while the rest of the mouth held rigid. If the tremendous force that locked the lean jaws was lost upon the onlooker, it must have been the insane light in Bjork's eyes that made the reindeer-herder whisper:

"He 's got a fit."

But Christianson had only flung back his long, straight hair, and grasped the rude arms of his big chair.

"Bjork," he said, "iss it a vision?"

"Ye-h-h," Bjork answered through shut teeth. An instant longer he stood silent, with his hairy hands clenched, and a barely perceptible forward and backward swaying of the tense body. Then, with an effort as of forcing steel to part, he opened his welded lips and said rapidly in Swedish:

"Have we not fed the hungry?"

"Ay," said Christianson.

"Have we not nursed the sick? Have we not preached the Gospel to every creature?"

"Ay, ay," from Christianson.

"Have we not kept the law?" With each question nearer and nearer Bjork brought the black menace of his face.

"Have we not had the faith that moveth mountains? Have we not served in hardship? Have we not waited in poverty till this hour?"

"Till dis hour?" said Christianson, getting up slowly out of his chair.

Bjork arrested his own dreamlike advance with a suddenness that seemed to wake him. He stopped, looked round, and clutched at the back of a chair.

"Shut the door," he commanded.

His chief obeyed. When Christianson turned round again, Bjork was staring over the reindeer-herder's head, piercing the infinite depths of space, while he held tight to every-day existence by the back of a chair.

"Brethren," he said, "the angel of the Lord has been with me. He has shown me great riches."

Hjalmar, the herder, pulled himself together, and shook off his growing nervousness. There was nothing uncanny in this, after all. A vision of riches was only too common since the Klondike had crazed men's brains. Bjork saw that even Christianson looked less moved.

"I tell you," the seer burst out, "this is the answer to all our prayer, the reward of all our work. The angel took me westward up the coast. I see it now." He unlocked his clutching hands, raised them, outstretched, on a level with his eyes, and with hypnotic slowness moved the right hand east, the left one west.

"A sand-spit," he said, "where the heathen gather. Beyond—a flat country, where no tree grows; but the river mouth is choked with sea-drift. A strange-shaped hill, one of old Thor's workshops, where *he* hammered the Sword of the Gods, *we* shall forge weapons against the ungodly—weapons of gold; for the river of that country,—the angel showed me the sands of it,—and the sands, Christianson—the sands were full of gold!"

The herder looked at Christianson, and Christianson looked at the herder. The herder shook his head. Christianson sat down again in his great chair.

"I tell you," said Bjork, solemnly, "I see that 'promised land' plainer than ever I saw Kwimkuk. Plainer,"—he raised his voice—"than I see you two."

But he saw them very plainly. His look leaped from one face to the other, and rage gathered on his own.

"You sit there like stone; you are deaf; you are like dead men. I—I—" he looked about the room wildly, as if he had forgotten where the door was—"I would go alone, but I must have provisions; I must have help with the boat, help with the—"

"Y—yes, yes," stuttered the old missionary.

"And the angel said, 'Go first to Christianson—' "

"Yes, yes. Of course, I—"

"'But tarry not,' said the voice. 'If Christianson receive not the good tidings, go take the news to another.'" He seemed now to locate the door. He made two steps in that direction, saying: "Me, I obey the voice."

"I, too, obey," said Christianson, hurriedly; "I will come. I will come Saturday."

"Saturday!" Bjork's burning impatience blew the end of the week to the end of the world.—"I tell you, *to-morrow* will be too late! It must be to-day. It must be this hour."

"Why?" demanded the herder, but he, too, was on his feet.

"Ha! You will ask questions! No wonder the angel comes to me." Again he turned about and rushed at the door. Christianson intercepted him. Bjork with a convulsive movement flung him off.

"The voice said: 'This is the hour you have prayed for; but if it pass in idleness, pray no more—pray no more.'" Bjork's voice rang out with a tragic authority. "'For this is the hour when your feet should be shod with swiftness and your hands be full of cunning.'" It was the voice said so." Bjork's fingers were on the latch. "Me, I obey." He opened the door.

"Come, Hjalmar," said Christianson.

XI

HILDEGARDE'S sense of anxious responsibility had grown with every month that passed after her father sailed out of San Francisco harbor—bound for "the Klondike?" people exclaimed with envy, rather than asked in any doubt.

"N—o—no," he had said, and then hastily, to keep outsiders off the track, "well, perhaps. Who knows?" Who did not know! And, after all, why should any man stay at home who was not obliged?

It was natural that no one else should take Mr. Mar's enterprise as seriously from the start as did his daughter, for she knew how large had been her share in it. She had been the first, the only one, to cheer him on. She it was who had got "the boys" to finance the undertaking; she who had broken the fact to her mother. But for his daughter, Nathaniel

Mar would not now be—where was he? How faring? Many a time Hildegard's heart contracted sharply, as in silence she framed the question. Her own fault that she could not answer; her fault that half Valdivia could no longer set their clocks by the big lame man's passing; her doing that he sat no more of a morning in the warm, sunny room of the San Joaquin, sending out smoke and absorbing news. Others sat there in peace and safety, discussing their absent townsman; and Hildegard sat at home, trying to keep at bay the thought: if anything dreadful should happen to him—

It had eased her a little to write to Cheviot, and beg him to look out for her father. She was tempted to say: "Bring him back safe, and there's nothing I won't gladly do to prove—" but she pulled herself up in time, and only promised an unending gratitude.

The steamer *President*, which had taken Mar north, brought, on her return trip, a brief letter from him, saying merely that the journey was safely accomplished as far as St. Michael. His family knew they would probably not hear again till the following summer.

Life was easier when Bella was there. To her one might say: "Will he come back by the first boat in June, or shall we only have letters, do you think?" And say it in one form or another so often that, but for reasons unavowed, the speculation would have wearied friendship.

But Bella was full of sympathy and tonic suggestion, always prepared to pore over Northern maps, always ready to discuss probable conditions "up there."

What a friend was Bella! "I've talked of a standard," Hildegard thought humbly, "but she lives up to it"—in these days. It was a shame ever to remember the lapses long ago.

And now spring was here.

How natural it was to be looking forward to something great and wonderful that was to happen in June! Hildegard and her father had done that as long ago as when the girl was in her early teens and Jack Galbraith was expected back from his first Arctic enterprise. What more natural than that Hildegard and Bella should be doing very much the same today? Calling their expectation by Mar's

name, merely gave it manageability. For apart from Bella's interdiction, the word "Galbraith" was, in this, like an overheated iron. If it were to be touched in safety, some shield must come between you and the too ardent steel. "Galbraith" would scorch, but wrap "Mar" about the forbidden name, and you could use it to significant ends.

Summer and Mr. Mar! Oh, Mr. Mar served well as symbol of that mightier issue that both dared hope for out of this year's opening of the ice gates of the North.

And yet the month of wonder, June, went by without a word or a sign coming down from the top of the world.

July brought a letter—from Cheviot. He had done well, and he was coming home. Hildegard might look to see him by the next boat. No word of Mar; plain he had not had Hildegard's news when he wrote. Not the next boat, however, nor the next, brought Cheviot, nor any word of Mr. Mar.

"I don't know how I should get through this time but for you, Bella." Hildegard and she were seldom apart.

Not till mid-August came the sign from Mar—a letter written from a queer-sounding place in early June, a letter strangely short and non-committal. He had reached St. Michael too late the previous autumn to go any farther than Golovin Bay before navigation closed. He would push on as soon as travel was practicable; he was well; he sent his love. And no more that summer; no more up to the time the boats stopped running in the autumn.

Cheviot had not come, after all; and silence, like the silence of the grave, wrapt the father and that other on the far side of the world.

"I shall burn a joss to those who travel by land or by sea, by snow or by ice," said Bella, one day in December, and she lighted the stick of incense on the flower altar, whence no heathen smoke of prayer had risen for a couple of years now. But more prayers than ever before had been offered up in the little white room. And what need of a face on the wall above the roses? The picture was not really shut away in a drawer. Vivid in each girl's mind, it was borne about as faithfully as in the old days when on Hildegard's

breast, in a setting of silver, it hung on a velvet string.

Now and then Bella remembered Cheviot, and when she remembered him, she spoke of him. Sometimes she spoke of him when she was thinking of him little enough; as on the night when she was not well, and Hildegarte, sleeping on the sofa in her friend's room, had waked in misery over a dream she'd had. Bella was lying wide-eyed in the dark.

"A dream about—"

"Yes, a snow-storm in the night, in the wind; a slipping down into blackness. I thought I saw him fall, and I knew it was the end."

"They go by contraries. Your father's quite well and happy."

Hildegarte had not said the dream concerned her father, but she offered no correction.

"Still," Bella went on, "for the moment it makes one feel—I'll tell you! We must have a little light to comfort us."

"No, no—it will hurt my eyes." Hildegarte was surreptitiously crying. But Bella was already up, and before Hildegarte could forestall her, she had opened the door across the hall, leading into the opposite room, and there she was striking a light. Hildegarte followed her, still a little dazed by the vivid horror of the dream, and when her eyes fell upon her own little white bed, she flung herself down there, and buried her face in the cool pillow.

"You are n't crying, are you, Hildegarte, over a silly dream? Look here, I'm lighting a joss for Mr. Mar."

A little silence.

"I've lit another," said Bella's hurried voice, still over there by the table—"one for Louis."

Hildegarte with face half-hidden imagined rather than saw, that three slender smoke-feathers were curling above the flowers, drowning the meeker fragrance of the roses.

She lay there, feeling the oppression of the dream fading and a waking oppression take its place. Yes, they "went by contraries." Galbraith had not fallen and been swallowed in the gaping maw of a crevasse, but when he came back, what was going to happen? He belonged

to Bella. But he had left her. And he had belonged first of all to Hildegarte. What would befall friendship in that coming wretch?

"Go back to bed, Bella; you'll be worse."

"You must come, too."

Hildegarte made no answer.

"You can't lie there with all these flowers in the room. I did n't know you had n't set them out. The doors can't be left open, either."

"The windows can."

"I sha'n't go unless you come, too."

Hildegarte forced herself to get up. Bella put out the comforting light. But some things show plainer in the dark. Those symbols on the altar they were only tendrils of smoke by day or in the glare of the gas. Now they were sparks of fire puncturing the blackness of the scented room. One fiery eye to watch over the fortunes of Nathaniel Mar, one to shine for Cheviot, and an unnamed third to pierce the darkness that shrouded the fate of that other. Even when the two girls turned their backs, and groped their way to Bella's room, clinging hold of each other in the dark, the third spark not only shone before their inner vision still; it pricked each bosom with its point of fire.

What would happen when he came back? Each wondered, and each held faster to the other with fear in the bottom of her heart.

MEANWHILE life outwardly went on pretty much the same. With Trenn and Harry, Eddie Cox and other swains, the girls went to parties and picnics, to concerts and the theaters, and did all the usual things. The one unusual thing these days brought was the Charles Trennors' fancy ball. It was going to be a great affair, and Valdivia conversation for weeks had begun by some such statement as: "I'm going as the Goddess of Liberty. What shall you be?"

Of course Trenn and Harry were coming up for the great occasion, and their costumes called for endless consultation with that great authority, Bella. They had, moreover, told their sister she might on this occasion be as glorious as ever she liked, and they would "foot the bill." Hildegarte deeply appreciated such gen-

erosity, but, what was more to the point, did Bella?

She only said: "Yes, Hildegard's going to be glorious; but I don't think it's the kind of glory you can buy."

Before the Mar boys had come forward in this magnificent way, Bella had decided that Hildegard must go as *Brünhilde*. Her gown was to be white cloth embroidered with silver dragons, strictly adapted from an ancient Norse design. She was to wear silver sandals on her feet; on one bare arm would be a buckler; a spear in her right hand; and on her fair hair a silver helmet.

Bella was going as *Amy Robsart*, and that was easy enough. It was those dragons of Hildegard's that took the time; and, as Bella had said, they would not have been easy to buy. She and Hildegard were embroidering them every spare minute, day and night. Even now, though almost, they were not quite done, which was a pity. Trenn and Harry were coming up from Siegel's again this evening, the excuse, the necessary inspection of *Brünhilde*, at Bella's express invitation. For this had been the one costume not ready in time for the "dress rehearsal" two nights before, when Bella and "the boys" had put on their Elizabethan finery, and peacocked about in great spirits.

"I want your brothers to be what they call 'knocked silly' when they first see you, Hildegard. You must be all dressed and ready, and we can turn up the bottom of the skirt and work at that last dragon while we're waiting."

In pursuance of this plan, the two girls had gone up-stairs directly after supper, though it was hardly probable the boys could get there before half-past nine.

Mrs. Mar sat waiting for them in the parlor, on that side of the center-table where the book-rest supported an open volume. She rocked while she waited, and she crocheted while she rocked.

Bella had known that Mrs. Mar would sit in the half-light till even she could see no longer; but Hildegard was not suffered to make her entrance in the dusk. Bella ran in first and "lit up." She did not stop to draw the blinds, she was in too great a hurry; besides, it was nice to let in the mild and beautiful night. "Now, Hildegard! Look, Mrs. Mar!"

and Bella ushered in a living page from an old Icelandic saga. "Is n't she glorious?"

Mrs. Mar pecked at the regal figure with her hard, bright eyes. "White does n't make her any slimmer," she said.

"Oh, it would n't do for *Brünhilde* to be a mean, little, narrow creature."

"That helmet, too! It makes her look ten feet high."

"She wants to look high. And 'mighty,' and she does. No, no! Stop, Hildegard! You must n't take it off."

"Just till we hear the boys coming. It—it's—" Hildegard contracted her broad brows under the helmet's weight.

But Bella flew to the rescue. "Don't, don't! Hands off! What does it matter if it is heavy? You must get used to it. You've got to be a heroine," she wound up severely; "so don't expect to be comfortable." And Bella pulled a chair under the drop-light. "Sit here where Trenn and Harry can see you the minute they open the door. Now we can go on with the last dragon while we're waiting."

A ring at the door. Who could that be? Bella jumped up and ran out into the hall. Only the little newsboy outrageously late in bringing the "Evening Courier." Bella returned to her dragon; Mrs. Mar read on.

After all, who could be sure but what that paper lying there—how did Bella know but it had a Norwegian telegram in it, saying word had come of the rescue in the Arctic of a party of Russians under an American leader? Or, no, the leader had done the rescuing, against awful odds. Not Bella alone, but two entire continents were celebrating his name. For this was the intrepid explorer of whom nothing had been heard for nearly four years—who had been given up for dead by all but Bella Wayne.

And this man—oh, it made the heart beat!—this man had discovered the Pole. That was why he had been so long away. It took four years to discover the Pole. But it was done. The whole civilized world was ringing with his name; and naturally enough. It was the greatest achievement since Columbus's own, and the hero's name was—

No, no, it would not be like that at all. He would want Bella to be the first to

know. The next ring at the door would be a telegram for her. Or, no; he would hardly want to break so long a silence in that brusque way. No, he would write her a beautiful long letter, telling her, explaining—No; far more like him just to appear. Without writing, without telegraphing, just take the swiftest steamer across the Atlantic, and the fastest train across the continent, and some evening like this, she, little thinking it the hour that should bring such grace—she would lift up her eyes, and there he would be—standing before her! Not only without a long explanatory letter, without words, her face would be hidden in his breast.

"There!" Mrs. Mar looked up from her book, as Bella started. "They're early! There are the boys now!"

"I don't hear them." But as Hilde-

garde spoke the words she was aware of steps on the graveled path, that wound its rather foolish way round this side of the house, leading nowhere. No one ever walked there but Hildegarde herself, cutting or tending flowers. She glanced at Bella, and saw in the wide hazel eyes a light she knew.

On the step came, crunching gravel. Bella's needle arrested itself half through a stitch, and all Bella's face saying: "John! John Galbraith!" and only Hildegarde, through her eyes hearing. But even Mrs. Mar was under some spell of silence and strained expectation. Now the firm tread paused, and there—there in front of the low, uncurtained window, above the syringas, showed the head and shoulders of a man. Not Trenn, not Harry. Who? Hildegarde held her breath.

(To be continued)

MY DREAM

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

IN dreams I find a gate through which I pass
 Along a path, guarded by hollyhocks,
 That threads the old time garden's tangled mass
 Of tiger-lilies, marigolds, and phlox.

I follow it until at last I stand
 Before a little house, severely white,
 Whose well-worn latch I lift with eager hand,
 And cross its threshold in the waning light.

For it is always evening when I come,—
 An autumn twilight, which the neighboring sea
 Chills with its breath,—and for a welcome home,
 Upon the hearth the firelight laughs at me.

Beside it lies a cat in monkish frock
 Of furry gray, whose drowsy purr is all
 That breaks the silence, save a busy clock,
 Speeding the parting minutes, on the wall.

Wrapped in warm peace I rest, till far away
 In the still house a gentle stir I hear.
 Light footsteps through the distant chambers stray,
 Remote at first, but slowly drawing near.

Breathless I watch, while through the open door,
 The friends I lost and long for, one by one,
 Gather about me in the dusk once more.
 Then my dream fades, and I awake alone.



THE WOODS OF IDA

A MASQUE

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

Author of "Lords and Lovers"

WITH THREE PAINTINGS BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

Scene: The Woods of Mount Ida
Time: Forty years before the Fall of Troy

CHARACTERS

VENUS	
ANCHISES	MERLA } Shepherd maidens
THESTA	COILA }

Enter Thesta and Anchises

Thesta. Here is diviner air. 'T was close amid
Those thick, embracing laurels, thousand-armed.
Anchises. But here our breath is winged. And see, the vale
Is fair with buds ten seasons deep, so long
Since winter from the mountain top descended.
Thesta. Oh, all is fair! This breeze upon my cheek
Slept in a rose's heart, and now steals forth
To whisper of couched delight.
Anchises. It will forget
Its petaled lodging in these sweeter dimples.
[Kisses her.
Thesta. A song, Anchises! On thy happy lyre
Sing but to me, as I were all the world.
Here is a spot with shading ilex cool,
Thyme-breathed, and soft with silvery, crinkled moss.
Come, drop with me upon this sweet-herbed bed
Makes earth a lover's bosom, then thy song.
[They sit; Anchises plays and sings.

*Beauty, arise and serve my love;
No more 'mong sovereign splendors move,
For comes a queen so fair
That all thy minions to her fly,
And not one fond, observing eye
Waits in thy bowers bare.*

*It is my love, my love it is
Who roameth here like star amiss
On base and earthly ground,*

*And all about such beauteous stir
As heaven itself had followed her
Still to adorn her round.*

*Look! Hearing her the rocks and stones
Do pray the gods to grant their bones
An eye but to come near.
And, seeing so much wonder pass,
The daisies moan and weep. Alas!
Had they but ears to hear!*

Thesta. Oh, cease! The breeze is loitering cunningly
To steal for leafy loves the honeyed sound.
Play not, but whisper how thou 'rt mine. Ah, me!
I call thee mine, when in yon thicket green
Bides now, mayhap, a nymph whose battenning eyes
Are on thy curls, thy brow, thy lithest form,
While swift she plots how she may steal thy love
And leave me moaning.

Anchises. Doubt me not, fair Thesta.
The night shall ache for all her fallen stars,
The sea go empty of her last green wave,
The blessing-handed Spring revisit earth
With brow unchapleted, nor bring one bud
To dress the hopeful bough, ere I be false.

Thesta. Oh, but the wailing ghosts whose doom was wrought
By violation of great-uttered vows
Prove that Love oft forgets his mighty oath.
Look well to thine. My mother, fair as dawn,
Was loved of Zeus, and he will hear my prayer
For her remembered sake shouldst thou prove false.

Anchises. Let him unbolt what curse he will upon me.
Ease, sweet, thy heart, that ne'er shall know love's wrong.

Thesta. Then doubt be gone. And pray you, dear Anchises,
Make soft discourse of how you saw me first.

Anchises. 'T is what I love to think on. 'T was new morn,
The tender, twittering hour when dew and sun
Hang jewels on the bud, and wimpled dawn
Makes sweet obeisance to the sturdy day.
But hark!

Thesta. (*Listening.*) By the soft laughter of the leaves
It is Silenus comes.

Anchises. Then hide we here
To watch the sylvan play of his wild creatures.

[They go aside. Enter Silenus, riding an ass, garlanded. Satyrs follow, ivy-wreathed and dancing grotesquely. Silenus sings.]

*Ho, my satyrs, we go mating;
Ho, and away, our true-loves are waiting!
Hamadryads, myrtle-hid;
Sun-haired sylphs, deep mosses 'mid;
Naiads from their cool wells peeping;
Shepherd-maids by waters sleeping,
Fair for love a-sighing,
And they dream, and they dream
Bacchus' men come spying!*

*Ho, my satyrs, we go riding
 Where the drunken bee-moth 's hiding;
 Where the night-blue berries lie
 Glowing like our Bacchus' eye
 When he sees fair Nea's tresses
 Shift among the curled cresses;
 And the starry hazels shake
 Light above the darkling brake.
 Ho, and away
 To keep Pan's holiday!*
[Exeunt Silenus and satyrs.]

Thesta. Oh, my Anchises, thou alone art fair!
 All other men are as these poor, rude creatures
 Since I have known thee. Love drowns all degrees
 Between the sweet, adored perfection
 And the last, lowest form of mortal kind.

Anchises. And thou, my Thesta, art so fair to me
 Not Venus' self could now betray mine eyes.
[Enter Venus as a beautiful nymph.]

Thesta. (*Spying Venus.*) Who 's here? A straying piece! **Look not**
 upon her.
[Places herself between Venus and Anchises.]

Thine eyes shall not enheaven so worn a shrew.
 Arise, my own! The air grows heavy here.
 Come, come! You will not? What? You 'd see this trull?
 Nay, then, I 'll blind you till the dame goes by.
[Puts her hands over Anchises' eyes.]

Venus. Fair nymph, why do you blind the youth?
Thesta. We play
 A game. Pass on. You spoil our sport.
Venus. Indeed!
 Is it so tender?
Thesta. Haste you by.
Venus. I 'm weary.
Thesta. Be off, I say!
Venus. Nay, I will rest me here.
[Lies down.]

This is a fragrant spot. A god might woo
 A mortal in 't, nor want for spousal bower.
Thesta. Night-face, be gone!
Venus. Ha! there are sighing hearts
 In Ida dells will vow me fair.
Thesta. Bold wench!
Anchises. Nay, by her voice she 's gentle. Ah, it falls
 Like silver waters in a Delian shell.
*[Puts Thesta's hands from his eyes, gazes at Venus, rises,
 and kneels before her.]*

Divinest nymph, let me thy pardon sue,
 But do not grant it, for such grace from thee
 Would swell my heart with a too happy storm



"NAY IKEN, I 'I BLIND VOL 'Ii 'IIP DAVE GOES BY"
PAINTED FOR THE C PETERS BY STANISLAW DYWANOWSKI



That, like the sea caught in ambitious strait,
Would chafe its bounds to wreck.

(*To Thesta.*) How couldst thou say,
Rude maid, she was not fair? Away, false lips,
That I will kiss no more!

Thesta. O ye blue heavens,
If from your boundaries one deity
May look with pitying eye on injured love,
Let him now hear! Ah me, ah me, ah me!

Venus. You 'll yet be happy, nymph, for lover's tears
Must dry, else seas would drown the world.

Thesta. Oh, oh!

What stony heaviness so wearies me?
Now am I gone, false youth. 'T is urgency vain
To plead with love whose wings do feel the air.
But you, proud nymph, make honeyed use of time,
For, by Olympus! you shall weep as I!

[*Goes aside.*]

Venus. Anchises?

Anchises. Ah, you know me?

Venus. Think'st that strange?

What heart beneath a maiden cestus beating
Knows not Anchises, the sun-ringleted,
Whom gods themselves find fair?

Anchises. Mock, if thou wilt.

No praise was e'er so sweet.

Venus. I mock thee not.

I love thee.

Anchises. (*Covering his eyes.*) Oh!

Venus. Believe me, youth.

Anchises. So great

A joy were death. I cannot look on thee
And think thou 'rt mine.

Venus. Nay, turn thine eyes to me.

If I am fair, 't was meant I should be seen;
For Beauty lives in dear reflection's mold,
And has no mirror but a lover's eye.
These closed lids slay all my loveliness.
Come, save me with one look.

Anchises. 'T were too much bliss.

Joy has enfeebled me to weariness.

Venus. Nay, sweet—

Anchises. To ope mine eyes, ay, lift a lash,
Would burden gods. The Titan shoulders stooped
With all the pain o' the seven sister worlds
Were laden less.

Venus. What, not a look? Not one?
'Then must my tongue find passage to thy heart;
For there I 've sworn to seat me, and cozen all
Thy hoard of love. Dost think I am a nymph
Of this mount's sweet restriction? Nay, Anchises.
I roam beyond the blue bound of the earth,
And sport beside the coursers of the sea
When old Poseidon farthest rides. Wilt share
My wide domain of joy? I 'll give to thee
A diver's breath that thou mayst pluck up shells
That pearl the bedded countries of the deep,

And from their rosy prison loose the songs
 Of Tethys' maids and every nereid bride
 Since golden Ops and Saturn were till now.
 Or, deep in green sea-grot, set o'er with gems
 That wink upon us like the eyes of night,
 We 'll echo the old waves with our new tale,
 And cast a silence on their antique lips,
 That, garrulous since time, ne'er set a pause
 Unto their chronicles.

Anchises. Oh, cease, I pray,
 Nor break confine of sense!

Venus. Nay, hear me yet.
 I 'll win at times high leave for thee to guide
 The wing-drawn chariot of the Queen of Love
 Through cloud-pavilioned regions of the air,
 Nor stoop for Iris' ring, where, glowing, leap
 The rosy peris of the light. On, on,
 Till far Urania startles from her lyre,
 And in confusèd circuit fall the spheres;
 Then, slow returning, lie at pause and watch
 From towered windows of gold-piled skies
 Coruscant worlds at dance; and, circling down
 Mark with thy path an exhalation strange,
 Drawing Chaldean eyes as with a star.

Anchises. No more, if thou wouldst have me live!

Venus. Ay, more.
 Say what thou wishest. No, thou shalt not say.
 They do not give who beggar with an "ask."
 Thy thoughts shall be the couriers of desire
 And to fulfilment speed ere tongue may after,—
 Be it to follow home a dancing wave,
 Or chase through skies the swallow breath of song,
 Or with thy pillowed head where violets
 For mossy nestlings build their fragrant roofs
 Give up thy heart in kisses.

Anchises. It were enough
 To gaze with thee upon a single flower
 Till life were done.

Venus. Were done? Oh, mortal mine, thou shalt forget
 That life hath end. My beauty shall not pass,
 Wounding thine eyes with an uncouth decay
 Whose only hope is to give love a grave.
 Thou shalt not see youth's soft and rondured grace
 Shrink into hollows guarded by gaunt bones
 That thou must kiss for sake of kisses past,
 Nor court the dim and vacuous eye whose sin
 Is yet to love. Still shall my lips be warm
 And young as a first kiss; and when thine pale,
 I 'll feed their rose with mine; thy clouding eyes
 Shall be re-lustered in my own, and thou
 Shalt clasp me beautiful until no more
 Thou wishest joy anew, and passive age
 Lets slip my youth's eternity.

[Rises.

Anchises. Oh, stay!
 Let me but look on thee, nor ever rise
 From this blest spot.

Venus.

Nay, up and come with me.

The smiling hour glides to a happier goal.
I know this way. It leads unto a bower
Walled with the bright arbutus. There, beneath
The blushing shade of roses on whose cheek
Aurora's tears die not, sweet hyacinths
Lean their soft purple to narcissi bosoms,
A cool stream lies song-near, whose lily-islands
Move with the wind like melodies o' the eye,
And from its banks the veined iris lifts
Her signal head, the naiad's sentinel.
Come, tread with me unto this dear seclusion,
And though 't is old to thee for many a spring,
Thou 'lt vow 't is virgin new as now thou seest it.

[*Excunt.*]

Thesta. (*Coming forward.*) Oh, why so slow, fond Thesta, to bring down
The bolt of Zeus upon this wicked tryst?
I 'll wait no more. Anchises, oh, my love!
Who comes? And is there laughter in the world?
I 'll hide my weariness from mocking eyes.

[*Retreats as shepherd-maidens enter, singing.*]

*Pipe, pipe for Pan!
Hither throng,
Hither dance,
All ye wood-born children, all,
Of the god whose summer lance
Takes the world for love and song!*

Coila. (*Spying Thesta.*) Oh, here is the nymph that stole our An-
chises! Ha, Thesta, what do you behind that poplar? What!
weeping? Is it a thorn in your foot? A nymph has but two
troubles—a thorn-prick and a false lover, and I am sure An-
chises would not leave you.

Thesta. Mock as you please, stony Coila.

Coila. Oh, is he gone? Did he not swear there was no warmth in the
world but where your eye cast the sun? He must be cold in-
deed now so far in the shade!

[*Thesta throws herself face down on the grass.*]

Merla. Every maid must weep an hour, and a nymph has tears, too.
Come, let us find her a new lover.

[*They take hands and sing.*]

*Shepherds, leave your daisied steep!
Who would let a maiden weep?
Satyrs, rouse from tussock green,
Flower-checked and soft for maids,
And ye fauns with crown'd heads,
That ne'er tell where ye have been.*

Come, and—

Shepherdess. (*Breaking away.*) Hark! I hear Silenus!

[*They run off.*]

Thesta. (*Rising and lifting her arms to heaven.*)
Crown of Olympus, on thy wrath I call!
Oh, turn the steelèd arrows of thine eye
Upon the mark I set thee! By joys thine

In the sweet season of my mother's spring,
 Hear now my cry that climbs the sky for curses!
 Hear now, O mighty Zeus! Strike not the nymph
 With easy death, but let my fate be hers,
 That when Anchises' eyes do rest upon her
 All beauty is shut out, and he no charm
 May spy, however so he search! . . . They come.
 Must I see this? Be swift, O lightning god!

[*Goes aside as Venus and Anchises reënter.*]

Anchises. Thou soothest me, and yet the fear—the fear!
 I tremble still, and round me cloudy hangings
 The prophecy of gloom without a star.
 No warbler's whistle calls me to the dawn
 To sport my day of life in Phœbus' eye,
 But the drear-noted dove about me sings,
 And even now I seem to make my way
 Through bent, enlacing woods where darkness draws
 Gnarled horrors to embrace in deeper night
 Till eyes no more may struggle.

Venus. Fancy chafes thee,

Jelous that thou hast drunk reality
 More rare than fills her deep, enchanted bowl.

Anchises. Nay, rather since I know at times thou 'lt leave me,
 I 've fallen such woeful height that middle earth
 Where I was wont to walk doth nadir seem.

Venus. Oh, not a sigh for that, for oft and long
 I 'll be with thee. Cheer, then! Come, sound thy lyre,
 And from yon neighboring dell which courted Pan
 Keeps festive, woo his leaf-crowned rioters
 To dance for our delight. Play, my Anchises.

[*Anchises plays, and in rush fauns, satyrs, nymphs, shepherds, of Pan's train, singing.*]

Pan, Pan, Pan, whose song shall never die!
Wave, ye great oaks, and tremble with his name;
Ye bending yews, drop not a tear to-day;
Sweet myrrh, bleed not, and all thy wounds forget;
And, willow pale, no more thy sorrows rue!
Ye olives that dream though the sun be up,
Ye myrtles now guessing what trees ye 'll adorn,
Ye laurels—

[*Lightning, thunder, darkness. The rioters vanish. Light reveals Anchises prone, and Venus, undisguised, bending over him. Thesta watches aside.*]

Thesta. Oh, she is Venus! Venus, whose soft breath
 Enchanteth whom she will! I blame thee not,
 My poor Anchises. Ah, what does she say?
 Not blind? Anchises blind? Oh, no, no, no!

Venus. Almighty Zeus, how hast thou leveled beauty!
 O dear Anchises, mortal lord of love,
 No prayer of mine may turn this darkness from thee!

Thesta. Oh, 't is the curse of Zeus! He could not mar
 The golden beauty of the heaven-born,
 So takes Anchises' sight. What mockery
 Of faith, that bears the stamp of truth, but marked
 At heart with treachery!

Venus. Can 't be those eyes
That were my star-ways to the earth, must close
On vast, unlifting night? And open but
To ache for day that comes not nor will come?
Anchises. Can naught avail, O goddess?

Venus. Zeus himself
May cancel not his bolt, or else would Venus
Forego all dear, divine disport,—no more
The courseless azure glide with heart as light
As the dove-parted air, but, prostrate laid,
Devote immortal years to anguished suit
For high, restoring pardon.

Anchises. Oh, even now
My eyes, like chary, fine ambassadors
Running before the pleasure of a king,
Strayed here or there, this spot or that discarded
As all too meager for their pampered lord,
Though it did herbage show like earth crowned new
For Maia's bed, or Flora's tryst with Pan.
Now, could a leaf its small, green wonder shake
To these black orbs, I 'd laugh as at the Spring.
Oh, set my rocky home in frozen seas
Where I may see the Dawn's mist-robèd foot
Step fearful o'er the waste, and I a god
Am blest as Bacchus with his routing fauns
In south-sweet vineyards! But this night, night, night!
Must ever I in slow, unburied death
Carry my tomb about me, close as cell
In hell's confinèd heart? Ah, is it true
Thou, goddess, canst not aid me?

Venus. Aid thee? Yes!
Thine shall be all the joys the eyes claim not,
And through a life made long thou 'lt prove them dear.
From danger's touch thou art anointed free.
Forget to tremble, and shake not before
The crimson harvest of the steel-threshed air
When Ares blows the Phrygian plain to tempest;
For e'en when flame enwraps the charring bones
Of all thy countrymen thou shalt escape,
And Eryx' mount, fair spot of fairest isle,
Thy body shall receive, by noblest son
Consigned; and there I 'll fix my earthly shrine.
Farewell. Zeus summons me. Through yonder sky
His lackey wanders like a goalless star,
For I have veiled me from him. See? Dear eyes,
What do I say? Farewell. This kiss is all
That 's left to Venus of sweet, mortal love
Till her fond eyes ope on thy son and hers.

[Exit.]

Anchises. There is a creature of the sea-beat rocks
Whose winter-chidden haunt yields not one hope
Of food, and, gnawing self, it dies to live.
I am so bleakly lodged, who cannot find
Within the fostering circuit of the sun
One sweet, life-nursing ray, but to myself
Must turn devouring. Night, forever night!

[Echo of Pan's chorus.]

*Mountains, shake your leafy hair,
 Wedding concords in the air
 From your foot to cloudy height!
 Sing, ye curled and dimpled floods,
 Till the smiling ocean buds
 With new isles for his delight!
 Lo, Apollo calls the sea,
 And the sea calls to the sky,
 Pan, Pan, Pan,
 Whose song shall never die!*

Anchises. So runs gay Nature with immortal foot
 O'er her brief loves. The forest dieth not
 When falls the leaf. Nor looks Life for a grave
 When one man weeps, but casts her broken hearts
 As trees their last-year crowns, her root-lips deep
 In earth's strong wine, her bannered beauty flying
 New in the kissing air, while they lie trampled.
Thesta. (*Aside.*) O dearest heart, I'll give my life to buy
 The sun for thee! What joy hadst thou, O Zeus,
 To steal the luster from young eyes of love?
 [*Approaches Anchises.*
 What dost thou here, fair youth?

Anchises. I am at feast.

Thesta. I see no board nor guest.

Anchises. I am the guest.
 Remembrance is my host, who now arrays
 On board invisible long-stored viands
 That with deluded tooth I seek to pierce
 And find me mouthing air. Look on mine eyes
 And say what seest there. Some hideous, black
 Disfigurement? Swart, open doors to hell?

Thesta. Nay, beauteous lodges of the resting sun,
 That might their beacon throw from Ida's top
 To Crete.

Anchises. Am I still fair?

Thesta. So fair that I,
 A nymph, whose lovers, past a score, now sigh
 And die by mount and stream, would count me blest
 If thou wouldst love but me. Ay, wert thou blind,
 I'd lead by land and sea and find for thee
 All store of golden joys.

Anchises. Why dost thou say
 If I were blind?

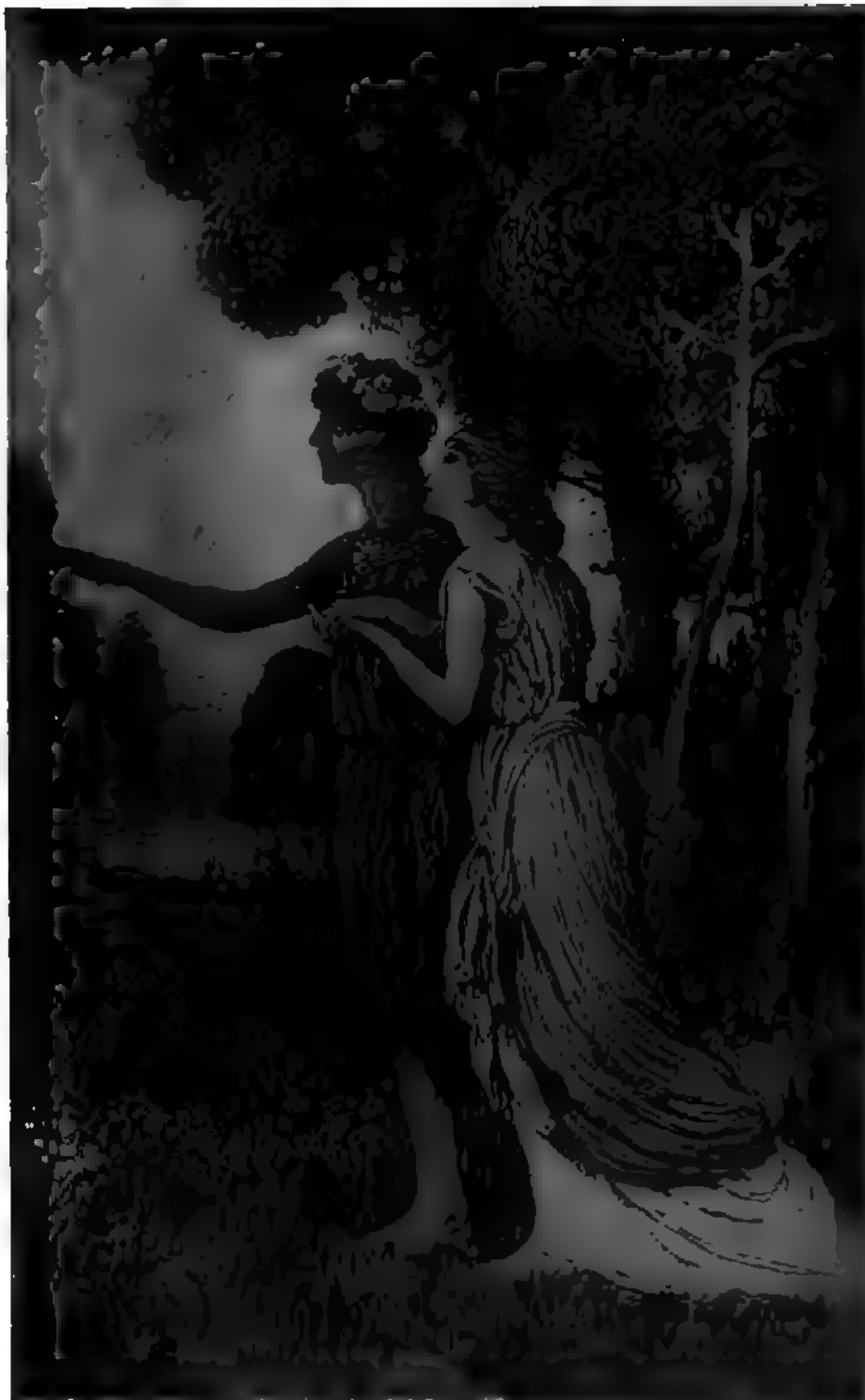
Thesta. It was to deck my oath.

Anchises. 'T is true. Didst hear the thunderbolt that late
 Shook Ida's base? That closed these day-gates here.

Thesta. Oh, heaven! . . . Yet thou 'rt fortunate.

Anchises. How, maid?

Thesta. Sometimes we cannot see for too much sun,
 That drowns the landscape's sweeter variation
 Most clear 'neath shadowing clouds; so does the eye,
 Supreme and arrogant, obscure the worlds
 The modest, mecker senses bring to us,
 Till 't almost seems we are no more than eyes.
 We say the winds make moan, the waters murmur,
 The grass is soft, the bird-song shrill or sweet,



"COME! THROUGH MY EYES FIND THOU THE WORLD ANEW"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

The bough is fragrant and the fruit is lush ;
 But if the eye would spare us beauty's flood,
 What new delights would creep into our joy
 From paths uncovered then ! The forest spirit
 Would to our love betray the tale of winds
 And whisper of the leaf ; the questioned stream,
 No more a gossip, would in holy mood
 Unwind its pilgrim secrets ; birds would call
 The ecstasy expectant when faint feet
 Are trembling to dim temples never seen
 But when the sense o'ertakes the shriven soul ;
 The rose would be an unregarded guide
 To dearer, odorous rivers of the air,
 Stealing from sources sweet and bearing each
 A legend no more sealed ; fruits on our lips
 Would prisoned summers break, nor first give half
 Unto the eye—life's captain forager
 And custom-chartered thief !

Anchises. Art Music's self?

Thesta. Nay, but herself, dear youth, shall visit thee,
 And sometime cast the last dim barrier down
 Between her utterless meaning and thy heart.
 Her speech shall be thine own ; while men do chatter
 Thy moving lips shall move the marble gods.

Anchises. Thy voice steals up like fragrance on the night,
[Kissing her.]

And here the rose that lost it.

Thesta. If thou 'lt love me
 The world shall bloom to thy attentive sense
 As it ne'er flowers to the thoughtless eye.
 The seasons all shall march them through thy heart
 As 't were the archway to Elysium
 When gods call wonders home. The robing dawn
 I 'll paint unto thy soul till the least cloud
 That casts its infant mantle to her pomp
 May then wear all her olden amplitude
 Thine eyes now mourn. Give me thy heart, thy smiles,
 And love will make me even as the poets,
 Whose words like burning glasses limn in fire
 The truths dull men had passed. Each dear event
 I 'll burnish to a starry hap of heaven,
 And sing old deeds as never harper sang
 Till years that bosomed them lift dusty head
 To learn how they were blest and knew it not.

Anchises. I ne'er met Fortune till she took mine eyes !

Thesta. (*Aside.*) 'T is Venus with him still. Ah, goddess, aid me !

Anchises. Wilt follow me ?

Thesta. No joy could be more dear !
 Even to man's and woman's world I 'll go
 And be a nymph no more. There if thou falter'st
 My arms shall be about thee, flattering still
 Thy doughty pride, as fond, supporting vines
 Pay court and compliment unto the boughs
 They save from kingly wreck. Ay, as the earth
 At last makes all things sweet in her warm mold,
 One winey redolence, one heaving strength,
 My love shall make one radiant quality

Of all thou art. Thy blundering hours and sage,
The virtue that men praise, the fault they chide,
Beauty and blemish, dear in one fair sum,
Shall blend all-lovable. Dost not believe me?

Anchises. Thou 'lt weary of these begging eyes, and I
Shall lose the light a second time.

Thesta. No, no!

Thou think'st of Beauty, the poor gaud of Love.
Hadst yet thine eyes, 't is she thou still wouldst serve,
Passing from face to fairer face, nor find
The dear and everlasting element
The heart must pause to know. And Beauty, too,
Would shift her sovereignty as blew desire.
Each blot upon thee, each wound and slight of time,
Would swell full monstrous to her carping eye.
E'en at the losing of a hair she 'd prune
Her eager wings, and in life's ashen eve
Thou 'dst sit alone 'neath thy regretful stars,
Thy graying locks in pity falling o'er
Thine age-cold cheek, thy slow and laboring heart
Beating unheard unto the silent end,
While Beauty tumbled the gold curls of youth
And mocked thy longing eye. But Love would lay
An April bosom on autumnal chill,
Staying thy foot for yet another June
Hid in the sheltering hollows of her ways,
And of thy snowy hairs make hawthorn bowers
For youth's old dream. Ay, Love, true Love, would lead,
Although thy hand were bone, to bed of peace,
And, dying on a kiss, thou 'dst never know
When Death's kiss ran in Love's.

(*Aside.*) O goddess dear!

Anchises. I would have knowledge. Canst thou give me that?

Thesta. From every flower of truth I 'll bring thee dew
Which thou 'lt distil to honey of the wise.
Thy lips shall feed men for immortal deeds,
And Troy shall stand while Trojans reck thy nod.
. . . Come now with me. Step here. Did'st ever feel
Thy feet 'mong flowers till now? The least of these
That gives its heart up in a silken kiss
Upon the rosy hollow of thy foot
Is yet great Nature's darling and betrays
In every suasive curve the mother-love.
Feel here these beds where mad, inebriate bees
Have swooned to happy death. They glow for thee!

Anchises. I see them. Ah, I see! . . . What is thy name,
Blest nymph and sweet magician?

Thesta. 'T is Fidea.

Come! Through my eyes find thou the world anew.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Refrain from Woods.*]

Pan, Pan, Pan!
Whose song shall never die!

Drawn by Stanley M. Arthur. Half tone plate engraved by R. Vadey
"RIGHT OF WAY" TO THE AUTOMOBILE



PALLONE THE NATIONAL GAME OF ITALY

BY

F. J. MATHER, JR.



Drawn by C. M. Kelyes
WAITING FOR A VOLLEY



Drawn by C. M. Kelyes
READY FOR SERVICE

COMING out of the Cascine, the park of Florence, by the eastern gate, I heard cheering, a small but unmistakable imitation of the howl I had helped to swell on many a Yankee ball-field. The thing was so unusual in Italy that I followed the sound back into the park. There I saw a low, roofless building, as could be seen by the heads and shoulders that appeared on three sides above the coping, fixed in intent curiosity. On the fourth side rose a blank and seemingly useless wall to a height of about sixty feet. From within came strange, almost rhythmical thuds, such as one hears when a wedge is being slowly driven home with a wooded maul, or, more exactly, like the thump of the instep against a football when a long punt starts away. The thuds ceased. There was a growl of disapproval as the heads and shoulders wriggled in apparent agony. I had heard the sound on professional baseball fields when the umpire gave a close decision to the visiting team. By this time I had learned that admission might be had at twenty, ten, or six cents, and making a prudent middle choice, I was soon seated on a brick bench, watching my first game of *pallone*.

I have never passed through Florence since without visiting the *pallone* court,

or, to give it its proper dignity, the *sferisterio*, and if I had to choose between being excluded therefrom or from the Piazza della Signoria, I should be honestly in a quandary. (After all, one could get into the Uffizi by the back way.) For *pallone* is the king of ball-games, requiring not merely great strength and alertness in the player, but offering also such a succession of noble plastic poses as may be seen in no other game. Goethe, who saw his first match with delight, at Verona, in September, 1786, wrote that such attitudes were "worthy of being put into marble." Our more enlightened archaeology would probably declare for the nobler material bronze, if the pundits could be persuaded to follow Goethe and occasionally exchange the library for the *pallone*-court.

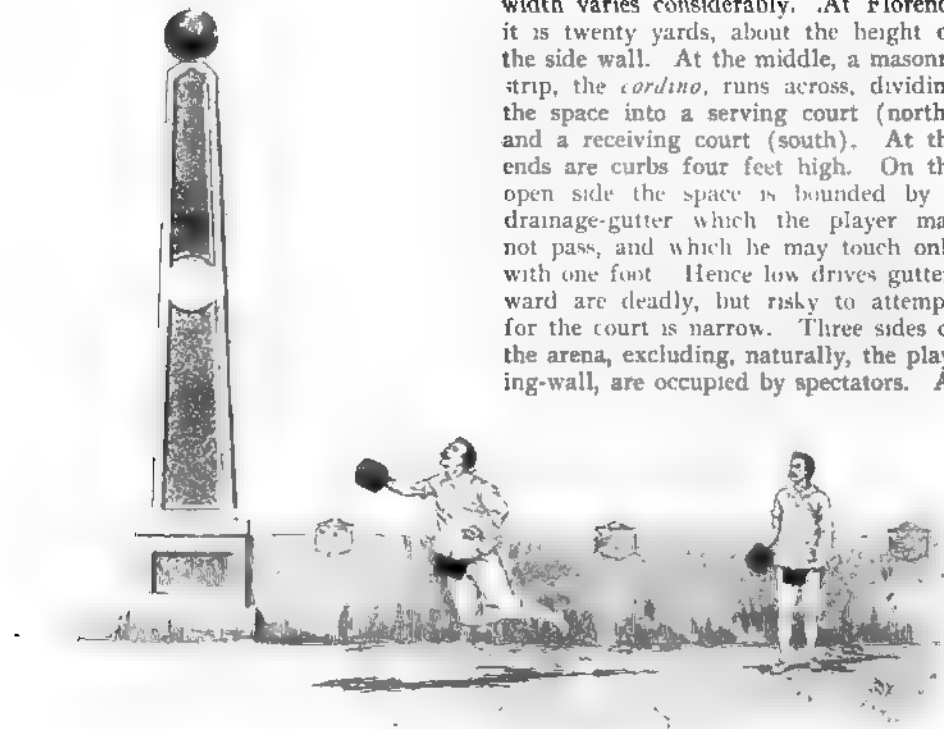
Be that as it may, the gist of the game is almost as readily grasped as its statuesque beauty. *Pallone* is merely the perfected and titanic form of the *jeu de paume* that is played from end to end of Europe. You see it in its incipency when two urchins with tambourines bat a rubber ball to and fro in the open or against a side wall. In Spain the thing is done with a wicker racket in a court, and is called *pelota*. But *pallone*, the ancient game which is the parent of tennis, rackets,

and half a dozen other wall games, is as far superior to its rudimentary forms as baseball is to rounders.

One look at the big ball, the pallone itself, would convince you that here is a sport for men, if not for giants. The pallone looks like a huge baseball, but has twice the diameter and weighs two thirds of a pound. I have seen its like in Columbia County, N. Y., where, twenty years ago, the old Dutch game of wicket was still played. Imagine a twelve-pound shell, or an enlarged croquet-ball, soaring from end to end of a three-hundred-foot court, or ricocheting treacherously off the side wall as the agile player gives this or that turn of the bristling wooden cestus. This bat is as noteworthy as the ball. A wooden cylinder, about eight inches long, and six in diameter, with an outer array of inserted wooden spikes, and an interior cross grip shaped to the player's hand—such is the arm-piece, or *bracciale*. It is

so heavy—weighing at least four pounds—that one may rather say it sways the bearer than he it. Once it swings at the hurtling ball, the whole body must follow the gesture: hence the remarkably plastic quality of all the attitudes of play. And the contestants are dressed in a fashion to give value to these momentary poses. A trim jacket, the right sleeve short, tight knickerbockers, stockings, and canvas slippers, all spotless white, make up a costume that admits a touch of color only in the gold-fringed sash,—gift of an admirer generally—which marks the player as belonging to the Reds or Blues. Returning to the *bracciale*, it is not a comfortable thing to wear. At every pause the players rap it sharply against the wall to drive the bandaged wrist home, and they often breathe on the hot and half-exposed knuckles in a vain attempt to cool them.

The court is as impressively big as the bat and ball. From end to end it must measure at least a hundred yards. The width varies considerably. At Florence it is twenty yards, about the height of the side wall. At the middle, a masonry strip, the *cordino*, runs across, dividing the space into a serving court (north) and a receiving court (south). At the ends are curbs four feet high. On the open side the space is bounded by a drainage-gutter which the player may not pass, and which he may touch only with one foot. Hence low drives gutterward are deadly, but risky to attempt, for the court is narrow. Three sides of the arena, excluding, naturally, the playing-wall, are occupied by spectators. At



Drawn by C. M. Kelyes

SERVERS (BATTITORES) AFTER THE SERVE

The monument is one of three painted on the side wall to mark the divisions of the court.



From a photograph by Gertrude Robinson Smith

THE SERVING END OF THE PALLONE-COURT AT FLORENCE—SHOWING
THE BEGINNING OF THE SERVE

the ends are high terraces, below these the cheaper seats, both protected by nets, over which the ball will occasionally soar alarmingly. Along the free side is a promenade from which the most enthusiastic amateurs watch the play on foot. Behind it are the cheapest seats, into which the ball frequently bounds, effecting each time such a scattering as a mischievous stone does in a frog-pond. Small children are prudently relegated to a special covered cage. In all sections are the booths of the *totalizzatore*—a mutual pool in which you may hazard your francs or your soldi on the winner of most points or on second best. Formerly the betting was merely on the Reds and Blues, which good judges think was better for the game. To shame craven spirits, there is a conspicuous mural inscription, begging those who esteem neither the judges nor the players not to bet. I give it in its original epigraphic emphasis:

CHI NON HA STIMA DEL GIURÌ E
DEI GIUOCATORI È PREGATO DI NON
SCOMMETTERE

But while we are waiting and noting that Monte Morello is well seen in the afternoon light between poplars, the six players are taking their places, and after a rally to warm up, the match begins. Reds have the serve, as always, and go to the north court, where the narrow serving-gangway (*trappolino*) slopes down from the curb to the packed dirt. The server stands at the top of this incline, ready to rush down and catch the ball fair as it is tossed to him by an official, the *mandarino*. But first *battitore* trots down gracefully, touches the ball gently with the *bracciale*, and all the players bow to the stands. Back goes the server; in front of him, at the foot of the gangway, stands *spalla* (shoulder, or right-hand man); out in the court is *terzino* (the little third fellow). The rush of service will bring *battitore* between the two in the center of his court. On the other side, the Blues are in formation to receive the ball. *Terzino* and *spalla* are against the wall, *battitore* at the center of the back curb. They hug the left wall, since, while a run of twenty yards to intercept a drive



From a photograph by Gertrude Robinson Smith

VIEW FROM THE RECEIVING END OF THE PALLONE-COURT
AT FLORENCE

on the fore-hand is nothing at all, the back-hand is notably weak.

Meantime the Red battitore, now in earnest, is swinging his bracciale like mad and prancing down his plank. As he swoops, the ball is gently tossed to him. He swings at it with his whole body, catches it fair for a seventy-yard drive, and the match is on. Goethe noted that the serving gesture was virtually that of the Borghese "Warrior." The ball must land in the opponents' court, but if it carries the hundred yards and more over their heads and into or over the back net, a point is won without further play. Fourteen years ago there was a battitore at Florence who did this frequently, serving the ball many times in a match into the terrace of the one-francers. His drives had a marvelous way of keeping low, only to soar startlingly at the end, as a well-hit golf ball will do from the tee. It was a play that would have raised the roof had there been one, and I have rarely seen it since. After the serve, begin those remarkable gyrations of the ball that constitute at least half the magic of the game. It takes the

most remarkable curves. When it touches the ground, which happens only every fifth stroke or so, it breaks and kicks with the viciousness of a cricket-ball on a dry crease. But more of this later. All this is further complicated by the fact that the ball is usually played to the side wall. The players keep close to it, and there is the most difficult and hazardous, if not the prettiest, part of the play. In a twinkling one must decide whether to play the ball back to the wall, or let it twist off the bracciale into the open, or dodge in favor of a partner behind. The calculation is by fractions of inches and seconds, and the penalty of a miss may be the loss of a front tooth or so. It is the problem that ever faces the player at rackets, but in pallone it seems more difficult, as the tools are clumsier and more strength must be exerted.

Exchange of high lob, each rising a good seventy feet and covering some two hundred, is perhaps the most spectacular form of play; but it is hardly serious. The real work is done with lower drives of similar length, of which

one may often see an exchange of seven or more clean volleys; with hazardous low cross courts to the gutter-sides, with strange twists off the wall or the dirt; finally with the beautiful *volata*, a fair drive over everything to the back net. As for the curious twists and curves the ball takes when it spins off the wooden spikes, only a billiard-player could properly analyze them. I have seen the big ball come along the side wall in a succession of bounds, as the ivory will creep down the cushion. The ball seems an animate, purposeful, impish thing, and I dare say

the players themselves hardly know how its antics are produced.

The scoring mounts familiarly, as in lawn tennis, 15, 30, 40, game, with *deuce* and *vantage*. Eight games, with a rubber when necessary, are the usual match. Two may be played between four o'clock and early dinner-time. Each side holds the serve for two games, and then changes to the defensive court.



Drawn by C. M. Relyea

THE END OF THE STROKE

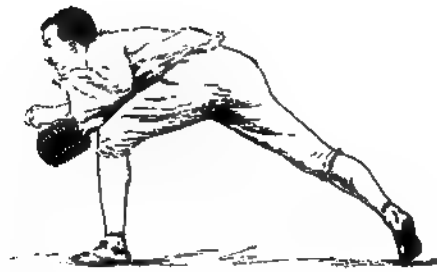
The players are credited with the points they earn, and demerited by their errors. Three judges pass irrevocably on such matters. For the purposes of the betting the players are handicapped, *terzino*, the easiest post, often starting even, and *spalla* and *battitore*, whose strokes are longer and more difficult, receiving an allowance of from two to six points a match. But all this varies naturally with the proficiency of the individual players. No one who has staked his lira and has seen a hopeful bulletin for his favorite should forget that in case of a tie the less conspicuous record of errors decides the winner.

The agility of the players is no less remarkable than their technical handiness with the *bracciale*. You will often see a good *spalla* catch the serve almost from the gutter after a twenty-yard run,

and get back to pick the return at half-bound off the wall, and this without any appearance of haste or effort. The back-hand stroke, except by passively offering the *bracciale* across the body, is virtually impossible; but I have seen a player in straits throw himself backward at the ball with a complete turn of the body—a stroke that rarely succeeds, but is beautiful even in failure, having in it something of the abandon of a baroque Phaethon, smitten by the shaft of the sun god.

But one should not sink himself in the esthetics and ballistics of this game to the degree of forgetting his neighbors. They are worth both an eye and an ear. Everybody talks to the ball, and, in spite of a police regulation, "*Maledetto!*" a small boy cries to the players, as *terzino* foomles dismally into the gutter. "Booh! oooh! oooh!" rises in crescendo as the server too confidently misjudges the toss, and sends the ball spinning high over his own side wall. Two youngsters, privileged counterparts of our mascots at home, scamper about the court and collect the balls that are out of play. Gorgeous young sports on the one-franc terrace discuss the betting with the gravity of our own gilded youth in a matter of similar importance. Below, on the half-franc seats, solid citizens deplore the recklessness above. "How the money flies there!" Everywhere pass *Chianti* vendors, and basket-men with buns, pumpkin-seeds, and an ill-favored nut candy. Crowds, including our conservative friends below, beset the *totalizzatore* before and after every match, and the sheets giving yesterday's returns are duly weighed before the hard-earned *soldi* are staked. Though the gentry patronize, and still occasionally play, *pallone*, the crowd is on the whole plebeian, but in the gentle sense in which the word applies in Tuscany. By half-past five, when the second match usually begins, the benches fill rapidly with working-folk on their way home. Women are few, though they may freely attend. That is a pity, for the spectacle is a beautiful one, and unlike the run of Anglo-Saxon games, *pallone* explains itself.

It is so noble a sport that I hate to think of its being witnessed otherwise than for its own sake, but I may say from

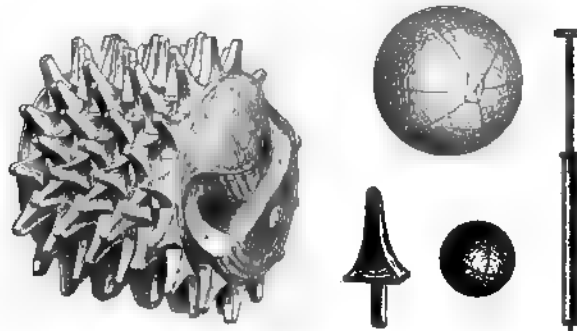


Drawn by L. M. Helyea

PLAYING A LOW BOUND

experience that as a remedy for the museum-fag that often afflicts one at Florence, pallone is almost a specific. To observe the splendid plastic poses of the players will help one not merely to realize what a javelin-throwing contest at Olympia may have meant, but also to understand the sense of corporeal expressiveness that underlies the art of Donatello and Pollajuolo. But I am ashamed of suggesting an ulterior motive for going to the finest of ball-games. Its mere antiquity should impose respect. Nausicaa and her maids were playing it when Ulysses interrupted from his bush. Horace and his mates played it in the

same crude form on the famous jaunt to Brundisium. With a round Cato comforted himself for a defeat in the consular elections. Philip the Fair, king of Spain, came to his untimely end by drinking ice water after pallone under the walls of Burgos. In San Casciano, near Florence, I have been told, it had to be forbidden by law because the rivalry between the Reds and Blues often ended in sanguinary broils. During a long afternoon there the lads of the town were industriously practising beside many a dead wall, but, to my chagrin, there was no bloodshed between luncheon and a twilight departure in a gig.



Drawn by B. F. Williamson

ARTICLES USED IN THE GAME

The arm-piece, or *bracciale*, and the large ball, are drawn to scale; there are also shown a sample of the wooden pegs of the *bracciale*, and a ball (smaller in scale) the cover of which is divided differently from the other. The air pump is used to inflate the balls.

LINCOLN'S FOREBODINGS OF DEFEAT AT THE POLLS

(LINCOLN IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE—IV)

BY DAVID HOMER BATES

Manager of the War Department Telegraph Office and Cipher-Operator,
1861-1866

LINCOLN'S MANNER CONTRASTED WITH STANTON'S

SECRETARY STANTON'S private secretary, Major A. E. H. Johnson, in conversation with the writer in April, 1907, said that in his dealings with the public, Lincoln's heart was greater than his head, while Stanton's head was greater than his heart. This characterization, though general, contains a great deal of truth. But we must not forget that the crystallized opinion of the present generation is that on all the important questions of public policy and administrative action, where Stanton's views were opposed to those of Lincoln, the latter dominated his energetic war secretary. Indeed, one of Lincoln's latest biographers has entitled his volume "Lincoln, Master of Men," and has marshaled facts and documents that seem to demonstrate that on all essential points Lincoln's will was stronger than Stanton's.

In fact, during the three and a quarter years of their close official relations the two men worked in almost entire harmony. There never appeared, to the writer's observation, any real conflict between them. It suited both to treat the public, each in his own characteristic way, and when in any case the pinch came, each knew how far to yield to the other without sacrifice of prerogative.

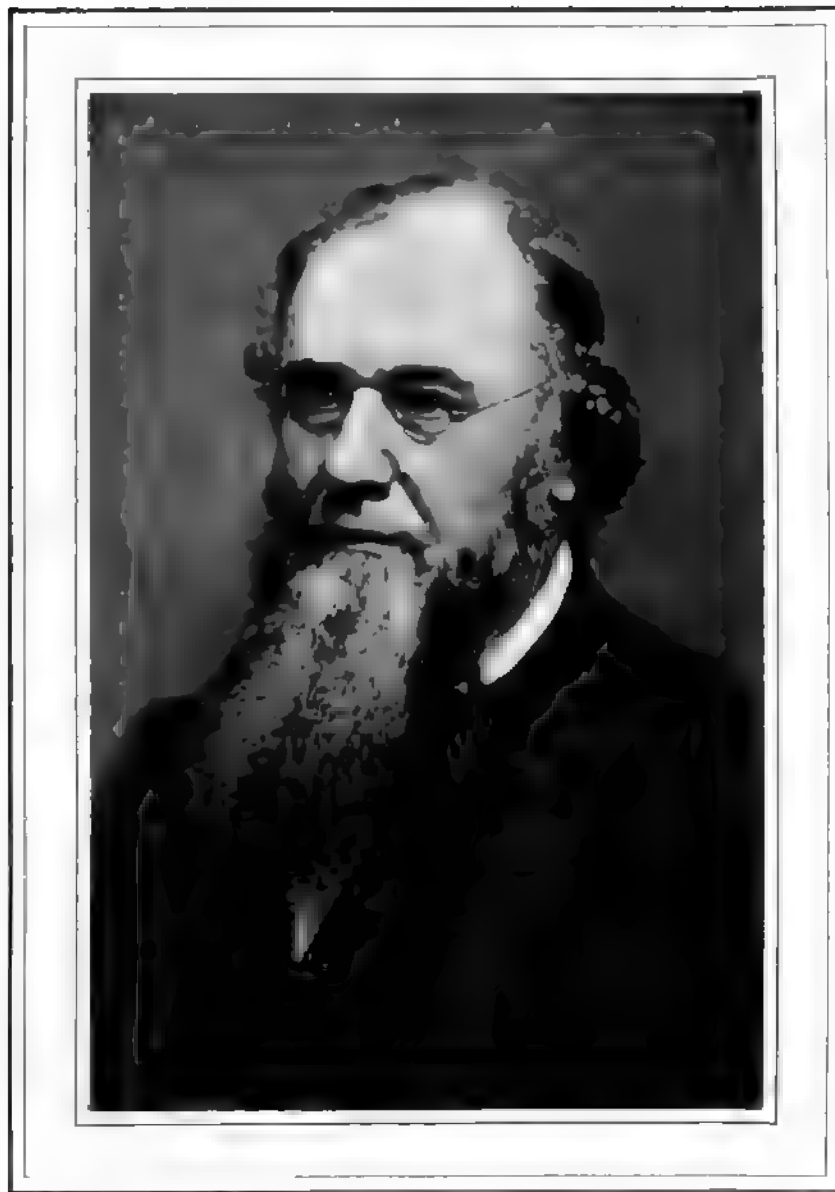
One incident may be cited to show the general characteristics of the two men. The scarcity and very high price of cot-

ton, especially toward the end of the war, had the effect of leading many Northerners to engage in the questionable work of buying up cotton through certain agencies in the border States with the resultant effect of supplying needed funds to the South and establishing lines of communication which were used in many cases for conveying military information to the enemy. Accordingly, the War Department issued stringent orders on this subject which were, of course, criticized by the cotton speculators; one of whom, about May, 1864, appealed to President Lincoln for the purpose of inducing him to overrule Stanton's order in his particular case and allow a large amount of cotton, already bought and paid for, to come through our lines. Lincoln heard the man's story and declined to intervene, but upon being further importuned gave his autograph card with an introduction to Stanton. The man went over to the War Department, presented his card, and told his story, whereupon Stanton tore up the President's card and threw it into the waste-basket, and said, "The orders of this Department will not be changed."

The speculator, who was a man of considerable prominence, immediately went back to the White House and told of his reception by Stanton, using strong language and censuring the Secretary of War severely.

"Mr. President," said he, "what do you think Stanton did with your card?"

"I don't know," said Lincoln, "tell me."



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Edwin M. Stanton
SECRETARY OF WAR 1862-1868

Mr. C. P. Filson, son of the photographer, writes that this portrait is from the last negative of Stanton, which was taken by his father, Davison Filson, while Stanton was stamping Ohio for General Grant in the Presidential canvass of 1868.

"He tore it up and threw it into the waste-basket. He is not a fit man to be your Secretary of War."

"Did he do that?" replied Lincoln; "well, that 's just like Stanton."

In the afternoon, in the presence of Major Eckert, the President gave the Secretary of War an account of the incident, evidently with great enjoyment, and without taking the slightest exception to Stanton's course.

There was a marked contrast between Lincoln's manner, which was always pleasant and even genial, and that of Stanton. The latter's stern, spectacled visage commanded instant respect and in many cases inspired fear. In receiving visitors, and they were legion, Stanton seldom or never sat down, but stood before a high desk as the crowd passed before him and one by one presented their requests or complaints, which were rapidly disposed of. He was haughty, severe, domineering, and often rude. When I think of him in the daily routine of his public audiences, the characterization of Napoleon by Charles Phillips, the Irish orator, comes to mind: "Grand, gloomy, and peculiar."

The almost overwhelming burden of the great struggle for the life of the nation was ever pressing upon Stanton's heart and brain, and he even begrudged the time which he believed was wasted in ordinary civilities and was impatient with every one who failed to show like zeal and alertness with himself. He was not blessed with Lincoln's happy faculty of story-telling or exchanging badinage, which to the latter was a God-given means of relief from the awful strain to which he was subjected. And yet there were times when even Stanton would soften and when he would disclose a kindly nature, the knowledge of the possession of which would come as a sharp surprise to any one fortunate enough to be present on such an occasion.

One instance in my recollection occurred after what seemed to me an unusual outburst of temper visited upon my innocent head. This was in connection with the receipt of the sensational Sherman-Johnson Peace Agreement which reached Washington on April 21, 1865,

(only six days after Lincoln's death), the contents of which were of such an extraordinary character as to cause Stanton to become intensely excited. In fact, every high official of the Government, not excluding General Grant, was amazed at Sherman's action in signing such an agreement. I have been informed on trustworthy authority that President Johnson at the historical conference on the evening of April 21, in Senator Hooper's house,¹ after hearing Stanton read over his "Nine Reasons why the Sherman-Johnson Agreement should be rejected by the Government," remarked that Sherman was a traitor.

In preparation for this hastily called cabinet meeting, Stanton called me in from the cipher-room and asked me to write from his dictation, the regular clerical staff of the secretary's office having gone home for the day. Although as a telegrapher I was a rapid penman, my task was not an easy one, for the great war secretary's sentences came tumbling from his lips in an impetuous torrent and it was impossible for me to keep up the pace he set. In fact, even a shorthand writer would probably have stumbled, so that breaks were frequent and equally annoying to both of us. I did my level best, but lost some words and transposed others, so that the fiery dictator was forced to go back several times in his train of thought and reconstruct sentences, and in doing so he here and there used phrases different from those in his original composition. The final result was therefore unsatisfactory, and Stanton in his eagerness snatched the manuscript from my hands, with some remarks that would not look well in print.

Taking a pen in his hand and dipping it vigorously into the inkstand he proceeded to rewrite a considerable part of the document himself. Having done this, he read it over to me carefully and then had me write a new copy entire, while he paced back and forth across the room impatient of the fast-speeding minutes, and occasionally looking over my shoulder to see how far I had progressed. At last the final copy was ready, and I handed it to him and started to go into the cipher-room adjoining, when he called me back

¹ President Johnson had not yet moved into the White House. The Hooper house was later altered into a hotel—the Shoreham.

and placing his hand affectionately on my shoulder, said, "I was too hasty with you, Mr. Bates. The fault was mine in expecting you to keep up with my rapid dictation; but I was so indignant at General Sherman for having assumed to enter into such an arrangement with the enemy, that I forgot everything else. I beg your pardon, my son."

Another incident occurs to my mind, showing how very thin was the outer crust of his harsh manner and how readily at times it could be broken so as to reveal the inherent kindness of his heart.

One evening, in the summer of 1864, I rode out to the Soldiers' Home with important despatches for the President and Secretary of War, who were temporarily domiciled with their families in cottages on the grounds of the Home. I found Stanton reclining on the grass, playing with Lewis, one of his children (now living in New Orleans). He invited me to a seat on the greensward while he read the telegrams; and then, business being finished, we began talking of early times in Steubenville, Ohio, his native town and mine. One of us mentioned the game of "mumble-peg," and he asked me if I could play it. Of course I said yes, and he proposed that we should have a game then and there. Stanton entered into the spirit of the boyish sport with great zest, and for the moment all the perplexing questions of the terrible war were forgotten. I do not remember who won.

In the daily routine of the War Department, however, Stanton was intensely in earnest, and he required of every one else a like zeal and devotion and an utter sacrifice of self and of personal comfort whenever the interests of the Government were concerned. He hated disloyalty and had no patience with critics of his administration. Accordingly he was brusque and many times rude to newspaper men, members of Congress and others who applied to him for news or favors or who called upon him in support of claims that had already been rejected.

In contrast, Lincoln freely told to callers the contents of despatches from the armies, and there were some occasions on which he disclosed to the public in advance information relating to army maneuvers of special importance, which leaked through to the enemy, with the

result of defeating our plans. So it came to pass that we were ordered by Secretary Stanton not to place in the cipher-drawer copies of despatches which told of expected army movements, or which related to actual or impending battles, until after he had first seen them; and in some instances the Secretary retained both copies to make sure their contents should not be prematurely published.

Lincoln's keen eyes soon discovered that there was something wrong in our attitude toward him, and without criticizing our course, he would ask us occasionally, with twinkling eyes, whether the Secretary of War did not have some later news. Of course we could not deceive him and he would then go to the adjoining room and ask Stanton if he had anything from the front. Sometimes he addressed Stanton as "Mars," but while the stern Secretary gave no indication of displeasure at this playful allusion to his official character, he did not, on the other hand, allow a smile to brighten his face.

L. E. Chittenden, in his "Reminiscences," page 186, says that at Lincoln's death Stanton uttered this eulogy at the bedside: "There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen."

In August, 1865, Stanton left Washington for a few weeks' vacation, the first he had been permitted to take for five years. I accompanied him as cipher-operator. He visited Simeon Draper, Collector of the Port, and a Mr. Duer at New York, Isaac Bell at Tarrytown, a Mr. Minturn at the Highlands, New Jersey; Samuel Hooper at Boston, and John Hone at Newport. This respite was greatly enjoyed by Stanton. His death occurred December 24, 1869, not long after his protracted and bitter struggle with President Johnson, and at the very time that President Grant had offered him the much-coveted prize of a seat on the Supreme Court bench. He lived and died a relatively poor man. In the writer's opinion it is a nation's shame that his extraordinary services to his country in her time of stress and need have not been suitably recognized by the erection of a monument to his memory at the nation's capital. General McClellan has been so honored recently and at Richmond Jefferson Davis and Generals

Lee and Stuart are also remembered, but our great war secretary, to whom the country owes so much, has apparently been forgotten.

LINCOLN UNDER FIRE AT FORT STEVENS

TOWARD the end of June, 1864, General Lee detached a body of 20,000 men, including a large cavalry force, from the army defending Richmond and sent them North under the command of his chosen cavalry leader, General Jubal Early, for the purpose of making a quick dash into Maryland and then into Washington, if the capital were found to be insufficiently protected, as General Lee had heard was the case. This condition of imminent danger¹ really existed, as it is well known that but for the brave and heroic action of General Lew Wallace, in attacking Early at the mouth of the Monocacy with a force much smaller in number than that of the enemy, thus delaying Early's movements twenty-four hours, the latter might easily have reached and entered Washington before reinforcements could have arrived from Grant's army. Wallace's command consisted of 2700 troops, largely raw militia, and about 3300 veterans belonging to the Sixth Corps under General Ricketts, the latter having reached Baltimore from City Point only two days before.

The Monocacy fight was waged all day Saturday, July 9, and ended in Wallace's defeat, leaving Early free to resume his march upon Washington. Wallace sent this telegram to the War Department on Sunday, July 10: "I have been defeated. The enemy are not pressing me, from which I infer they are marching on Washington." This was indeed the fact, for Early's advance reached the District boundary line on Monday morning, and the signal officer wigwagged this sentence: "The enemy is within twenty rods of Fort Stevens." Early at once began a reconnaissance to learn the strength and disposition of our defenses and for two days kept up an

almost continuous firing which could be heard distinctly in Washington.

There was one considerable skirmish, witnessed by Lincoln, whose summer residence was only four miles from Fort Stevens, in a cottage at the Soldiers' Home. Lincoln visited the fortifications on Monday and Tuesday, and on several occasions was in great danger, one of our men having been killed within a few feet of where the President stood. His tall form must have been a conspicuous target for the enemy's sharpshooters, and it was a matter of remark at the time that he did not seem to realize the serious risk incurred in going to the front of our line while skirmishing was in progress. It is of historical importance to note that this was the first time (and up to the present the only time) when a President of the United States, although Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, has been exposed to the fire of the enemy's guns in battle. The total number of killed and wounded on both sides in the two days' skirmishes at the boundary line of the District of Columbia was nearly 1000.

While Lincoln witnessed the spirited skirmish with Early's troops in front of Fort Stevens on July 11, he carefully observed the whole situation of affairs and upon his return to the city he came direct to the War Department and gave us a pretty full account, which has been recorded by Mr. A. B. Chandler, as follows:

"I have in my possession the diagram which Lincoln made in the telegraph office, immediately after his return from his tour of the fortifications to the north and west of the city. This diagram showed the relative positions of the two bodies of troops and where the skirmish took place, all of which he explained to Major Eckert, Tinker, Bates and myself, who were, of course, extremely interested in his picturesque description."

For forty-eight hours, therefore, the coveted prize was within Early's grasp. Never before during the war had a Confederate army been within sight of the

¹ My war diary says:

July 10, 1864.—The enemy broke the railroad at Laurel to-day (11 miles out). Yesterday they seized a passenger train at Gunpowder Bridge, north of Baltimore, capturing Gen-

eral Franklin and staff, but they afterwards escaped.

July 11, 1864.—Great excitement in Washington. Department clerks are being armed and sent to the forts at the boundary.

glittering dome of the capitol and Early must have gnashed his teeth when he thought of his one day's delay at the Monocacy, which had been just long enough to allow veteran troops from Grant's army to reach Washington, for neither he nor his men failed to recognize on the parapets of our forts the well-known flags of the famous Sixth Corps, a part of which brave body of troops had fought him all day Saturday at the Monocacy. The remainder of this veteran corps, under General Wright, had landed at Seventh street wharf, Washington, on Sunday, at just about the hour at which Early's advance had come in sight of Fort Stevens.

With the dawn of Wednesday, however, it was discovered that Early had retreated, and Washington emerged from what is now known to have been one of its most serious crises during the whole war, for, as was said in an address in May, 1902, by Leslie M. Shaw (then Secretary of the Treasury), "with the national capital in the hands of the enemy it would have been impossible to prophesy the foreign complications, to say nothing of the demoralization of the people of the United States."

This was not the only time Early's fate belied his name, for three months later his army of raiders also lost one day's time in their calculations when Sheridan sent them whirling down the Valley of the Shenandoah after their initial victory during his temporary absence in Washington.

LINCOLN'S STRANGE FOREBODINGS REGARDING HIS REELECTION IN 1864

IN these peaceful days, more than forty years after the close of the Civil War, when we read of the fraternization of the Blue and the Gray at Army Reunions, South and North, and Republican Presidents are enthusiastically welcomed by the people of the South, it is somewhat difficult to recall clearly the troublous times of 1864, that most critical and momentous year of the war, and harder still to realize that there was so much of doubt in the minds of the Northern people, and even of our chosen leaders, as to the ultimate outcome of the struggle. Our great War President himself, whose heroic faith

voiced itself so often in his public utterances, was in his heart more or less of a doubter at critical times, as the writer can bear certain witness. He seemed to recognize more clearly than some of his advisers the great anti-war feeling in the North and the underlying forces back of it, and the weight of their subtle and malign influence.

I consider 1864 the most critical and momentous year of the war from a military standpoint, although in that year we had no Bull Run defeat as in 1861, nor Chickahominy disaster as in 1862, nor Gettysburg nor Vicksburg victories as in 1863. The year was remarkable also in political movements. The sorehead convention at Cleveland in May had nominated Frémont and Cochrane, both from New York, forgetful of the Constitutional provision against taking both the President and the Vice-President from the same State. At that nondescript gathering a letter from Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist leader, was read in which he said:

The administration therefore I regard as a civil and military failure and its avowed policy ruinous to the North in every point of view. If Mr. Lincoln is reelected, I do not expect to see the Union reconstructed in my day unless on terms more disastrous to liberty than even disunion would be.

LINCOLN DID NOT FAVOR JOHNSON FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

ON June 8, 1864, the Republican convention at Baltimore unanimously renominated Lincoln for President. Horace White, who had formerly been employed as a clerk in Secretary Stanton's office, was in the convention, but was then engaged in newspaper work, was seated next to the operator who was working the wire leading to the War Department, and sent the first congratulatory message to Lincoln, and shortly afterward telegraphed that Andrew Johnson of Tennessee had been nominated for Vice-President. When the President reached the telegraph office, my colleague, Mr. Tinker, offered his congratulations, but was told that Lincoln had not yet seen the message announcing his renomination. When the copy was shown him he said: "Send it right over to the Madam. She will be more interested

than I am."¹ When the announcement of Johnson's nomination was handed to the President, he looked at the telegram a moment and then said, "Well, I thought possibly he might be the man; perhaps he is the best man, but—" and rising from his chair he walked out of the room. Mr. Tinker has always contended from this incident that Lincoln preferred that Hannibal Hamlin should have been placed on the ticket a second time, and expected that he would be.

As one straw showing how the wind of opinion then veered toward McClellan, it is noted that only two days before Lincoln recorded his remarkable estimate, hereinafter given, the soldiers and attendants at Carver Hospital, Washington, in a State election, had cast an unusually large vote—one in three—against the administration. This otherwise trivial incident must have exerted a special influence on Mr. Lincoln, in view of the fact that he had frequently visited that hospital and mingled with its occupants. Nor must we forget that the exponents of peace-at-any-price were still firing their sputtering squibs at Lincoln, which irritated although they probably did not much hurt.

The general effect of these eccentric peace movements, however, was to foster among certain classes in the North a feeling of unrest and of dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war. Such persons no doubt believed they were patriots, but they had no backbone, and events not turning out as they wished, they were too ready to cast the blame upon the Administration,—on the one hand upon Stanton, the Bismarck of our Civil War, who was the personification of zeal and implacable fury in his treatment of his country's enemies, whether North or South, and on the other hand, without logic or reason, upon Lincoln, who had "malice toward none; with charity for all," but who also had "firmness to do the right," no matter if his best friends and legal advisers were against him.

Lincoln, as James Russell Lowell eulogized him in his Harvard Commemoration Ode in July, 1865,

The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,

Lincoln, silent under the stings of criticism, but with almost sublime faith in the final success of the cause of liberty, of which he was the great exponent, appears in 1864, as we now see him in his environment, to have become imbued with the idea that perhaps, after all, the people of the North would declare themselves at the polls in November as being willing to end the bloody war by putting McClellan in the Presidential chair and thus pave the way for an amendment to the Constitution which would permit the Southern States to withdraw peacefully from the Union and set up a separate government, with negro slavery as its corner-stone. Lincoln, with his lofty ideas of eternal right and justice between man and man, whether white, black, red or yellow, had, it seemed, almost lost heart, and his long-tried patience was nearly exhausted. He was indeed almost at the parting of the ways as he saw so many of his own political party and former supporters wavering or actually deserting the colors and opposing the Government in the very matters which to him were vital. They had turned back from their march up freedom's heights, the topmost peaks of which he had already scaled, and from which only, as he believed, could be had clear visions of the controlling questions of his day and generation. To him those visions and what they meant to his country were sublime verities, as indeed they later came to be to most or all of his countrymen.

Hear what Senator Morgan of Alabama said in 1895: "The character of Lincoln is not yet known to this generation as it will be to those who shall live in later centuries. They will see, as we cannot yet perceive, the full maturity of his wisdom, in its actual effects upon the destinies of two great races of men."

But at the time of which I am now writing—October, 1864—with the waves of civil war beating ceaselessly upon him, with the snarling tones of his political enemies sounding in his ears, with

¹ My comrade, Mr. Chandler, says that Lincoln made exactly the same remark on the night of November 8, when the news that came over the wires was such as to make it quite certain that Lincoln had been reëlected.

LINCOLN'S FOREBODINGS OF DEFEAT AT THE POLLS 619

the continual nagging of those who professed to be his friends, but who criticized his words and actions from their lowly habitat in the slough of despond, with such meager disappointing results from the Emancipation Proclamation, the general features of which had been announced two years before, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that Lincoln feared defeat in the approaching November election.

In his great anxiety Lincoln had sent John Hay, one of his secretaries, on a special mission to Hilton Head, South Carolina, with instructions to General Gillmore, commanding, to coöperate in certain measures intended to aid in bringing Florida back into the Union, on the lines of his Reconstruction Proclamation of December 8, 1863, the program being to extend the Union lines as far as possible into that State and induce the loyal citizens to set up a reorganized State government with its three electoral votes for the Administration at the November election. This plan, if under more fortunate conditions it could have succeeded, was rendered futile by the wholly unexpected defeat of General Truman Seymour at the battle of Olustee.

John G. Nicolay, his first secretary, was despatched to Missouri with a view to overcoming factional troubles in that State, kept alive by political leaders of strong contrary types, and thus to secure if possible her eleven electoral votes, which in Lincoln's estimate, as we shall see, were conceded to McClellan, but which were actually cast for Lincoln.

In October, Maryland had voted upon her new constitution, the chief feature of which was the final extinction of slavery; and out of a total of 60,000 votes the majority in favor of the new law was a bare 375, and that result had been carried to the Court of Appeals on the theory that the vote of the soldiers in the field could not legally be counted.

The Pennsylvania, Ohio and other State elections took place on October 11, only two days before the incident I am about to describe. On that evening Lincoln stayed in the telegraph office until after midnight for the purpose of receiving promptly the results of the elections—his last message being as follows:

Washington, Oct. 11, 1864.

GENERAL SIMON CAMERON,
Philadelphia:

Am leaving office to go home. How does it stand now?

A. Lincoln.

Cameron's reply was hopeful but not conclusive. The following day Grant telegraphed to the War Department for news of the Pennsylvania election. Lincoln being in the telegraph office when the despatch was received, answered it thus:

October 12, 1864.

LIEUT. GENL. GRANT,
City Point, Va.:

Pennsylvania very close and still in doubt on home vote.

A. Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S AUTOGRAPHIC ESTIMATE OF THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

SUCH in general were the conditions throughout the country as they appeared to Lincoln when on the evening of October 13, 1864, he made his regular visit to the War Department telegraph office, which for over three anxious years had been his safe retreat and lounging place, and where he had so often calculated the wavering chances of war and peace. Major Eckert and the cipher-operators were all there and we could not fail to notice that the President looked unusually weary and depressed as he sat down to scan the political field and consider the probabilities of his reelection, three weeks later.

After the results of the State elections two days before had been fully discussed, the conversation begun by him turned to the Presidential election, and he expressed himself as not being at all sure of reelection. He referred to special conditions in some of the States as affording ground for the fear that McClellan might slip through. In fact his cautious spirit led him to underrate his own strength and to exaggerate McClellan's chances, and after pondering the matter a short while, he reached for one of our cipher telegraph-blanks and wrote his own careful estimate of the electoral vote as shown by the facsimile here published for the first time.

He entered in one column the names

WAR DEPARTMENT,

Washington 25th Nov 1899		Total	
State	Vote	State	Vote
Alaska	33	Alaska	33
Arizona	26	Arizona	26
California	7	California	7
Colorado	3	Colorado	3
Connecticut	1	Connecticut	1
Delaware	11	Delaware	11
District of Columbia	11	District of Columbia	11
Florida	16	Florida	16
Georgia	114	Georgia	114
Idaho	1	Idaho	1
Illinois	11	Illinois	11
Indiana	11	Indiana	11
Iowa	16	Iowa	16
Kansas	114	Kansas	114
Kentucky	1	Kentucky	1
Louisiana	11	Louisiana	11
Maine	11	Maine	11
Maryland	16	Maryland	16
Massachusetts	114	Massachusetts	114
Michigan	1	Michigan	1
Minnesota	11	Minnesota	11
Mississippi	11	Mississippi	11
Missouri	16	Missouri	16
Montana	114	Montana	114
Nebraska	1	Nebraska	1
Nevada	11	Nevada	11
New Hampshire	11	New Hampshire	11
New Jersey	16	New Jersey	16
New Mexico	114	New Mexico	114
New York	1	New York	1
North Carolina	11	North Carolina	11
North Dakota	11	North Dakota	11
Ohio	16	Ohio	16
Oklahoma	114	Oklahoma	114
Oregon	1	Oregon	1
Pennsylvania	11	Pennsylvania	11
Rhode Island	11	Rhode Island	11
South Carolina	16	South Carolina	16
South Dakota	114	South Dakota	114
Tennessee	1	Tennessee	1
Texas	11	Texas	11
Vermont	11	Vermont	11
Virginia	16	Virginia	16
Washington	114	Washington	114
West Virginia	1	West Virginia	1
Wisconsin	11	Wisconsin	11
Wyoming	11	Wyoming	11

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FACSIMILE OF LINCOLN'S AUTOGRAPHIC ESTIMATE OF THE
ELECTORAL VOTE OF 1864

The original autograph, now owned by the author of this series, was written by Lincoln in the War Department telegraph office, October 17, 1864, three weeks before the election, and is here printed for the first time. The headings: "Supposed Copperhead Vote" and "Union Vote for President," as well as the addition of "Nevada," with "3" votes, and the corrected total "120," are in the handwriting of Major Eckert.

of the eight States which he conceded to McClellan, giving him 114 electoral votes. In a second column he entered the names of the States which he felt sure would cast 117 votes for the Administration. This total showed only three more votes than he allowed McClellan. He did this from memory, making no mistake in the number of electoral votes to which each State was entitled, excepting that he omitted Nevada, which was about to come into the Union, and her three votes were added in Eckert's handwriting. (The President's proclamation admitting Nevada is dated October 31, 1864.)

It will hardly be believed to-day that Lincoln should have allowed himself in

his calculation so narrow a margin as three votes out of 231, but the evidence is absolute.

The actual result of the election was of course very different from Lincoln's figures. McClellan received only twenty-one votes, two of the three States, Delaware and Kentucky, being original slave States, the other being New Jersey. Lincoln received 212 votes instead of his estimate of 117. In 1860 he had received 180.

Those who are familiar with Lincoln's written papers will not be surprised at the neatness of this memorandum in his own handwriting, which shows no erasure or blot, every word being legible, although in the lapse of time some of

his pencil marks have become somewhat blurred and indistinct. It was his custom when writing a note or making a memorandum, as the cipher-operators had observed, to take his pen or pencil in hand, smooth out the sheet of paper carefully and write slowly and deliberately, stopping at times in thoughtful mood to look out of the window for a moment or two, and then resuming his writing. In this respect he was wholly different from Secretary Stanton, whose drafts or letters and memoranda were jotted down at a terrific pace, with many erasures and interlineations.

I still have in my possession the original draft (partly in my handwriting) of Stanton's General Orders to the army, dated April 15, 1865, announcing the death of the President, which is so full of corrections in his own bold hand as to be almost unreadable; but all of Mr. Lincoln's papers, written by himself, were models of neatness and accuracy.

It is of more than passing interest to note that at the very time Lincoln was setting down his conservative estimate of the political situation and the trend of Northern opinion adverse to his administration, Jacob Thompson, the Confederate agent in Canada, wrote to Jefferson Davis that in his opinion "the reflection of Lincoln is almost certain." Thompson's letter in cipher, dated Clifton, Canada, October 13, 1864, reached the War Department at the hands of Thompson's messenger (who was also in our secret service), on Sunday, October 16, and was translated by the cipher-operators.¹

WHY LINCOLN LOST CONFIDENCE

Lincoln's fears proved to have been unfounded and were no doubt the result of peculiar circumstances and conditions operating upon an anxious mind normally disposed to introspection. Let us, if we can, imagine his thoughts at this period of his sore depression. We may suppose

¹ See General Eckert's testimony at the trial of the conspirators, compiled by Pitman, page 42. See also *THE CENTURY* for June, 1907, p. 298.

² John Hay, in his essay on "Franklin in France," recently published, says of the reception of that treaty:

"It was the sunburst to the colonies after a troubled valley. The tattered and frost-bitten soldiers of Valley Forge were paraded to receive the

that his mind reverted to Valley Forge at the crucial hour of the Revolution, before February, 1778, when news came of the alliance between France and the United States which had been secured through the influence of Franklin, the patriot and philosopher.²

Now, in 1864, at what probably seemed to Lincoln the crucial hour of our Republic, he no doubt reflected upon the ambitious efforts of Napoleon III to set up a monarchy upon our Southwestern borders by means of French bayonets in contrast to the generous act of Louis the Sixteenth in signing a "treaty of universal peace and true friendship," which should bind his heirs and successors.

Without doubt Lincoln also dwelt seriously upon the awful sacrifice of human life in the conduct of the war, and particularly upon Grant's sanguinary struggle in the Wilderness, with Richmond still uncaptured; and he may well have wondered whether the people of the North might not be weary of the deluge of blood, with no stoppage of the flow in sight. David R. Locke (*Petroleum V. Nasby*) in his "Reminiscences" says of Lincoln in 1864:

He was as tender hearted as a child. He asked me if the masses of the people held him in any way responsible for the loss of their friends in the Army.

Lincoln doubtless thought of the desertion of his standard by some of his own former supporters and of the lukewarmness of others; of the many unjust criticisms of his policy in the newspapers, and of their slurs and falsehoods which he was powerless to answer or combat. Truly, like the Saviour, he had "endured the contradiction of sinners." And we must remember also that Lincoln was possessed of a natural melancholy, a morbid tendency to take undue blame upon himself when subjected to criticism. All things then being considered, it is perhaps not so very strange that on that

joyful news, . . . and shouted, 'Long live the King of France!' Washington issued a general order saying 'It had pleased the Almighty Ruler of the universe propitiously to defend the cause of the United American States, and by finally raising up a powerful friend among the nations of the earth to establish our liberty and independence upon a lasting foundation.' This act of France gave us a standing abroad which we had hitherto lacked."—*THE CENTURY* for January, 1906.

evening of October 13, 1864, in his accustomed seat at Major Eckert's desk in the War Department telegraph office, he should have been ready to give up the ship if God so willed it. But God did not so will it, for on the night of November 8, 1864, he received the welcome news of his reelection while in the War Department telegraph office, where only three weeks before he was almost ready to concede McClellan's election. He was not unduly elated at the glad result, but serene and dignified, and was still mindful of the feelings of others, as is shown in the closing part of his speech to the assembled multitude on that most eventful occasion, so often quoted, but well worth repeating in this connection:

So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of reelection, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think for their own good, it adds nothing to

my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result. May I ask those who have not differed with me to join with me in this same spirit towards those who have.

LINCOLN'S HUMOROUS CHARACTERIZATION OF A SIGNATURE.

ON one occasion an official letter was received from John Wintrup, the operator at Wilmington, Delaware, on the route of the military line from Washington to Fort Monroe. Wintrup is still living in Philadelphia. His signature was written in a rather bold hand with the final letter quite large, almost like a capital, and ending in flourishes which partly obscured the name itself. Lincoln's eye dropped on this letter as it lay on the cipher-desk, and after satisfying his curiosity as to the peculiar signature he said: "That reminds me of a short-legged man in a big overcoat, the tail of which was so long that it wiped out his footprints in the snow."

A DUPLICATE OF WINTRUP'S SIGNATURE

I have recently received a letter from my friend Wintrup in the ordinary course of business, from which the facsimile signature here shown was taken.—D. H. B.

TWO CAPTIVES

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

MOURN not for him: he doth no captive dwell
Who beats and gnaws the bars that bind him so,
Who, thrice immured, still hates his cage too well.

But pity him who no such pangs can know,
Who, long-enchained, and grown to love his cell,
Should Freedom lean to him, stands loath to go.

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XXXIV

RED GODWYN

STORNHAM COURT had taken its proper position in the county as a place which was equal to social exchange in the matter of entertainment. Sir Nigel and Lady Anstruthers had given a garden-party according to the decrees of the law obtaining in country neighborhoods. Garden-parties had been heard of which were a trifle repetitional and even dull, but at this one there was real music and real dancing, and clever entertainments were given, at intervals, in a green-embowered little theater erected for the occasion. These were agreeable additions to mere food and conversation, which were capable of palling.

The Anstruthers did not confine themselves to the garden-party. There were dinner-parties at Stornham, and they also were successful functions.

"I called upon Mount Dunstan this afternoon," Sir Nigel said one evening before the first of these dinners. "He might expect it, as one is asking him to dine. I wish him to be asked. The Dunholms have taken him up so tremendously that no festivity seems complete without him."

He had been invited to the garden-party, and had appeared, but Betty had seen little of him.

"He does not wish to talk to me. He will not, if he can avoid it," was what she said to herself.

She saw that he rather sought out Mary Lithcom, who was not accustomed to receiving special attention. The two walked together, danced together, and in adjoining chairs watched the performance in the embowered theater. Lady Mary enjoyed her companion very much, but

she wondered why he had attached himself to her.

Betty Vanderpoel asked herself what they talked to each other about, and did not suspect the truth, which was that they talked a good deal of her.

"Have you seen much of Miss Vanderpoel?" Lady Mary had begun by asking.

"I have *seen* her a good deal, as no doubt you have."

"Do you know," she said, "that the garden-parties have been a different thing, this whole summer, just because one always knew one would see her at them."

There was a short laugh from Mount Dunstan.

"Jane and I have gone to every garden-party within twenty miles ever since we left the school-room," she continued, "and we are very tired of them. But this year we have quite cheered up. When we are dressing to go to something dull, we say to each other: 'Well, at any rate, Miss Vanderpoel will be there, and we shall see what she has on, and how her things are made; and that's something'—besides the fun of watching people make up to her, and hearing them talk about the men who want to marry her, and wonder which one she will take. She will not take any one in this place." The nice, turned-up nose slightly suggested a derisive sniff. "Who is there who is suitable?"

Mount Dunstan laughed shortly again.

"How do you know I am not an aspirant myself?" he said. He had a mirthless sense of enjoyment in his own brazenness. Only he himself knew how brazen the speech was.

Lady Mary looked at him with composure.

"I am quite sure you are not an aspirant for anybody, and I happen to know that you dislike moneyed international

marriages. You are so obviously British that, even if I had not been told that, I should know it was true. Miss Vanderpoel herself knows it is true."

"Does she?"

"Lady Alanby spoke of it to Sir Nigel, and I heard Sir Nigel tell her."

"Exactly the kind of unnecessary thing he would be likely to repeat," he remarked. "When you say there is no one suitable, you surely forget Lord Westholt."

"Yes, it's true I forgot him for the moment; but," she added, with a laugh, "one rather feels as if she would require a royal duke or something of that sort."

"You think she expects that kind of thing?"

"She? She does n't think of the subject. She simply thinks of other things—of Lady Anstruthers and Ughtred, of the work at Stornham and the village life, which gives her new emotions and interest. She also thinks about being nice to people. She is nicer than any girl I know."

"You feel, however, she has a right to expect it?" he asked, without more than a casual air of interest.

"Well, what do you feel yourself?" said Lady Mary. "Women who look like that, even when they are not millionairesses, usually marry whom they choose. I do not believe that the two beautiful Misses Gunning rolled into one would have made anything as undeniable as she is. One has seen portraits of them. Look at her as she stands there talking to Tommy and Lord Dunholm!"

Lady Mary was launched upon a subject which swept her along with it, and she, so to speak, ground the thing in.

"Look at the turn of her head. Look at her mouth and chin, and her eyes with those lashes. I had moments of almost hating her until one day not long ago she did something so bewitchingly kind and understanding of other people's feelings that I gave up. It was clever, too,—clever and daring. If she were a young man, she would make a dashing soldier." She did not give him the details of the story, but went on: "Lady Alanby said, in that dry way of hers, that the arrival of an unmarried American fortune in England was becoming like the visit of an unmarried royalty. People ask each other what

it means, and begin to arrange for it. So far only the women have come, but Lady Alanby says that is because the men have had no time to do anything but stay at home and make the fortunes. She believes that in another generation there will be a male leisure class, and then it will swoop down, too, and marry people."

She was an amiable, if unsentimental, person, Mary Lithcom, and was quite without ill nature, expressing the consensus of public opinion. Mount Dunstan knew that when she had said, "Who is there who is suitable?" any shadow of a thought of himself as being in the running had not crossed her mind. And this was not only for the reasons she had had the ready composure to name, but for one less conquerable.

Later, having left Mary Lithcom, he decided to take a turn by himself. He had done his duty as a masculine guest; he had conversed with young women and old ones, had danced, visited gardens and greenhouses, and taken his part in all things. Also he had, in fact, reached a point when a few minutes of solitude seemed a good thing. He found himself turning into the clipped laurel walk where Tommy Alanby had stood with Jane Lithcom, and he went to the end of it and stood looking out on the view.

"Look at the turn of her head," Lady Mary had said. "Look at her mouth and chin." And he had been looking at them the whole afternoon, not because he had intended to do so, but because it was not possible to prevent himself from doing it.

"No one knows anything about it until it takes him by the throat," he was thinking; "and until it happens to a man he has no right to complain."

All he saw was that he was notably in the position of the men whom he had privately disdained when they helped themselves by marriage. Such marriages, he had held, were insults to the manhood of any man and to the womanhood of any woman. For such unions neither party could respect himself or his companion. They must always live in secret doubt of each other, fret at themselves, feel distaste for the whole thing. Even if a man loved such a woman, and the feeling was mutual, to whom would it occur to believe it—to see that they were not gross and contemptible? To no one. Would it have

occurred to himself that such an extenuating circumstance was possible? Certainly it would not. Pig-headed pride and obstinacy it might be, but he could not yet face even the mere thought of it, even if his whole position had not been grotesque.

A moving touch of color caught his eye. It was the rose of a parasol seen above the laurel hedge as some one turned into the walk. He knew the color of it, and expected to see other parasols and to hear voices. But there was no sound, and, unaccompanied, the wonderful rose thing moved toward him.

"The usual things are happening to me," was his thought as it advanced. "I am hot and cold, and just now my heart leaped like a rabbit. It would be wise to walk off; but I shall not do it. I shall stay here, because I am no longer a reasoning being. I suppose that a horse who refuses to back out of his stall when his stable is on fire feels something of the same thing."

When she saw him she made an apparently involuntary pause, and then, recovering herself, came forward:

"I seem to have come in search of you," she said. "You ought to be showing some one the view, really—and so ought I."

"Shall we show it to each other?" was his reply.

"Yes," she said. She sat down on the stone seat which had been placed conveniently for the view. "I am a little tired—just enough to feel that to slink away for a moment, alone, would be agreeable. It is slinking to leave Rosalie to battle with half the county; but I shall stay only a few minutes."

She sat still and gazed at the beautiful lands spread before her; but there was no stillness in her mind, neither was there stillness in his. He did not look at the view, but at her, and he was asking himself what he should be saying to her if he were such a man as Westholt. There swept back into his mind the story of the marriage of his ancestor Red Godwyn, and he laughed low in spite of himself.

Miss Vanderpoel looked up at him quickly.

"Please tell me about it, if it is very amusing," she said.

"I wonder if it will amuse you," was

his answer. "Do you like savage romance?"

"Very much."

It might seem *à propos de rien*, but he did not care in the least. He wanted to hear what she would say.

"An ancestor of mine, a certain Red Godwyn, was a barbarian immensely to my taste. He became enamoured, through rumors, of the beauty of the daughter and heiress of his bitterest enemy. In his day, when one wanted a thing, one rode forth with ax and spear to fight for it."

"A simple and alluring method," commented Betty. "What was her name?"

The silence of their retreat seemed accentuated by its background of music from the gardens. They smiled a second bravely into each other's eyes, then their glances became entangled, as they had done for a moment when they had stood together in Mount Dunstan Park. For one moment each had been held prisoner then; now it was for longer.

"Alys of the Sea-blue Eyes."

Betty tried to release herself, but could not.

"Sometimes the sea is gray," she said.

His own eyes were still on hers.

"Hers were the color of the sea on a day when the sun shines on it, and there are large fleece-white clouds floating in the blue above. They sparkled, and were often like bluebells under water."

"Bluebells under water sounds entrancing," said Betty.

He caught his breath slightly, and knew that his hand shook.

"They were—entrancing," he said. "That was evidently the devil of it, saving your presence."

"I have never objected to the devil," said Betty. "He is an energetic, hard-working creature, and paints himself an honest black. Please tell me the rest."

"Red Godwyn went forth, and after a bloody fight, took his enemy's castle. If we still lived in like simple, honest times, I should take Dunholm Castle in the same way. He also took Alys of the Eyes, and bore her away captive."

"From such incidents developed the germs of the desire for female suffrage," Miss Vanderpoel observed gently.

"The interest of the story lies in the fact that apparently the savage was either epicure or sentimentalist or both. He did

not treat the lady ill. He shut her in a tower chamber overlooking his court-yard, and after allowing her three days to weep, he began his barbarian wooing. Arraying himself in splendor, he ordered her to appear before him. He sat upon the daïs in his banquet-hall, his retainers gathered about him, a great feast spread. In archaic English we are told that the board groaned beneath the weight of golden trenchers and flagons. Minstrels played and sang while he displayed all his splendor."

"They do it yet," said Miss Vanderpoel, "in London and New York and other places."

"The next day, attended by his followers, he took her with him to ride over his lands. When she returned to her tower chamber she had learned how powerful and great a chieftain he was. She 'laye softly,' and was attended by many maidens, but she had no entertainment but to look out upon the great, green court. There he arranged games and trials of strength and skill, and she saw him bigger, stronger, and more splendid than any other man. He did not even lift his eyes to her window. He also sent her daily a rich gift."

"How long did this go on?"

"Three months. At the end of that time he commanded her presence again in his banquet-hall. He told her the gates were opened, the drawbridge down, and an escort waiting to take her back to her father's lands, if she would."

"What did she do?"

"She looked at him long. She turned proudly away; in the sea-blue eyes were heavy and stormy tears, which seeing—"

"Ah, he saw them?"

"Yes. And seizing her in his arms, caught her to his breast, calling for a priest to make them one within the hour. I am quoting the chronicle. I was fifteen when I read it first."

"It is spirited," said Betty, "and Red Godwyn was most perceptive in his methods."

While professing composure and lightness of mood, the spell which, in such case, works between two creatures of opposite sex, wrought in them and made them feel awkward and strange.

"I must slink back now," Betty said, rising. "Will you slink back with me to

give me countenance? I have greatly liked Red Godwyn."

When Nigel Anstruthers saw them again they were crossing the lawn together, while people looked up from ices and cups of tea to follow their slow progress with questioning or approving eyes.

XXXV

THE TIDAL WAVE

THERE was only one man to speak to, and it being the nature of the beast—so he harshly put it to himself—to be absolutely impelled to speech at such times, Mount Dunstan laid bare his breast to him, tearing aside all the coverings pride would have folded about him. The man was, of course, Penzance, and the laying bare was done the evening after the story of Red Godwyn had been told in the laurel walk.

They had driven home together in a profound silence, the elder man as deep in thought as was the younger one. Penzance was thinking that there was a calmness in having passed sixty, and in knowing that the pain and hunger of earlier years would not tear one again. And yet he himself was not untorn by that which shook the man for whom his affection had grown year by year.

"Stay with me to-night," Mount Dunstan said as they drove through the avenue to the house. "I want you to dine with me, and sit and talk late. I am not sleeping well."

A chamber still called the chaplain's room was always kept in readiness. It had been used in long-past days, when a household chaplain had sat below the salt and left his patron's table before the sweets were served. They dined together this night almost as silently as they had driven homeward, and after the meal they went and sat alone in the library.

The huge room was never more than dimly lighted, and the far-off corners seemed more darkling than usual in the insufficient illumination of the lamps. Mount Dunstan, after standing upon the hearth for a few minutes, smoking a pipe which would have compared ill with old Doby's Sunday splendor, left his coffee-cup upon the mantel and began to tramp up and down, out of the dim light into the shadows, back out of the shadows into the light.

"You know," he said, "what I think about most things—you know what I feel."

"I think I do."

"You know what I feel about Englishmen who brand themselves as half-men, and marked merchandise, by selling themselves and their houses and their blood to foreign women who can buy them. You know how savage I have been at the mere thought of it, and how I have sworn—"

"Yes, I know what you have sworn," said Mr. Penzance.

"You know how I have felt myself perfectly within my rights when I black-guarded such men and sneered at such women, taking it for granted that each was merchandise of his or her kind and beneath contempt."

"I have heard you."

Mount Dunstan threw back his head with a harsh laugh. He came out of the shadow and stood still.

"Well," he said, "I am in love—as much in love as any lunatic ever was—with the daughter of Reuben S. Vanderpoel. There you are—and there I am!"

"It has seemed to me," Penzance answered, "that it was almost inevitable."

"My condition is such that it seems to *me* that it would be inevitable in the case of any man. When I see another man look at her my blood races fearfully through my veins. That will show you the point I have reached." He walked over to the mantelpiece and laid his pipe down with a hand Penzance saw was unsteady. "In turning over the pages of the *Volume of Life*," he said, "I have come upon the *Book of Revelations*."

"That is true," Penzance said.

"Do you know the state of a man who cannot utter the most ordinary words to a woman without being aware that he is making mad love to her? This afternoon I found myself telling Miss Vanderpoel the story of Red Godwyn and Alys of the Sea-blue Eyes. I did not make a single statement having any connection with myself, but throughout I was calling on her to think of herself and of me as of those two. I saw her in my own arms, with the tears of Alys on her lashes. I was making mad love, though she was unaware of my doing it."

"How do you know she was unaware?" remarked Mr. Penzance. "You are a very strong man."

Mount Dunstan let his forehead drop a moment on his arms as they rested on the mantelpiece.

"A tidal wave gathering itself mountain high and crashing down upon one's helplessness might be as easily defied," he said. "It is supposed to disperse, I believe. That has been said so often that there must be truth in it. In twenty or thirty or forty years one is told one will have got over it."

"Go on," said Mr. Penzance, because he had paused and stood biting his lip. "Say all that you feel inclined to say. It is the best thing you can do. I have never gone through this myself, but I have seen and known of it for many years. I have seen it come and go."

"Can you imagine," Mount Dunstan said, "that the most damnable thought of all—when a man is passing through it—is the possibility of its *going*? Anything else rather than the knowledge that years could change or death could end it. Eternity seems only to offer space for it. One knows, but one does not believe. The *Book of Revelations* has shown to me how—how magnificent life might be. Magnificent—that is the word. To go to her on equal ground; to take her hands and speak one's passion as one would, as her eyes answered; to bring her home to this place, having made it as it once was;—with her—the joy of life, for that is what she is."

"Yes," Penzance answered.

"This afternoon as I watched her move about among the people, Mary Lithcom began to talk about her; to tell me that every man who wanted money wanted Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughter; that she was only a brilliant bird of passage who in a few months would be caught in the dazzling net of the great world. She told me to *look* at her—to *look* at her mouth and chin and eyelashes, and to make note of what she stood for in a crowd of ordinary people. I could have laughed aloud."

Mr. Penzance was resting his bent forehead on his hand, his elbow on his chair's arm.

"This is profound unhappiness," he said. "It is profound unhappiness."

Mount Dunstan answered by a brusque gesture.

"But it will pass away," Mr. Penzance continued, "and not as you fear it must,"—in answer to another gesture fiercely impatient—"not that way. Some day, or night, you will stand here together, and you will tell her all you have told me." It was with the same conviction that he went on: "I have spent my quiet life in thinking of the forces for which we find no explanation—of the causes of which we see only the effects. Long ago, in looking at you, I said to myself that *you* were of the primeval force which cannot lose its way, which sweeps a clear pathway for itself as it moves, and which cannot be held back. I said just now that because you are a strong man you cannot be sure that a woman you are—even in spite of yourself—making mad love to, is unaware that you are doing it. You do not know what your strength lies in. I do not, the woman does not; but we must all feel it, whether we comprehend it or no. You said of this fine creature some time since, that she was life, and you have just said again something of the same kind. It is quite true. She is life and the joy of it. You are two strong forces, and you are *drawing* each other."

He rose from his chair, and going to Mount Dunstan, put his hand on his shoulder, his fine old face singularly rapt and glowing.

"She is drawing you and you are drawing her, and each is too strong to release the other. I believe that to be true. Both bodies and souls do it. They are not separate things. They move on their way as the stars do."

As he spoke, Mount Dunstan's eyes looked into his fixedly. Then they turned aside, and gazed down upon the mantel against which he was leaning. He aimlessly picked up his pipe and laid it down again. He was paler than before, but he said nothing.

"You think your reasons for holding aloof from her are the reasons of a man." Mr. Penzance's voice sounded to him remote. "They are the reasons of a man's pride; but that is not the strongest thing in the world. It only imagines it is. You think that you cannot go to her as a luckier man could. You think nothing shall force you to speak. Ask yourself why.

It is because you believe that to show your heart would be to place yourself in the humiliating position of a man who might seem to her and to the world to be a base fellow."

"An impudent, pushing, base fellow," thrust in Mount Dunstan, fiercely; "one of a vulgar lot; a thing fancying even its beggary worth buying. What has a man—whose very name is hung with tattered ugliness—to offer?"

Penzance's hand was still on his shoulder, and his look at him was long.

"His very pride," he said at last; "his very obstinacy, and haughty, stubborn determination. And those broken because the other feeling is the stronger, and overcomes him utterly."

A flush leaped to Mount Dunstan's forehead. He set both elbows on the mantel, and let his forehead fall on his clenched fists. And the savage Briton rose in him.

"No," he said passionately.

"You say that," said the older man, "because you have not yet reached the end of your tether. Unhappy as you are, you are not unhappy enough. Of the two you love yourself the more—your pride and your stubbornness."

"Yes," said Mount Dunstan. "I suppose I retain yet a sort of respect—and affection for my pride."

"You are drawing her, and she is drawing you," Penzance said. "You will stand here together, and you will tell her of this—on this very spot."

On the morning after his talk with his friend,—the curious uplifted, unpractical talk which had seemed to hypnotize him,—Mount Dunstan knew, when he opened his eyes to the light, that he had awakened as a man should awake—with an unreasoning sense of pleasure in the life and health of his own body, as he stretched strong limbs after the night's rest, feeling that there was work to be done.

An alluring picture of a certain deep, clear, bathing pool in the park rose before him. It had not called to him for many a day, and now he saw its dark blueness gleam between flags and green rushes in its encircling thickness of shrubs and trees. He sprang from his bed, and in a few minutes was striding across the grass of the park, his towels over his arm, his

head thrown back, as he drank in the freshness of the morning scented air. Here and there, insisting on morning joyfulness, rabbits frisked about among the fine, grassed hummocks of their warren, and, as he passed, scuttled back into their holes with a whisking of short white tails, at which he laughed with friendly amusement. Cropping stags lifted their antlered heads, and fawns with dappled sides and immense lustrous eyes gazed at him without actual fear, even while they sidled closer to their mothers. A skylark, springing suddenly from the grass a few yards from his feet, made him stop short once, and stand looking upward and listening. Who could pass by a skylark at five o'clock on a golden morning—the little heavenly light-heart circling and wheeling, showering down diamonds, showering down pearls, from its tiny pulsating, trilling throat?

"Do you know why they sing like that? It is because all but the joy of things has been kept hidden from them. They know nothing but life and flight and mating and the gold of the sun. So they sing." Once she had said that.

It sounded like it, and he listened until the jeweled rain seemed to have fallen into his soul. Then he went on his way, smiling as he knew he had not smiled in his life before. He knew it because he realized that he had never before felt the same vigorous, normal spirit; the same sense of being as other men.

He undressed, and plunged headlong into the dark sapphire. He swam swiftly and slowly by turns; he floated, looking upward at heaven's blue, listening to birds' song, and inhaling all the fragrance of the early day.

He emerged from his pool glowing, the turf feeling like velvet beneath his feet, a new light in his eyes.

XXXVI

BY THE ROADSIDE EVERYWHERE

IT suddenly had become worth while to discuss the approaching hop-harvest and the yearly influx of the hop-pickers from London. Yesterday the subject had appeared discouraging enough. The great hop-gardens of the estate had been in times past its most prolific source of agri-

cultural revenue and the boast and wonder of the hop-growing county.

The neglect and scant food of the lean years had cost them their reputation; each season they had needed smaller bands of "hoppers" and their standard had been lowered. It had been Mount Dunstan's habit to think of them gloomily as of hopeless and irretrievable loss. Because this morning, for a remote reason, the pulse of life beat strong in him, he was taking a new view. Might not study of the subject, constant attention, and the application of all available resource to one end produce appreciable results?

"It would provide an outlook, and give one work to do," he put it to Penzance at breakfast. "To have a roof over one's head, a sound body, and work to do, is not so bad. I will walk over and talk to Bolter."

Bolter was a farmer whose struggle to make ends meet was almost too much for him. Holdings of owners who either through neglect or lack of money have failed to do their duty as landlords in the matter of repairs of farm-houses, out-buildings, fences, and other things, gradually fall into poor hands. Resourceful and prosperous farmers do not care to hold lands under unprosperous landlords. There were farms lying vacant on the Mount Dunstan estate; there were others the tenants of which were uncertain rent-payers, or slipshod workers, or dishonest in small ways. Waste or sale of the fertilizer which should have been given to the soil as its due, neglect in the case of things the decay of which meant depreciation of property and expense to the landlord, were dishonesties. But Mount Dunstan knew that if he turned out Thorn and Fittle, whom no watching could wholly frustrate in their tricks, Under Mount Farm and Oakfield Rise would stand empty for many a year. Except for his poverty, Bolter would have been a good tenant enough. He was in trouble now because, though his hops promised well, he faced difficulties in the matter of "pickers." Last year he had not been able to pay satisfactory prices in return for labor, and, as a result, the prospect of securing good workers was an unpromising one.

The hordes of men, women, and children who flock year after year to the hop-

growing districts know one another. They learn, also, which may be called the good neighborhoods and which the bad; the holders of gardens who are considered satisfactory as masters, and those who are undesirable. They know by experience or report where the best "huts" are provided, where tents are supplied, and where one must get along as one can. Generally the regular flocks are under a "captain," who gathers his followers each season, manages them, and looks after their interests and their employers.

Mount Dunstan had liked the "hopping" from his first memories of it. He could recall his sensations of welcoming a renewal of interesting things when season after season he had begun to mark the early stragglers on the road.

On his walk to West Ways, the farm on which Bolter lived, Mount Dunstan passed two or three of these strays. They were the usual flotsam and jetsam, but on the roadside near a hop-garden he came upon a group of an aspect so unusual that it attracted his attention. Its unusualness consisted in its air of exceeding, bustling cheerfulness. It was a domestic group of the most luckless type, and, ragged, dirty, and worn by an evidently long tramp, might well have been expected to look forlorn, discouraged, and out of spirits. It was a group of a slouching father of five children, one plainly only a few weeks old, and slung in a dirty shawl at its mother's breast; an unhealthy-looking, slatternly mother; two ancient perambulators, one piled with dingy bundles and cooking utensils; the seven-year-old eldest girl unpacking things and keeping an eye at the same time on the youngest two, who were neither of them old enough to be steady on their feet, the six-year-old gleefully aiding the slouching father to build the wayside fire. The mother sat upon the grass, nursing her baby and staring about her with an expression at once stupefied and illuminated with some temporary bliss. Even the slouching father was grinning, as if good luck had befallen him, and the youngest two were tumbling about with squeals of good cheer. This was not the humor in which such a group usually dropped wearily on the grass at the wayside to eat its meager and uninviting meal, and rest its dragging limbs. As he drew near, Mount

Dunstan saw that at the woman's side there stood a basket of food and a can of milk.

Ordinarily he would have passed on, but, perhaps because of the human glow the morning had brought him, he stopped and spoke.

"Have you come for the hopping?" he asked.

The man touched his forehead, apparently not aware that the grin was yet on his face.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"How far have you walked?"

"A good fifty miles since we started, sir. It took us a good bit. We was pretty well done up when we stopped here. But we 've 'ad a wonderful piece of good luck." His grin broadened immensely.

"I am glad to hear that," said Mount Dunstan.

The woman broke in, her weak mouth and chin quite unsteady.

"Seems like it can't be true, sir," she said. "I 'd only just come out of the Union, after this one,"—signifying the new baby at her breast,—"I was n't fit to drag along day after day. We 'ad to stop 'ere, 'cos I was near fainting away."

"She looked fair white when she sat down," put in the man, "like she was goin' off."

"And that very minute," said the woman, "a young lady came by on 'orse-back, an' the minute she sees me she stops her 'orse an' gets down."

"I never seen nothink like the quick way she done it," said the husband. "Sharp like she was a soldier under order. Down an' give the bridle to the groom, an' comes over 'ere."

"An' kneels down," the woman took him up, "right by me, an' says: 'What 's the matter? What can I do?' An' finds out in two minutes an' sends to the farm for some brandy an' all this basketful of stuff," jerking her head toward the treasure at her side. "An' gives *im*"—with another jerk toward her mate—"money enough to 'elp us along till I 'm fair on my feet. That quick it was—that quick,"—passing her hand over her forehead,— "if it was n't for the basket,"—with a nervous, half-hysterical giggle,— "I would n't believe but what it was a dream, I would n't."

"She was a very kind young lady,"

said Mount Dunstan, "and you were in luck."

He gave a few coppers to the children, and strode on his way. The glow was hot in his heart.

"She has gone by," he said.

He knew he would find her at West Ways Farm, and he did so. As slim and straight as a young birch-tree, and elate with her ride in the morning air, she stood silhouetted, in her black habit, against the ancient, whitewashed brick porch as she talked to Bolter.

"I have been drinking a glass of milk and asking questions about hops," she said, giving him her hand, bare of glove. "Until this year I have never seen a hop-garden or a hop-picker."

After the exchange of a few words, Bolter respectfully melted away and left them together.

"It was such a wonderful day that I wanted to be out under the sky for a long time—to ride a long way," she explained. "I have been looking at hop-gardens as I rode. I have watched them all the summer, from the time when there was only a little thing, with two or three pale green leaves looking imploringly all the way up to the top of each tall hop-pole, as if it was saying over and over again, under its breath, 'Can I get up there?' And now look at them!" Her hand waved toward the great gardens—"forests of them!"

"You have seen it all," he said. "A few hundred yards down the road I passed something you had seen. I knew it was you who had seen it, though the poor wretches had not heard your name."

She hesitated a moment, then stooped down and took up in her hand a bit of pebbled earth from the pathway. There was storm in the blue of her eyes as she held it out for him to look at as it lay on the bare rose flesh of her palm.

"See," she said—"see, it is like that—what we give. It is like that." And she tossed the earth away.

"It does not seem like that to those others."

"No, thank God! it does not. But to oneself it is the mere luxury of self-indulgence, and the realization of it sometimes tempts one to be even a trifle morbid. Don't you see,"—the thrill in her

voice startled him,—“they are on the roadside everywhere all over the world.”

"Yes; all over the world."

"Once when I was a child of ten I read a magazine article about the suffering millions and the monstrously rich who were obviously to blame for every starved sob and cry. It almost drove me out of my childish senses. I went to my father and threw myself into his arms in a violent fit of crying. I clung to him and sobbed out: 'Let us give it all away! let us give it all away, and be like other people!'"

"What did he say?"

"He said we could never be quite like other people. We had a certain load to carry along the highway. It was the thing the whole world wanted, and which we ourselves wanted as much as the rest, and we could not sanely throw it away. It was my first lesson in political economy, and I abhorred it. I was a passionate child, and beat furiously against the stone walls enclosing present suffering. It was horrible to know that they could not be torn down. I cried out, 'When I see any one who is miserable by the roadside I shall stop and give him everything he wants—everything!' I was ten years old, and thought it could be done."

"But you stop by the roadside even now."

"Yes. That one can do."

Coming to West Ways on a chance errand, he had, as it were, found her awaiting him on the threshold. On her part she had certainly not anticipated seeing him there, but, when one rides far afield in the sun, there are roads toward which one turns as if answering a summoning call, and as her horse had obeyed a certain touch of the rein at a certain point, her cheek had felt momentarily hot.

Until later, when the "picking" had fairly begun, the kilns would not be at work; but there was some interest even now in going over the ground for the first time.

"I have never been inside an oast-house," she said. "Bolter is going to show me his, and explain technicalities."

"May I come with you?" he asked.

There was a change in him. Something had lighted in his eyes since the day before, when he had told her his story of

Red Godwyn. She wondered what it was. They went together over the place, escorted by Bolter. They looked into the great, circular ovens on the floors of which the hops would be laid for drying; they mounted ladderlike steps to the upper room where, when dried, the same hops would lie in soft, light piles until pushed with wooden shovels into the long "pokes," to be pressed and packed into a solid, marketable mass. Bolter was allowed to explain the technicalities, but it was plain that Mount Dunstan was familiar with all of them, and it was he who with a sentence here and there gave her the color of things.

"When it is being done, there is nearly always outside a touch of the sharp sweetness of early autumn," he said. "The sun slanting through the little window falls on the pale yellow heaps, and there is a pungent, almost intoxicating scent of hops in the air."

"I am coming later to see the entire process," she answered.

There are times when the whole world is personal to a mood the intensity of which seems a reason for all things. Words are of small moment when the mere sound of a voice makes an unreasonable joy.

"There was that touch of sharp autumn sweetness in the air yesterday morning," she said, "and the chaplets of bryony berries, which look as if they had been thrown over the hedges, are beginning to change to scarlet here and there. The wild-rose haws are reddening, and so are the clusters of berries on the thorn-trees and bushes."

"There are millions of them," Mount Dunstan said, "and in a few weeks' time they will look like bunches of crimson coral. When the sun shines on them they will be wonderful to see."

What was there in such speeches as these to draw any two nearer and nearer to each other as they walked side by side—to fill the morning air with an intensity of life, to seem to cause the world to drop away and become as nothing? His height and strength conveyed to her an impression of physical beauty. His walk and bearing gave her pleasure. On his part, he, for the twentieth time, found himself newly moved by the dower nature had bestowed on her.

And yet as they went about together there was growing in Betty Vanderpoel's mind a certain realization. It grew in spite of the recognition of the change in him—the new thing lighted in his eyes. Whatsoever he felt,—if he felt anything; for the spell being upon her, it had of course made her blind, as is the law, and she could feel no certainty that the spell worked in him also,—he would never allow himself speech. How could he? In his place she could not speak herself. Because he was what he was, he would not come to any woman only to cast at her feet a burden which, in the nature of things, she must take up. The fact that she might think it no burden, that she might take it up gladly, would not concern him. That which would concern him would be his own strength, his own honor—that he would only come to a woman as her lord and her lover should. No, he would not speak, even if he wished personally for the relief of speech; and of that she knew nothing, and suddenly she comprehended that the mere obstinate Briton in him—even apart from greater things—had an immense attraction for her. As she liked now the red-brown color of his eyes, and saw beauty in his rugged features, so she liked his British stubbornness and the pride which would not be beaten.

"Do you know," said Mount Dunstan, "that sometimes you suddenly fling out the most magnificent flag of color—as if some splendid flare of thought had sent up a blaze."

"I hope it is not a habit," she answered. "When one has a splendid flare of thought, one should be modest about it."

What was there worth recording in the whole hour they spent together? Outwardly there had only been a chance meeting and a mere passing-by; but each left something with the other, and each learned something; and the record made was deep.

At last she was on her horse again, on the road outside the white gate.

"This morning has been so much to the good," he said. "I had thought that perhaps we might scarcely meet again this year. I shall become absorbed in hops, and you will no doubt go away. You will make visits or go to the Riviera, or to New York for the winter?"

"I do not know yet. But at least I

shall stay to watch the thorn-trees load themselves with coral." To herself she was saying: "He means to keep away. I shall not see him."

As she rode off, Mount Dunstan stood for a few moments, not moving from his place. At a short distance from the farm-house gate a side lane opened upon the highway, and as she cantered in its direction a horseman turned in from it—a man who was young and well-dressed, and who sat well a spirited animal. He came out upon the road almost face to face with Miss Vanderpoel, and from where he stood Mount Dunstan could see his delighted smile as he lifted his hat in salute. It was Lord Westholt, and what more natural than that, after an exchange of greetings, the two should ride together on their way? For nearly three miles their homeward road would be the same.

In a breath's space all the exaltation of the morning swooped and fell as a bird seems to swoop and fall through space. It was all over and done with Mount Dunstan, and he understood it. His normal awakening in the morning, the physical and mental elation of the first clear hours, the spring of his foot as he had trod the road, had all had but one meaning. In some occult way the hypnotic talk of the night before had formed itself into a reality, fantastic and unreasoning as it had been. Some insistent inner consciousness had seized upon and believed it, in spite of him, and had set all his waking being in tune to it. That was the explanation of his undue spirits and hope. If Penzance had spoken a truth he would have had a natural, sane right to feel all this and more. But the truth was that he, in his guise, was one of those who are "on the roadside everywhere, all over the world." Poetically figurative as the thing sounded, it was prosaic fact.

Still hearing the distant sounds of the hoofs beating in cheerful diminuendo on the roadway, he turned about and went back to talk to Bolter.

XXXVII

CLOSED CORRIDORS

To know the existence of a hundred or so closed doors shut on the darkness of unoccupied rooms; to be aware of flights of

unmounted stairs, of stretches of untrodden corridors, of unending walls from which the pictured eyes of long-dead men and women stare as if seeing things which human eyes behold not, is an eerie and unwholesome thing. Mount Dunstan slept in a large four-post bed in a chamber in which he might have died or been murdered a score of times without being able to communicate with the remote servants'-quarters below-stairs, where lay the one man and one woman who attended him.

And to sit in solitude and think of it was an awful and a lonely thing.

But loneliness was nothing new, only that in these months his had strangely intensified itself. This, though he was not aware of it, was because the soul and body which were the completing parts of him were within reach—and without it. When he went down to breakfast he sat singly at a table round which twenty people might have laughed and talked. When he was not out-of-doors he spent his days between the dining-room and the library. Since he could not afford servants, the many other rooms must be kept closed. It was a ghastly and melancholy thing to make, as he must sometimes, a sort of precautionary visit to the state apartments.

"Who am I doing it for?" he said to Penzance. "I am doing it for myself, because I cannot help it. The place seems to me like some gorgeous old warrior come to the end of his days. It has stood the wear of things for century after century; it is going now. I am all that is left to it; it is all I have. So I patch it up, when I can afford it, with a crutch or a splint and a bandage."

Late in the afternoon of the day on which Miss Vanderpoel rode away from West Ways with Lord Westholt, a stealthy and darkly purple cloud rose, lifting its ominous bulk against a chrysoprase and pink horizon. It was the kind of cloud which speaks of but one thing to those who watch clouds or even casually consider them. So Lady Anstruthers felt some surprise when she saw Sir Nigel mount his horse before the stone steps and ride away as it were into the very heart of the coming storm.

"Nigel will be caught in the rain," she said to her sister. "I wonder why he goes out now. It would be better to wait until to-morrow."

But Sir Nigel did not think so. He had calculated matters with some nicety. He was not exactly on such terms with Mount Dunstan as would make a casual call seem an entirely natural thing, and he wished to drop in upon him for a casual call and in an unpremeditated manner. He meant to reach the Mount about the time the storm broke, under which circumstance nothing could bear more lightly an air of being unpremeditated than to take refuge in a chance passing.

Mount Dunstan was in the library. He had sat smoking his pipe while he watched the purple cloud roll up and spread itself, blotting out the chrysoprase and pink and blue, and when the branches of the trees began to toss about, he had looked on with pleasure as the rush of big rain-drops came down and pelted things. It was a fine storm, and there were some imposing claps of thunder and jagged flashes of lightning. As one splendid rattle shook the air he was surprised to hear a summons at the great hall door. Who on earth could be turning up at this time? His man Reeve announced the arrival a few moments later, and it was Sir Nigel Anstruthers. He had been riding through the village when the deluge descended, and it had occurred to him to turn in at the park gates and ask a temporary shelter. Mount Dunstan received him with sufficient courtesy. His appearance was not a thing to rejoice over, but it could be endured. Whisky and soda and a smoke would serve to pass the hour if the storm lasted so long.

Conversation was not the easiest thing in the world under the circumstances, but Sir Nigel led the way steadily after he had taken his seat and accepted the hospitalities offered. What a place it was, this! He had been struck for the hundredth time with the impressiveness of the mass of it, the sweep of the park, and the splendid grouping of the timber as he had ridden up the avenue. There was no other place like it in the county. Was there another like it in England?

"Not in its case, I hope," Mount Dunstan said. There was a few seconds of silence. The rain poured down in splashing sheets and was swept in rattling gusts against the window-panes.

"What the place needs is—an heiress," Anstruthers observed in the tone of a

practical man. "I believe I have heard that your views of things are such that she should preferably *not* be an American."

To resist a sudden intense desire to spring upon a casual visitor, and seizing him by the collar, to kick him, without comment, out of one's house, requires strength of will and character. The casual visitor cannot be dealt with after this manner without damage to one's sense of dignity and the placing in peril of one's self-respect. Mount Dunstan did not smile, though he slightly showed his teeth.

"When I am driven to the wall," he answered, "I may not be fastidious as to nationality."

Nigel Anstruthers' manner was not a bad one. In a case like this the agreeable smile was not useful, as it would neither terrify nor allure. He chose rather that tone of casual openness which, while it does not wholly commit itself, may be regarded as suggestive of the amiable half-confidence of speeches made as "man to man."

"My own opportunity of studying the genus American heiress within my own gates is a first-class one. I find that it knows what it wants, and that its intention is to get it." A short laugh broke from him as he flicked the ash from his cigar upon the small bronze receptacle at his elbow. "It is not many years since it would have been difficult for a girl to be frank enough to say, 'When I marry I shall ask something in exchange for what I have to give.'"

"There are not many who have as much to give," said Mount Dunstan, coolly.

"True," replied Anstruthers, with a slight shrug. "You are thinking that men are glad enough to take a girl like that even without a shape like Diana's and eyes like the sea. Yes, by George! she *is* a handsome creature."

Mount Dunstan did not attempt to refute the statement, and Anstruthers laughed low again.

"It is an asset she knows the value of quite clearly. That is the interesting part of it. She has inherited the far-seeing commercial mind. She does not object to admitting it. She educated herself in delightful cold blood that she might be prepared for the largest prize appearing upon the horizon. She held

things in view when she was a child at school, and obviously attacked her French, German, and Italian conjugations with a twelve-year-old eye on the future."

Mount Dunstan, leaning back carelessly in his chair, his hands clasped behind his head, laughed, as it seemed, with him. Internally he was saying that the man was a liar who might always be trusted to lie; but he knew with shamed fury that the lies were doing something to his soul—rolling dark vapors over it, stinging him, dragging away props, and making him feel they had been foolish things to lean on. This can always be done with a man in love who has slight foundation for strong hope. For some mysterious and occult reason civilization has elected to treat the strange and great passion as if it were an unholy thing, the dominion of which over him proper social training prevents any man from admitting openly. In passing through its cruellest phases he must bear himself as if he were immune; and this being the custom, he may be called upon to endure much without the relief of striking out with manly blows. An enemy, guessing his case, and possessing the infernal gift the joy of which is to dishearten and to do hurt with courteous despatch, may plant a poisoned arrow here and there with neatness and fine touch, while his bound victim can, with decency, neither start, nor utter brave howls, nor guard himself, but must sit still and listen, hospitably supplying smoke and drink and being careful not to make an ass of himself.

Therefore Mount Dunstan pushed the cigars nearer to his visitor and waved his hand hospitably toward the whisky and soda. There was no reason, in fact, why Anstruthers, or any one indeed but Penzance, should suspect that he had become somewhat mad in secret. The man's talk was marked merely by the lightly disparaging malice which was rarely to be missed from any speech of his which touched on others. Yet it might have been a thing arranged beforehand, to suggest adroitly either lies or truth which would make a man see every sickeningly good reason for feeling that in this contest he did not count for a man at all.

"It has all been pretty obvious," said Sir Nigel. "There is a sort of cynicism in the openness of the siege. My impression

is that almost every youngster who has met her has taken a shot. Tommy Alanby, scrambling up from his knees in one of the gardens, was a satisfying sight. His much-talked-of passion for Jane Lithcom was temporarily in abeyance."

The rain swirled in a torrent against the window, and casually glancing outside at the tossing gardens, he went on:

"She is enjoying herself. Why not? She has the spirit of the huntress. I don't think she talks nonsense about friendship to the captives of her bow and spear. She knows she can always get what she wants. A girl like that *must* have an arrogance of mind. And she is not a young saint. She is one of the women born with the look in her eyes. I own I should not like to be in the place of any primeval poor brute who really went mad over her—and counted her millions as so much dirt."

Mount Dunstan answered with a shrug of his big shoulders.

"Apparently he would seem as remote from the reason of to-day as the men who lived on the land when Hengist and Horsa came, or when Cæsar landed at Deal.

"He would seem as remote to her," Sir Nigel went on, with a shrug also. "I should not like to contend that his point of view would not interest her or that she would particularly discourage him. Her eyes would call him,—without malice or intention no doubt,—but your Early-Briton ceorl or earl would be as well understood by her. Your New York beauty who has lived in the market-place knows principally the prices of things."

He was not ill pleased with himself. He was putting it well and getting rather even with her. Oftener than not he felt a savage desire to get even with her, though he would gain nothing by it but the momentary satisfaction which meant something, after all, to a man of his temperament whose nerves had gone wrong. If this fellow, with his shut mouth, had a sore spot hidden anywhere, he was giving him "to think." And whatsoever he thought, he would be obliged to continue to keep his ugly mouth shut. The great idea was to say things without saying them, to set your hearer's mind to saying them for you. He had done a good deal of this of late, and it had amused him greatly to mark how adroitly he had led

people in the right direction even when they had worn an unconsenting air and believed they had rebuffed him.

"What strikes one most is a sort of commercial brilliance in her," he went on, taking up his thread again after a smilingly reflective pause. "It quite exhilarates me by its novelty. There's spice in it. We English have not a 'look-in' when we are dealing with Americans, and yet France calls us a nation of shop-keepers. My impression is that their women take little inventories of every house they enter, of every man they meet. I heard her once speaking to my wife about this place as if she had lived in it. She spoke of the closed windows and the state of the gardens, of broken fountains and fallen arches. She evidently deplored the deterioration of things which represented capital. She has inventoried Dunholm, no doubt: that will give Westholt a chance. But she will do nothing until after her next year's season in London—that I'd swear. I look forward to next year. It will be worth watching. She has been training my wife. A sister who has married an Englishman, and has at least spent some years of her life in England, has a certain established air. When she is presented, one knows she will be a sensation. After that—" he hesitated a moment, smiling not too pleasantly.

"After that," said Mount Dunstan, "the deluge."

"Exactly; the deluge which usually sweeps girls off their feet. But it will not sweep her off hers. She will stand quite firm in the flood, and lose sight of nothing of importance which floats past."

Mount Dunstan took him up. He was sick of hearing the fellow's voice.

"There will be a good many things," he said. "There will be great personages and small ones, pomps and vanities, glittering things, and heavy ones."

"When she sees what she wants," said Anstruthers, "she will hold out her hand, knowing it will come to her. The things which drown will not disturb her. I once made the blunder of suggesting that she might need protection against the importunate—as if she had been an English girl. It was an idiotic thing to do."

"Because?" Mount Dunstan for the moment had lost his head. Anstruthers had maddeningly paused.

"She answered that if it became necessary she might perhaps be able to protect herself. She was as cool and frank as a boy. No *air pincé* about it, mere consciousness of being able to put things in their right places. Made a mere male relative feel like a fool."

"When *are* things in their right places?" To his credit, be it spoken, Mount Dunstan managed to say it as if in the mere putting together of idle words. What man likes to be reminded of his right place? No man wants to be put in his right place. There is always another place which seems more desirable.

"She knows, if we others do not. I suppose my right place is at Stornham, conducting myself as the brother-in-law of a fair American should. I suppose yours is here, shut up among your closed corridors and locked doofs. There must be a lot of them in a house like this. Don't you sometimes feel it too large for you?"

"Always," answered Mount Dunstan.

The fact that he added nothing else, and met a rapid side glance with unmoving red-brown eyes gazing out from under rugged brows, perhaps irritated Anstruthers. He had been rather enjoying himself with the obstinate, proud beggar, but he had not enjoyed himself enough. There was no denying that his plaything had not openly flinched. Anstruthers wondered how far a man might go. He was, in fact, irritated enough to be somewhat losing control of his devil. He tried again.

"She likes the place, though she has a natural disdain for its condition. That is practical American. Things which are going to pieces because money is not spent upon them—mere money of which all the people who count for anything have so much—are inevitably rather disdained. They are 'out of it.' But she likes the estate." As he watched Mount Dunstan he felt sure he had got it at last—the right thing. "If you were a duke with fifty thousand a year," he added, with a distinctly nasty, amicably humorous, faint laugh, "she would—by the Lord! I believe she would take it over, and you with it."

Mount Dunstan got up. In his rough tweeds he looked over big, and heavy, and perilous. For two seconds Nigel Anstruthers would not have been surprised if he had, without warning, knocked him over or whirled him out of his chair and

kicked him. He would not have liked it, but, for two seconds, it would have been no surprise. In fact, he instinctively braced his not too firm muscles. But nothing of the sort occurred. During the two seconds — perhaps three — Mount Dunstan stood still and looked down at him. The brief space at an end, he walked over to the hearth and stood with his back to the big fireplace.

"You don't like her," he said, and his manner was that of a man dealing with a matter of fact. "Why do you talk about her?"

He had got away again—quite away.

An ugly flush shot over Anstruthers' face. There was one more thing to say, whether it was idiotic to say it or not. Things can always be denied afterward, should denial appear necessary; and for the moment his devil possessed him.

"I do not like her!" he exclaimed, and his mouth twisted. "Do I not? I am not an old woman. I am a man; like others, I chance to like her—too much."

There was a short silence. Mount Dunstan broke it.

"Then," he remarked, "you had better emigrate to some country with a climate which suits you. I should say that England, for the present, does not."

"I shall stay where I am," answered Anstruthers with a slight hoarseness of voice which made it necessary for him to clear his throat. "I shall stay where she is. I will have that satisfaction at least. She does not mind. I am only a rackety, middle-aged brother-in-law, and she can take care of herself. As I told you, she has the spirit of the huntress."

"Look here," said Mount Dunstan, quite without haste and with an iron civility, "I am going to take the liberty of suggesting something. If this thing is true, it would be as well not to talk about it."

"As well for me—or for her?" There was a serene significance in the query.

Mount Dunstan thought a few seconds.

"I confess," he said slowly, and he planted his fine blow between the eyes well and with directness—"I confess that it would not have occurred to me to ask you to do anything or refrain from doing it for *her* sake."

"Thank you; perhaps you are right.

One learns that one must protect oneself. I shall not talk; neither will you. I know that. I was a fool to let it out. The storm is over. I must ride home." He rose from his seat, and stood smiling. "It would smash up things nicely if the new beauty's appearance in the great world were preceded by chatter of some unseemly stupid county scandal connected with her name. Such things set themselves going easily, and unfairly enough, it is always the woman who is hurt."

"Unless," said Mount Dunstan, civilly, "there should arise the poor primeval brute in his neolithic wrath to seize on the man to blame and break every bone and sinew in his damned body."

"The newspapers would enjoy it more than the world," answered Sir Nigel even serenely. "She does not like the newspapers. They are too ready to disparage the multi-millionaire and cackle about members of his family."

The unhidden hatred which still professed to hide itself in the depths of their pupils as they regarded each other had its birth in a passion as elemental as the quakings of the earth or the rage of two lions in a desert lashing their flanks in the blazing sun. It was well that at this moment they should part ways.

Sir Nigel's horse being brought, he went on the way which was his.

"It was a mistake to say what I did," he said, before going. "I ought to have held my tongue. I am under the same roof with her at any rate. That is a privilege no other man shares with me."

He rode off smartly, his horse's hoofs splashing in the rain pools left in the avenue after the storm. He was not so sure, after all, that he had made a mistake; and for the moment he was not in the mood to care whether he had made one or not. His agreeable smile showed itself as he thought of the obstinate, proud brute he had left behind, sitting alone among his shut doors and closed corridors. They had not shaken hands either at meeting or parting. Queer thing it was, the kind of enmity a man could feel for another when he was upset by a woman. It was amusing enough that it should be she who was upsetting him after all these years—impudent little New York Betty, with the ferocious manner.

(To be continued)

STORIES OF A GIRL IN ITALY

BY LISI CIPRIANI

I. THE LAMB AND THE ROBBERS

MY great-grandparents lived at Leghorn, and my mother was their eldest and favorite grandchild. From all she told me herself I deduce that they spoiled her. I never knew either of my grandmothers, and I have always regretted it deeply, because I think that, had they lived, there would have been some one in the world to pet and spoil me.

My great-grandparents were wealthy, though they lived in simple style. My great-grandmother was an unusually economical woman, for Italians are not as a rule model housekeepers; but she was as thrifty as a New England farmer's wife.

Part of the year they spent on a large estate, where my mother would remain with them for months. That was the happiest time of her life. Her grandmother excused in her what she never excused in any one else, and her grandfather granted her every wish. Sometimes he got into trouble by doing so, for my mother was as fond of animals as she was of dolls, and pets introduced into a household an element of disorder of which my great-grandmother sincerely disapproved. But though she would reproach my great-grandfather for having allowed some stray cat or dog to be brought home, still she did not deprive her little granddaughter of the newly acquired treasure.

Once her grandfather took my mother with him on a visit to one of the peasant houses that belonged to him. The shepherds had just come down from the mountains with large flocks of sheep, and the natural result of this was that my mother asked for a little lamb.

"Oh, Harriet," said her grandfather, "what will your grandmama say? You'll want to have the lamb in the house, and you know that she will scold. Besides,

the lamb will soon grow big, and then what will you do?"

The child evaded the question. She knew she would gain her point if she only kept on coaxing.

"Please, grandpapa, let me have the lamb! Please, grandpapa, let me have the lamb! Please, grandpapa, let me have the lamb!"

Her good grandfather gave in at last, and they drove home with a little lamb nestling in my mother's lap.

But as they neared the villa her grandfather began to have qualms of conscience. He was afraid of what might be said when they reached the house with a new pet, after it had been distinctly understood that such a thing would never happen again. He tried to gain time, and persuaded my mother not to take the lamb in at once, but to let him take it down to the vault, where he was to deposit some money several peasants had paid for rent.

My great-grandfather's villa was very old; in fact, it came near being a castle. There were subterranean passages and vaults, and in one of these my great-grandfather had a safe in which he used to keep the money paid by the tenants. Sometimes considerable sums were locked away there.

You cannot, of course, have an old house with vaults and subterranean passages without having a ghost; and, in fact, a well-developed ghost was said to inhabit these premises. The story connected with it was duly harrowing. They said that many years ago a woman and her baby had been buried alive there, and that on certain nights the moaning of the mother and the wailing of the child could be distinctly heard. Of course the family did not believe it, but the peasants did.

My mother and her grandfather arrived at the villa at night, and, with the

excuse of taking down the money, they took the lamb to one of the vaults, waiting till morning to introduce it to my great-grandmother, and hoping that by that time some way might be found to mitigate her wrath. My mother took down a soft piece of cloth and a saucer with bread and milk. She fed the lamb as best she could with a spoon, then covered it up carefully, and reluctantly left it for the night.

It was well known that my great-grandfather kept money in the vaults, and the sums which he was said to keep there were grossly exaggerated. This served to tempt some unfortunate peasants to break into the vaults and to rob the safe.

In the middle of the night they came to the villa, and, thanks to a carefully elaborated plan, actually succeeded in reaching the place where the safe was kept.

But they had hardly begun to break open the door when they dropped their tools and ran away, for they distinctly heard the moaning of the mother and the wailing of the child whose spirits they knew haunted the spot.

After a little while their courage returned, and they went back. As their steps neared the door, the wailing of the child was heard again, and again they went away. Yet even this time the braver ones thought it mere nonsense.

But when they tried it the third time, and again began working on the door, the weird wailing was heard so distinctly that the men dropped their tools and fled.

Next morning, when my great-grandfather came to get the lamb, he found not only the tools of the robbers, but a jacket which one of them had dropped in his flight. It served to identify the criminals, who were not professionals, but poor, misguided peasants living on the estate. They confessed at once, saying that the ghost had warned them to give up their undertaking, and they described minutely how they had been able to distinguish between the moaning of the mother and the wailing of the child.

Now, my great-grandfather was a very astute man. He never told that they had heard only the lamb bleating when it heard their footsteps, yearning perhaps for the shepherd who would put it back into the fold. The well-established fact

that the ghost had been heard (and after a while, of course, it was said that it was actually seen by the men who attempted to break in) proved a powerful safeguard. It also made it easier for my great-grandfather to tell his wife how the lamb had saved them from being robbed.

My great-grandmother, who was very thrifty,—in fact, so thrifty that some people considered her altogether too fond of money,—never gave a word of reproach. The lamb grew into a sheep, and still was allowed to walk about the villa undisturbed.

II. A VISIT FROM A SAINT

ANOTHER favorite story which my mother told us often, yet not often enough to satisfy us, was the story of the saint.

It was some time in the forties that a man with a large following made his appearance in Tuscany. He wandered from place to place, fasting, praying, and planting crosses in honor of the Lord, a number of which may still be seen along the roads from Pisa to Lucca decorated with the ladder, the lance, the cock, etc. The people considered him a saint, and followed him in hopes of miracles, though no miracles are recorded. His fasting was extreme, for he was said to live on nothing but bread and water, and he considered it a merit not to wash. He was said to have been one of the Terrorists who participated in the execution of Louis XVI, and to have been pursued by remorse, which had finally made a saint of him.

This saint, called San Gennaro (but who must not be confused with the famous San Gennaro of Naples), finally reached my great-grandfather's estate. The enthusiasm of the people was very great. As he went from village to village he was received by the clergy, and the crosses were planted with ever-increasing ceremonies.

My great-grandfather was a religious man, though by no means bigoted, but his wife was extremely devout and planned an elaborate reception for the wandering saint, to be followed by a banquet. Even a bishop from one of the neighboring cities was invited to attend, and the country people gathered from far and near.

My mother says that she was disgusted with the filthiness of the saint's appearance, and that she did not see how any one could bear to sit next him at table. She watched him with eager curiosity. While all the other men of God enjoyed the good food the Lord had provided for them, San Gennaro abstained from the feasting, asking only for a cup of clear water and a crust of dry bread, which he might take alone in the dining-room when all the others had finished. His modest demand was granted, and though only clear water and dry bread were provided for him, my great-grandmother saw to it that the service used for the saint should all be of solid silver. Then every one withdrew, and he was left alone to pray.

He did not spend much time on his crust, but in a few minutes came out, and asked to be taken to the chapel, where he wished to spend an hour in prayer. He was deferentially taken there by my great-grandfather, and left to an uninterrupted communion with God, for he had made an earnest request that under no consideration should he be disturbed.

I have stated already that my great-grandmother was not only thrifty, but just a wee bit more than thrifty, and when the banquet was over, and her guests were disposed in the parlors and the gardens, she made her way back to the dining-room to see that such provisions as had been left over should be properly cared for. It was with great indignation that she found that almost one whole chicken was missing. She had confidence in the butler, who had been with her for years, and she and the man himself were equally disturbed and troubled at the disappearance of more than half a chicken.

Now, my mother had a trick of giving things away. Sometimes it would be fruit, sometimes part of a dessert, and the natural conclusion was that she had distributed the chicken among some of the peasant children. But when the butler called her, and my great-grandmother questioned her, she absolutely denied having done it.

"Harriet," insisted my great-grandmother, "you know you're always doing that kind of thing. Who could have taken it, now?"

My mother replied promptly: "The saint."

"What!" said my great-grandmother, raising her hands in horror. "Accuse a holy man of stealing a chicken!"

"Well," said my mother, "you did n't take it; he"—pointing to the butler—"did n't take it; I know I did n't take it, and the saint has been in here alone. I don't like him, anyway. He's too dirty."

At this my great-grandmother's ire was aroused. She told the child that if she had no more discretion, and no more respect for holy people, she might just as well stay by herself; and, as a punishment, she would not be allowed to come into the parlors or into the garden till all the guests had left.

My mother said that she thought this very unjust, and went up-stairs to her room in tears. She wandered about the house for a while, and then, bored, as a child naturally would be, she tried to find something to do.

Finally she thought that she could amuse herself by watching the saint at prayer; for there was a small corridor which connected the chapel with the villa, and which had a small window from which she could see all that happened in the chapel itself. So she crept slowly along, and putting her head out of the opening, can you imagine what she saw?

She saw the saint, not praying, but comfortably seated on the altar steps, eating the chicken with his hands!

My mother says she almost yelled with delight. She rushed down to her grandmother, and whispered excitedly into her ear:

"Grandmama, I know who took the chicken."

My great-grandmother immediately took her into another room, and asked for an explanation. Then my mother triumphantly exclaimed:

"Come and see for yourself, grandmama. Come and see how well your holy man prays."

My great-grandmother went quietly up through the little corridor, and looked quietly out through the little window. Then she spoke to my great-grandfather, who quietly went up through the little corridor, and looked quietly out through

the little window. He in turn spoke to the bishop, who quietly went up through the little corridor, and looked quietly out through the little window. Then they all understood only too well why San Gennaro had insisted that nobody should enter the chapel while he was holding his communion with God.

On condition that she should not tell any one what she knew about the saint, my mother was given a basket full of candy and fruit to distribute just as she liked among the peasant children.

As for the saint, he mysteriously disappeared. The peasants thought he had gone away on some holy mission, but the fact is that the bishop got him quietly out of the way, for fear that he might be stoned.

The crosses were left standing, and no doubt serve their purpose for him who prays before them with a simple, earnest heart.

OTHER stories that my mother would occasionally tell us were quite as thrilling as the one about the saint. Particularly interesting to us were those of her travels through Italy at the time of the brigands. Can you imagine anything more exciting than arriving at some lonely little inn at night, knowing that the place was not safe, because perhaps some rich foreigner had recently been murdered there, or having to barricade your room so that if any one tried to rob you, you had a chance to prepare for self-defense; or losing your way as you were trying to find the host, so as to give him an order, and getting into dangerous, forbidden quarters, where through a hole in the floor you could peep into mysterious, subterranean vaults and see a post-chaise you recognized as that of a traveler who had recently been known to disappear? These must have been thrilling journeys, indeed, and, compared with them, modern travels seem very tame.

III. THE CHILD-WIFE AND HER DOLL

LEGHORN, where my mother was born, is the ugly duckling among the hundred cities of beautiful Italy that our poets write about. We consider Leghorn a new place, because its existence as a real city is recognized only for four or five

hundred years, and we are apt to ascribe its lack of artistic interest to its newness.

Toward the middle of the last century my grandfather was the German Consul-General at Leghorn. He was a most remarkable man; and not only remarkable, but distinctly original.

He came of Saxon parentage, and, as far as I can make out, of small landed nobility. He was the youngest of twenty-four children, all of one mother, and nineteen of whom sat at the table at one time. The child who lives through being bossed by twenty-three brothers and sisters, surely may be accepted as an instance of the survival of the fittest, and naturally develops abnormal characteristics of defense and offense.

His childhood coincided with the terrible Napoleonic wars. Three of his brothers fell in the battle of Lützen. Moreover, the French were once quartered on his father's little estate, and some brutal, drunken soldiers kicked his mother down-stairs, causing injuries from which she never recovered. All of this made the Consul-General hate the French, and, in fact, all the Latin races. If he had not hated the French and the Latin races, this story of my mother and her doll could never have been written.

Foreign military service being almost the only profession open to the impecunious young nobleman, he entered the English navy, in which he served creditably for several years, finally leaving it to join a brother at Leghorn, where he had great luck, for he married a pretty, rich young Italian girl of good family. They had a little girl—my mother.

I have said that the Consul-General was an original man; in some ways, indeed, he was distinctly queer. He left home before the child was born, saying that if it was a boy, he would come back; if it was a girl, he would not. He evidently did not plan to have as large a family as his father had had before him, and considered this first experiment final. The child, as I have said, proved to be a girl, and the Consul-General would not come home. He stayed away for eighteen months, until they sent him a beautiful miniature of his daughter. The

sight of the baby face—an exceptionally beautiful one, too—evidently awoke the Consul-General's paternal feelings, and he returned to his own home, relieving the vice-consul of the extra duties the poor fellow had been compelled to carry.

I have tried to show how environment in early youth developed certain characteristics of resistance, and made of him, as a German friend of mine puts it, "a much obstinate person." He gave in a little, but very little. When he came back he allowed himself to be fond of the child, but he controlled the situation by bringing her up exactly as though she had been a boy.

Now, at Leghorn, seventy-three years ago, to bring up the daughter of an Italian mother as a boy was a tremendous thing to do. Yet he did it, and not only did it bravely, but successfully. The child learned to speak four languages with equal fluency, an unheard-of thing for girls to do in those days. She learned to tramp for miles through the country, to ride horseback and to swim, though in those days young ladies hardly ever took long walks, rode, or swam. Just as soon as she was old enough, she was even made to study book-keeping and the elements of law. Yet the crowning masculine accomplishment was acquired when every Sunday morning the Austrian drum-major was summoned to make her beat the drum. Then the Consul-General was satisfied, for he had got the best of destiny.

Evidently, however, there was a lurking Germanic sense of the proper sphere of woman, and this showed in one phase of the child's education. Part of the day she was given in charge of two genteel Englishwomen, who taught her the English language, and what they considered the best of English manners. Incredible, though true, she was actually taught to shape her mouth by saying "prunes, plums, and prisms." She had to lie flat on her back one hour each day; and she was taught a primness in speech of which the Italians are blissfully ignorant. For instance, once when, on returning from a long walk, she remarked: "Oh, my legs are so tired!" she was solemnly informed: "Young ladies never have legs, they have only feet." Since

nature had endowed the child with exceptional beauty and exceptional intelligence, the result of her extraordinary training was at once charming and unusual.

Since the Consul-General hated the Latin races with such fervor, it will be thought strange that he should have married an Italian wife. Probably he did not consider a woman of enough importance to give her nationality much thought, and if he paid such attention to his little daughter, it was to make her as little a woman as possible. Still, as the child grew in beauty, strength, and intelligence, he realized that the time would come when she might by marriage fall into the clutches of some man of the hated Latin race. This he was determined to prevent.

He thought long and hard, and finally succeeded in solving the problem to his satisfaction. He decided to marry her to a man of his own race. But in those days Germans were scarce in Italy, and specially at Leghorn—at least Germans who could be considered proper suitors for the daughter of the Consul-General. He had a friend who would have made an ideal husband, save for one serious drawback: he was thirty-five years older than my mother. Still, a husband thirty-five years older than his wife, and German, seemed preferable to an Italian, even though the latter were of a more suitable age. So the Consul-General used his superior will to persuade his friend of the desirability of such an arrangement.

The friend was a lovable man. He had known my mother all her life. Indeed, when she was weaned, he had carried her up and down in his arms all night, and this because he was the one who could best subdue her wailing. He had often done the same for her when she cut her first teeth. Moreover, ever since she was a mere baby he had given her two fine Paris dolls each year. My mother was exceedingly fond of dolls,—a feminine perversity in the face of the efforts her father had made to give her masculine tastes and inclinations,—and these presents had established a particularly friendly relation between the two, though it scarcely paved the way to marriage.

Yet the friend was persuaded to over-

look all difficulties, and on New Year's Day, in the fifteenth year of my mother's life, he sent her a formal and elaborate letter in which he requested her hand in marriage. It was written in German, and requested the high-born young lady to do him the honor of conferring her hand upon him.

As usual, his Christmas gift had been a doll, and a particularly fine one. No wonder, therefore, that my mother was not prepared for an offer of marriage, and all the more as she was young for her age, and had not the slightest tendency to let her thoughts rove in this direction. When the letter came, she was delighted at the mere fact of receiving it, for fifty-nine years ago correspondence was not as commonplace as it has grown now, and for a little girl a letter was an exceptional treat. Her first delight was followed by an impression of surprise and bewilderment. She did not understand what her good friend meant, nor why he wanted her hand. She willingly would have given him both hands any time he came, and saw no reason for his writing a letter about it. At fourteen she had not philosophized as to life and marriage as much as I had at ten.

She took the letter to my grandmother, and asked for an explanation. My grandmother, who did not know German, but did know the contents, made the matter clear to her in the following way:

"Harriet," she said, "would n't you like to go to Paris?"

"Yes," my mother answered promptly; "but what has that got to do with the letter?"

Then my grandmother, who in true Italian fashion overlooked everything in her pride of marrying off her daughter when she was only fourteen, replied:

"The letter means that if you'll marry our good friend, he will take you to Paris."

This decided the matter. My mother was delighted at the idea of going to Paris with her good friend. She says that she had secret visions of an unlimited number of dolls. The betrothal was announced to friends and relatives, and my mother found herself suddenly grown up.

Consequently she had to put on long dresses. The effort to masculinize her had made her an active, restless child,

and confessedly she was somewhat of a tomboy. Moreover, she was small for her age, and did not appear as old as she actually was. She had no desire whatsoever to grow up, and when she found that giving her hand in marriage involved wearing long skirts, she wept and wailed, declaring that under such conditions she would never get married.

But the Consul-General was a man of iron. He convinced her that once she had consented, nothing on earth would justify her in breaking her word. Even if she did not want to get married, she would have to wear long skirts as a punishment, so the poor child found there was no escape for her: her choice now lay between long skirts and a trip to Paris, or long skirts and staying at home in disgrace. No wonder she decided for the former.

In May, only a few days before she entered on her sixteenth year, the marriage took place, and her husband immediately fulfilled his promise to take her to Paris.

It was before the days of railways and the journey through Central Italy was beautiful beyond description. My mother, who had not often left home, and to whom driving from Pisa to Leghorn was a great delight, enjoyed the beginning of her travel very much. But when they reached northern Italy, and had to drive for days and days over long, dusty roads, bordered with dreary, monotonous poplars, she began to be bored. She regretted her bargain. She was sorry she had ever married, even if it did mean going to Paris.

What her husband thought, I do not know. He had married my mother with the understanding that he was to save her from the possible calamity of marrying into the Latin race. He fully recognized the fact, as did also the Consul-General, that my mother was altogether too young to be treated as a real married woman, but he expected that time and patience would make her into something that would brighten and bless the last days of his life. My mother admits that he had his hands full during their wedding trip, for she proved a most restless, trying traveling companion. I think that he must have felt more like a governess than a bridegroom.

He was a sweet-tempered man, and very kind to her. In fact, during this whole trip he lost his temper only once, and then he had some excuse for it. They had been stopping over night at some small inn in northern Italy. My mother, who had grown to dread the long days in the closed carriage, made the most of her opportunity, and, rising with the sun, ran into the fields to catch butterflies. Later in the morning the inn-keeper saw her and called out to her: "Signorina, will you please tell your grandfather that the post-horses will be ready in a short time, and that breakfast is waiting for you?"

My mother rushed to her husband in perfect delight, crying: "They have taken you for my grandfather; the horses will soon be ready, and breakfast is waiting for us."

They finally reached Paris, and both were glad of it; my mother, because she would not have to sit still so much of the day, and her husband because he found some one to help him in his pedagogical duties.

In those days a newly married woman had but little more liberty than an unmarried girl, and that means almost no liberty at all. My mother found a chaperon ready for her, a Countess de Montmorency, who was a dear friend of my grandmother's.

The countess was a reactionary aristocrat. What I mean by this is that she belonged to the class of French nobles who, after the Revolution, spent their life in due contemplation of the privileges of which the Revolution had deprived them, and which the restoration of monarchy had at least nominally brought back to them. During the Revolution her family had been among the unfortunate emigrants who had known the worst poverty and distress, and, while still a mere child, she had been compelled to sell *petits pâtés* in the streets of London. But what interested my mother most was that as a child the countess had been a playmate of the unfortunate Dauphin, the little son of Marie Antoinette.

My mother admitted that the countess was sincerely interested in her, and that she got her clutches on her with the intention of doing her much good. She taught her things which even the genteel English women had not taught her. She

taught her that no woman who had not been contaminated by modern ideas, and had not lost her self-respect, would allow pink and blue ribbons on the underwear of her *trousseau*. She taught her that even the tiniest bit of a flounce was not permissible on a skirt that was to be worn on the street in the sight of plebeians. My mother submitted patiently to these counsels, and regretfully told her maid to take all the pink and blue ribbons out of her underwear, and to rip every flounce from any skirt which a plebeian eye might see.

The countess did not stop at this. She taught my mother to bow from the waist and not from the head, and to courtesy three times backward without getting entangled in a skirt. For, dear American readers, do not forget that we courtesy once to a person of quality, twice to a princess of the blood, and three times to a crowned head. My mother claims emphatically that courtesying has been the hardest thing she has ever had to learn. Book-keeping, law, beating the drum, and, later, bringing up seven children, have been nothing as compared with that.

The days went on. My mother was learning manners and being bored. Between her good husband and the good countess she had no fun at all. She longed for her father, for her mother, for her friends, and, last but not least, for the drum-major.

Nor was she at all consoled by the fact that her husband was showing himself most munificent. He spared no money, and the countess spared neither time nor interest to fit my mother out with all kinds of rare and beautiful things to wear. Her husband was even planning to give her a whole set of Chantilly laces, which the countess had promised to select with every possible care.

A day was chosen on which my mother, accompanied by the countess, was to make a final choice of these laces. The husband left the money to pay for them with my mother, and the countess was to call for her at the hotel and take her to the shop where the laces were to be bought.

On the morning of the appointed day my mother was alone at the hotel. Her husband had left her. The countess had not yet come, sending word that she

could not come until considerably later than she had expected. A coupé was waiting at the door—and my mother was bored to death. She felt bitter and rebellious. She had thought that getting married meant going out alone, eating whatever she liked, and doing just as she pleased. And now she was kept much more strictly than she had ever been kept at home. She decided to show her independence as a married woman, to go out alone, and to satisfy the longing which had made her so anxious to come to Paris—a longing which the countess and her husband had declared childish, and had not gratified. The child wished to go to Giroux', the world-famed shop from which for years she had received her Christmas toys.

It was easy to get into the carriage and order the coachman to drive to Giroux'. It was just as easy to get out there, and to ask an affable clerk to show her the finest dolls they had in stock; but it was not so easy to come away without buying anything. The clerk smirked, bowed, explained, and persuaded "Madame"—for the long dresses, and the wedding ring which showed through her little mitt, proved her right to this title—that she could not possibly leave without taking one of the handsomest dolls.

"But I have no money with me," said my mother, half in self-defense, for she was well aware that her husband and the countess would not approve of such a purchase.

"We shall send some one with Madame, and Madame can pay when she gets to the hotel," suggested the clerk.

And so she fell. She purchased a doll that could speak and walk, and had real eyelashes and finger-nails. She wanted the doll, but she really would have refused if the clerk had allowed it. Down in the depths of her heart, however, she was grateful to him because he compelled her to do what she knew she should not, but dearly longed, to do.

She reached the hotel only a few minutes before the clerk came to deliver the new acquisition, a doll which was meant to be given in homage to some little royal princess, and for which Giroux charged the modest sum of one thousand francs!

My mother paid without hesitancy. She had a lot of money for the laces, and

she did not think that a thousand francs more or less would make much difference. Her book-keeping had not been of the kind to teach her the value of money. The clerk left, well-satisfied with the promptness of the payment, and my mother remained alone with her doll. It was the first time since she left home that she had been perfectly happy.

When the countess arrived, she was horrified. How could a young married woman who fully understood the responsibilities of her position, and what she owed to propriety, go alone to Giroux, buy a doll, and play with it like a little girl of three?

Her husband also soon returned, and he was not only amazed, but was very angry at the waste of money, and the childishness of his bride. He scolded her, and he scolded her long and hard.

My mother was heartbroken: she was a very little girl, she had been exceedingly homesick, and she was not accustomed to have her "good friend," as she still thought of him, speak harshly to her. Until he married her there had, of course, been no necessity for discipline. But she could not reason this out then as she did many, many years later when she told the story to me. She wept and she wailed. She wanted to go home. She wanted to see her father and mother. She did not want to be married. She wanted to go back to her short dresses, and to be allowed to play with dolls.

Her description was vivid, and I can almost see her as she lay there in a big arm-chair, her arm pressed tightly over her eyes, her feet stretched out straight and stiff, and her whole little body shaken with sobs. I can almost see the countess and the husband, distressed and perplexed at the situation. It seemed almost impossible to comfort her.

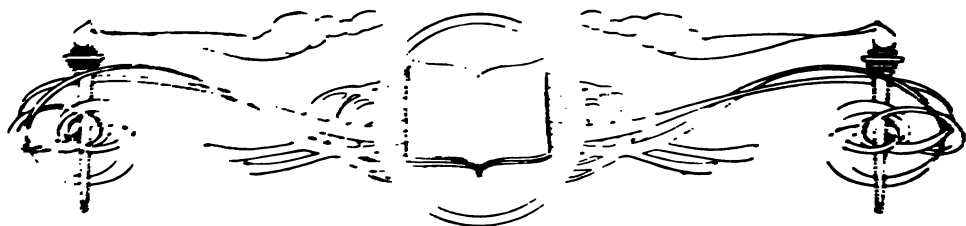
Indeed, what she needed was a mother to take her on her knee and wipe her eyes. Neither the husband nor the countess thought of doing this, and the child kept repeating that she wanted to go home; she wanted to go to her father and mother; she did not want to stay in Paris another single day.

It was her husband who finally comforted her, but this only when he told her that they would leave Paris, that nobody should take the doll from her,

and that she might keep it with her in the carriage for the rest of the journey.

And so it happened that the little daughter of the hotel-general finished her first reading trip with a book in the front seat of the traveling carriage.

Several years later my mother was left a widow. Then and I think it served me right—General got right, she married my father, a brilliant young Italian, a charming representative of the hotel-lord race.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

EFFICIENCY

THE very profusion of opportunities for the poor for industrial betterment in a comparatively new country, a sort of *residence* thus unencumbered—these things account for some of the more notable defects in the American community. There is a relation between the carelessness as to life in American industries and in some branches of our land transportation system, and the carelessness with which our municipal business is conducted.

The reform in the care of life and industry have been begun; this reform is being accelerated by the efforts of the Institute of Social Service and its extension of life-saving devices; and the reform in municipal conditions seems to be now entering upon a new phase.

With everybody carefully busy about his own concerns, with great rewards for private effort continually looming up, perhaps it was natural that in many cities of the New World industrious and unscrupulous men should have found and appropriated financial opportunities in connection with public affairs, and that in the general atmosphere of happy-go-lucky enterprise the plundered communities should be slow to discover, and slow to correct the evils of corrupt local government.

When the public and all the good-natured citizens have become thoroughly aroused to the facts, there has been in one community after another a sudden, concentrated, methodical, and generally successful effort to "drive the rascals out," to get rid of the tinkering of the laws with a view to the better government by carefully drawn enactments. Then the public citizens, after a brief, glowing, and thoroughly enjoyable period of political betterment, have retired from their pleasurable pursuit of the public effort, and returned to the strong ties of private business and pleasure, leaving on guard a more than handful of thoughtful and genuine leaders, struggling in vain to keep the minds of the people on municipal questions in periods unmarked by crying and picturesque scandals.

But now comes the new phase to which reference was above made. This new phase is distinguished by a new phrase—namely, the demand for EFFICIENCY in government. "Efficiency" in the entire field of applied philanthropy, in all matters of social betterment—broadly interpreted—and in the activities of local government especially, has recently been systematically set forth in a significant treatise by William H. Allen of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

Mr. Allen, in his book, along with his general suggestions, puts forth a brief (prepared in 1905) for the establishment of an Institute of Municipal Research. Work of the nature described was recently begun under the auspices of the Citizens' Union, and is now carried on by a newly incorporated, independent body, under the name of the Bureau for Municipal Research. Its method is threefold—inquiry, publicity, and suggestion. It investigates the bookkeeping of the city; it suggests better methods of bookkeeping; it interprets and makes known "the story" of the city's books; and points out what the city needs in practical betterment for its population. That is, it examines into the details of government administration, and its aim is to evolve, or to assist in the evolution of administrative methods which will be economical, absolutely honest, both intelligible and intelligent, open and known to the officials themselves who conduct the municipal business, which it is not now, and open and known to the public who pay the municipal bills, which it is now far from being.

The budget of the city of New York is between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty millions of dollars a year. In a single year it deals with an expenditure of nearly four hundred millions of dollars, which, according to Controller Metz, is more than that of the major cities of London, Paris, and Berlin, combined with the whole expenditure of three or four of the smaller countries of Europe. The condition of things brought to light by the scientific subsoil plowshare of the bureau's high-class accountants is amazing,—and the effects of the exposures, as it happens, have proved in some cases revolutionary as to the official *personnel*.

There is, however, nothing exciting or revolutionary in the methods of the agents of the bureau. The startling results already obtained in New York come from the simple application of common sense and common honesty to the details of a great city's business. The effect of the impact of light upon the dark places has been irresistible. In important departments the hearty and sympathetic coöperation of honest and intelligent officials has greatly facilitated the work of the

bureau; and such coöperation promises further, and still more important, constructive accomplishment.

New York's annual budget is enormous, and the field for scientific reform in administration is proportionately extensive. But there are few municipalities in the country where some such inquiry would not be salutary. We were told the other day that in one of our larger interior cities a group of accountants had put every social club in the city on its financial legs. If such investigations are desirable, even in social organizations where "boss politics" do not intrude, how much more desirable must they be in connection with municipal employment and purchase where the spirit of graft has become traditionally entrenched. How many, even, of our model New England villages, run under the sacred town-meeting system, know exactly where they stand financially. In how many of them are the audits, and balance-sheets, completed searchingly and scientifically?

We are not so sanguine as to suppose that a mere scientific method of bookkeeping is going to create, by itself, an entirely new condition of things in American municipalities. There are no panaceas for the correction of evils in human government. If there were, the so-called "civil service reform"—that is, the abrogation by law of the miserable spoils system—would, wherever in force, do the business of permanent reform. This "reform of the civil service" does, perhaps, fill more nearly the functions of a panacea than any other. But neither is it a panacea. If to competitive appointment we add concentration and conspicuity of responsibility, and scientific and efficient administration, we must to these three add absolute honesty, trained intelligence, and devotion on the part of our public servants; and again to these an alert moral sense and a standard both of character and of efficiency in the community at large.

The new movement, the new phase of reform in municipal administration of which EFFICIENCY is the watchword, seems to us—and this is the most hopeful thing about it—simply new evidence that there is in our American communities a growing sense of the meaning and responsibility of citizenship.

NOTE—HUGO'S LETTER CONCERNING
"LES MISÉRABLES"

THE letter of Victor Hugo printed in the June CENTURY, though not for the first time, as we intimated might be the case, proves to have been written to Signor Daelli, the Italian publisher of Hugo's works, and not to Count Pepe, in whose

papers it was found by his daughter, the Countess Roswadowska, who in entire good faith presumed that it was written to him. The letter has appeared as an appendix to certain editions of "Les Misérables," but was not found in a search through Hugo's published correspondence, where one would naturally expect to find it.—THE EDITOR.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. Forbes-Robertson

(SEE THE BUST BY EMIL FUCHS, p. 561)

IF an actor's primary appeal be to the intellect, to the heart through the mind, and to passion through experience,

"... an arch wherethro'

Gleams that untravell'd world,"

he may have been on the stage thirty years, as has Johnston Forbes-Robertson, before he is generally accounted the ripe and adequate artist of his day. For ten years Forbes-Robertson was learning; for ten, he was a versatile leading man; he came to his own in 1893 with *Hamlet*, a year later with *Macbeth*.

Men get what they give: they are paid in the coin they mint. No actor on our stage awakes a deeper intellectual admiration. To all play-goers under thirty his *Hamlet* is the interpretation of a lifetime. To them he is all Booth was to those older, less Booth's incomparable mystery—a Scotchman is many things, but never mysterious.

Mr. Robertson's detached mental tone and

temper precisely fit, also, Shaw's view of the stage, as a circus where all the passions do stunts from the trapeze of tragedy to the clown rolling in the sawdust of burlesque. Through all Forbes-Robertson's work plays the lambent fire which lights, but never consumes, whatever it touches. Nature has given him a face, subtle, refined, elevated, full of breeding. His baritone voice moves or mocks alike.

Most of all, for myself, I cherish the purity of his art. His simple outline, severe, full of ease; his restraint in interpreting with a touch, opening, at the inflection of a word or the molding of a phrase; the far vistas of the level or heaving sea,—these are all the full fruitage of a nature which dwells apart, cherishes a lofty desire, refuses compromise, trivial or conventional, and waits for the hour to strike, as it has. To our later stage, he has restored the dignity of Kemble and the grace of Booth, dowering it with an intellectual atmosphere all his own.

Talcott Williams.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

From the Same Mold

FOR twenty years Pierre Ducette had remained an entirely cheerful widower. Whenever his friends pitied his lonely state, Pierre would shrug his expressive shoulders, gesticulate with his lean, brown hands, and say: "But, no, Monsieur; me, I ham mos' 'appy man hon dese whole State of Meechigan. I ain't got notting w'at boddair

me—no cat, no dog, no peeg, no voman, no notting. *Attendez, mon ami!* I tole you som't'ing: You got notting, you got no boddair."

One day, however, there was a change in this happy state of affairs. Pierre turned up after a protracted absence from his accustomed haunts, and it was noticed at once that all his former gaiety had vanished.

"Hello, Pierre!" exclaimed his friend, the druggist. "What 's happened to you? You 're looking decidedly downhearted. Out of a job?"

"But, no, Monsieur. Me, I 'ave trouble more worse dan dat. Trouble she ees nevaire com' single. She ees always bring hees wife, hees babee, too. You hear dat som'taime, hey? *Vraiment*."

"*Mon ami*, Monsieur, dose 'usband of *ma cousine* she ees die hon top of nex' town to dis, an' leave me de sole inheritor of one cow."

"Maybe you t'ink dat som' good luck, hey! *Sappree*, Monsieur! You ees bettaire t'ink one time more. Monsieur, dose cow of dose 'usband of *ma cousine* ees de mos' worse cow hon dese whole town. She ees cross-eye' hon de bot' side—one eye ees look behin', one eye ees look *biffore*. Also, dose disposione of Valencie ees of salt an' vinegaire."

"But eet ees hon de laig, Monsieur, dat mademoiselle dose cow of dose 'usband of *ma cousine* ees de mos' sauvage, de mos' fierce, de mos' untame. She ees let fly dose front laig, she ees broke loose dose behin' laig, she ees keeck som'bod' w'ere she ees leas' *hexpect*."

"Monsieur, behol'! Eet ees imposseeble dat I milk dose so bad-tempaired cow. W'at I can do? Shall I vaste dose expensive cow of Monsieur dose 'usband of *ma cousine*? Non, Monsieur! *Jamais*, Monsieur! To save Mademoiselle Valencie, dose *mêchante* cow, me, I ham gone got marree w'it Louise Turcotte."

"Monsieur, I confide. I tole you som't'ing. I w'ispaire hon top your ear. Dose disposione de Valencie, dose disposione de Louise—*Hllas!* she ees bot' grow hon de same bunch of grape."

Carroll Watson Rankin.

Jerry's Reformation

OH, Jerry Jenks was wonderful,
E'en quite an angel child;
Obedient and polite was he,
And truthful, meek, and mild.

He always answered, "Yes, Mama,"
When told to wash his face;
And punctually at dinner he
Was always in his place.

He never lingered after school,
But came straight home to play,
The while he sugar cookies ate
As little angels may.

Whene'er his playmates bullied him,
And guyed and teased him, too,
Sweet Jerry Jenks just stood it, or
With dignity withdrew.

He was so *very*, VERY good,
His parents were disturbed.
What *would* become of Jerry if
His virtues were not curbed?

On boys of normal badness, then,
The twain with envy gazed;
At thought of Jerry's future they
With grief were nearly crazed.

But Jerry's father came one day
Upon a knot of boys,
The fistic arguments of whom
Evoked no little noise.

Within the center of the group,
His face demoniac, wild,
Was Jeremiah Jepson Jenks,
The Jenkses' Angel Child!

His tie was off, his jacket torn,
His face with gore was red;
One eye was closed—when this remark
Upon its way was sped:

"Come on, you fellows, just come on!
Perhaps you want some *more!*"
He punched, he thumped, he kicked,
he shrieked—
He smote three boys full sore.

Did Father Jenks lay on his hands,
And put a stop to this?
Oh, never; Father Jenks was wrapped
In most ecstatic bliss.

He gazed upon his raging child,
While joy and wonder grew;
Then murmured, as he turned away,
"*I guess that boy will do.*"

Edna Kingsley Wallace.

Recent Scientific Progress and Invention

A CLEVER young inventor has turned his talent to good account in making a virtue of necessity.

He buys up a quantity of necessities, which may be had at a low price in any department store.

These he makes into virtues, and so great is the demand at present for this line of goods, that he has no difficulty in disposing of his wares.

This industry, advanced to proper proportions, will fill a long-felt want.

Among other rapid strides made by the great science of applied electricity is a contrivance for the production of electric light verse. At a low operating cost, light verse can be produced that is said to exceed in power and brilliancy all others in the market. The machine is provided with a condenser and an adjustable meter.

An improved rapid-fire gun has already had its patent applied for. As its name indicates, this invention is for the purpose of shooting the rapids, and will doubtless prove to be a decided improvement on the old-fashioned barrel.

An enterprising nurseryman is making a specialty of the cultivation of the ambush. Heretofore, the wild and uncultivated specimens of this valuable bush have afforded but scanty protection to our brave soldiers. The fine, improved plants now offered should find a ready market among the dealers in army supplies. The new ambushes are warranted hardy, impenetrable, and capable of trans-plantation to any climate.

Carolyn Wells.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

FAMILY PRIDE

UNCLE 'RASTUS: Now dat yuh Daddy 's got too ole to wuck, why don't yuh git a job?
YOT SO RUFUS: No, indeed. Ah ain't goin' to have folks say "Ev'body wucks but Father" 'bout mah fam'ly.

The Banjo and the Loom

THUMP-chug-a-tinkle-tang, tump-a-tinkle tune!

Listen at the banjo and the loom;
Banjo keeps a-pickin' in the shadow o' the vine,

Batten keeps a-thuddin' th'ough the room.

Cabin in the sunshine—chug-a plunk-a pling!

Mocker in the sarvice-bush—listen at him sing!

"Possum up a 'simmon-tree," hear the music ring

Out across the meadows all in bloom!

Says the loom to the banjo: "*Thump-a, chunk-a-choo!*"

You lazy, good-for-nothin' scamp!

My head's a-swimmin' with the work I 've got to do,

My back 's a-th'obbin' with a cramp.

Goin' up Cripple Creek, layin' in the shade,

Waitin' for the money that the old man made—

Nary hill o' 'taters hoed, and your ax has laid

More 'n a week a-rustin' in the damp!"

Banjo keeps a-twangin' clear: "Time, oh, keep-a time!"

What 's the good o' harkin' from the tomb?

I can set you dancin' to a ringin' rip o' rhyme;

I can always chase away the gloom.

'Way down yander, where they plant a heap o' truck,

Sleepin' in the corn-pile, covered with a shuck—

Oh, it 's I am young forever, and forever I 'm in luck!

Whoop!" says the banjo to the loom.

Emma Bell Miles.

Finerty on Socialism

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FUGITIVE BLACKSMITH" AND "PARTNERS OF PROVIDENCE"

PASS me the butther, Marg'ret. Where have I been? I was down the shreet a piece. They were solemnizin' the namination av a Socialist. What is 't? 'T is a new kind av politics. The platform av it is that iverything will belong to iverybody ilse. I w'u'd rather be mayor of a cimit'ry than live in a counthry like that. An' I tould thim so. "Ye think," says I, "that whin ye have it worruk-in', ye can all go an' live at the Wuldorf; but ye can't. An' ye can't get me in-therested in annything like that, for I have cut me wisdom teeth on the worru'd. The earth is a business instichootion. An' I ixpect to kape on gettin' ahead by brute merit," says I. But 't is no use tellin' it to thim. As Dugan says, "Ignorance is its own defence."

What did they say? They tried to explain it till me. Ye see, there is the Pro-teylariat an' the Boorgeese. That manes that there is the poor an' the rich. They tell it to ye in Frinch, so that ye 'll be afraid to deny it. The politicians av it are all Properganders. An' the Properganders is thyrin' to put down the Boorgeese. 'T is like that.

Ye don't undtherstand? The idee av it is that iverybody will fix it so that nobody can get the bist av annybody. What do ye think av that?



Drawn by C. J. Taylor

"WID THAT, MARG'RET, THEIR EYEBROWS ALL WINT UP"

"Yer scheme is all right," says I, "an' the only thing ye will have anny throuble about is people. That 's all. 'T is aisy to see," says I, "that ye are la-a-a-argely actuated," says I, "by a lack av sinse. An' the less sinse ye have, the more ye want to tell people about it—an' be rayformers, an' enlighten the worruld," says I.

"Look at Archie Mumsey," they says to me.

"Yis," says I. "Had I his horse-block for a tombstone, I w'u'd not think I was goin' to die poor," says I.

"He is rich," says they.

"I wish 't I was like him," says I. "Although it is n't rich that I 'd care to be, so much as to be havin' the money. What wor ye goin' to say about him?"

"He is a Boorgeese," says they, "an' ye are a Proteylariat."

"Is that all?" says I; for, ye see, they have the worruds in their head, an' it bothers them. "An' ye are goin' to fix it. Then," says I, "ye 'll have to get a new way to kape people from givin' their money away; but maybe ye can. An' let me give ye a little warnin'. Whin ye have it all fixed an' ready to run, watch out that some wan don't get the job away from ye. If the likes av Larry Gallagher down in our ward sees it is a good

thing, he w'u'd want to take it away from ye. An' he is the man wid the injy-rubber conscience whin it comes to politics. An' there are thousands av thim. I am only tellin' ye for yer own benefit," says I.

"'T w'u'd be impossible unther the system—the law," says they. "All that w'u'd be changed. The people w'u'd be changed. 'T is the conditions does it, an' makes thim like they are."

"An' ye 'll have to kape a close eye on the conditions. An' afther ye get it runnin', who is goin' to take care av everything? Who will be the officers that 'll kape anny wan from gettin' the bist av anny wan, an' not take anny thimselves? Is it the same people that is on airth now? How have ye got it all worked out?" says I.

Wid that, Marg'ret, their eyebrows all wint up as innocint as a dozen av wax dolls.

"We w'u'd not presume," says they, "to be so presumptuous," says they, "as to impose our opinions on future generations. Such things must work thimselves out. An' we can't say just how it will be. 'T will be an involution."

An' they looked at me wid their noses in the air like me opinion was a bad egg—'most ready to hatch. An' they were so wise they did n't know.

"Thin let her ivolute," says I. "If it is goin' to do that, what is the use av helpin'—whin ye don't know? D' ye know what I think av ye?" says I. "Ye raymind me av a lightnin'-bug thryin' to be a light-house. Ye can sit on the beach an' kape flashin' at regular inthervals," says I, "but ye'll niver bring the ship av state to shore. Ye go around thryin' to prove that goodness is wan av the virtues, which annybody knows, an' ye know 't will be an aisy job for ye. The only throuble wid yer parthy is that it won't work," says I.

"Ye can niver tell till ye give it a thrial," says they. "The faults av it will work thimsilves out; but the principles will kape on. An' there is good in iverything," says they.

"There is good in iverything," says I. "'T is that thunder is for. 'T is so that ye can dodge the lightning. The only throuble is that whin ye have heard it 't is too late. 'T is betther to know things beforeshand."

Wid that two bouncers kem to evict me from the place. They took me by the arms an' hurried me along like a two-handed cruiskeen that might be spillin' some more av me opinion beforeshand they got me to the sthreet. An' 't is that I have been doin'. Have ye got some more av the onion tops to chop intil the egg an' potato, Marg'ret? I'm glad ye have. Riches are like onions. Ye don't approve av thim unless they are yer own.

Charles D. Stewart.



Drawn by Harry Linnell

THE FAD OF THE MOMENT

♦ Mother, if you 've finished playin' with my Teddy bear, Gran'ma wants to borrow it."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



ETHEL BARRYMORE AS "MADAME TRENTONI," IN CLYDE
FITCH'S PLAY, "CAPTAIN JINKS"

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE MIND-READER

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescott," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

A TOO frank cousin of mine once said of me that I was a rolling stone, with the usual result. I replied to this admonitory tribute that I had at least become polished in rolling, and left him to make his own inference. That I have rolled much is true. A part of my rolling, however, has not been of my own will, but the result of circumstance.

The death of my mother and sister within the same year left me with a very modest income; indeed, too little for a man who, after two years, had become sure that success in the practice of medicine was for him unattainable. In fact, I liked the study of medicine, but did not like the ordinary practice of it. Having failed of success as a general practitioner of medicine, I gave it up to become an ill-paid assistant in a hospital for the insane. After three years, a fortunate chance enabled me to become resident physician to the Central Penitentiary. Here at last I had work to my liking. The study of the criminal nature deeply interested me, and for two years I was busy and happy. I wrote at this time several papers on the bodily and

mental peculiarities of the inmates under my care. One of these contributions is still quoted as authoritative.

The life in a jail is sure in the end to sadden the kindly and to bring to the most hopefully optimistic a sense of failure.

This, my third venture, ended in deepening disgust, and I began to lose interest in the work. I had, in fact, one unusual quality—I knew in general when I had failed, and also why. Beyond this, I possessed a still more uncommon talent, which for a time I cultivated, and which was destined to play a part in my life and that of others. I was called a mind-reader. I never so labeled an undoubted power, but others thus described it. For some years at times I amused myself when traveling by the use of this faculty; but at last I gave up doing so because it demanded too intense attention, and because I felt that to pry unasked into the thoughts of another was hardly decent.

When one day I was waiting in the outer office of that cousin who had said I was a rolling stone, I saw two men talking on the pavement, and set myself to

ascertain what they were engaged upon. It was for me the idle play of a leisure moment; but when my cousin came in, I said: "Mr. E— will offer you 51 dollars for X Y stock. Ask him 52: he will take it." When I explained to him how I knew this, he said it would not be honest, and whether he acted in accordance with his statement, I do not know. I went away thinking over the ethics of the stock market. I have always declined the attribution of mystery to the power I was believed to possess and laughingly refused to be investigated by psychical scientists, who had heard wild accounts of my capacity.

At this time, being melancholy and restless, I went one day into the park for one of the long, solitary cycle-rides which were almost my only diversion. While I was spinning along, deep in thought, a runaway hack flew by. I put on all possible speed, and came up to it just as a park guard caught the horses and for a moment turned them aside. The carriage struck a tree, and upset with a crash of broken glass. The horses broke loose and ran, while, the park guard aiding, we got out of the wreck a lean, little old gentleman, much bruised, and with his face badly cut by glass.

For a moment he lay dazed, and then sitting up, said, "I want my hat." It was found. Then he stood up. "I want a doctor."

"I am one," I said. I tied a handkerchief over his cut forehead, and aided by the guard, put him in a cab which chanced to be at hand. I got in after him. The guard stood by expectant. Then the old gentleman took out a well-filled wallet, and selecting a quarter of a dollar, presented it to the guard, who threw it into the cab with an accompaniment of vigorous English, which I thought well deserved.

My companion said: "Drive on. I ought to report that man for insolence." With this he picked up the money and put it in his pocket. "Girard Hotel," he said, "and tell him to hurry."

As we drove away, I said, "You are not much injured."

"Oh, it 's the shock. I have a bad heart, and I am old—I mean, I am not young."

A queer figure he seemed to me. He

was short, singularly thin, and as red as if rouged.

"Pay the cabman, doctor," he ordered me.

I did, but I never again saw the money.

I soon found that my patient was nervous and alarmed. He insisted upon my remaining all night, and as he had a very feeble circulation and a diseased heart, it was as well to oblige him. He would have no consultation, as it was too expensive, and he was satisfied with me. Neither did he want any one of his family sent for; and so I fought it out alone.

As he grew better, he talked to me of my own life with a degree of freedom and interest which I could not then comprehend, and which I did not relish. For some reason he took to me, one of those fancies to which the neurotic are subject, and after two weeks of grave illness told me that I was the only doctor who had ever understood his constitution.

When about to leave, he said: "We must now settle our accounts. There were sixty-three visits at one dollar each." He had noted them daily, even to the length of my stays.

"One dollar! Three," I said; "and the nights I spent—it comes to—"

"Don't mention it. Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "It is enormous. I can not bear shock. I have a proposal to make. You tell me you are tired of your present life, and you are a lover of books. If I secure for you a place in the Brookmead library at twelve hundred dollars a year, will you accept that in payment of the large sum you propose to exact? I shall expect you to take care of me." My first reflection was that he meant to get away without any kind of payment, but I soon saw that the offer was honest. I was of course rather astounded at the scheme of making the library pay his debt, but the new life thus opened to me was entirely to my taste.

I said: "Frankly speaking, sir, is that possible?"

"Yes. I am a benefactor—I mean, I am regarded as a future benefactor of the library." He chuckled. "They will do as I say, and then, when I want you, I can always get you."

I said I would think it over, but had no idea it would come to anything. I had heard of the library as important.



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"AS HE GREW BETTER, HE TALKED TO ME OF MY OWN LIFE"

After some thought I said I would take the place. After he had gone, a week later, to my surprise, I got the offer, and promptly accepted. It turned out to be the beginning of a freshly happy and, as it proved, a somewhat eventful life. I had rolled into a place that suited me.

On my arrival I was able to satisfy Mr. Quarton, the librarian, in regard to my scholarship. As concerned my technical capacity as a librarian, that, he said, was of course hopeless. In time I might learn, oh, something, but unless a man had two generations of librarians back of him, it was of no use to pretend to achieve greatness. I see him now, with his big, inherited horn spectacles, his long gray hair, and a book under each arm.

I had two rooms assigned to me, with a bath-room, as I was, to my pleasure, to live in the building. My duties included general oversight, selection of such scientific books as were needed, and a variety of lesser matters.

The day after my arrival I saw my pa-

tient, Mr. White, come out of the librarian's room and enter the office assigned to me. "Glad to see you here, doctor," he said. "I am going to the club, No. 20 West street. Come in at seven and dine with me. Quiet place, no form."

I said I would come.

"You won't get much to eat," said Quarton. "No one ever dines with him more than once. He wants to consult you; but he won't ask you to come to his house. He might have to pay."

"Then he is a miser, I suppose."

"Miser! Superlative degree, miserimus!" said Quarton, who hated him. "You'll see. By and by he will make you believe he has remembered you in his will."

This was a long speech for Mr. Quarton, whose name much amused me. "Never," said one of the assistants—"never ask what his Christian, or heathen, name is. No man knows it. He signs D. Quarton."

I went that evening to the Midway Club, which proved to be comfortable, and not too exclusive.

On my way, I reflected upon Mr. White as a curious variety of the genus man. During my life in the penitentiary, —where, alas! few were penitent,—I formed a habit of making notes of the appearance and mental and moral characteristics of criminals, and this habit proved so interesting that I extended it to the officers, and others of the few whom I met outside.

Of course Mr. Reuben White had his place. He was now becoming a fascinating study. A miser,—literally wretched? —not at all. He had the positive joy of acquiring and the negative joy of not expending. I was to see and know more of him.

Mr. White's welcome was most cordial. He had a well-contrived manner of expressing his pleasure upon meeting you. It cost him nothing, but somewhat failed by reason of lack of variety.

As a contribution to my knowledge of the man, the dinner was notable. As to diet, we had soup, one portion, divided; then four mutton chops and potatoes. I received one chop and he two. He was long in chewing his food, having a theory that the more you masticated, the less food you needed.

He talked much and talked well, really a cultivated man. I was thinking that I should like to get at the basal motives of the hoarding instinct, if it be, as in some animals, instinctive, when I saw him glance about the room to see if he were observed. Apparently satisfied, and without in the least concerning himself about me, he rose, went out, and returning with paper from the club writing-table, wrapped up the remaining chop, tied it in his handkerchief, and put it in his pocket.

"And now," he said, "do you drink coffee at night?" I did. When taking his cup, he secured four lumps of sugar, and added these to his store. I was hungry, but delighted with what I saw.

I was all this while regaled at times with his symptoms, until I said a physical examination would be required and must be made while he was in bed. I discovered very soon that my salary was meant to cover all the medical care Mr. White might need. The skill and delicacy with which this was conveyed to me was most interesting, and as he gave me

but little trouble, I calmly accepted the situation, and, as it proved, was most fortunate in having done so.

He proposed that evening to put me up at the club for membership, and as I could now afford it, I was most pleased. My notes of him that night were: "Lover of books; greed for accumulation of money; infinite cunning in this pursuit."

My life at the library soon satisfied me. The work was easy, my time much my own. As I have said, I had had no opportunities for acquiring friends or even acquaintances to my taste, but here every week there came to the library a great many persons in all ranks of life. It became my duty to know some of these people, especially the scholars, and generally to aid any one in pursuit of knowledge or entertainment.

Thus it was that while I was interested in the books, I was even more so in those who read them; for much as books have been to me in my life, people are still more entertaining; and whether as comrades or counselors, whether evil or good, have for the reader of men advantages not possessed by books.

Mr. White was in the library every day, and, as one of the governing board from whom much was expected, he was treated with far too great consideration.

About the fourth month of my residence, a curious incident gave me a notable influence over this man and his increased respect.

Mr. Daingerfield, one of our managers, a man of large inherited fortune, was the rich man of the city. He was also the permanent president of the hospital board, and able to indulge the luxury of giving way to a quick temper. When I instantly resented an impertinent criticism, he complained to the directors of the library; but as Mr. White was expected to leave money to both hospital and library, his intervention saved me.

One day in April I was talking to a young woman, Miss Musgrave, about a book, when I saw Mr. Daingerfield pass by.

Miss Musgrave said: "Did you ever see so bald a man! It looks so nice and smooth. One would like to pat it." I looked, and there was the face, full-



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"THAT," HE SAID, "WAS OF COURSE HOPELESS."

bearded,—even to the heavy eyebrows, snow white,—with, around the bald head, a tonsure of bright red hair. "Really an exotic, that crop!" said my companion, laughing.

Mr. Daingerfield came upon Mr. White near my office, and White began to talk. They were facing us, but out of earshot. Presently excusing myself, and with too little thought of my action, I went up to them and said: "I can give you what you want, Mr. White. The average cost of hospital patients per day is from \$1.50 to \$1.60. Children cost more." I went on to convey in full the required information, and then retired to my office.

Presently came Mr. White. "Doctor Alston," he said, "did you hear what I asked Mr. Daingerfield?"

"No, I did not."

"Then how did you know?"

Meaning to amuse myself, I said, "Did you ever hear of mind-reading?"

"Mind-reading! Good heavens, sir, it is most amazing!"

"Yes," I laughed. "I have been accused of it before; once by Mr. Stevens, the cataloguer. He did not like it."

"Nor do I, sir. I want you to promise never to try it with me."

"Oh, I can readily promise that, Mr. White. It is rarely that I use this faculty. It requires intense concentration of attention."

"I am relieved, sir." He was queerly uneasy. "It is a perilous faculty, Doctor Alston. Imagine such a power to become general! What a state of things there would be! Awful, sir! awful!" That, indeed, was my own opinion, and I have often since then amused myself with reflections upon the social and commercial consequences of such generalized universal insight.

Henceforth Mr. White treated me with increased respect, and at times regarded me with ill-concealed suspicion. Somehow the story got out and created interest, which I did not add to by any further use of my peculiar endowment, nor did I attempt to explain

it when Mr. White reopened the subject.

As time ran on, I made the acquaintance of a man who attracted me as no one else did. He was George Fernwood, an army officer, a captain of engineers, engaged upon some defense work in the harbor. I sometimes classify people as books. Fernwood was one of those human volumes which, admirably edited by events, are full of such contrasts as make unusual appeal to the student of character.

In my note-book he is thus described:

George Fernwood, five feet, ten inches; neatly made, a certain harmony in his build. Regular features, bronzed by exposure. General expression gentle and, as I read it, something of a look of appeal. Mouth the most eloquent feature. Lip lines classic.

Career—Success as engineer, medal of

honor for gallant action in Indian battle. So set down in the army list.

Studies—primary, scientific; secondary, history, especially of the mystics; rarely fiction.

Character—Courage, physical, perfect; courage, moral, unknown.

Mind of high order, investigative. Imagination of sympathetic type, not productive.

Manners, courteous; a gentleman, a man to trust.

This was my record after several months of increasing intimacy during which I discovered that after a time the rate of acquaintance with him had limitations such as in my experience are often found in the finer natures. A word is needed to fill the descriptive gap between "acquaintance" and "friend." He evidently liked me, but my sly gifts of self-revelation were not returned in kind. About this there was something not unpleasantly womanlike, and thus for a long time we drew no closer until certain events took place which materially affected his life and mine. In chemistry it sometimes happens that two substances which decline to unite are of a sudden brought to do so owing to the added presence of a third quite neutral body. In life a similar thing happens; a word, a thought, another's act, some trifle, abruptly alters the inter-relation of two people.

It so chanced with us. There are friends whom we acquire through the unthinking intimacies of childhood or owing to business or family relations. There are others whom, if we are wise in the art of life, we deliberately woo or win for some good reason. Of late, being now at ease, I had begun to cultivate the art of friendly capture, but, as concerned the Captain, I was for a time unsuccessful. We dined together at the club now and then, or, what I liked better, we spent an evening in my modest apartments. Here we talked of Indian war, of books and politics; but of his family, his more intimate life, and his opinions on religion, I learned nothing. Nevertheless, I felt rather than knew that we were slowly drawing together.

One evening, I asked him to my rooms, meeting him down-stairs. We walked through the vast book-lined reading-hall, now silent and dark except for the ob-

longs of moonlight cast across the floor.

I paused midway and said: "Is n't there something solemn and ghostly in this great columbarium of dead thought?"

"I feel it now, but I hardly think that I should have had the idea without your helping. I suppose that an immense number of these volumes will be, are, indeed, for scores of years as unread by man as are the present thoughts of the dead, if the dead still think."

"But they do speak here, and a great library should give at any cost the rare book some scholar asks for and must have. You of all men, who want the rarer books, must know that."

"Yes," he returned as we entered my room, and I turned on and lighted the gas—"yes, I suppose that I illustrated the rare need last week when I asked for the four volumes of that fine mystic, Robert Fludd. The old fellow who found these for me said that in twenty years he had never known them to be asked for. That he could be so sure, struck me as interesting. And he knew, too, the number and place of the book."

"That form of memory is not very rare in old librarians. I, of course, do not possess it. Did Fludd amuse you?"

"Yes. I wanted to see what he says on the pulse. You may think that odd. His astrology was also of interest. I had a pleasant morning over his doctrine of nativities."

Then I cast a cunning fly. I said: "Rare as is Fludd, a woman asked for it yesterday. She usually waits until she can get me to supply her wants. I set Master Fludd before her, but she soon returned it, remarking that she had not known it was in Latin."

"Curious that," said Fernwood.

I thought I might venture further, and as I stood by the fire filling my pipe, I said: "As a coincidence it is even more than curious; for twice, just after you have asked for some rare book, Miss Musgrave has inquired for it. Last month it was Lea on 'Trial by Ordeal.' That did seem rather a queer choice for a young woman."

"Yes, rather," he returned; "quite unusual."

I began to understand, but as he thus quickly turned the talk aside, I did not

gain much beyond a pleasant suspicion of there being some close relation between the two readers. I knew little of the social life of the great city, and my own acquaintances were chiefly such as I met at the club, which was a somewhat informal organization where one was not denied by cold usage the privilege of addressing a stranger. A day or two later I chanced to sit at luncheon next to a cheerful old man who in twenty-five minutes asked me a dozen questions.

Mr. Burke was a bachelor without other business than that of a collector and freight-carrier of harmless gossip, and was the much-used friend of a dozen women. In these gentle pursuits he exhibited the proverbial industry of the bee. In the absence of a handy year-book of genealogy, his accurate knowledge of the limited social groups of long-seated American families was usually to be trusted, and his amiable reticence a not unpleasing trait, although at times he could be mildly malicious.

"Good wine that, Dr. Alston. By the way, your people must be South Carolinians."

"Yes," I said, "my father was; but he settled in Pennsylvania."

"Good breed, sir. Know Mrs. Merton? I disturbed her, I fear—Colonial Dame: told her some of their genealogies were more genial than logical. Good that, was n't it?" I laughed assent.

"One of them—oh, no names—one of them asked me about her right to belong to that queer society. Told her that her great grandfather in 1713 married his deceased wife's sister. Know the English law? Make your inference."

I did. Then I said, "Do you know Miss Musgrave?" I was after information.

"Know her? Of course; niece of Mrs. Merton, charming girl. Father old friend of mine—dead. Got a fair fortune; not much. Engaged to army officer. Good fellow; damn poor match. Know her?"

I said, "Yes, slightly." There was no need to pump. The flow was easy, ample. Did I know that army man, name of Fernwood?

I said, "Yes," and thought the woman fortunate.

He did not agree with me. "That man

has no common sense." Had I ever heard about it?

I said no, which seemed to please my neighbor.

He said: "Tell you about it. Has an uncle, old skinflint, about eighty years old, Reuben White. He offered your Captain to leave him all his fortune if he would give up the army and live with him."

"And," I asked, "give up the woman?"

"No; but marry and live with him. The Captain won't do it. Now that does seem silly. Don't you think so?"

"No. She would starve, and Mr. White may live for years and make a dozen wills." But beyond that I said I had no material for judging.

"Well, it's simple. The old man tells every one about it. He has never given away a dollar,—says he can't,—and is so pleased with his generous post-mortem intentions that—well, he told me all about it at a board meeting last week. The Captain was to leave the army and to live with him and take care of his estate till he dies. Then he was to get it all; the Captain to marry or not, as he pleased. Would n't you accept?"

I said: "No. He asks a man already distinguished to give up all his reasonable ambitions, and, if he married, to submit his wife to the certainty of a miser's whims and meanness. I am sure that Captain Fernwood will not do it; besides, White promises the library and the hospital. You can't trust him."

"Well, Fernwood won't, and the old man is furious. Three days ago I witnessed the will he made. He informed us with pride that he had drawn the will himself. In fact, he had studied law when young. He told his nephew in my presence that he had left him ten thousand dollars. Oh, by the way, he had old Quarton there as a witness. It seems he thought he had to sign his name in full. Asked me if he must. Of course I said yes. Lord! he hated it; but he signed at last, Duodecimo Quarton. That, he explained, was because he was such a little baby. Lord, I was sorry for him. You see, his father was a librarian. Oh, about the will. He tells everybody that a large part goes to the Central Hospital and that he has remembered other charities. This was

all in Mr. White's bedroom. The Captain locked the will in the desk, and gave the key to his uncle, but said, 'Better put it in the trust company's safe.' Then the Captain took away some bills and checks to pay them. He did

A day or two later the Captain came to my room in the evening, and for the first time without an invitation. I was pleased with this sign of desire for my company, and as usual we fell into talk which took wide ranges of interest. At



Drawn by Frederic R. Granger

"TOLD HER SOME OF THEIR GENEALOGIES WERE
MORE GENIAL THAN LOGICAL."

not seem angry. That old fellow uses him, I can assure you. What a fool!"

"No," I said, "he had made his choice."

"But think of it—a million or two! I can admire such virtue; I could not imitate it."

He went out to radiate news elsewhere, murmuring, "Extraordinary, most extraordinary!"

last he asked me where he could find the singular Chinese doctrines of the pulse, explaining, what I had not as yet heard, that while in Philadelphia on duty he had attended medical lectures, a dangerous study for a sensible layman. I referred him to Sir John Floyer's "Pulse Watch," and then said, "By the way, you spent some time over Fludd's book."

"Yes, I did."

"Well, as I mentioned, Miss Musgrave asked for it later."

"Yes; rather peculiar for a woman, was n't it?"

"Rather. I do not fancy she enjoyed it. The queerest thing is that, since she returned it a month ago, it was asked for by a stranger, and has disappeared. That is, one of the volumes—the one which contains illustrations. This is a not uncommon form of theft, and of late we have suffered several such losses.

"What can you—what do you do?"

"I was asked to take up the whole matter. I employed a clever detective. He failed me entirely, but my luck did not. I saw in the "Review of Psychology," published in Chicago, an essay on mystics in which Fludd was quoted and the edition given. I wrote to the author, who courteously returned our missing volume, which he had bought from a scamp of a dealer in this city. I set my detective on the track, and he will be here shortly with two other of our missing books. The thief was easily traced, and is now awaiting trial. I should think this tale of a book's adventures would amuse you."

Then the talk wandered on to other matters, and quite late he went away.

Two days after this talk, Miss Musgrave came for a book. After getting it, she said: "A friend of mine told me of your loss of that curious book by Fludd. Have you ever heard of it again?"

"Yes," I said. She had evidently heard from her lover of our talk, for she remarked: "If I were a clever writer, I should write the adventures of a book—how it helped this one or hurt that one."

"What a clever idea!" I returned.

"Well," she said, "if ever I am in trouble or have lost anything, I shall come to you for advice. I think you were ingenious. Mr. Stevens says you are a mind-reader."

"Does he? Every one is more or less that, Miss Musgrave. Shall I try to read your thoughts?"

"Oh, no; please don't," and she went away laughing.

FERNWOOD's visits became frequent and the more I saw of him the better did I like him. At last, one evening, after a

long talk and just before he left he said: "I regret that I shall very soon be ordered away and lose both the library and your company in some bookless Western post. However, that is my life, and I cannot complain, or would not except that—"

As he paused, I said, smiling: "Except for Miss Musgrave." I liked the man, and was curiously pleased when he said: "Then you knew." There was no reason why I should not have known at any time in the last more intimate months unless for the almost feminine reserve with which he guarded his increasingly close relations with me and others.

I said in reply that Mr. Burke had told me.

"Yes, all of Miss Musgrave's friends know of it. If you talked with Burke,"—and he smiled,—"I suppose there is very little you do not know either about her or me."

I laughed. "Nothing that I did not like. Nothing that is not common property."

"Yes, the old fellow is generous in the diffusion of what were perhaps better left untold. But I must go. I shall miss you much. I am engaged to Miss Musgrave, and I hope soon to be married." Then, with some hesitation, he added: "Did Mr. Burke speak of my uncle?"

"He did; and let me say, as you open the subject, that I think you are right. It is in some sense a sacrifice."

"Oh, no. I could not take my wife to live with my uncle. How could I? I will not give up my profession. Miss Musgrave agrees with me. It is in no sense a sacrifice. But now I must go. Good night!"

"And so," said I to myself, "I have made my capture, and the man is worth the trouble." And now I was to lose this friend.

At the time of which I write I had been thrown very little with women, but since then, considering the question of the values of friendships, I conclude that the best friends are women in middle age. The range of their values is other than that of men, but there are many things of which one may talk to them and which with men one approaches in a spirit of reserve. Indeed, as I have elsewhere said, women are the natural confessors of men.

The sudden frank opening to me of Fernwood's heart was a disclosure of the feminine traits of a brave and reticent man. It was, in a way, a compliment, and gratified me, as all such conquests do, and the more so because in the solitude that any great city is for a newcomer I had no one else who held to me the relation of friend. I sat with my pipe, and wondered what manner of woman was Miss Musgrave. I had, in my brief official acquaintance, found her an interesting, well-bred person, evidently of a social class which had had the advantages of generations of ease and training. With this I dismissed her and her lover, and turned to some deferred library work, little dreaming of the extent to which I was about to be involved in their lives.

About this time I was sent to a remote city to attend an important sale of books. I was kept busy for four days, and as I rarely do more than glance at the papers, I chanced not to observe the paragraphs which might have prepared me for the disaster of which I learned upon my return.

I arrived at the library about nine in the evening. The janitor said: "There is a lady waiting to see you, sir. She is in your room. She has been there an hour. As she often comes to get books, and I have seen you talking to her, I let her into your study. Have you heard the awful news of Mr. White's death?"

"No, I have not. I am very sorry." Then in haste I went up-stairs, with an inexplicable presentiment of calamity.

When I entered the room, a maid was seated near the door. Her mistress, Miss Musgrave, rose and came forward to meet me, saying:

"It seemed to me as if you would never come. Can you give me a half-hour? I—we are in great trouble, and Captain Fernwood has asked me to see you." Then as I said, "Of course," she asked the maid to wait for her down-stairs. When alone, I said; "What is the trouble?"

"You have not heard?"

"No. I have been away. Tell me, is he ill?"

"Yes, and worse, and we were so happy. It seems incredible that you have

never heard. It is too awful," she exclaimed.

It seemed to me natural that she should at once inform me, but there was a half-evident desire to put it off. Indeed, for a moment she was silent, as if gathering resolution. I waited and then said:

"Now, Miss Musgrave, tell me quietly and fully what is the matter, and let me say that I am entirely at your disposal."

"He said so. He has no other friends here, no family—oh, I said once I should come to you if ever I needed help!"

"You say he has no friends. His uncle, I hear, is dead."

"Good heavens, yes—murdered!"

"Stop," I said. "I know nothing. To help you, I must have a clear, definite statement."

"Yes, I know. I see."

She sat up and said simply: "This is all we really know. On Monday last, George spent an hour with me. Then he went, as he generally did at least every other night, to see his uncle. That was about nine. He had collected some money for him that day. He put it in his uncle's desk, noticed his will lying in it, locked the desk, and put the key in his uncle's waistcoat, which hung on a chair. He said, 'You should put your will, sir, in the safe at the Union Trust Company.' Oh, I can't go on! You must see Captain Fernwood at once, please. I want you to see George. He is in a dreadful state. You will see him, won't you—at once, to-night?"

I said, "Yes, of course. Let me walk home with you."

"No. I have a carriage. I will leave you at George's."

As we drove along, neither spoke. What she could not or would not speak of I too easily comprehended. There was the common and often terrible situation of the man who is known to have been last with the murdered and who cannot prove an alibi.

No study of character prepared me for the effect on Fernwood. Under this terror, the woman was of a sudden strong, resolute, combative. Under it, the man who was a proverb in his corps for cool courage was broken, nerveless, and timid.

Indeed, what I saw as I entered his

room was enough to create pity and to make it needful to exercise the large charity of the physician to lessen the sense of surprise with which one saw a man in the vigor of health so easily routed. Long pain and the bodily feebleness due to disease or wounds often take from a man his moral weapons, and leave him with neither sword nor shield. But this man, in the midst of health and in the sunshine of a rare woman's love, splendidly able to put aside wealth, was like a strong battle-ship on the rocks, a helpless prey of the sea. I saw it all at a glance as I entered his room. He sat crouched low in a chair by the wood fire, without other light. As I approached, he turned his head, looked at me, and resumed his attitude of defeat, his head in his hands, his elbow on his knees. I went to the mantel, found a match, and lighted two gas-jets. Then I drew a chair and sat down beside him. He said not a word as I took his hand. His pulse was eloquent of his condition. I saw at once that the physician must prepare the way for the friend. I said: "You have not slept and you have not eaten."

"No. Not for three days."

"Well, that won't do. I want to talk to you, but now you are in no fit case for talk. Come with me to my rooms."

"No; I am watched. I should be arrested."

I persisted, and at last he consented; but he staggered as he rose, saying, "It is useless," and yet he went.

When at last we were in my study, I made him take a pretty stiff glass of whisky and, with more difficulty, a couple of biscuits. The influence of the stimulus was interesting and rapid. I said but little, and nothing of the cause of his condition. But after some twenty minutes he sat up and said: "Do you think they followed us?" and then: "I wish you would lock the door." It was child-like, but I did so. Then I returned to my seat, and quietly lighted my pipe and waited. Five minutes went by before he said: "Why did you make me come here? They will think I ran away."

"No. I shall say where you are. You must stay with me."

"May I have some more whisky?"

"Certainly."

He took it again, and of his own will

ate greedily of the biscuits. We were silent. In the way the stimulus and food restored the man's moral vigor with the physical gain in strength, there was something which I felt should have given him a reproachful sense of humiliation at the ease with which he had been crushed. He said suddenly, "Would you mind if I smoked?"

"No," I said, and gave him a cigar. "And now let us talk. You must tell me all about it. You sent for me, and I came. I am your friend, and with what I have heard I am prepared, as you are not, to consider calmly this absurd situation. I beg of you not to get excited or explain or reason on the case. Give me the cold facts. Can you, or shall we wait until to-morrow?"

"Oh, no; I do not want to wait. I am absolutely alone here. I have no man but you to whom I can turn. I do not make friends easily. My uncle was my only relative. I want to ask advice. I want to know how it looks to you. Miss Musgrave's aunt is useless, of course. I have no one—no one."

I saw how vast was the artificial gain of the hour; I knew, too, that it would not last.

"Go on," I said. He laid down his cigar, and went on to state with amazing absence of visible emotion the whole tragic story.

"About two weeks from the time he made his will, on Monday night, I gave my uncle \$745.50, a delayed payment of interest which I had collected on a mortgage. You may not know that he has made this kind of use of me ever since I came to the city. At first he used to say it was merely taking care of my own property, but since—"

Here I said: "Do not explain. That may come later. Now I want only the recent bare facts."

"Very well, you shall have them."

My witness was still improving.

"When I called on Monday night, my uncle was in bed. Of late he was much of the time in bed. I put the money in his desk, and locked it and put the key in his waistcoat pocket. I said, 'I see your will, sir, is still in the desk.' It was in an envelop, labeled and sealed. I said, 'It should be in your bank safe.' He said, 'Yes; I shall see to that to-

morrow. You have only to change your mind, and I will burn that will.'

"I said no, and that I begged he would not reopen a question to which I could make only one reply. He said I was a fool. I made no answer. The fact is, I think that—"

Again I broke in. "Facts," I said, "facts."

This time the man actually smiled as he returned, "What are you doing?"

I had taken up pencil and note-tablet.

"I am about to take down in shorthand what you tell me."

I was fairly expert at this.

"Go on."

"I read the larger part of the stock-list to my uncle and one or two editorials. After this, as he was evidently sleepy, I said: 'Good night, sir. Don't forget to bolt your door.'

"The old housemaid, his only servant, had gone to bed. In the hall I saw that the tall clock was marking eleven. I put out the gas and went away, leaving the hall door, as usual, unlocked, the maid having gone to bed. I think I said that it was a common occurrence. I walked to my rooms, let myself in, and seeing no one, went to bed.

"At half after seven in the morning I was awakened and told that a policeman wanted to see me. I dressed in haste, and found the man outside.

"He said, 'Mr. Fernwood, your uncle was found dead on the floor this morning.'

"He had not seen him, and could tell me nothing more. I found two policemen in the hall, and up-stairs in the room a captain of police and others.

"I said, 'I am Captain Fernwood, Mr. White's nephew.' My uncle lay, in his night-dress, dead on the floor, his head near the fireplace, and close by the poker. There was a cut on his left temple. I was about to feel it, to see if there were a fracture, when the captain of police said: 'Don't touch him. The coroner will be here.'

"I rose, and the man said: 'It may have been an accident or a murder. The desk has been broken open.'

"I turned, and saw that it had been rudely handled. It was open, the money gone, and the will also. I looked about among the few other papers which

lay scattered on the floor, but was warned to touch nothing. I felt sure, however, that the will was not among them. Then for the first time I began to feel—"

"Stop," I said. "Stick to the facts."

"I sat down and waited. It was hours before the coroner came, and late in the afternoon before the inquest was held. I never left the house. At the inquest the maid swore to my presence the night before, to ignorance as to when I had left, and to finding the chamber door unlocked at 7 A.M., when, as usual, she went to call Mr. White, and, seeing him on the floor, ran screaming into the street. The street door was often left unlocked. I told you that.

"I stated in turn the facts of my visit and felt at once that I had better speak of the contents of the desk. When I spoke of the will, a juror desired to know what I knew about it. I said it left me, as I had been told, by my uncle, ten thousand dollars, the maid the same amount, the rest to charities—or at least so my uncle had said. What else there was I had not been told. A juror asked if Mr. White had other near relatives. I said none. I was then asked concerning my relations with my uncle. On this I stated the circumstances which occasioned him to make the will. Asked if we had quarreled, I said no; he had been liberal to my mother, and although he was angry and disappointed, our intercourse had remained pleasant, on my part at least. Asked if I had felt disappointed about the will, I said yes, but that I considered my course reasonable. Asked if there were no will, who would inherit, I replied that I should in that case be the sole heir. During the day I was not allowed to reënter the room. A post-mortem section showed that the wound on the head was external, and could not have been the direct cause of death. He might have been struck, and, as he was over eighty years old, have fallen when hit, and died easily enough. The verdict stated the fact of the robbery and the belief of the jury that Reuben White came to his death through violence at the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"Was there," I asked, "any evidence of burglary?"

"No. The maid, who herself is old

and stupid, swore that she had, as usual, locked up the back of the house and that the silver on the sideboard, in the dining-room, some of it old and valuable, had not been taken. The only taste my uncle allowed himself was for old silver, in which he was an expert."

"And now," I said, "a question or two. Be careful how you reply. Did you tell them you locked the desk and where you put the key?"

"Yes, and they found it. A juror said, 'Only a burglar, a man in fear and haste would have broken the desk.' Another said, 'Unless he wanted to simulate a burglary, and knew all the while where to look for the key.' Here the coroner stopped them, but it was clear that everything pointed to me as the criminal. I had killed my uncle. I had stolen the will.

"I went away horror-stricken. I walked from place to place and far out into the country. At evening I came home. The next day I forced myself to go to the house and arrange for the funeral. The maid and a friend of hers, whom she had asked to remain with her, stared at me with horrible curiosity. The old woman was weeping over the loss of her legacy. I left them. Before night I became sure that I was shadowed. My God! the shadow of a murderer! I have not left the house since. I have not slept at all. I have eaten nothing in two days. I wrote Miss Musgrave that our engagement was at an end. She will not hear to it. She came to see me at once, and this is all."

My pencil had been busy. I had had no time to think.

I said now: "You must go to bed, and

here in my room. I shall send for your things to-morrow."

He yielded with childlike submissiveness. When I had him safe in bed, I brought him a tablespoonful of whisky in which I had dissolved a small dose of morphia. I closed the door and sat down to think, and the more I thought, the less I liked the outlook. At last I tried to put myself in his place. If he had meant to steal the will, it was at any time easy but useless and perilous to

do so while his uncle lived. Suppose him to have lingered in the house intending later to kill, and been confronted by his uncle awake, the rest would follow. I had gone along a track which would be surely that of any one who did not know Fernwood. To me it was inconceivable. But what next? Burglary. The old man wakes, is struck down. The desk is opened, the money found. I put myself in the burglar's mental skin. I see the will. It is labeled, "Will of Reuben White." I read it by my lantern. I am intelligent enough to

know its possible value. In my dread of discovery, and with the dead man at my feet, I make haste to leave. But why neglect the silver? Here my venture into the stranger land of an unknown man's personality failed me. As I have said, my essays on criminal character which attracted much attention some years ago, had been the result of long study and much experience when I was, as a younger man, in medical charge of the Central Penitentiary.

It is easy to classify criminal types, but no experience of the class and the genera and species will enable one en-



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"SUSAN, WHERE WAS THE SILVER KEPT?"

tirely to understand surely the motives which govern them while engaged in illegal acts. Here as elsewhere in life the ever-present factor of individual difference may make prediction difficult.

In the case I now considered there was action which seemed to me unlike that of the ordinary burglar. By this time I had begun to be deeply interested. Both head and heart were in the game which any friend of Fernwood must play against the theory I was sure the police would hold. I knew that I should need help, and that I should like to go over the house of the dead man. I wrote a note, asking Mr. South, the detective, to call on me during the evening of the next day, and went out and mailed it.

On my return I assured myself that Fernwood was asleep. At six next morning I called him. He was confused for a moment as he came out of the borderland between sleep and the awakened state. He said: "I was bothered for a little by my surroundings, but now I am better. What a fool I was yesterday!"

"Do not talk," I said. "Dress. The bath is ready. We can talk at breakfast."

When he entered my study, although pale and anxious-looking, he was better than I could have expected. The janitor's wife provided, as usual, coffee, eggs, and bread and butter. He sat down, and with too obvious assumption of his usual courteous manner apologized for the trouble he had given. I declined to talk of his present situation, and when he had finished a fairly good meal, I said, "Come with me." He was at once alarmed, and I saw that he was still far from the state of competence I desired.

However, we went down-stairs, I saying: "You use the wheel. I have borrowed our janitor's. I have mine."

He looked up and down the street, and seeing no one, mounted. We went away some four miles into the country, and then back, and I saw, as we returned, that the exercise had brought color into his face. He remonstrated as I turned away from the library, and crossing the still quiet city, stopped at the door of his uncle's house. Fernwood hesitated, but when I insisted, rang the bell. The old woman who let us in looked at him as if in doubt and said: "I was n't to let any one

in. That's what the police said." The man in charge had gone away for his breakfast.

I replied, "The Captain has every right to go where he pleases in this house, and I am his friend." She grumbled about our getting her into trouble, but as I insisted, went with us, while I inspected the house with care. I learned nothing of value. Last I went into the room of the dead owner. Fernwood looked about him, and then abruptly turned and went out. The old woman said to me, "He's afraid, and I don't wonder." She had made up her mind that he was suffering the terror of guilt. I said: "Nonsense! The man is ill."

I had gained nothing by my visit. I saw that in my desire to utilize his knowledge of the house, I had only learned how deeply he was wounded and how close he had come to the boundaries beyond which a man may not pass without becoming a minority of one in the country of the sane.

I said, "Come back with me a moment." When within, I asked to go once more into the dining-room. I said, "Susan, where was the silver kept?"

"Oh, some in the bank and some here on the sideboard. It was all right that morning. I cleaned it the day before. He was mighty particular about that."

"Where is it now?"

"I put it away, there were so many people about."

"Could I see it?"

A five-dollar note relieved her mind, and we went up-stairs. It was in flannel bags. I looked it over piece by piece. At last I carefully studied a fine Queen Anne tankard.

Then the old woman said: "That was on a chair the morning after the murder. I might have set it there. No, burglars would n't have left this silver."

"Some one has handled it," I said.

"Well, I did n't, except by the handle."

"Some one did," I insisted, and we went away.

My friend was again becoming nervous, and my remark on the significant observation of the silver having been handled did no good.

I said: "Fernwood, if you let yourself go to pieces in this way, you will end by making a lot of idiots think you are

really a criminal. We are only at the beginning of an affair which will need cool heads and intelligent handling, and now you are behaving like a scared child or an hysterical girl. You have really nothing to fear."

"Do you think that? I do not mind telling you that what I fear is that I may come to believe I—I killed him. It does look so likely. I have heard of such cases, and even now—I—"

"Good gracious! Do you want to make me regret that I mean to see this thing through?"

He came over to where I stood and put a hand on my shoulder. He said: "You must forgive me, and you will, if you think of the hopeless misery of my condition."

"All right," I said. "Now I must go. We will lunch and dine at a little Italian restaurant near by; but, my dear fellow, I want you clear of head, because we are to have a talk to-night with South. I sent for him."

"I will try," he said, and appeared relieved by the prospect of something being done. I went to my work, uneasy and feeling that we were in deep water.

When we went out to lunch, I saw South, the detective, come out of a tobacco shop opposite the library. I said to the Captain, "Wait a moment," and crossing over, said to South, "Are you watching Captain Fernwood?"

He said, "Yes. It is very stupid, but those are my orders."

"Well," I said, "you know me. He will appear when wanted. You may as well go home, but turn up at nine to-night. I want to ask your advice about him."

He whistled low. "Well, that 's funny. We are on the other side."

"There is no other side."

"Yes; that Hospital Board. They say he has told them over and over they was to get most of his money."

"Well, we will talk it over."

"Very good," he said, and sauntered up the street, while I rejoined Fernwood.

To my surprise, he said: "I saw that man the day but one after—after—my uncle died. Is he watching me?"

I thought better to say yes frankly.

"It 's a strange thing to know. He had better take care."

"Wait a little," I said. "We will get him on our side," and we went on to lunch, the Captain now and then looking back suspiciously.

A little before nine that night I asked him to go into my bedroom and wait there until I called him. He asked for a newspaper. I knew better than to give him one. The dailies were still wildly discussing the famous case and the stolen will.

"This will do," he said, and taking a book from my shelves, went into the bedroom while I waited for South, my notes on the table at my side.

When he came in, I said: "Sit down, take a cigar, and run over these memoranda."—I had written them out.—"And speak low when you talk. The Captain is in my bedroom. Now read this."

In a few minutes he laid down the notes, and I said, "Now, how does this look to you?"

"Well, first, let me say I have left the police, and am with the firm of Frost, the detective agents. They are employed by that hospital to find out where that will is, if it is at all. The murder does not concern them except in a way. They want that will. You see, the old man, White, told them all about it. They think your friend has it or had it."

"Well," I said, "the fools are not all dead, but I want your opinion—your theory, if you have one."

"Well, Dr. Alston, I have none. I have talked to two of that jury, and they think your friend killed the man, or at least struck him and stole the will, but I have n't much respect for coroner's juries. Their notion is that he broke open the desk and disordered the room so as to simulate a burglary. When I mentioned that he had declined the old man's conditions, and at the inquest had called attention to the absence of the will, that seemed to them only a clever dodge, and one said a burglar would never have left the silver. That did seem queer to me. However, I am to be allowed to go over the house to-morrow, and I want to see the old man's servant."

"Ask to see the silver, South." And thereupon I told him what I had seen. It did not impress him.

He said: "There was, I hear, no breaking in. If burglars entered, it was

easy to do so by the unlocked front door."

This was exactly what I wanted, and, agreeing, I added: "Now, I want you to see the Captain. I will call him."

There was no need, for, as I spoke, the door opened, and he entered, a book in his hand. He threw it on the table, and as South rose, he sprang forward, and catching him by the throat, shook him with savage violence, crying, "So you are set to watch me, you hound!"

The big detective stood still as I caught Fernwood's arm, and said, "Are you insane?" He let go his grip and turned.

"No. I am sane enough, and no man shall follow me as this man has done."

I pushed him down into a chair, saying: "Mr. South is here to help us. He is only obeying orders; but he does not believe you guilty."

"Is that so, Mr. South? Let him say so. He's got to say so."

I knew South too well to think he would lie, and I was immensely relieved when he said quietly, "I believe, sir, that you are an innocent man."

"Thank God for that! That accursed book upset me."

I glanced at it. What evil fate had made him choose it? It was "Eugene Aram."

"Well," I said, "you owe Mr. South an apology."

"He has it, and my gratitude," said Fernwood, in his courteous way. "I am sorry, but—"

"Let us talk," I said.

"No," returned South, readjusting his necktie; "not now. To-morrow, perhaps, after I have seen the house. Only one question: Did you often leave without the woman following you to lock the front door?"

"Yes; because commonly I was late and she in bed. I spoke of it once or twice, but my uncle said no burglars ever came in from the front."

"No; that is true as a rule. We shall pull through, Captain."

My friend looked up and said: "It is an unspeakable relief to hear you say that. If the will is never found, I cannot, I could not, take the money; or if I did take his fortune, and gave it to the hospital, that would be sure to be looked

upon as the act of a repentant man. I have one hope, and it is that whoever stole the will did so in order to sell it to the hospital."

"Or to you," said South.

"I see. To give me the chance to burn it."

"That's about it, sir. Well, good-night, and I just want to say this. I was n't clear about this matter. Now I am. Keep cool, and don't read the papers."

"Thank you," said Fernwood, and, with his pleasant smile, "Let me again ask you to excuse my violence."

"Why, sir," said the big man, "it was just that settled the matter for me. If you had been guilty, you would not have come down on me like that."

"I should not."

I said, "*Argumentum ad hominem.*"

"What's that?" said South.

I failed to be able to put it more clearly, and for the first time we all three laughed. I went down-stairs and talked to South for half an hour about Fernwood and his well-known act of venturing out under a heavy fire, putting a tourniquet on Major Warde, and carrying him into our lines, although himself slightly wounded.

"That's the scar on his cheek."

"Yes."

"Well, well, men are queer, and that man to be broke up this way!"

"And would not you be?"

"I might. There really are several kinds of courage. He was upset a bit by the jury inquest, and the average reporter was sure to consider that an evidence of crime."

When I went up-stairs I quietly opened my bedroom door. Fernwood was on his knees. I closed the door and sat down with my pipe, with thankful hope in my mind.

I administered my remedy of the bicycle next day, and left my friend after breakfast, asking him to make a copy of a long list of new books to be bought, which otherwise, I assured him, I should have to make myself. He seemed glad to be of use to me, and thenceforward I managed to keep him busy and at times even interested.

When again I saw South, he said, "I have asked to be relieved from further

service of the hospital trustees and am now entirely at your command." I thanked him. "Well, sir," he said, "you are right: the silver had been handled. The mug—what she calls the tankard—had been picked up from the sideboard and left on the chair. They meant to return and take it all. The man's death scared them, and as they had the money—seven hundred and fifty, was it?—a good haul."

"And the will," I said.

"The house was entered by the front door. They meant to take the silver." He went on to state the case as it now stood.

Meanwhile the Captain sat moveless, intensely attentive. When South ended, he said: "I see it now. It was not alone my uncle's death that sent them away in a hurry. The man who saw that will knew that he had a prize. The silver became of small moment."

I heard him with surprise and relief.



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"GOOD GRACIOUS!"

"Yes. That is the interesting part. Talk about that later. Then they left as they came. We are only at the beginning of a very difficult business. The next move must come from the burglars, and they won't hurry. But with what I can now say to the chief there will be no arrest of your friend; but he will have to be patient. After I see the chief and my own people, I shall be able to advise you further. Now, I don't want to talk or to let this evidence get out. The thieves read the papers industriously, and they know of the general police belief that the Captain took the will, and so at present they are at ease and can wait."

Then he added, turning to Fernwood:

Here was the quiet, reasoning man I first knew, acute, intelligent, himself again.

South had only affirmative comment, and left me to advise my friend to be patient, as now we had to play a waiting game.

Fernwood had, of course, seen Miss Musgrave often, and now I advised him to go in the evening, and in confidence to tell her that we were on the track of the burglars.

Still, I was far from being at ease. I was at the end of my mental resources, and was merely anxious as to the way I should keep him quiet. What with the bicycle rides in the country, when Miss Musgrave went with us, and throwing upon him work in connection with the

books of our library, I succeeded as well as one could expect to succeed with a sensitive man over whom hung so dark a cloud. He insisted, however, on learning whenever anything new turned up, and I, on my part, agreed to this on condition of complete submissiveness to my orders.

To keep faith with him, as soon as I heard again from South, I asked him to meet us at my room. This was a day or two later. At this time South said: "There have been several long consultations with the chief of the city detective force, and here is where we stand. My own people are sure I am right. The chief is still in doubt. The trustees of the hospital want to advertise and offer a reward for the return of the will; but some of these old gentlemen say it is useless, because you have it. They ended by agreeing to wait. You, too, must wait."

"If," said Fernwood, thoughtfully, "I were to claim the estate on the final failure to recover the will and were to turn it over to them, I should remain forever under the shadow of a tragedy which would rest unexplained."

"That seems to be on your mind, Captain," said the detective.

"It is not for a moment to be thought of," said I. "What else, Mr. South?"

"Well, sir, you know about criminals. Generally, in case of an unusual burglary, we can be pretty sure of the group in which we may find the man. According to Dr. Alston's notion, here must have been a burglar intelligent enough to see the great value of this will, which must have been short and simple and decisive enough to content him with his prize. Usually such a man has as his companion some one who is not a swell burglar, and it is here they are apt to get trapped. The second fellow does n't get enough, or he drinks and talks. It is just here we are at a loss. There are several we might suspect, but some of them are in jail or have disappeared. We have simply got to wait."

And wait we did until, despite my care, Fernwood was looking worried and was no longer manageable. He told Miss Musgrave, to her horror, that he now believed he had killed his uncle, and as to the will, he did n't know. He must have taken it. I became alarmed, and meanwhile a lawyer had failed to help us. We

had only to wait. I was in despair. I had heard of such cases, and saw that my friend was on the way to become insane. Once he declared that he meant to confess.

"If," said South, "he judges others by himself, the man who has the will is going to fish first for the Captain. If not, he will try the hospital trustees, and that 's all there is of it just now. He 's got first to divide that seven hundred and fifty and spend his share."

The days which went by without further incident must have been for Fernwood the most trying time of his life, but what with work—and I kept him busy—and exercise, and above all the quiet wholesomeness of Miss Musgrave's influence, we lived it out. His impatience under continued suspicion and the difficulty in keeping the trustees tranquil resulted at last in a determination on the part of Fernwood to free himself from any relation to the great estate involved. I was now, at last, so alarmed at his condition, that I reluctantly consented. A legal paper was drawn up by which he, Fernwood, conveyed to the hospital trustees his entire interest in his uncle's property, conditioned upon their paying over to the housekeeper ten thousand dollars.

When this should be made known, the will would become of far less moment. I did not like it, but he was so uneasy that I began to have grave fears lest his reason should give way. Indeed, as we walked to the office of the president of the board, he said to me: "I am again haunted by the idea that perhaps I really did that thing. If I am not relieved in some way I shall lose my mind or say I did it. I am not sure."

"I hope," said I, laughing, "if you lose your mind, that in that case I shall find it."

"Oh, don't joke about it," he returned, and we went up-stairs to the office of the president.

Mr. Daingerfield, the old gentleman with the shiny bald head, which apparently attracted the early flies, asked us to sit down, put on his spectacles, and industriously beat off the flies with a large palm-leaf fan.

"Well," he said rather gruffly, "you want to see me? I supposed you would."

Fernwood was at his best, gentle, courteous, and quiet.

"Yes," he said, "I have come to propose to you an arrangement with your board which I am sure—"

To my surprise the old man stood up, and, interrupting him, exclaimed: "We will make no compromise. None. I am amazed that you should for a moment think it possible."

"Had you not better hear first what I have to say?"

"No, sir. I have no desire to deal with you at all. We expected some advance of this nature."

"Of what nature?"

"No matter what. A will is lost by which the poor would have profited and the man who, if it never turns up, will get the estate under circumstances which—"

Fernwood rose, but, to my satisfaction, quiet and cool. He unrolled the deed as he said: "I am a gentleman placed by disastrous circumstances under suspicion of murder and theft. Even the most unkindly man should, in the total absence of proof, feel for me. You, an old man, simply insult me without even having the patience and charity to listen. The deed I hold conveys to your board my entire interest in my late uncle's estate and leaves me without a penny."

As he spoke, he tore the paper to pieces, and was about to cast it into the wastebasket, but smiled and crammed it into his pocket, saying: "I hope that you will be able to explain this matter to your board. I shall have the pleasure to let them hear of it by letter."

The old man cried out: "But I could not have imagined—sit down. Sit down, sir!"

"No," said the Captain, and we left Mr. Daingerfield standing forgetful of the attentive flies and exclaiming, "Good gracious!" and apparently confused out of possibility of other utterance.

"Well," I said to Fernwood, "are you satisfied?"

"Entirely."

It did him good, and afforded him the only bit of humorous incident which this too tragic affair supplied.

That afternoon I saw Miss Musgrave. She sat with Fernwood a while in my sitting-room and then came down to the delivery-office and asked for me. I took her into my private room, where she began

to question me about what would become of the estate if Fernwood should decline to claim it. He had already made the same inquiry. I said I did not know, but that there was a book—a law book on wills—which would tell us. I would get it. It was one of the issues of this complicated affair in which I too felt some interest.

"Oddly enough," the attendant said, "a gentleman asked for that book half an hour ago. He is over there at the table under the windows."

It was near by, and I glanced at the reader. He was, as I remember, a neatly clad man in black clothes, and because of being clean shaven, somehow reminded me of a Catholic priest. He was making notes in a little book. I noticed that he wore in a black neck-scarf a large diamond or paste pin. I had a moment of wonder, because it struck a note of difference from his lean face and the rather simple costume.

Miss Musgrave and I got little information out of the book, and as we were in agreement as regarded too constant, direct, and useless discussion of our troubles, we fell into other talk. This came of my remarking upon the way in which a crime or any other such matter called upon the resources of a library. Several persons had recently busied themselves in the library with this question of unclaimed estates and lost wills.

The day after, a typewritten letter from Boston addressed to me made me summon South at once. He read it aloud.

"Dear Sir: I hear a certain document interests you. Answer in next Tuesday's 'New York Herald,' and say 'Yes, it does. A. B.' Then you will hear further. X"

"But why me?" said I.

"Well, that beats me," replied South. "Of course this was purposely mailed in Boston. He should have asked for an answer there. Very likely he is here. He has spent that seven hundred and fifty."

"What do you advise?" said I. "It is getting more and more strange."

"Answer him as he says, and then wait. To-night I am going to take a look at some of the resorts of the upper class of burglars. Of course it is often done, but the men lately concerned in big robberies keep dark for a while. Sometimes the



Illustration by F. R. Granger

"TALK TO ME—TELL STORIES—LAUGH—DO ANYTHING."

hangers-on of the swell rascals get picked up in these dens. The upper set, and there are n't many, put on style and go to second rate hotels or live very quietly out of town. However, I mean to take a look. Like to go with me? Gentleman from Chicago wanting to see the city."

I said: "Yes. I should like to go."

Fernwood declined, as I supposed he would.

I have no desire to describe the haunts of those I saw that evening. They had interest for an old student of the class which has only one reason for resisting temptation, and again, as often before, I was struck with the exterior order and, in one resort, with the cleanliness of the saloon. I was amused, too, at South's class situation. "It is of no use, or generally of no use," he said, "to look for the boss of a big job here." This he said as we came out of the worst of the dens. "Those fellows are the common lot, sneak thieves and so on. They are always poor, hand-to-mouth fellows."

"Yes," I replied. "The uncertain day-

laborers of crime. Sad analogy," I murmured as we moved away.

South was like a botanist in the country. He knew where to look for this weed or that, and spoke, like the very decent fellow he was, of the women who, themselves degraded, help to degrade.

It was eleven at night when, having made nothing by our quest, we went to get a mug of beer at one of the well known cafés in the lower part of the city. South, as we sat, began to exercise curiosity on those about us with now and then some shrewd comment. Of a sudden he set down his half-raised mug and said: "Don't appear to look, but get a quick look at the man at the third table—the one nearest the window. He is one of our most skilled burglars. He has been in and out of jail three times, and is as likely as not to —"

"By George!" I exclaimed, "I know him. He was at the library recently, and wanted to consult a law book about wills."

"What? What?" said South. "Is that

so? Come, let us go. I know the rascal well. He goes by the name of Tom Swing."

I followed him without a word. When on the pavement he said to a cabman, "I take you; wait," and drew me aside. In a few moments our man came out, smoking a cigar. He looked at his watch and walked swiftly away.

"Come," said South, "get in." He said to the cabman: "You see that man? Follow him at a walk. Don't lose him. Five dollars if you keep him in sight till I stop you, and don't get too near."

"All right, sir," said the man, and we drove away.

The streets into which we turned were almost deserted, and the task was not difficult. "If," said South, "we tracked him on foot we might very easily alarm him. You saw him look about him as he came out. He is on his guard. Now he will never dream of being shadowed by a cab unless he is in one."

This quiet pursuit lasted some ten minutes. We were again among the slums. Our prey turned a corner. South stopped the cab, paid the driver, and saying, "It was cheap," paused a moment, put his police badge on his coat, and said to me: "Our man is, I guess, going to Joe McCoy's. I did not take you there. I only want to see who Tom will talk to. It is a mere chance."

As we turned the corner, the man was gone. "All right," said South, and I followed him into a drinking-shop. He nodded to the barkeeper and said cheerfully: "No one wanted, Bill; gent from Chicago to see the town."

The room at the back was thick with smoke, and two thirds full of as rough a lot as I have ever seen. As we came in, our sudden entrance seemed to disturb them. The voices dropped, and South at once said: "Good evening, boys. No one wanted this time; gent from Chicago, seeing the town. Hello, Charley!" This to a ruffian near the door. He spoke to several, and last to me. "This is Tom Swing, Mr. Paxton. An ornament to his profession." Mr. Swing got up, and said very quietly in a level voice, and a not unpleasant one: "I see you still like your little joke, Mr. South; but I am out of the business. The ladies of the prison society have got me a job."

South encouraged this return to morality, and we sat down, calling for lager beer.

South had his back to Tom. I was facing him some twelve feet away. The noise of voices rose. A drunken group in a corner trolled a thieves' catch, and it was easy to talk unheard by our neighbors.

South said to me: "The man with Tom is an old helper of his, a great brute; what we call a yeggman." He rarely used thief-slang, and the word interested me. He explained: "It is the burglar who uses violence. Swing never does. He does not even carry a revolver."

"An unusual, a rare case."

"Yes, sir; but the man is just that. He was a bank clerk and the son of a decent schoolmaster. Don't watch him too closely. What's the matter? Take care! I think he may have remembered you. Crime does sharpen a man's memory."

"But I must watch him," I said. "Talk to me. Tell stories. Laugh. Do anything." I was excited.

"What's the matter? Mind-reading? Mr. Stevens, at the library, told me about it."

"Nonsense!" I said. "I want to watch them. Talk! talk!—anything!"

I stared at Tom while South, puzzled, obeyed my order, and did talk, while I considered with intense attention the two scamps. I did not think they suspected me of listening. That, in fact, was impossible. The noise was so great that a policeman looked in and said it would n't do. Then the drunken crowd broke up. Swing, too, rose at last, nodded to South, and went out. His friend also rose unsteadily and left.

"Come," I said; "an interesting study."

South besieged me with eager questions. I contented him with a promise to talk if he would come home with me.

When in my room I called Fernwood out of bed. He asked what was the matter. I said: "Nothing wrong. Dress."

It was one o'clock when we sat down with our cigars. I hesitated as I stood by the mantel, amused at South's eagerness, and foreseeing with anticipative pleasure the relief I was about to give.

"Mr. South, tell the Captain how we found and followed Swing."

"Ominous name," said Fernwood.

When South had our man in the sa-

loon, I took up the story. I said: "I faced the two men, and I was near enough—"

"To hear?" said Fernwood, anxiously.

"No, not a word; but I know what they said."

"You do?" cried South. "I knew it. Mind-reading."

"Yes," I said. "I read their minds."

I was enjoying the excitement of South's face and the queer look of bewilderment on that of my friend.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "Do go on."

"Well," I said, "I gathered enough. They have the will; that is sure, and they saw my reply in the paper."

"Yours?" said Fernwood, bewildered. I had not told him of the letter to me.

"Yes. The short man I could not get at quite so easily, but he assured Swing 'she' was safe, because she did not know its value. I caught bits of his talk. 'Bad thing that, the old fellow dying. He just fell when you grabbed at him; he screamed, and hit the fender knob.' They are puzzled what to do next. That is all I got clearly. There was more of course, but the noise and the smoke distracted my mind. It requires close study."

Fernwood turned to South. "For heaven's sake, let us end this! What will you do? Arrest them?"

South was silent a moment. "Why, Captain, the evidence is good for us, but before a magistrate any shyster of a lawyer would laugh us out of court."

Fernwood looked the disappointment he felt. He, too, was for a little silent, and then said, smiling: "Of course Dr. Alston, who has the acute sense of some animal ancestor, caught fragments of the compromising talk of these men—enough, I dare say."

Mr. South smiled the critical dissent of the better-informed mind.

"Could n't of heard, sir. Mind-reading it was, and nothing else."

"Well," said Fernwood, "no matter. It is all the artillery we have, and we ought to be able to use it."

I watched with an expert's satisfaction the return of mental force in a man so lately stumbling on the boundary of insanity, at times quite hounded over the line by the beliefs of others and the too constant dwelling on one fatal subject.

Now he was himself once more, suggestive, resourceful, and courageous.

I checked South with a lift of the hand and waited.

"Suppose," said the Captain, "you arrest Sharkey, as you call him, on a charge of murder and burglary."

"On suspicion?" said South. "We can, but it will only scare Swing. We have no available evidence, and Sharkey will simply shut up like a clam."

"No," said I, "he is the lesser scamp. Jail bird as he is, there is always a competent scare for every crow. Let me see him and tell him what I can make him believe I overheard. It was a confession and far plainer than I have told you. Let me say to Sharkey that we will arrest Swing. Why not even do that at once? Tell Sharkey he had better be first to confess and get a chance to escape the gallows. To have incidentally caused death during a burglary, is, as I understand it, in the eye of the law, murder."

"Yes," said South; "that 's good law. I will see the chief."

"Might work, but don't mention mind-reading, South," said I.

"Of course not. He must think we overheard it—bits, you know. We must find the girl, too. If my plan works, that will be easy."

We had some further talk, and South left us. When we were alone, Fernwood came over to where I stood, set a hand on each of my shoulders, and said: "I am curious as to what you really did when you saw those villains. But first I want to say that I owe to you such a debt of gratitude as never can be paid." His eyes filled, and he sat down, overcome with such emotion as forbids speech.

I, too, was for a moment silent. I had learned to like well the man and the woman. I, whom the chances of life had made a somewhat lonely man, had found a friend.

I said: "My dear Fernwood, when I had seen you a few times I was strongly attracted. It is for me a great joy to have served a man I can completely like and, without reserve, approve. In our day the helpful resources of a friendship are so few. Once you could stand by a friend in battle or express yourself in verse. Now friendship is limited to small material kindnesses, to sympathy, to

money help at need; and that, strange to say, is the sharpest test to-day, and where too many fail. But I am on a subject which is often in my mind. Such a chance as ours has been, is happily rare."

"Oh, yours, yours," said Fernwood, smiling through tears. "Ah, and my dear Anne. I shall leave her to thank you."

"Well, I thank heaven that the chance fell to me. You want to know how I got inside the counsels of Swing & Co.?"

"Yes, indeed."

I laughed. "I shall tell you when we are through with this business."

"Oh, by Jove!" cried Fernwood, with a good honest laugh, "tell me now."

"No, not yet. Now you must go to bed and with an easy mind. I want to put on paper what I gathered. Good-night."

The next afternoon South arrived. Fernwood for the first time had gone out alone on my bicycle.

"We have Sharkey," said South. "Got him easy. The chief is delighted. The man is well scared, and we shall have Swing to-night."

In half an hour I was with South in a cell at the central police station. Sharkey sat on the cot, a sullen brute. He made no reply when South said, "You are in a bad scrape this time."

Then I began. "I sat opposite to you at McCoy's. You talked to Swing about the burglary and the death at Mr. White's house. You said the girl had the will."

He looked at me and made no comment. I went on. "You wanted half of what the will would bring. Swing said, 'One third.' You said, 'More, more; too little.'"

He grew attentive. I saw his hands open and shut uneasily. He was sweating and passed a hand across his forehead.

"Swing said you were counting your chickens before they were hatched, and that you were in liquor. He said the old man's death made it a hard job. You said: 'He just died. No one hurt him.'"

Then Sharkey said, "Guess you think I'm a fool."

South caught on to this as I did not. The man felt himself clear of murder.

"Stop a moment," South said to me. "Look here, Sharkey. You scared an old man, and he fell dead, and don't you

deceive yourself. It is murder. Swing will be taken to-night. He will tell the whole of it to save his neck. Come, doctor. The man is an idiot. He has had the first chance. Now we will give Swing his turn."

We rose, and were half out of the door when Sharkey caught South by the arm. "I'll tell," he said. "Give me the chance."

"Well," said South, "come to your senses, have you?"

Within an hour we had his statement under oath. It was simple. They had watched the house for several nights; knew there was but one servant, an old woman; had seen that there was a light in a third story usually put out before Fernwood left; reasoned that the front door was left unlocked from within; and had easily entered. They found and handled the silver, and left the tankard on a chair, meaning to return for this spoil. Their plan was to tie and gag the old man, get what they could, and then at last bag the silver. Mr. White may have been awake and heard them, for he was up and held the poker in his hand when they came in. He cried "Murder!" and fell, striking his head on the knob of the fender. As he lay still, they did not trouble themselves to see if he were dead, but by their lantern light broke open the desk and took the money. Then Swing saw the will, and tore open the envelopes. He read it. It was brief. Then he said: "Never mind the silver. This is worth thousands." Sharkey reluctantly yielded, and they went as they came. The news of the death alarmed them. Some further threats about his position at last drew out full knowledge as to the whereabouts of the will.

In the afternoon the girl was arrested, and was easily persuaded to tell where it was hidden—under the carpet in her room. It was rescued by Fernwood's wish and without being read and left in the safe in care of the chief. Swing must in some way have been alarmed, for he was long sought for in vain, but he was at last arrested in St. Louis.

I had anxiously waited until the girl and the will were brought in. I hurried away in a cab to see Miss Musgrave. I told her of the happy ending of our weeks of trial, and driving with her to the U-

brary, sent her up-stairs to give her the joy of entirely relieving her lover's mind.

When, in half an hour, I entered the room, Miss Musgrave rose, saying: "I want to thank our friend, and how can I—"

For my part, I was just a little embarrassed, as I always am by thanks. I said: "Let us all go and dine together."

"Some quiet place," said Fernwood.

"Yes. Trust me."

I think no one of us has ever forgotten that dinner. Gay and glad at first, the talk soon became grave, and at last Fernwood said: "Is it not time, Alston, that we heard about the mind-reading or what it was?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Miss Musgrave. "I am so curious."

"Well," I said, "my sister was deaf and dumb, and when she was taught lip-reading, I took it up and became very expert. It may have some pretty dangerous uses. I try not to use it. The temptations it offers are too great."

"So that was it!" cried Miss Musgrave. "And I really believed it to have been mind-reading."

"Well, is it not?" I said.

As we rose from the table, Fernwood astounded the young waiter by saying: "This is a dinner I shall never forget. I want you to remember it," and gave him a five-dollar note.

I felt more anger at old White's folly than did his nephew; but Miss Musgrave said that with her modest income and the Captain's pay they would be better off than most army officers. They were, in fact, too happy and thankful to feel the loss of what they had never had. I said, however, that as under the will, they would get something, Fernwood must be present when the will was presented for probate.

This took place two days later. The president of the hospital, several trustees, and two or three lawyers were present. The room was crowded with reporters and others, and Mr. Burke was of course present.

The president of the trust company which was the executor handed over the will to the registrar, and made the usual application through the company's legal adviser. The registrar looked it over, and then said quietly to the president of the

hospital: "Mr. Daingerfield, I regret to say that this will is no more than waste paper as far as concerns the hospital. It was witnessed and signed on June first. Mr. White died July third. That is thirty-two days after. A few more days of life would have made good his gift to the hospital. Of course, gentlemen, you all know the law. Forty days must have elapsed. The estate goes in totality to the heirs at law."

Daingerfield said: "Incredible, Mr. Registrar. Mr. White was too good a business man to have made such a mistake!" A roar of laughter broke out among the reporters; the lawyers smiled; Daingerfield grew red with anger, and Mr. Burke, beside me, said: "What a glorious bull! I have not lost my time."

"I fear that you will find me correct," said the registrar, repressing his mirth. "By the way, I see that among those who benefit is Doctor Alston. A codicil gives him a hundred thousand dollars."

I looked up amazed.

Mr. Fernwood's lawyer said, "Mr. Registrar, unless there is a contest, which seems hardly possible, my client, Captain Fernwood, is the chief heir. There are no other relatives—none; but this is I presume a matter for the courts to decide."

The faces of Mr. Daingerfield and his friends must have pleased my Captain if he had cared to look at them, as the old gentleman broke out with: "We will fight it to the last. It is a swindle."

Fernwood said: "Mr. Daingerfield, bad manners and an evil temper lost your hospital this estate. Be a little careful what you say. Come, doctor. Good morning, gentlemen."

There was, of course, no contest, and in due season my friend was in possession of some two millions.

My delightful legacy was, as mentioned, in a codicil in which the testator declared it to be an expression of gratitude because of my having saved his life, and made him no charge.

In conclusion, I may say that my friends were married, and that Fernwood sent the hospital a check for one hundred thousand dollars. Then they went away to his post at San Francisco, where later I joined them, and finally became the manager of a fertile mine, a part of the White estate.

OF BEAUTY

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN

Author of "Georgie"

ROSETTE sat enthroned in her high-backed chair, and I from my usual place gazed and gazed again. Her beautiful, delicate white gown gleamed rose-colored when she moved, and when the light changed on the shimmering satin folds. There was a pink hollyhock bloom in her black hair, and her eyes were maddening; her cheeks were most exquisitely flushed.

"Oh, Rosette, why are you so very, very beautiful?" said I, sorrowfully. She smiled divinely.

"Am I? More than usual, Jerry? Is it my new gown, do you suppose?"

"It 's everything," said I, hopelessly; for, indeed, it was not fair. "And it 's cruel, wicked, unsportsmanlike of you, Rosette."

"It 's a woman's sacred duty to make the most of the looks God gave her," said she, softly.

"Then in this at least you are a dutiful child," I admitted sullenly.

"It 's not entirely the result of cultivation," said she, humbly; "you must admit that I 've a good deal of capital, Jerry."

I looked at her cheeks and lips and hair and eyes, and silently assented.

"I 'm not a made-up thing," cried she, hurt. "It 's not kind of you, Jerry, to suggest that I depend upon powder and paint for the effect!"

"Don't!" said I, and my tone was enough, for she smiled again.

"Most women do," said she. "If you only knew! Women are n't as beautiful as they used to be. They can't be. More of them are pretty and attractive, because they can hide their ugly foreheads with hair now, and have their faces massaged when wrinkles begin. But I don't think the really lovely ones are either so many or so lovely. Do you?"

I looked at her, and answered only with my eyes.

"Now, in the old days—you remember how the beautiful Misses Gunning had to be guarded by soldiers when they walked in the park. And even Lucille's grandmother—you 've heard *that* story, have n't you?"

"No," said I, to please her.

"Well, she was walking with her sister in Plymouth town, and, as they passed a group of officers, they heard one of them say: 'By God! they 're painted!' 'No, sir,' said Lucille's grandmother, turning and sweeping a curtsy—'painted by God.'"

"It 's a very good story," said I, gloomily.

"You 're not very cheerful company to-night, Jerry." She smiled at me. How could I be cheerful when I loved her so, and knew so well that she was not for me? She looked at me steadily for a minute or two.

"Beauty in some ways is a handicap," she said slowly. "Do you know, Jerry, that it seems to me almost as humiliating to be loved for one's beauty as for one's money. And it gives false values for a short time. Money, after all, does n't vanish like one's good looks, with years. How is one to know what one will have left when one's beauty goes? Oh, Jerry,"—her voice almost broke,—"*shall I, do you think—shall I have anything at all when—when—*"

"Rosette!" I caught her hand, but she took it gently away. She always does.

"You 've heard me speak of my sister Penelope?" said she.

"Yes, of course." I sank back to my lowly seat with a sigh.

"She was the beauty, you know, the flower of the flock. She 's ten years older than I, and she 's been married six

years. I adored her, and I never see her now; for she married quite a poor man, and lives at the other end of the world."

"She married for love, did n't she?" I asked, looking wistfully at Rosette.

"Yes—poor darling." Rosette spoke in a low voice. "She was very, very beautiful, Jerry. The Sargent picture of her only half shows how lovely she was. I adored her, and so did most other people. But—if you can imagine such a thing—she was sick to death of admiration, and she wanted to be loved for herself, not for her pretty face. It—*it* really worried her, Jerry, to be so handicapped by her looks. Daddy wanted her to make a good marriage, and when Sir John Myles proposed to her—by letter, both he and mother did their best to make her say yes. But you see, Dick, our second cousin—Dick Carey—wrote the same day, and he was very poor—as poor—as poor as—"

"As I?" I asked sadly.

"Well, hardly that; but still unspeakably poor. And Penelope liked them both tremendously. She liked Sir John because he was so trustworthy and good and kind and all that sort of thing. She said he was a perfect rock of silent strength. But she liked Dick, too. Principally I think because he *was* Dick, and because he was always there when he was wanted—just as you are, Jerry."

"Rosette!" I half rose from my seat.

"Poor Penelope!" said Rosette, wistfully. "She *did* have a wretched time trying to decide. She used to talk to me about it, because she said I was so wise for my age. I've always been considered wise, Jerry."

"Go on," said I.

"I advised her strongly to marry Sir John. 'He has all the strength of character,' said I, 'and all the brains.' 'But Dick is such a dear,' said she, 'and so handsome.' Penelope had no balance, you see. 'If you intend to go by mere beauty,' said I to her, 'take your precious Dick then, and starve with him.' 'I don't want to starve,' she said. 'And Sir John is so strong.' That was the way it went on for weeks. I did n't point out to her that Sir John was rich as well as strong, and that he could give her comfort, which, in nine cases out of ten, means happiness; for I knew she had no sense

of proportion. When I asked her *which* she really loved, she said she loved them both, in utterly different ways. You may think this is impossible, Jerry, but I assure you that it is not. I know by experience."

"You do, do you?" said I, savagely.

"And then at last," she continued, "I had a really brilliant idea, though if I'd known how it would work out, I'd have thought twice before—'Penelope,' said I, 'have you ever thought of wondering which of them loves *you* best?' She said she never had. She supposed they both did as much as was humanly possible. But it set her thinking, and then there was that awful accident with the lamp, and her arms were so badly burned, and the fright made her ill for some time. And every day the two men brought fruit and flowers and sweets for her; but they were not allowed to see her. It was one day, when she was sitting up for the first time, doing her hair before the glass (her hair was auburn, you know, not black like mine and James's), that she leaned her elbows on the dressing-table and said, staring into the glass: 'If my face had been scarred, Rosette!' I did n't say anything, for it had n't, you see. 'If I had been disfigured,' she said in a queer voice, 'I should n't have to make up my mind about—about—' 'Marriage?' I asked her. 'They only love my pretty face, Rosette,' she said in such a pitiful voice that I wanted to cry. I told her that it was all nonsense, that men were not such fools; that they loved her because she was such a dear, and for her pretty ways, and any nonsense that happened to come into my head. I was an ignorant little girl then, Jerry, with a head full of fairy-tales. But she did n't seem to listen, and sat silent for a long time. Then she told me."

"What?" I asked.

"She was going to try their love," she said. "She was going to bandage her face, and cover up her hair, and pretend she was disfigured for life. She said she could never marry a man who would n't go on loving her when she was old and plain."

"What did *you* say?" I asked, with interest.

Rosette frowned.

"Oh, I was silly first, and agreed with her that it was a splendid idea. Then I

thought it over, and, young as I was, I knew that *no* man could stand the test. I begged her to give it up. But of course that made her all the more determined, and she did it. I helped her. We chose a day when every one else was out, and I wrote a little note to each of them, making appointments for both; Sir John first, and Dick afterward. And we kept the servants out of the room, and drew the blinds, and she sat in a corner of the sofa, all bandaged and horrible, with her hair screwed into a tight knot at the back.

"Sir John came first, and I waited and waited, and presently he went down-stairs with the most miserable face I have ever seen. I was peeping over the banisters, and I heard him swearing softly to himself all the way down the stairs. Poor Penelope! I rushed up-stairs and found her in tears. 'What? what?' I cried. She could n't speak for a long time, but at last I made her. 'He says he loves me for the beauties of my mind and disposition,'—she was sobbing dreadfully,—'but I saw the truth in his eyes, Rosette!'

"'Brute!' said I. 'And you're going on with it? With Dick?' She buried her head into the cushions and just cried. I went away into the garden. You see, I knew that it would be better for her if she were disillusioned about Dick. In half an hour I heard him come striding up the drive, and I waited there under the trees for him to go away again. I

waited an hour, two hours, too excited to read, and then I went in."

"*He'd* stood the test, I suppose," said I, triumphantly, for my sympathies were naturally with the undeserving poor.

Rosette laughed.

"What do you suppose had happened?" said she.

"I suppose he behaved like a decent chap," said I, quickly. "I suppose he took the girl in his arms and told her that he wanted her more than ever now, as I should have done if—"

Rosette shook her head and stopped me.

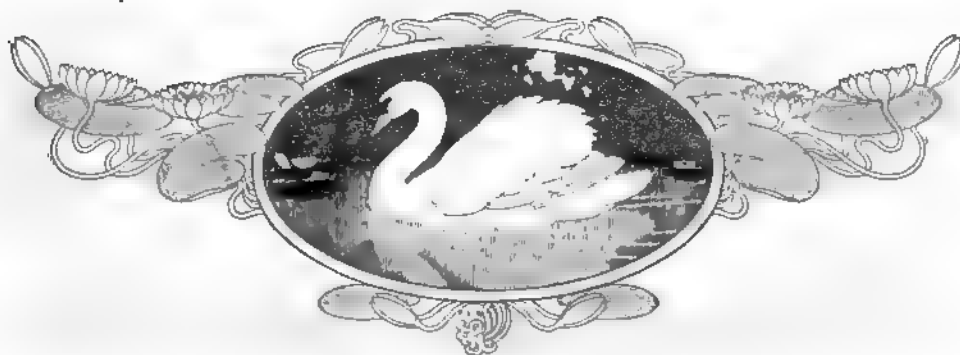
"When I went into the drawing-room, there was Penelope, in her prettiest dress! The bandages had gone, it seemed, and I've never seen her look more lovely or more ashamed. 'When—' I began, 'Before he came,' she said. 'When it came to the point, I could n't face a look like—like—in Dick's eyes.' And there he stood beside her, his arm round her waist, Jerry, and her silly head on his shoulder. 'That's all. You know the rest. 'We're going to starve together,' Penelope said, and I could n't have believed that such a prospect could make any one look so happy as it did those two."

"Has the happiness lasted?" I asked slowly.

"I never see them," Rosette said thoughtfully. "You see, they still live at the other end of nowhere, because they're still—"

"Happy?"

"Starving," said Rosette.



THE RUBBER-TIRED BOY

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON



VEN Miss Wharton did not care for him. She had meant to; that had been her fixed intention. Miss Wharton had entered late that year; an inopportune attack of typhoid had kept her out for the first month. At the first luncheon-conference at which she was present the Rubber-Tired Boy was the burden of every plaint. There was nothing tangible in the case against him—just a general shrugging of shoulders and dropping of hands, a general giving up of the attempt. He was brought to school every morning, rain or shine, by the coachman; not the smart modernity of a chauffeur, but the conservative elegance of a coachman—that was the glamour that hallowed the Rubber-Tired Boy. Coachman, prancing bays, rubber-tired carriage—these seemed at first to Miss Wharton to constitute the substance of the charge against him.

Miss Wharton rose nobly superior to it. "I have a great sympathy for the downtrodden rich," she declared magnanimously. Later, according to her wont, she explained her position to herself. "The vulgar prejudice against the rich is a form of envy," she said. "Surely it is n't the bairn's fault that he lives in the lap of luxury and rides on tainted tires. For my part, I propose to like the Rubber-Tired Boy." It was she who gave him the name.

And then, when she saw him, he did n't look the part. Perhaps, after all, that was the reason she never could like him. That was well-nigh an unpardonable sin with Miss Wharton. Her taste in boys was wonderfully catholic; but it made certain esthetic exactions. There was, for instance, a straggling, unkempt boy, with sandy hair and furtive, huddled features, who took lizards out of his most

intimate pockets during study-period, who was yet one of her special favorites. He was a tinner's son, and the natural product of his *milieu*. The Lizard Boy had tried to tell Miss Wharton a lie one day, and they had been fast friends ever since. For he had slunk up to her desk after school and muttered through his nose, "I told you I never done it to-day, when I done it,"—"it" being something connected with the second appearance of the lizard,—and Miss Wharton had smiled upon him, glorifying dirty hands and tattered grammar alike. It was really deplorable in Miss Wharton, who was the English teacher, but among the things she said that day to the Lizard Boy there was not a word about grammar.

So it was a disadvantage to the Rubber-Tired Boy that he did not look his part. Even his laziness was the slouching vice of a messenger-boy, not the elegant ornament of the gilded youth. Billy Barlowe looked the part of a rubber-tired boy to perfection; but Billy scorned to act it, though he might have done so if he had chosen. But Billy, who was only twelve and small for his age, and, as his mother rightly considered, the most beautiful of all created boys, affected a rough-and-ready appearance, and yearned for a return to nature, never rode in the carriage if he could help it, preferred sweaters to shirt-waists, and ignored caps to such an extent that he lost three a week. Billy would have scorned riding to school as the lowest depth of effeminacy; yet Billy, even in his most elaborate disarray, in his most democratic moments—yea, then more than ever—betrayed his dainty rearing and his gentle blood.

Not so the Rubber-Tired Boy. One might have mistaken him for the tailor's son. It would be hard to describe him,

for he did not look like anything in particular. One definite characteristic he had—a look of downtrodden, injured, hang-dog innocence. For the rest, he was neither fair nor dark, large nor small,—for a boy of fourteen,—ill-favored nor handsome. He was rather languid, rather vacant-looking, and yet obviously no fool. He usually sat with his mouth slightly open. He slouched in his walk. All these things Miss Wharton could have forgiven him, but not that air of being the innocent victim of a conspiracy. She believed it to be a mark of incorrigible crookedness of spirit; it meant knots in the string—knots that would n't come out. Miss Wharton saw at a glance that she and the Rubber-Tired Boy were incompatible. "I'll never be able to get any work out of him," she said to herself, ruefully. "In the first place, he's lazy; and, in the second, I'll never be able to get him to like me."

Nevertheless, in defiance of her sure instinct, Miss Wharton tried. She was right; the Rubber-Tired Boy was rather amused at her than otherwise. He was amused at her because she was a teacher. The very idea of a teacher was amusing to the Rubber-Tired Boy. That a mere inferior, a person who received a paltry salary for instructing him, should assume any degree of authority over him, the Rubber-Tired Boy really thought mildly preposterous. A conscientious teacher was only a trifle less ridiculous than a smattering teacher, a quiet teacher than a violent teacher, a friendly young teacher than a crabbed old teacher. The ridiculousness was inherent in the relation between this pasteboard creature of mock authority and him, the Rubber-Tired Boy. It was expedient, of course, to keep up the little farce,—he somehow brought that impression from home with him,—but, after all, the Rubber-Tired Boy was not of an age greatly to regard mere expediency.

Miss Wharton's nonconformity ended in conformity. She, too, fell into the instinctive gesture of despair when the Rubber-Tired Boy was mentioned: he was something to give up and pass by. She was glad she had not committed herself in the luncheon-conference about liking him; but she was not likely to have done that, for there was a certain veiled sen-

sitiveness among the members of the luncheon-conference on certain subjects. Between Mrs. Meredith and Miss Wharton, for instance, there was a great pedagogical gulf fixed. Mrs. Meredith believed in controlling by compulsion, actuated by a high, impersonal justice; Miss Wharton, by a personal kindness, backed by compulsion. Miss Wharton thought Mrs. Meredith, whom she admired immensely, something of a martinet; and Mrs. Meredith thought Miss Wharton's weak point a tendency to the sentimental. For the most part, Mrs. Meredith's theory worked out like a demonstration in geometry; but she had been teaching fourteen years to Miss Wharton's four. "I think I can work out my theory in fourteen years," Miss Wharton would say loftily to the Principal, after she had succeeded in forcing him, quite against his will, into making invidious comparisons. Miss Willing, a kind, earnest, sweet-spirited soul, did things in a slap-dash, hit-or-miss, unpremeditated manner, and somehow got results by sheer brute personality, Miss Wharton said; for the pupils loved Miss Willing as one of themselves. They loved pretty Miss Armstrong in a proud, protecting sort of way. If they took at times a mischievous delight in exasperating her, it was only one way of showing her that they adored her. Miss Harvey, one of the kindest souls alive, was unfortunate in her temperament, which was essentially flighty and piquant. She aspired to Mrs. Meredith's methods; but hers were not the hands to wield the thunderbolts of Jove. Miss Harvey lost her head at the noise of her own thunder: she cried when she was angry, and the seniors, in consequence, named her "Our Lady of the Check-Book," "Jeremiah," and "Weeping Willa," that being, unfortunately, her given name. Each teacher inevitably knew the weaknesses of every other teacher: the system took care of that. And each teacher vied with the others in her eagerness to gloss over delicate situations, and to keep the sharp corners of her own theory from puncturing the thin surface of anybody else's practice. So Miss Wharton, whose theory included a good deal of the personal element, was not likely to parade it under the nose of Mrs. Meredith, that distinguished embodiment

of abstract justice; and she soon came to congratulate herself upon her discretion in not announcing that premature resolve of hers to like the Rubber-Tired Boy.

Now, there was a "check-system" in force at the Thomas Jefferson School, which had been there from time immemorial. The Principal did not like it, but the higher powers insisted upon it. Could anything be wrong in the sight of the higher powers that had been from time immemorial? That was the golden age of the higher powers—time immemorial. Any precedent that dated back to it was safe from the clutch of impious hands. So the check-system stood. When an offender had five checks, he was sent to the Principal's office; and when he had made that journey three times, he was sent home in disgrace. This was not suspension, however; a note was dispatched to the parent or guardian of the errant child, requesting him to call at the school. There the bewildered and usually indignant parent was confronted with abstract Justice, in the person of Mrs. Meredith; Personal Influence, in the form of Miss Wharton; Discipline for Discipline's Sake, embodied in Miss Harvey; Poise incarnated in Miss Munn—and all the rest. If the parent or guardian chanced to be intelligent and humble-minded, these interviews were usually, in the long run, productive of good; but it was astonishing to Miss Wharton, as she grew in years and the knowledge of parents and guardians, how very rare this required combination proved to be.

Of course the Rubber-Tired Boy would inevitably reach the parent-or-guardian stage; it was only a question of time. His daily walk and conversation had been from the first indefinitely insolent. The teachers naturally supposed that a Rubber-Tired Boy would have a rubber-tired mother and father, and were resigned to the impending encounter, merely speculating as to which would come. Experience had led them rather to prefer fathers to mothers. Not that they were, as a rule, more efficient; only that they were a little less likely to prefer the familiar charges, more or less politely veiled, of partiality, conspiracy, and mental incapacity.

As it happened, Miss Wharton knew the parents of the Rubber-Tired Boy by

sight. Miss Wharton's aunt, with whom she usually lived during the school months, was out of town that autumn, and no sooner had her deserted niece established herself as a boarder in the cheerful home of a Baptist preacher with a plaintive wife, than she discovered that the big new house next door was the Rubber-Tired Boy's Rubber-Tired Father's own hired house. More properly speaking, it seemed his mother's house; for the father, a big, quiet-looking, intermittent person, with a cigar, was usually out of town on business; and it was the Rubber-Tired Boy's mother who was perpetually rustling out to the shining carriage at the curbstone, with her rich furs and her general air of unimpeachable elegance. Miss Wharton early decided that either the Rubber-Tired Mother had a decided eye for the harmoniously decorative or her dressmaker was a genius. The Rubber-Tired Mother looked her part to perfection. And she acted it, too. The society column was full of her. She was a prominent member of every club of any social importance in the city. She was very busy, the Rubber-Tired Mother. She had two daughters, a little girl with long legs and short hair, and an older one, who was to "come out" the following year, and who came home from boarding-school for the Christmas holidays in frills and feathers even more exuberant, less distinctive and individual, than her mother's. Yes, the Rubber-Tired Sisters looked their parts, too—all but the Rubber-Tired Boy.

Miss Wharton heard a good deal about the Rubber-Tired Family from her landlady. The landlady, too, had frills and feathers—feathers that looked as if they had been surrendered by some world-weary rooster with his last despondent gasp, and frills that never had been really young. She was as gentle a soul as ever sighed, this plaintive preacher's wife, and her every breath was a sigh. She could n't help speaking of the Rubber-Tired Family in a reverent "veiled voice"; but she was as kind to her young lodger as if that young person did not wear her own frills in the sweat of her intellect—so the lodger put it to herself. The landlady had a receding chin and a tip-tilted nose, and eyes as blue as a blighted flower.

"The Thatchers are such lovely people!" the landlady would say in that reverent voice, turning up her eyes as she dusted the mantel. "Mrs. Thatcher's going to entertain The Daughters next Wednesday, and she's asked Evangeline to help serve." Evangeline was the landlady's daughter, and The Daughters, as everybody knows, were the Daughters of the Confederacy. The landlady was a Daughter herself. She was "connected" with Stonewall Jackson, she said, though no one would have suspected her, to look at her, of such stability as to connections, remote or immediate.

Miss Wharton had given the Rubber-Tired Boy some four or five of his fifteen checks, and she waited with a grim internal smile for the visit of the Rubber-Tired Mother. It turned out less of a function than one would have supposed. The Rubber-Tired Mother was, in an elegant and distinguished way, disposed to be conciliatory, with suitable reservations. At least, she had come to treat with the enemy, and knew that it would be inexpedient to insult them; so much her manner seemed to say. Her son looked very much like her, though he was nondescript, and she was handsome. She sat in her rich furs in the Principal's crowded little office, while the teachers, with their tired, resolute eyes and disheveled shirt-waists, came down from their domain above, two or three at a time, to talk to her.

"Everett is such a blunderer!" she said to Miss Willing, Mrs. Meredith, and Miss Wharton.

The Principal, with one ear open, was reading a note Miss Pierce had sent him by a small, red-haired, dogged messenger. One of the Principal's chief functions at these interviews was to make a judicious effort toward reconciling the conflicting statements in which his teachers, in the honesty of their hearts, presented the matter to the bewildered and usually resentful parent.

"Everett is such a hopeless blunderer! His sisters, now, can do much worse things, and yet get out of them. I've noticed it so often! But Everett is always *caught*."

Miss Wharton smiled a little; the Rubber-Tired Mother seemed to think this

a great pity—the root of the difficulty, indeed. "Everett is just like his father," Mrs. Thatcher ended, with a sigh of conjugal despair, "a born blunderer." Her smile, as she made this confidence, was almost friendly.

Afterward, when the Principal had talked with her, and the prancing bays were no longer champing at the curbstone, and there was only the lingering aroma of her draperies in the room, Miss Wharton stretched her arms out before her on the library table and relieved her mind.

"If my husband were a train-robber," she said, "or—or a satyr—I'd insist that my children inherited all their virtues from him. That's the fourteenth boy this session that's 'just like his father.'"

Mrs. Meredith smiled at the tired young face. "But often they *are* like their fathers," she said simply. She spoke as one having authority. Then she turned to the Principal. "We have n't accomplished much, have we?" she said. "Evidently his mother's remedy for Everett's case is not to be 'caught.'"

"I'd like to 'catch' him," said Miss Willing, with such concentrated vindictiveness that they all turned upon her in speechless surprise. It was the last thing to be expected from Miss Willing. "There never was less of a blunderer," she explained. "That's exactly what he is n't; he never tells the truth; by accident or design. It is n't in him, so it can't crop out."

"I rather think," said the Principal, slowly, as he gathered up his papers, "that, if Everett comes back, Miss Willing will have her wish. It is n't pleasant, but it's inevitable, I guess. There seems no way of reaching the chap." With this, the Principal had evidently imparted all he meant to impart that day, and, in answer to questions, only smiled.

In a very few days after the return of the Rubber-Tired Boy, however, it came out. Miss Munn told it at the luncheon-conference. Miss Munn was a gentlemanly sort of teacher, with a sense of humor that could flow very well in certain narrow and well-defined channels: she could appreciate a joke about a mother-in-law, for instance, or a comic picture which represented a very fat man

mistakenly attempting to assume a very thin man's coat. Miss Munn's panacea was Poise. She uttered the word in a throaty voice of absolute finality, with a lingering upon the diphthong which caused a procession of all the words containing it to pass through Miss Wharton's mind and enter into the connotation—oysters, oil, toil, poison, boil, etc. They were surprisingly unpleasant words, and seemed to Miss Wharton to justify her prejudice against Poise. But for Miss Munn, theoretically, there was not a pang of flesh or spirit for which Poise was not the natural antidote. Peyton Brooks, a very small boy with a very deep voice, a person of extreme external dignity, who gave the tone to Miss Munn's room that year, had stated it:

"School hath no sorrows that Poise cannot cure." If Miss Munn suspected—as it seemed sometimes that she did—that she was, after all, rather a burdened, galley-slave sort of person, she humbly confessed that it was because she could not reach her ideal: she was lacking in Poise.

The Rubber-Tired Boy sat in Miss Munn's room, and she narrated the story at noon with shocked excitement. Miss Armstrong heard it with subdued shrieks of laughter, and Mrs. Meredith was so disgusted that she turned her eloquent shoulder to the narrator, thus unwittingly giving Miss Wharton an excellent view of her eloquent nose. Miss Munn and Miss Harvey, of all the group, were the only ones who were conscientious enough to be shocked. The rest could bring disgust and derision, but moral indignation was beyond them.

It appeared that delicacies had for some time been disappearing from lunch-baskets in Miss Munn's cloak-room. The girls to whom the misfortune occurred had reported to Miss Munn, who, of course, with admirable Poise, had reported the matter to the Principal. The Principal at first had advised quiet watchfulness. The girls suspected the Rubber-Tired Boy. There were no cakes and oranges missing during the day or two when the Rubber-Tired Boy was out of school pending the maternal interference. When he returned, the depredations began anew. Finally the Principal, who was a very old bird indeed

in such matters, had taken the last step. The girls were told of a plan—a very stealthy and secret one. The girls were delighted. Were they not doing something somewhat unholy, and that at the Principal's own instigation? On this particular day, in accordance with the plan, the cake in their baskets had been liberally bedewed with a drug of mild but certain effect, purchased at the Principal's direction. And that day—the magnitude of the revelation, as she made it, clearly threatened Miss Munn's Poise—that day the Rubber-Tired Boy had gone home during school hours, looking most wofully frightened and—sick.

The whole school rippled with inextinguishable laughter. It was too delicate a subject for open hilarity or for much comment,—even the pupils felt that,—but everybody, somehow, seemed withheld only by delicacy from whooping on the housetop. He was not popular, it appeared, the poor Rubber-Tired Boy, even though the gilded youth among his classmates had, the very Saturday evening before, attended the dance he had given to the Junior Terpsichoreans.

The Rubber-Tired Boy returned to his duties the next day at noon, noticeably white about the lips, but not otherwise improved. That very afternoon he got a check from Miss Armstrong for shutting up Anna Hemingway's pigtail in his book, and then snatching up the book in a paroxysm of studiousness. Instead of the faint squeak he expected, Anna shrieked. However, no more luncheons disappeared; the Rubber-Tired Boy set himself unobtrusively to shirk his lessons and accumulate his next set of checks in a legitimate, orthodox manner.

One evening soon afterward, Miss Wharton had a visitor.

Miss Wharton was unusually tired that night; her face had that odd look—as if color and freshness had been drawn out of it by a piece of blotting-paper—which working-women bring home from their day's work. The big, gaunt room, except for her books, was furnished just as the landlady had delivered it over to her. Its most conspicuous ornament was a wardrobe which looked like a sarcophagus, and which could have contained Miss Wharton and all her works. Miss Wharton was sternly destitute of jim-

cracks: not a photograph was on the mantelpiece, not a silver toilet-article on the dresser.

The Rubber-Tired Mother took in these things mechanically as she talked. The Rubber-Tired Mother talked, and Miss Wharton listened.

The Rubber-Tired Mother wished Miss Wharton to vindicate Everett, and to see that his persecutors were punished. She brought to Miss Wharton, she said, the true story. Did Miss Wharton suppose for a moment that if Everett had really been guilty of such a thing, she, the R. T. M., would even mention it to any one? She was deeply humiliated, as well as indignant, that her son should even be accused of such a thing. If he could not be entirely relieved of the imputation, she did not see how she could let him remain in school. Apparently it was really dangerous for him to do so, in any case. Why, Everett had been dreadfully sick. The drift of the defense began to dawn on Miss Wharton. It was Everett's own peanut sandwich, a delicacy of which he was very fond, that had been poisoned. The particular group of girls in question had always been enemies of Everett; jealousy, of course, was the motive. The act was positively criminal. She relied on Miss Wharton to vindicate Everett, and to set machinery in motion to detect and punish the criminals. Miss Wharton promised quite gravely to lay the matter before the Principal.

The Principal smiled.

"The mother is sincere," said Miss Wharton.

"Very likely," said the Principal, smiling. "You may tell her that if she can bring any proof, the offenders shall be expelled."

Miss Wharton delivered the message. The Rubber-Tired Mother received it but coldly. Everett had proof, she said, but

he was too honorable to use it; and she never encouraged him to tell on his schoolmates. She hardly saw, she said, how she could let him remain in school any longer.

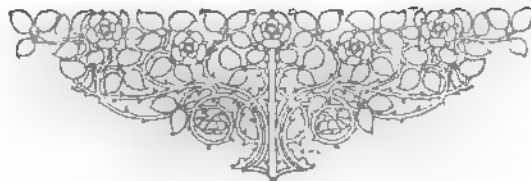
He remained, however. The Rubber-Tired Boy remained in school until, in the course of nature, he once more reached the parent-or-guardian stage. This time the Principal's summons was abruptly answered by the Rubber-Tired Father.

He was a great, overcoated person, and he did not waste words. He and the Principal stood at the foot of the stairs and talked it out as man to man.

"The little beggar needs a horsewhip," said the R. T. F., quite calmly and remorselessly. "I understand your efforts to straighten him out; that 's all right. You won't be sorry to lose him, I dare say. I 'll send him to a military school; that 's what I 'll do. I 'm away from home most of the time, and he imposes on his mother. She told me that confounded story about the lunch-baskets. His motive passes me. I hope it was pure devilry." With this charitable remark the R. T. F. bit off the end of his cigar disgustedly, and turned his fur collar up about his big, fresh-shaven neck. "I prefer to believe," he said savagely—"I prefer to believe he was n't hungry."

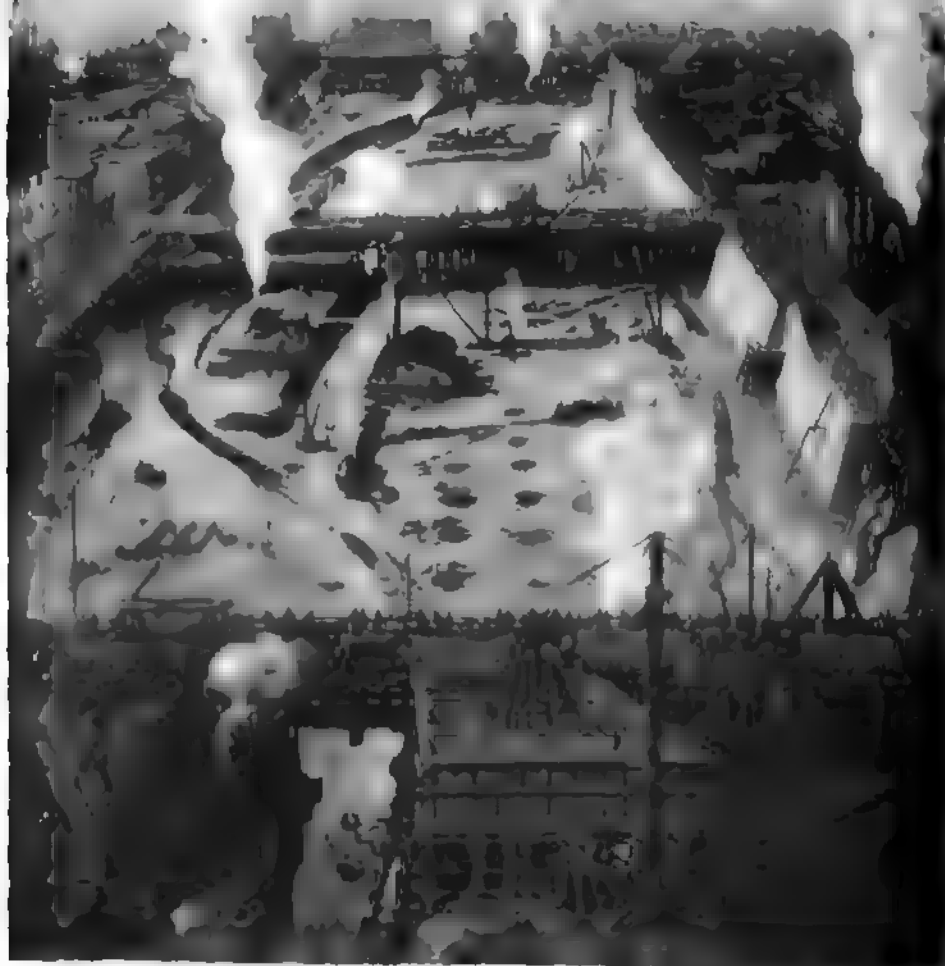
Miss Wharton's eyes were warm with approbation when the Principal told her the story. "Now I can abandon my pedagogical tub in peace," she said, "for I 've found an honest parent-or-guardian. Did n't I tell you I was superior to class prejudice? I can appreciate the virtues of the rich, if I do live on cove oysters next door. Is n't it curious," she added, after a pause, "that whenever a bad boy is just like his father, his father is eminently satisfactory?"

"That is a hard saying," said the Principal.



Excavations for R.R. Terminals in New York City.

Pictures By
G. W. Peters.



Half tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

EXCAVATION FOR THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY STATION

The view is west toward the Hudson River from Seventh Avenue and 13d Street. Eighth Avenue is in the middle distance, and Ninth Avenue is in the background.



Drawn by G. W. Peters. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

**THE PENNSYLVANIA STATION EXCAVATION, AT SEVENTH AVENUE
AND THIRTY-THIRD STREET. (LOOKING EAST)**



Drawn by G. W. Peters. Half tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick.

VIEW IN THE EXCAVATION FOR THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL STATION
OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY (LOOKING SOUTH)



Drawn by G. W. Peters. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

**SINKING THE FOUNDATIONS FOR THE TERMINAL OF THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL
AT FULTON AND CHURCH STREETS (LOOKING SOUTH)**

RAFFERTY THE RECIDIVIST

BY EDWARD J. NOCTON

RAFFERTY slouched down the street, swinging jauntily to the measure of an air that beat a tattoo in his imagination. There was a curl to his lip and a tilt to his jaw that harmonized with his bow-legs and the resolute set of his stocky body.

He was looking for trouble, searching with the pride and consciousness of a strength developed during intervals of sobriety in Noonan's wheelwright shop. Under his flannel shirt his muscles humped and shifted as he shook his clenched fists, apostrophizing his enemies, arraigning all the tribes of puny men with a gusto befitting a giant, inviting them to step up severally and be "floored."

There was not one among them as strong as himself, none that was as supple, and none that could fight as well by half; mind that. It was his privilege to boast, a confidence born of his brawn and intrepidity. Against the ambitions of the pugnacious there loomed his powerful frame, hunchy and formidable in the show of corded muscles, as tough as leather thongs, visible at his arms and neck. To the wise the aspect was generally a sufficient check. Yet there were some to whom this was not enough, as their condition and distress, after the battle, spectacularly attested.

Thus he had gone on, the unbullied of the precinct, the one braggart unwhipped of that quality of justice that the community was anxious to see administered; not by law, for he had too many good traits for that, but by one of themselves. Literally he was spoiling for the want of a beating, and the drubbing, to contain the sting of humiliation, must be administered by a "precinct man." For Rafferty was cunning enough not to venture beyond the purlieu of the district into

those confines where his name, being unknown, infused no fear.

In the periods of his rectitude he was almost exemplary. Peaceful and penitent, he kept off the avenue, and slunk shamefacedly along the byways to his work. But these intervals gradually diminished as the grip of drink grew stronger, until now they had ceased altogether. His word was no longer what it was in the days when he kept within the palings of his religious training—days when he participated in the councils of the parish temperance society and conducted himself with decorum.

Loungers nudged one another as he passed on this particular Saturday afternoon, and he chuckled at the glances, appropriating them to the credit of his cleverness and strength. He shrugged his shoulders and his eyes snapped with the keen joy of his fame.

As he usually did at the end of the week, Alexander, the agent from the Organized Charities, stopped at Rafferty's, and as usual found the little family sitting in silence. Their quiescent air of gloom and patience impressed him more than at any other time, though he could not exactly tell why. He had watched Rafferty many months, marking him up regularly in his reports, sometimes as an "intermittent deserter" and at other times as "non-supporter." With a faith and a hope instinctive he had trailed along in the wake of this uncouth man, clinging to every thread of promise, and putting off from week to week that day when he must write opposite the name of Rafferty, "hopeless recidivist."

"It's the same story, Mrs. Rafferty?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, her eyes on the floor.

"At Grimes's, no doubt?"

She nodded, and the agent shook his head and glanced about the room, his eyes finally resting on the two weary children huddled in a chair. He went out, but came back in a little while, bringing a package of groceries, which he laid on the table.

"Mrs. Rafferty," he said, dropping into a chair and unconsciously tapping the tips of his fingers together, "I've been coaxing Tom for a long time—longer than any other man on our lists. It's five years, anyway. The society has been patient and forgiving, and he has repaid this kindness with insolence to me and with shameful treatment of you."

"He never laid hand on one of us—not one," broke in the woman. "He's good, but it's the drink."

"That's it; that's what I mean," expostulated the agent. "His negligence can all be traced to that. His heart's in the right place, I know from the time I saw him help old Drummond. It's few men rich or poor that would give up their coat on a cold night. Don't think that I don't know Tom Rafferty. I do. It's not even the way with the organization, Mrs. Rafferty, to give up a man because he falls a few times or a score of times. We stick to a man, Mrs. Rafferty, until—well, until, as in Tom's case, we feel that, after throwing us down so often, there is no alternative except to check him up on the list of irrecoverables. Literally, the society will not admit that any one is beyond recall, and it's a sound principle. It says that all can be reclaimed; it knows all cannot—that is, Mrs. Rafferty, not by the society. Friends accomplish it often after the society has failed."

"If you give him up," she asked with painful directness, "what's to become of them?"—she glanced toward the chair—"and him? You've kept him sober for weeks at a time, and that was a help, God knows. If no one tries with him, he'll never do right at all. And he has tried, Mr. Alexander, he has truly tried, and he may overcome it yet. It's the insane pride that's in him. When we were married, and he did n't quite know his strength, and was too bashful to go showing what he could do, he was good. The decency is in him: it's smothered;

it's hid it is. If he was n't so strong, he'd be different. If some one could convince him that—that he has n't the power he thinks, that he can't fight at all—it's a good beating that he needs."

The agent broke from his absorption. "Do you believe that?" he asked.

"I do," she replied.

For several minutes he communed with himself, recalling the incidents of the "case" during the past year—of the number of times he had persuaded Noonan to take Rafferty back, and his plan to have the wheelwright's wages paid to Mrs. Rafferty; of pledges taken and broken; of other influences he had brought to bear, with only a modicum of good. He had been afforded odd glimpses into the souls of saints and wretches in his work, and he had found in the social quagmires of the impoverished an occasional flower blooming fresh and unsullied, as if grown on some fertile isle immune from harm. He had found honor among outcasts, and learned that creatures were often noblest, as well as most abject, in vicissitude.

Naturally he always endeavored to discover the latent virtue in the transgressor, then to ferret out the forces and find the persons whose influence for the uplifting of the offender would prove efficacious. By this process he had rehabilitated homes and reflected credit on the society. But Rafferty's case presented problems antithetical to these; for the application of the ordinary rules had failed to bring results.

Instead of a virtue for his fulcrum of reform, the agent felt that he must rest his lever on a vice.

"Can I find Father Philip in the rectory at this hour, do you know?" The agent had arisen under the impulse of a new resolution.

"Of St. Bartholomew's, is it you mean?" Mrs. Rafferty inquired, peering at him curiously. "It's Saturday night, and he's engaged in the church. You don't want to go there. Did n't you tell me you went to another church? Anyway, he's generally busy till ten o'clock; that's an hour yet."

"Maybe I'll be back," he said, stepping out.

"If it's the pledge, I can tell you before you go that it's no use," she



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"CONCEIT AND STIFF NECKS GO TOGETHER"

called, following him to the door. "The Father 's disgusted with him, he 's broken it so often."

Whenever Rafferty was out, and that was frequently days at a time, she relapsed into a dejection that had become habitual. In these periods her dread hung poised, and would not down. She felt that his taunts would not always go unanswered or his blows unavenged.

THE droning of the Saturday-night crowd in Grimes's filtered through the doors to the street. The place was murky with rank cigars and the foul smell of bad whisky. Knots of men drawled and drank, oblivious to cares beckoning from without. Occasionally the noises resulting from unimportant arguments swelled to a commotion. A dozen rows had been averted. The greater part of the crowd were toilers — mechanics, blacksmiths, teamsters, coal-heavers—whose conversation was of their labor, their bosses, and their tribulations. Songs and oaths multiplied as the hour grew late. Now and then a bit of a jig rattled the floor, and glasses were rushed back and forth from the bar with increasing frequency.

Rafferty was at the far end of the bar, fresh from a nap in a vender's cart, and sober from lack of money. He was at his old trick. Shaking his stumpy finger in the faces of a group of votaries, he recounted the triumphs of a day when, on a wager, he carried the body of a big express wagon across the shop. As he boasted, he strode up and down, dancing on his crooked legs, leaping forward and alighting on his toes, with him an habitual form of emphasis.

The door opened and closed often in that saloon, and little heed was paid to it, but once after it opened, the Rev. Philip Nailor, a bit dazed by the surroundings, stood in the center of the room. The bartender's lips parted; he paused in the act of washing a glass, and his eyes followed those of the priest, who was peering about the room. Silence had displaced the noise. Only the dripping faucets behind the bar sounded like cataracts.

Rafferty drew back in a panic; but the priest walked up to him, looking at him in contemptuous silence.

"Father," Rafferty blurted, inclining

his head and respectfully catching the rim of his hat with his thumb and forefinger, "this is no place for the likes of you."

"It 's safer for me than for you, for it 's not doing me the harm," replied his Reverence. "It 's solicitous you 're growing for me, anyway, after dodging me these six months. What 's become of the pledge I gave you in August? Hold up your head—answer! It 's broke, and your wife's heart with it. My, but you 're a brave man and a strong one! It 's no wonder you 're powerful, gorging yourself on food and drink that ought to sustain your family. But you 're not half as strong or as slick as you think. It 's humored you are, and spoiled."

"Don't, your Reverence. I would n't say a harsh word to you. Don't say that."

"My, but yours is the delicate sense that can't stand a thump of the truth! One who has been downed by whisky as often as you ought to be used to hard knocks. The reason you were n't thrashed long ago is because those that were able for you had n't the courage. Any of half a dozen lads in the 'culture' class could throw you. I teach them, and I know. Little Larry Doran could do it."

Rafferty's eyes blazed. He swung full front toward the priest. Doran's father had once outstripped Rafferty in a contest in making a wooden axle, when they were more stylish for carts than now, by dulling the tools of his rival. Rafferty never forgot the trick.

"I can take any three of them—I 'll take four—and bate them," he almost screamed.

"Oh, listen to that!" exclaimed Father Phil, with a bantering grunt. "But, come, Rafferty, I 'll not stay here to disgrace myself. Come out." The crowd, eager and curious, followed them to the sidewalk. "What I told you is true," continued the priest, with engaging frankness, "although you may not believe it. There 's art in it, now, along with brute strength, although I 'm not saying you have n't both. Here, stand off there, and let me see the wonder of you." The priest pushed him back, and the crowd made room with the awe of expectancy. "Keep your temper now, you omadhaun."

Rafferty looked up, dazed, incredulous.

With chastening fists poised, the priest nimbly advanced. A shadow shot across the wheelwright's eyes. A blow on the jaw sent him staggering into the crowd. His surprise was as great a shock when he beheld the priest again advance with a smile forebodingly grim and determined.

"Take that on the mouth, Rafferty—and learn to keep it shut—and—and—that on the chin. Don't be afraid—to try for my face," said his Reverence, feinting; "it's false modesty. If you hit me, I'll forgive you. I'd rather you broke my face than the pledge. Oh, my! but that was a close shave! It was n't piety that caused you to miss me. There's a—a—stiff neck—for you, Rafferty. Conceit and stiff necks go together." The priest bit his lip to keep his face straight as he sparred. "You'd—be play—for the boys. I had—no idea—you were so easy. There's two in the one place. Oh, it's beyond belief! I'm sorry now—I did n't save my wind and send—one of the lads—the smallest. Ugh! you could n't hit a—tree, Rafferty! Huh!"

A joyous roar burst from the crowd. It was a noise hoarse with the derisive laughter of men gratified by a revenge long sought. But a sign from the priest, grave now in the didactic rôle he dared assume, instantly hushed the clamor.

"Come, get up, Tom!" he coaxed, bending and softly laying his hand on Rafferty's shoulder. "Sure, that was only a tap. Stand on your legs like—like the strong, invincible man that you are, or used to be."

But Rafferty could not get up. He sat stunned, the aureola of his fame snuffed out, and every bone an ache. The crushing force of the abasement hung like a stone at his heart. He could hear in a vague way those whom his looks had often cowed, chuckling and holding back their laughter in front of the priest. At last he stood up, his mind still confused, his eyes seeking the darkness ahead.

With the back of his hand he wiped the grime and sweat from his face.

"I'll go home now," he mumbled with childish meekness. "I'll go home."

The priest had stepped into the shadow of the adjoining house, watching him in silence and secret pity.

"Good night!" he called out as Rafferty started slowly off.

The wheelwright did not hear. Oppression had stupefied him. He lifted his feet with the uncertain effort of one convalescent from ague.

The agent was waiting around the corner. "Well done!" he burst out, grasping the priest's hand. "I saw the whole artistic exhibition. It was fine. You must have broken his heart."

"His head is all right, at any rate, I hope," answered the priest, "and so was your suggestion—if I did n't let go too hard. But I think the hardest knock landed on his pride. I see he's coming now," he interrupted. "Go to him, Mr. Alexander, and get him home. It'll be best if he does n't see me again to-night. It will be several days before we can tell if there's to be any result. But I've a strong notion," grinned the priest, "that it'll do some good."

SATURDAY night had merged into Sunday morning when the charity agent shoved Rafferty, the incarnation of aches and gloom, inside his door and disappeared. Mrs. Rafferty, roused from her drowsy vigil, turned up the light. Open-mouthed and ill-humored, she glued her eyes on him, motionless in a chair. His wretchedness stayed her wrath. She folded her arms and complacently drank in the sound of his sighs.

"It was coming to you a long while, Mr. Rafferty," she said dryly. "How many of them done it?"

"Aggie," he asked, unheeding her query, "how old am I?"

"Forty-two." Her lips snapped.

He groaned. "How long have I been carryin' on, fightin'?"

"Fifteen years," she replied in suspense, but outwardly calm and incurious.

"Was I licked once, even once, in that time, Aggie?"

"Not till you got home in the evenin', more's the pity."

He covered his face with his hands, and his voice sank to a whisper: "I'll never be able to say it ag'in; I was licked to-night."

"Who were they, the brutes?" she demanded.

He fumbled for a reply, making only a guttural sound, and sank into the inertia

of misery. He drew his hand painfully over his head and set his teeth on edge as he slid farther down into his chair.

"Are you hurt, Tom?" she asked softly.

"Woman," he exclaimed testily, "let me try to gather me senses, won't you!"

"Were there many of them, I asked, Tom Rafferty? If there were n't at least ten, it 's you that 's disgraced and done for," she flared, hoping in her secret heart that he been tossed upside-down by some one as insignificant as Koons, the hunchback cobbler. "Answer! Were there a dozen?" With arms akimbo she waited.

"Aggie dear, there was one," he choked out, "—one, and him no bigger nor you. And worse, Aggie, worse nor all, it was Father Phil!"

"Glory be! Tom Rafferty! The priest, was it? How did he do it; and what did you to him?"

"Nothin', Aggie. I could n't reach him. Sure, he danced about, hittin' me when he liked, and the gang lookin' on laughin'!"

Horror was depicted on Mrs. Rafferty's face. "Do you mean you tried to strike his Reverence? It 's you that has the dark heart, and the luck 'll go ag'in' you, mind now."

"He coaxed me to hit 'im, and tantalized me to thry; then he ducked every blow, and said he 'd forgive me. He kem into Grimes's while I was blabbin'. What 'll we do, anyway, Aggie? We can't stay here."

Crowding into his mind came a long procession from the precinct, men he had overpowered and bullied and ignored. They were smirking, and pointing their fingers at him. He could hear their laughter and the echoes of strange joys from the shop, where the fear of him had been traditional.

"Why, we 'll move, dear Tom," she said, between successive bursts of merriment, holding her chin aloft satirically as the little plot dawned on her. "At all cost, we 'll save your feelings. God bless Father Phil and Mr. Alexander! We 'll move to-night, in our drames. No, Tom Rafferty; we 'll stay here, or you 'll go alone. You 've punished every man within four blocks that dared look cross at you, let alone show fight. Did

they move, with their black eyes and skint faces? No, they were manly; they stood their ground; and so 'll you. You 've been downed, and fair; Father Phil would n't do it by a thrick. He learned you you 're only a man, a weak one at that, not the giant that you believed. But don't get downhearted; you have a chance yet." He looked up. "Koons, the little cobbler, has n't trounced you, though you 're in danger." She broke out into laughter. "After Father Phil, thin as a clothes-prop, any one could do it. Look out for the school-boys, Rafferty; they 'll be taking a punch out of you for cowing their fathers so long."

He winced under her badinage.

"What 'll they say now that me hero is knocked out?" she continued. "You can tell them it took the best man in the parish to do it, Tom dear, and that 'll be the truth."

A cry that had in it the note of a wail escaped him. He hung his head between his knees, with his hands over his face. He was struggling to repress his emotions. His great body shook. Through the grime of his cheeks tears were making ruddy marks. It was remorse, not the anger of a foiled and baffled man: it was the compunction of one who saw as by a jagged lightning streak that his life had been a blunder. While he had ambled along, wrapped in the idea of his greatness, men had seen him as he was and knew him as a fool. He groped out, whispering the name of "wife." He found her at his knee, and took her hand, clutching it in a fervor of emotion.

"Aggie," he moaned, "I was blind before, but it 's passed, if you 'll forgive me. It 's myself I see now; before, I saw another, a *bluagbainne* that any one might trounce. He looked big and powerful; instead, he was a poor, weak ignoramus. I 'll take the pledge—I will. Before, I was dragged to it. You remember I 'd never give you me bold word to quit, for I never was willing to quit for good, though I thried to stop for a while, and was too weak. I 'll quit now. I 'll go with you, by me own free will and desire—and I never broke me word with you, bad as I was, Aggie, did I?"

She raised his drooping head and looked into his face. She saw that truth,

more powerful than he could utter, spoke vauntingly in his trembling frame and beating heart. In the deep, husky voice she caught the note of repentance; in his tears she felt his shame. The transition

had come. He put his arm around her and drew her close, the first real caress in years, and her heart swelled until her paroxysm found vent in the cry: "At last, Tom! at last!"

THE TELEGRAMS TO OPPER

BY BEATRICE HANSCOM

Author of "Young Carrington's Career," "Signs and Symbols," etc.

THE Bishop of Oretana was reflecting that it was a long time since he had been East, though the city which he honestly considered East was as honestly considered by a certain, extremely certain, large, and cultivated community on the Atlantic coast as "distinctively Western."

Quite as humorously did the Bishop regard the attitude of many of his relatives in persisting in regarding his episcopal residence in Oretana as a sort of modern martyrdom. "Away out there," they phrased it pathetically, as though it was remotely located beyond Timbuctoo.

It suited the Bishop down to the ground, and from the ground up to the skies. He was wont to state this, in reply to oft-offered sympathy, and to add that if he had not grown up *in* Oretana, he had enjoyed the privilege of growing up *to* it; at which point the recipients of his letters were convinced that his mind must be tuned to spiritual things, since his point of view was obviously not of this world.

Yet in reality he liked his frontier diocese not only because it was his field of fruitful work; he liked it in a physical sense. He rejoiced in the bigness and newness of it; he enjoyed the exhilaration of ozone-impregnated air. Its crudities were entertaining, not appalling; and he found excuse—nay, more, he found use and delight even in the long, desolate rides between parishes, through monotonous miles of fire-scarred forests. He called these his Wilderness Silences, and was wont to quote with joy,

"And silence like a poultice comes
To heal the blows of sound."

For the contentions of small parishes are loudly voiced; and in the soothing stillness of the lonely way, he thought out and adjusted differences as delicate and subtle as ever confronted a peace conference.

He lived his daily life with the zestful enthusiasm of a man who stands six feet one in his stockings, is stalwart enough to command the hearty admiration and respect of frontiersmen, and humor-endowed to enjoy the standpoint of isolated rurality and the vitality of its small interests, and soldier-spirited, through several military generations, to regard hardship as part of the day's work, and to be taken with a certain zest.

But sailing in dazzling sunlight; driving across the ice under a sunlight fiercer still; reading—and he read ravenously—in all sorts of ill-lighted places, and with a serene disregard for the quality of the print—all this combined to tell on eyes that the Bishop had regarded as indestructible; and he found, to his surprise, that they were beginning to play him tricks.

"Better write Billy about it," he murmured one day when they had proved more than usually intractable, and forthwith he indited a letter to his old college chum, now Doctor William Ramsden, a specialist of repute.

The telegram which came promptly in return startled the operator, Mr. Opper, a grizzled old war-horse who had considered himself startle-proof.

So sure of mistake was he that he demanded its repetition; and perceiving it still in its original form, puzzled over its ten words until a brilliant solution

occurred to him; and adding an eleventh word and an extra letter, both of which he conscientiously enclosed in parentheses, he seized his hat, and proceeded to deliver the telegram in person.

"Good morning, Oppen," said the Bishop, genially, as that gentleman was ushered into the episcopal presence; "I trust I 've not been doing anything rash recently." He smiled good-humoredly; for Oppen combined a fierce loyalty to the Bishop's interests with a surveillance designed to ward off all possible dangers which was at times decidedly amusing.

"No, sir. Not this time, sir," said Oppen, respectfully, wiping his mouth to hide the pleased grin that decorated it. "It 's this telegram; 'n' I thought I 'd better explain. It come a word shy. Easterners are so close that I expect they would n't use but ten 'f it left out *all* the sense. I won't deny that it puzzled me, but I guess I fixed it right."

The Bishop opened the yellow envelop, and read it with an unbroken gravity.

"John Gordon King, Bishop of Oretana."

"Come on (from) you(r) heathen and let me look at you.

"William Ramsden."

"Quite right, Oppen," he said pleasantly; "and thank you for coming up with it yourself. I appreciate it."

Mr Oppen, going down the street, feeling, albeit unconsciously, like Sherlock Holmes and Lord Chesterfield rolled into one, congratulated himself that he was the right man in the right place.

"Some op'rators would have butted right in on a Bishop with it just the way it was," he murmured scornfully.

So it was quite as well that he could not have seen the Bishop rolling back and forth on the leather couch in his study, exhausted with laughter.

For the telegram, in its original form, was phrased with the old familiar freedom of rollicking chumship that dated from the days when Jack and Billy had conquered the conquering Cæsar side by side, and wandered with Ulysses on earth, and with Dante in the realms beyond.

THE town took a kindly interest in the

Bishop's "going East," and a number of his flock assembled on the station platform to see him off.

Among them he discerned Mr. Oppen, keeping carefully in the background. It was just as the Bishop stepped aboard that that devoted adherent slipped forward and touched his arm.

"Beg pardon, sir," Mr. Oppen said hurriedly, "but we 're goin' to be anxious about how you 're getting on away off there in the East, and I 'd look on it as an honor,"—Mr. Oppen's tone deepened convincingly,—"*if you 'd send me a wire now 'n' then—collect.*"

The Bishop's eyes twinkled appreciatively. He had heard Oppen, who was San Francisco born and Oretana bred, express his picturesque opinion of the East as a place of unknown perils, where the sinfully adept bunko-men never ceased from troubling, and the clamor and tangle of traffic gave no moment of rest.

He flashed an altogether genial smile at this guardian-spirit.

"I 'll do it, Oppen, now and then, if I have to stay long," he said, in the frankly friendly way which had endeared him to Oretana; "but I won't abuse your generosity by wiring too often."

Not for worlds would he have wounded the feelings of Oppen by a refusal.

"There 's no fear of that," said Oppen, with a cheerfulness engendered by the thought of those future communications.

The train began to move at a snail-like pace.

"And," said the Bishop, leaning from the vestibule, "I will endeavor not to get into any card games with clerical-looking strangers, Oppen."

The twinkle in his eyes was unmistakable now, but it carried so much comradeship that Oppen smiled, albeit awkwardly, in return.

"I guess you 're all right," he called; but the train had quickened its speed, and the Bishop was making his way into the car.

"Of course he was born there," Oppen meditated, as he turned on his homeward way, " 'n' I 'd back him against most anything in this world—or the next; but those Easterners are terrible slick. Look at the game they played on Simpkins!" (This was an Oretana classic, but does

not belong to the present narrative.) "Yes," concluded Oppen, with a relieved sigh, "'s long as I can't be with him, I'll be glad to get a wire from him now 'n' then."

The Bishop maintained that if it had not been for the thought of the anxious Oppen, his trip East would have been unendurably long.

The magazines, which, now that he was genuinely anxious about his eyes, he considered forbidden fruit, had never before shown such alluring covers, and all the authors of whom he was particularly fond (and he had a catholic taste in fiction) had apparently just published a new book for the purpose of being annoying.

Composing telegrams *not* to be sent to Oppen became his chief solace.

He appropriated a telegraph-blank and wrote out each of these messages with a punctilious correctness that helped to destroy time; and then, placing the written paper carefully within an encircling rubber band, he would drop the blank into his coat pocket again.

At Cheyenne the temptation became acute to send "Still unharmed" to Oppen: at Council Bluffs he grappled with the inclination to forward "Pious stranger asked the time. Showed watch. Feel perhaps imprudent"; while Chicago recorded for a brief instant, "Young widow next seat. Infant called me papa. Changed cars."

AN eminently correct-looking, red-headed gentleman, with neatly trimmed burn-sides, a gentleman of rotund frame, clad like a Londoner, and topped off with a silk hat which was in itself a guaranty of affluence, stood just back of the gate-man as the crowd surged out; and his manner was the impatient manner of a professional man who was accustomed to keeping people waiting, and quite unused to waiting himself.

Then his face cleared, turned boyish, as a tall man in episcopal raiment came through the gate.

The Bishop had just thought of another telegram to Oppen, and he was smiling absent-mindedly and looking unseeing ahead when he felt his elbow grasped vigorously.

"The Bishop of Oretana, I believe,"

said the gentleman with burn-sides, with a gravity which his dancing eyes belied.

He seized upon the Bishop's suit-case and umbrella with the forcefulness he had been wont to show upon the field in collegiate days.

"The celebrated Dr. William Ramsden, I assume," said the Bishop, no less gravely, as he swung into step; but his smile became exceedingly broad.

"Met by man. Says he's old friend. Took my grip," he murmured.

Dr. Ramsden swung open the brougham door with a flourish, gave the suit-case to the chauffeur, and seated himself beside the Bishop with the most perfect decorum; but as the brougham started, he smote an episcopal knee with exceeding suddenness and force.

"Hello, you Magnifico!" he said gaily, and his voice had the old familiar ring.

It cut the Bishop's thirty-eight years in two again, and he thwacked back soundly.

"Burnsides and a brougham!" he murmured admiringly. "Billy! Billy! You've grown respectable!"

"It's nothing to your lovely black apron and your pretty hat like a pie," Dr. Ramsden returned, with a spurious meekness.

And they swept back into the old-time intimacy as though years had not been, nor honors grown accustomed.

"HOTEL! Your eyes have n't affected your mind, I assume? No? I'm glad to hear that," Dr. Ramsden assured him. "You are visiting me as long as you stay in town, and if you forget it, I'll have you treated by an alienist for softening of the brain," he threatened, with a frown of abnormal proportions.

"Insisted my going home with him. Threatens asylum. No escape," the Bishop murmured with apparent joy. "But Mrs. Ramsden may think it's an imposition," he expostulated. "It is n't as though I'd ever met her, you know."

Dr. Ramsden waved this objection away with a cheerful hand.

"Your past loss is only equalled by your present luck," he stated serenely.

As he sat at the dinner table, daintily laid for three, on the evening of the morning of his first day in the city, the Bishop said to himself that Billy Rams-

den was undoubtedly right in that statement of his.

Mrs. Ramsden was a young woman of decided charm, dark-haired and piquant, and it was evident that she was not only quite as much in love with her husband as he was with her, but that she understood him thoroughly, a combination more infrequent than one would suppose.

She had made the Bishop welcome with a graceful cordiality that had deceived even herself; for though Dr. Ramsden would have been the last to suspect it, she had rather dreaded the episcopal visitation as liable to be hampering.

Since she had seen the Bishop, she had changed her mind, and she herself was smiling now at the remembrance of her least subtle concession to the clerical taste—a copy of the "Spirit of Missions" which she had purchased. She had intended to glance through it at her first unoccupied moment, and pick up a few stray crumbs of knowledge, so that, in any awkward conversational pause, she might display what she characterized as "a gleam of intelligence" on missionary work. Now she decided that this would not be necessary.

"There will not be any awkward pauses," she thought amusedly, glancing at the two men.

Doctor Billy was beaming at the Bishop; and the Bishop, under the stimulus of appreciative listeners, was expanding into anecdote as a flower into bloom.

He had just finished the story of Opper and the unsent telegrams, and the atmosphere had the genial relaxation of mirth.

"Tell us more about Opper," Mrs. Ramsden coaxed. "He's so lovely!"

"Not outwardly," said the Bishop, firmly. "He's like nothing but a shaggy watch-dog without a collar—gruff-looking, but kind underneath; loyal and stanch to the core. And he prides himself on never going back on a bargain. The church acquired Opper on that basis, by the way." He leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"Opper was a genial firebrand," he began, "addicted to gaming-tables that were green and drinks that were deadly, but faithful and conscientious as an operator.

"One night two desperadoes came into his office, bound him, and threw him in a corner, and sent such a message to the train-despatcher at Clarion as should induce him to have a certain train stop on a siding near by. They chuckled as their scheme began to work smoothly. To quote Opper: 'Nobody can get us out of this now but the Lord, and protectin' railroads may not be in his department. But it's my duty to the company to try everything. "Lord," says I, "you help me, 'n' I'll help you. Get me out of this, 'n' I'll—I'll join the church!" 'N' I yanked again, and got a hand out, skinned, but j'int's all workin', and one of them sweet young hyenas kicked a chair over just for exercise, where the other one had throwed his gun, 'n' it fell my way! It was a good deal more than a plain hint. I reckon the Lord said: "He's honest, but I don't know enough about him to tell how intelligent he is." The coroner, when *he* come in, said he could n't have done better 'n that in two shots himself; but then, I'd supported him for election, 'n' thet would bias him. I want the Lord to know how I appreciate his interfering, sir,' he said, when he told me. 'I want to do more than my half.'"

It was a very tender humor that was in the Bishop's voice. It was Opper's self he was giving them. Then the deeper note came.

"Opper has been doing his full half," he said, with entire seriousness, "for six years, faithfully, honestly."

There was a little silence which threatened to prolong itself unduly. It was Mrs. Ramsden who broke it. "To the health of Mr. Opper," she said, raising her sauterne glass.

"A bumper!" added Doctor Billy, with emphasis.

"So," said the Bishop, lightly again, as he put down his glass, "Opper considers that taking care of me is a vital part of the bargain, and his anxiety over my Eastern peril is entirely genuine. If he had seen the liberties you took with my eyes this afternoon,"—he turned chaffingly to Doctor Billy,—"you would probably have been incapacitated for several months."

"Served you right, if I'd blinded you, for the way you've abused them," Doc-

tor Ramsden returned cheerfully. "Remember, that I said I'd straighten you out all right *if* you stopped all reading for a month," he said firmly, "and did as you were bid."

"But what *shall* I do?" the Bishop demanded pathetically.

"I," said Mrs. Ramsden, gaily, "will teach you 'The Idiot's Delight.'"

"Which is—" the Bishop inquired with interest.

"A simple game of solitaire," she replied, "so simple that you can think out great thoughts independently while you're playing. I've designed frocks that were dreams of loveliness—"

"That I can well believe," said the Bishop, with conviction.

"And Billy was really puzzled over a man's eyes once," Mrs. Ramsden went on, with the air of one making an astounding statement, "and right in the midst of 'The Idiot's Delight' he suddenly made up his mind just what it was."

"And was he right?" the Bishop inquired teasingly.

Mrs. Ramsden flashed him a laughing reproach.

"He is *always* right," she asserted lightly; but back of the lightness there was the accent of conviction—a conviction which Doctor Billy always found immeasurably restful: for, like many men of surface jollity, he had unexpected and unfathomable depths of introspection, and an unlimited ability for self-torture along the lines of wondering if he had done everything possible for a case.

"I am a willing pupil for 'The Idiot's Delight,'" the Bishop stated emphatically.

"I can't permit it," said Doctor Ramsden, solemnly. "Think of Oppen! I should feel it on my conscience to telegraph Oppen: 'Fascinating party teaching Bishop card game. Idiot's Delight. Wire Instructions. Stranger.' Oppen would understand *party* to be feminine and singular, I assume," he chuckled, as their mirth subsided a bit.

"Perfectly," the Bishop assured him as he finished copying the telegram in its turn. "I think Oppen would probably start East."

The demure little waitress summoned the Doctor to the 'phone.

"It was for the distinguished stranger

within our gates," he announced, coming back. "And I promised to induce you to accept. The Soldiers' Home. I look after their battered old optics, you know," he explained to the Bishop, "and when I was out there yesterday, I told them you were coming. They remember your father as though it were yesterday, and you will never be anything but the Major's son to them. Hennessey begged me to ask you to come out to-night and talk a few minutes before their Keeley Club about your father's campaigns."

"Their what?" gasped the Bishop.

"Keeley Club," Doctor Ramsden repeated. "Saloons flourish around the Home, and to old fellows with a small pension and nothing to do of course they are a lure. We've established a canteen that supplies good beer in limited quantity, to offset them in one way, and we've bought the right to use the Keeley Cure, for another. Then, to popularize it, we've organized the graduates into a Keeley Club, with pleasant rooms where they can read and smoke and hold their weekly meeting for business and entertainment. You'll go, won't you?" he urged. "We can spin out in ten minutes. They would be no end pleased."

"Of course I'll go," said the Bishop, promptly, for the memory of his soldier-father was very dear to him.

THE business meeting was already going on when they arrived, and were escorted to the platform. The room was full of old soldiers, and proceedings were being conducted with a ponderous gravity which argued an unfaltering conviction in the importance of the club.

It is possible that in the presence of their distinguished guest they were even more than usually solemn in the desire to be adequately impressive; and it is certain that the chairmen of various committees, all Hibernian, reeled off their reports with a deliberate gusto which threatened to shatter permanently the constitution of the letter *R*.

Toward the last of these, it was plain to be seen that the President, Mr. Hennessey, was slowly swelling with repressed speech. At intervals he swallowed with an aspect of severity which indicated that only that radical measure prevented his eloquence from escaping before its hour.



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MET BY MAN. SAYS HE 'S OLD FRIEND"

Doctor Ramsden, watching him with inward joy, felt that it was only merciful when time finally unleashed the dogs of oratory.

"Comr-r-ades af the Cloob," Mr. Hennessey began, "Peace has her-r-r victories no less r-renowned than War-r-r." He paused majestically, with an evident relief after the onslaught. Then, with flashing eyes and a chest that suggested an accordion in excited action, he resumed the attack.

"When we luk back upon the car-re-dor-rs af hist'ry, who do we foind sthand-in' by, and shuportin' the leaders af the people? What w'u'd Moses have done without Aar-ron, or-r the King av France widout Ri-shee-loo?"

No one apparently caring to solve this dual conundrum, Mr. Hennessey resumed:

"We who have not faalterred in folley-in' through the daanger-rs and har-ror-rs av battle, the glorious Flag av our Country—"

Here Mr. Hennessey was obliged to stop until the applause was in some measure stilled.

"We ric-cognize the mil-i-tar-ry jay-nius av a distinguished fath-ther, ray-ap-pearin' in a different for-rom in the career av his distinguished son who is prisent before us. I have the 'anner," Mr. Hennessey concluded, "to inthroduce to you wan who needs no inthroduction, The Bishop av Oretana."

Here Mr. Hennessey sat down and wiped the moisture from his empurpled countenance.

The Bishop spoke simply of the campaigns they knew so well, and they followed him with the relish for familiar detail which is inherent in those whose interests are all in the past.

When he sat down, applause came unstintedly.

It swelled again enthusiastically as some diplomatic son of Erin proposed a vote of thanks; and it was stilled only by the sight of Mr. Hennessey, rising from the chair, and advancing to the edge of the platform with the light of an unfaltering purpose in his eyes.

"In *extrardinary* circumstances, *extrardinary* measures are permissible," he began. His dramatic pause allowed the full meaning of this to penetrate their minds. "And suspending the ar-r-dinary rules av

parliamentary procedure,"—Mr. Hennessey rolled the phrase with relish,—“the Chair-r proposes that *shtandin'*, in token av unanimous consint, we do here and now elict the Bishop av Oretana, in evvi-dence av our estame, a loife-member av our Cloob."

Up swept the Club on legs of decrepitude, but spirits of gallantry. And if it had been applause before, now it was tumult. The Bishop, bowing his thanks, forbore to glance at Doctor Ramsden; and that gentleman regarded a crack in the floor with the concentrated attention he might legitimately have bestowed upon an eye with an entirely new disease.

Even when, final hospitalities over, he accompanied his friend to the brougham, silence held between them; and when, swallowed up in the friendly shelter of its darkness, the Bishop recovered enough to say faintly, "This is no place for an innocent Westerner," the Doctor only gasped: "Don't talk. Can't afford to have a stroke here. Let me see my wife first." And sinking back into his corner, continued to shake with subterranean laughter.

Mrs. Ramsden looked up from her magazine as they came in, the Bishop's expression an odd mixture of dazed astonishment and incredulous mirth, and her husband plainly spent with laughter.

"What *have* you been doing?" she demanded with interest.

Doctor Ramsden sank in a conveniently handy arm-chair.

"Some," he said weakly, "have honors thrust upon them." He gave himself up to the joys of narrative. "A loife-mimber av the Cloob," he finished; and rocked back and forth in exhausted glee.

"You planned it, Billy," Mrs. Ramsden accused him reproachfully, though her eyes danced and her lips curved mirthfully.

"Never!" sighed Doctor Billy. "I could n't have thought of anything so soul-satisfying."

The Bishop was at Mrs. Ramsden's desk, writing industriously.

He looked up with twinkling eyes.

"How is this," he demanded, "for a telegram to Oppen? 'First night in city. Elected member of Keeley Cure Club.'"

"*Woof!*" ejaculated Dr. Billy. "I 'm

getting jealous of Opper," he complained, when he could speak. "Why does n't some one send *me* a telegram? Why can't I have some fun?"

Mrs. Ramsden sped across the room.

"Oh!" she said in transit, "I quite forgot it. It is n't a telegram, but it 's a lovely letter. At least the envelop is, with a gold crest on the back, with an excited animal pawing the air. And it 's post-marked Monte Carlo. Whom do you know at Monte Carlo, Billy?" she queried, as she gave him the letter.

"Used to know one of the croupiers for a brief season," he affirmed, "but I did n't suppose he would remember raking in my modest shekels. Perhaps they are issuing invitations to the game these days. Might as well be invited to lose your money at roulette as at bridge, for all I can see."

He held the envelop off and gazed at it critically.

"Do open it," coaxed Mrs. Ramsden.

"And lose all the fun?" demanded the Doctor. "Find out that it 's just an advertisement from some hotel, when now it might be anything."

"Will you open it, or shall I?" demanded Mrs. Ramsden.

"Oh, if you insist," he gave in; and extracted the letter from its sheath.

Mrs. Ramsden and the Bishop, watching the astonishment, stupefaction, and ensuing enjoyment depicted on his countenance, felt that indeed the letter might be "anything."

"What do you think?" he demanded, looking up at last. They did n't think, of course. They were waiting to know what to think. "You remember Dick Ryerson, Jack? Dashing Dick, we called him at college; and of all harum-scarum dare-devils—yes, of course you do. Well, it 's from him. Old rolling stone that he is, he 's wound up his picturesque career by becoming private secretary to the King of Belvideo, Otto VIII, and a sweet Bohemian pair they must be."

"And that," said Mrs. Billy, breathlessly, "is the royal crest!"

"It is, sweet child," said Doctor Billy, gravely. "It represents the feeling of the Belvidian Parliament when Otto sends them the list of the kingly expenditures. In spite of all the pains he takes to liven up Belvideo, it 's far too quiet to

keep him there more than is absolutely necessary. Monte Carlo is more in his line. It seems that he 's frightened over his eyes, and Ryerson says he distrusts all European specialists, feeling that certain potent powers might consider him safer if incapacitated. 'So I boomed my celebrated American friend,' Ryerson says in parenthesis, 'and his Majesty requests you to come to Monte Carlo at once, assuring you of his willingness to pay whatever fee you may deem commensurate.' '(Belvideo pays, anyway. It does n't worry us.)' That 's another parenthesis. Otto evidently does n't look over Ryerson's letters," the Doctor commented. "As well as all expenses for yourself and suite," he finished with unction.

"Ryerson has evidently forgotten that we spell it s-w-e-e-t," he murmured; "but he means you, my dear. And we 'll go," he announced, "on the first outgoing steamer. A month's vacation appears to be just what I need. And from what Ryerson says of the regal eyes, it ought to be a very interesting case." His voice trailed off preoccupiedly, as his professional instincts took the ascendancy, and absorbed him in that portion of the letter.

"Splendid!" said Mrs. Ramsden, suddenly starry-eyed.

"Yes," said the Bishop; but there was lonesomeness in his tone. It smote upon Dr. Billy's inner consciousness, and the chord of the old good comradeship vibrated in response.

"Look here, old man, why don't you come along?" he demanded. "You can't use your optics enough to amount to anything, anyway, and the trip would do you good."

"Do come?" coaxed Mrs. Ramsden, alluringly. The Bishop hesitated.

"You really ought to be where Billy can see how you are getting on," she urged. For that wistfulness in the Bishop's tone found its way to her heart.

"I will," said the Bishop, resolutely.

"I leave for Europe with my suite, including a bishop, to-morrow afternoon," affirmed Dr. Billy, with a gesture mockly grandiose.

"That will give me just time to go to the bank, and arrange about some money," said the Bishop, cheerfully; "for of course I shall not impose upon the royal generosity. By the way, Billy," said the

Bishop, from the door of his room a moment later, "I must write one letter—to my archdeacon, you know."

"Write it in the dark, then. He'll understand. And you've used your eyes enough for to-day," the Doctor said decisively.

The Bishop looked at his trunk, and his suit-case, and the various things he had strewn about the room. Some of the things it would be absolutely foolish to cart about Europe for a month, and certain papers and documents that he had meant to attend to himself a bit later would best be sent to the archdeacon to look after. He began to sort them out.

He glanced at the well-appointed desk. Surely it would n't hurt him to write *one* letter.

He meant to write just a short one, but it strung out in spite of him. His postage-stamps were in his pocket-book, and that suggested clearing out his pockets. He smiled broadly as he came upon a yellow blank on which a number of loose leaves were banded. He slipped them out, and wrote carefully on the next sheet, "Telegrams to Oppen." He tore it out, and laid it on the top of the rest.

Then the next blank coaxed. The episcopal smile broadened. He wrote gleefully. Then he opened the door. He really could n't keep it till morning.

There were lights in Mrs. Billy's sitting-room opposite, and voices. "Here's just one more," he called to them gaily. Then he read distinctly:

"Going to Monte Carlo with Cheerful Pair to see King High."

Dr. Billy appeared in the doorway. His grin was appreciative, but he shook his head disapprovingly.

"What did I say about those eyes of yours!" he demanded. "Lights out!"

"To be sure," said the Bishop, backing into his room again, conscience-stricken; for certain queer twinges reminded him of his recent disobedience. He put the title-page outside, snapped on the rubber band, and tucked the package in one of his long envelopes. "I must clean up some of this muss to-night," he murmured.

He came across a pad of the Oretana & Pacific Express Company, and slipped it in another long envelop. That could go back to the archdeacon.

He put his arm across his tired eyes for a second. "I'll pack in the dark," he declared remorsefully. When he had turned off the lights, there was still a faint grayness in the room from a light that crept in over a transom. It served splendidly.

It was just before he tumbled into bed that he picked up an envelop from his desk, and put it in his coat-pocket, where it would be handy when he wanted it, and he tucked another envelop into an already bulky parcel on the table. Nor did he dream then, nor for many days to come, that the envelop that he slipped in his coat that night contained the express company's pad, and that within the package to the archdeacon of Oretana reposed, within its precisely similar envelop, a yellow package neatly addressed "Telegrams to Oppen."

II

THE Archdeacon of Oretana was a fussy little old gentleman, so rotund of frame and so fluent of prattle that he suggested a cheerful and beneficent bumble-bee. He was a good little man, nice and neat in mind and body, untroubled by ambition, and unvexed by the world, the flesh, or the devil.

The mainsprings of human action remained an inexplicable mystery to him, and he met all emergencies with one of two ejaculations, either, "Dear! dear! how astonishing!" or "Well! well! it may be for the best."

He wrote neat, dry, little sermons on the Mosaic dispensation, which were at least mercifully short; and read for diversion the "Lives of the Saints." He was an indefatigable parish visitor; and, it is perhaps superfluous to add, got on less well with men than with women.

He buzzed into the telegraph office one morning with even more than his ordinary vivacity.

"Good morning, Mr. Oppen," he said briskly. "I have a wonderful piece of news for you this morning. Our dear Bishop has gone abroad with some friends."

His pink-and-white countenance was flushed with the excitement of the communication, and his china-blue eyes were almost expressive.

Opper wheeled instantly in his swivel-chair.

"Gone *where?*" he demanded sharply, his somber gray eyes alert at once.

"To the south of France, Mr. Opper. Dear! dear! how astonishing!" twittered the Archdeacon. "I received a letter from him this morning, saying that he would be gone a month, and that he expected his eyes would be much benefited by the trip. It will very materially increase my responsibilities, Mr. Opper, very materially, indeed, but I shall be very glad to put my shoulder to the helm until such time as our dear Bishop is restored to us in the fulness of health and strength."

"The south of France," repeated Opper, mechanically, oblivious of side issues. "Thet's pretty fur away," he commented anxiously. He got out of his chair and came forward to the counter, running a hand through his long, grizzled locks as he was wont to do when puzzled or perplexed.

His gray flannel shirt fell away from his strong, sinewy throat, and clung softly to his broad, muscular shoulders.

"It's most *too* fur," he finished simply.

"I *think*," said the Archdeacon, fussily, "that I shall feel justified in asking the Reverend Mr. Binns of Red Neck to spend next week with me, and assist me in adjusting various matters of importance. Mr. Binns is a young man, but very zealous, very zealous."

Opper, resting his hands heavily on the counter, was gazing unseeingly across the room.

"Of course he was awful busy," Opper went on slowly, "but I should be peace-fuller in my mind 'f I 'd heard from him."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Archdeacon, "I nearly forgot it. You did, Mr. Opper. You do. A bundle came from him this morning by express, and in this envelop I found a package of telegrams, apparently addressed to you. 'Telegrams to Opper,' was written on the one outside. Naturally, I looked no further, but decided to bring you the package at once. I thought I put them in this pocket. No? How annoying, if I should have left them on my table after all! Ah, here they are!" He produced them triumphantly. "I said to myself," he went on in his neat,

cheerful, stilted little way, "doubtless the dear Bishop has sent some communication to Mr. Opper which he wishes me to hand him at once; and so writes it, 'Telegrams to Opper,' because he is always so keen for a joke. If it contains anything of general interest, you will let me know, I am sure. Bless me! It is time for matins! Good morning, Mr. Opper."

"Mornin'" said Opper, mechanically, as the little man bustled out.

He held the yellow package tenderly.

"He did n't forgit," he said softly. "But why did n't he use the wire?"

He snapped off the rubber band and read the first message.

"'Cheyenne. Still unharmed.' That was his jolly, I reckon," he chuckled.

He read the next one twice, and shook his head.

"Askin' the time 's an awful old dodge," he murmured. "'N' *we* give him that watch. He 'd feel awful bad."

At the third, his brow corrugated.

"I wonder," he meditated, "whether that 'young widow' 'n' the 'pious stranger' ever happened to exchange any remarks. Don't sound right, some way."

He noted by the first word on the next page that the Bishop had arrived at his destination. "Says he 's old friend," he read in a horrified whisper. "There 's a gang of 'em! He should n't have gone alone!" He spoke savagely into space.

Then "'Insisted my going home with him. Threatened asylum. No escape!" He struck his fist savagely on the counter. "'N' I jus' got it!" he whispered hoarsely.

"'Fascinating party teaching Bishop card game.' Ah," he cried savagely, "Goin' to make it pleasant for him now! Threatenin' business did n't work, 'n' the lady takes a hand. She 's losin' her vallyble time! He 's the straightest man alive! 'Idiot's Delight. Wire Instructions, Stranger.' 'Idiot's Delight,' can't mean *him*. He 's playin' with 'em to gain time; but this stranger don't know that. Sees a crooked game. How 'd he know about me? Why, it 's jus' 'Telegraph-Operator, Oretana City.' Thet pair saw him though, 'n' got hold of it."

"'First night in the city. Elected member Keeley Cure Club.' No!" he cried unbelievably, protestingly, ~~doubt-~~



Drawn by Leon Gupton Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'HIM!' HE SAID SIMPLY"

ing the evidence of his own eyes. He sat down heavily.

"Drunk,"—his voice rasped raucously,—" 'n' gloryin' in it!" His eyes smoldered somberly; his shoulders dropped, sorrow-stricken.

"Him!" he said simply; and the anguished monosyllable showed the height and the depth. He picked up the last sheet wearily. What did anything matter now!

" 'Going to Monte Carlo with Cheerful Pair to see King High.' Corralled!" he said dully, "by a pair of poker sharps, plannin' some cussedness over to that French hell!"

" 'N' these," he said, holding the loose sheets off at arm's length, "how 'd I get 'em at all? He must have found out they wa'n't sent, and got hold of 'em, and stuck 'em in unbeknownst. 'Thet 's it!" he cried excitedly. "They let him fix up an easy story to send back to the church, but he wanted Oppen to know the truth—Oppen that he 'd been callin' on fer advice and help. 'N' it 's too late! He 's off in foreign parts!" he groaned. "I can't save him now."

"I won't hev it!" he shouted suddenly, truculently. "He 's got to be saved!" He stood up and stretched out his brawny arms.

"Lord!" he said, with reverently closed eyes, "I 've got to save him. Show me the way! You helped me when my hands was bound and my feet was bound; 'n' they 're free now, 'n' there 's work I 've got to do. Show me the way!" Faith rang in his tones, and the fervency of his appeal demanded, nay, claimed as its right, an immediate response. He opened his eyes. They sought eagerly; and rested on a picture hanging on the office wall. It was an advertisement of a certain line of transatlantic steamers; and they represented an ocean greyhound speeding through waters of intense blue.

" 'Thet 's it!" he shouted exultantly. "I 've got to go! And 'thet 's the way! I 'll bring him back. His life sha'n't be sp'iled. Somebody 's slippin' most of the time, 'n' if the Lord c'n keep from gettin' discouraged, the rest of us ought to. This is your business as much as mine, Lord," he said conversationally, "'n' I reckon we c'n pull it out all right between us. Patch it up 'n' make the best of it. Can't

be quite the same as before, though. Even you can't make things unhappen 'thet have happened. But if you could, 'n' 't wa'n't no more trouble to you, if you'd just unhappen it, 'n' take it out of me *hard*, instead, I 'd be so glad I 'd *laugh*."

He sat quite still, expectantly, for a moment. Then he rose and shook himself as a St. Bernard might have done. "I reckon that was asking *too* much," he remarked. "Well, I 'm glad I 've got fifteen hundred in the bank. It may take it all."

He swept his private effects into a drawer and locked it; caught up a crimson silk scarf, and knotted it fiercely under his chin, as a concession to Eastern conventions; rammed his arms defiantly into his buckskin coat; and wiped off his broad-brimmed hat with a hasty swish of his elbow.

He began to plan ahead. He could stop at Tredmore's office, and arrange for some one to take his place for a month. Tredmore was an old friend of his. There would be no trouble about that. Mentally he sped eastward until it was almost a shock to hear his own office door open, something fall on the desk behind him, and a brisk slam announcing prompt departure. He turned mechanically. There lay a long, white envelop, addressed to him in the Bishop's handwriting. He tore it open savagely.

An inner envelop fell on the floor heavily.

If he began to read in the anguish of a dry-eyed grief, it was not long before surprise came: his face relaxed. It was a long letter. The Bishop had been in his most jovial mood. He had gone into details. One by one those messages were cleared up. Catastrophe became cheer. Chuckles began; though with them Oppen wiped away the tears that relief brought. He picked up the envelop on the floor, and took from it the Express Company's pad. He fished out the telegrams and their envelop. Their similarity explained that. "He mixed those babies up!" he murmured with relish.

It was only when he sat back in his chair to consider the matter more calmly that his eyes went as far as the steamship picture. He whistled expressively.

"To think," he said slowly, "I had so little faith in a man I 'd knowed so well

thet I *offered* to have things fixed up as I did at first. S'pose I 'd stopped there, 'n' the Lord had let me. 'N' it had been that way! Ain't it lucky," he demanded with conviction, "thet I asked him if he could just as well unhappen it 'n' take it out of me! And he did! MY! my! what a square game it is!" He smiled a smile of intense satisfaction. He picked up the telegrams again, to read them more lingeringly, punctuating their perusal with frequent bursts of merriment.

The Bishop's intuition had been quite right when he decided to send them, with full explanations, to Oppen. The good comradeship it implied, that was the great thing. He held the last one in his fingers, and his smile became the vague introspective smile of a mind in creative process.

"There ain't no one quite like him," he murmured affectionately. "Think of his thinkin' of 'em! 'N' think of his thinkin'

to send 'em on to me to enjoy! He don't forget his friends, no matter who he 's with. I wonder," he queried suddenly, "if he 'll get introduced to the King? Like as not he 'll get to know him real well." It was while he was meditating on the possibilities thus opened up that the great thought struck him.

"Telegrams bein' the fashion," he remarked with intense joy, "I reckon I 'll send one. A cablegram. I feel like blowin' myself off to something good 'n' expensive. 'N' I c'n get his *address* from Little Pink Cheeks there."

And he proceeded to indite what was probably the most unecclesiastical cablegram that ever reached an appreciative and fun-loving Bishop on foreign shores;

*If you 've got a Cheerful Pair with you, don't be afraid to see King High.
Oppen.*

MINE ENEMY

BY ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD

HE smiled beneath the thing which made me quail,
And bore him bravely on that blighting day.
God made mine enemy to me a light;
For he could bear, while I had heart to fail.
How can I falter in the weary way.
Knowing mine enemy would walk upright?

TO THE SEA

BY WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

THE earth is our mother, but thou—thou art father of us and of time;
For all things now were not when thou wast strong in thy prime.
There was silence first, and then darkness, and under the garment of these
Was the body of thee in thy might, with its infinite mysteries.
And God alone was aware of thy presence and power and form;
And out of His knowledge foresaw His will in thy calm and storm.
Answering unto His will, He gave thee lordship and crown,
And bade the kingdoms of man to worship thee and bow down.
For earth He made out of dust, for change and defeat in the blast;
But thee He made eternal, through aeons and aeons to last.
Unmarked by sun or wind, and supreme where thy waves are tossed;
Not an inch of thy beauty to perish, nor an ounce of thy might to be lost.



— DIFFERENT LIFE IN A BARELY — — — — — THE A. DRESS BY NE. — — — — — BY EUNICE & CAMERON.

THE FAIRY IN THE SILVER DRESS

PAINTED BY HOWARD G. CUNNING
(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

XII

"WAS it—*could* it be?" Bella asked mutely, with wildly beating heart.

Hildegarde, too, was wide-eyed and pale, though even in the dusk, plain to see the vigorous, upstanding figure was not a bent old man's. Bella felt the happy blood come flooding back about her heart, only to ebb again with a suddenness so mighty, that it seemed to withdraw from her not gladness only, but volition and all feeling—to want to carry out life itself upon its backward tide.

For the man had trodden down the flowers in the border, and pushed his way through the syringa thicket. He stood at the open window, looking in.

"Well, Mr. Louis Cheviot," said Mrs. Mar, with an affectation of calmness, "where did *you* drop from?" And then Hildegarde's helmeted figure rose up like some spirit of woman out of another time. But she stood quite still, and she looked as if she knew she was dreaming.

Cheviot vaulted over the low sill, and came toward her with eyes of wonder. "What 's all this for? Why are you like that?" He had grasped her hand.

"That absurd thing on her head? It was to show the boys. A ball—"

"Are you *sure* you are you?" Hildegarde found her voice at last.

"Much surer than I am that you are you. I saw your light from the street, and I felt I could n't possibly wait to go round and ring the bell. I thought I must come and look in and see what you were like; though I must say I did n't expect—" He was shaking hands with Mrs. Mar now, but he looked over his shoulder at the tall, white figure, and past it to Bella. "I believe I've succeeded in

scaring at least one of the party. How do you do, Bella? Feel me. I'm not a ghost."

"My dear boy," interrupted Mrs. Mar, speaking in her most matter-of-fact tone, "sit down and tell us all about it." She, at all events, was not too agitated to put her marker in the book before she closed it, and she took up her crochet.

Hildegarde was still standing there, with her helmet in her hand. "Are you—are you alone?" she asked.

"Yes, alone."

"I suppose you've heard nothing of Mr. Mar?" said Mrs. Mar, who had never in her life been heard to refer to that gentleman in any more intimate fashion.

"Oh, yes, I have." Cheviot sat down, but Hildegarde still stood there. "I was with him between five and six months."

"With father! Has he been to the Klondike, too?"

"No; but I've been to Golovin."

"Your last letter, nine months ago, said you were coming by the next boat," Mrs. Mar arraigned him.

"Yes; but I had n't heard from Hildegarde when I wrote that."

"What difference did that make?"

"The difference of my following her suggestion to look out for Mr. Mar. I had to go to Golovin to do that."

"Is that where he is now?" demanded his wife. "Why on earth has n't he written?"

Cheviot felt in his inner pocket as he said: "No, Mr. Mar's at Nome."

"At Nome!"

"He—he's not ill?" faltered Hildegarde.

"No; on the contrary, he's better than he's been for years."

"Then what on earth 's he doing at Nome?" demanded Mrs. Mar. "Why did n't he go to the place he 's been talking about for—"

"He did."

"Well?"—and then with a peculiar incisiveness—"What 's he got to show for it all?"

Cheviot did not wonder that Mar would rather not return to face that particular look in the polished onyx eyes. "I don't know,"—he hesitated,— "that there 's very much to show—as yet."

"That *ought n't* to surprise anybody." The lady turned the highly polished stones in her head with an added glitter. "When is he coming home?" asked Hildegarde, with a pitiful lip.

"Perhaps next summer."

"Perhaps!" echoed the girl.

Even Mrs. Mar stopped crocheting a moment. "Hush, Hildegarde. Let him tell us. Have you just come? have you had anything to eat?"

"Oh, thank you—in the train. First of all, I must give you the letters he 's sent." He handed one to Mrs. Mar, and one to Hildegarde. Another he laid on the table under the lamp. It was addressed to Messrs. Trennor and Harry Mar. Mother and daughter hurriedly read and exchanged letters.

"Well, Miss Bella, how 's the world treating you?" Cheviot talked away in his old half-ironic fashion to the pale girl putting away a heap of tangled silver thread, and other odds and ends, in a work-box.

Mrs. Mar's eye, grown harder in the last moments, fell upon the envelop under the lamp. She did not scruple to tear it open; but there was little enlightenment even in the epistle to "the boys."

"He says you 'll give us the particulars." Mrs. Mar flung the notice at Cheviot, as if plainly to advertise her intention to hold him responsible if those same particulars were not reassuring.

Cheviot told briefly how he had found Mr. Mar at the mission, how an eaves-dropper had overheard their private talk, and how Mr. Mar reached his journey's end only to find that the thirty-year-old secret had been filched from him,

and other men, who had n't known about it three days, had gathered in the harvest.

"Not all—surely father got *something*?"

"By the time he reached Anvil Creek he found it staked from end to end."

Mrs. Mar was plying the crochet-needle with a rapidity superhuman. "Of course he 'd be too late," she said with a deadly quietness. "Give him thirty years' start, and he 'll be too late."

"It was an outrage that a handful of men should have been able to gobble the entire creek," said Cheviot, hurriedly. "The laws will be changed beyond a doubt. They 're monstrous. Every miner has been able to take out a power of attorney, and he could locate for his entire family, for all his friends—even for people who don't exist."

"And those missionaries took it all!"

"Not the missionaries. They were chivied out of the game by a reindeer herder they 'd let into the secret. It 's too long a story to tell you now, but the herder gave the missionaries the slip, and got word to some friends of his. The rascals formed a district and elected a recorder. By the time we got there, there was n't an inch left for the man who 'd discovered the gold."

In the pause, Hildegarde hunted wildly in her mind for something to say—something that would prevent her mother from speaking; but the girl's tongue could find no word, her mind refused to act.

Fortunately the story had reduced even Mrs. Mar to silence.

"In the end Christianson and Bjork did n't fare much better than Mr. Mar, though I believe they got something. But the herder and his friends are millionaires."

It was more than one of the company could bear. Mrs. Mar got up and left the room.

Cheviot met Hildegarde's eyes. There was that in his face that gave her the sense of leaning on him in spirit—of being in close alliance with him.

"Poor, poor father!" she said in a half-whisper. "Does he take it dreadfully to heart?"

"Well, you can imagine it was n't an easy thing to bear."

"No; but why is n't he here? We 'll all help him to bear it."

Cheviot looked at the door through which Mrs. Mar had disappeared. His eyes said plain as print: "Will she?"

"But father must come home!" Hildegarde broke in on the eloquent silence, as though upon some speech of Cheviot's. "What is he thinking of? He does n't mean—"

Her agitation was so great she hardly noticed that Bella had finished putting the things away in the work-box, and was leaving the room. The moment she had shut the door: "He can't face it," said Cheviot.

"Oh, but that 's madness. He must be told that we—that I—he *must* come home. Why it 's the most dreadful thing I ever heard of in my life—his bearing it all alone." Her tears were falling. "Tell me—there 's nothing in the letters. Louis,"—she leaned forward,—“you and I always tell each other the truth, don't we?"

"I 'm afraid so," he said with his old look.

"Then tell me *what 's* in father's mind. What has he said to you?"

"That he will stay up there till—somehow—he has either made his pile or made his exit."

The girl laid her head down beside the shining helmet on the table and wept convulsively.

"I had to tell you." Cheviot had come close to her, and his voice was half-indignant, half-miserable.

She put out a hand and grasped his arm: "Thank you. You—you have been good. His letter to me says that you—that you—Louis,"—suddenly she lifted her wet face,—“I *am* 'unendingly grateful.'"

"Well, I hope you 'll get over it." He drew his arm out of her grasp, and walked about the room.

Hildegarde followed him with tear-wet eyes that grew more and more bewildered. "I can't understand how you 're here. I thought navigation would n't be open for a month."

"Nearer two."

"Then how—how—"

"I came out with dogs over the ice."

She stared incredulous. "*How* did you come?"

"Round the coast of Norton Bay, down across the Yukon, and over to the Kuskoquim, and then by the old Russian route to Kadiak Island."

"How in the world did you know the way?"

"Part of the time I had native guides."

"Was n't it a very terrible journey?"

"I don't know that I 'd do it again."

"And when you got down to Kadiak Island?"

"I waited a week for the boat."

"They run in winter?"

"Yes. Kadiak comes in for a swing eastward of the warm Japanese current. The boats ply regularly to Sitka."

"It must have taken you a long time to do all that first part on your own two feet."

He did n't answer.

"When did you see father last?"

"On the morning of the 8th of December, when I cracked my whip over my dog-team, and turned my back on Nome."

"Heavens! Why that 's—"

"Over three months ago." Most men would have paused a moment for contemplation of their prowess or at least of their hardships, but Cheviot was ready to put his achievement at once and forever behind him—ready not only to imagine the general interest somewhere else, but to lead the way thither. "To be exact, it was three months and sixteen days ago; but he was all right when I left him, and he had supplies."

"Has he any friends?"

"He 's got a dog he 's very thick with and he 's got a comfortable tent."

"A tent in that climate?"

"It 's all anybody has. No lumber for cabins, little even for sluices, hardly enough for rockers, to rock out the dust, you know. Wood is dearer than gold."

"A tent!"

"I assure you, there was only one thing he was really in want of."

"What was that?"

"Some way to get word to you. He knew you 'd be anxious. He wants you not to take his failure to heart. He thinks a great deal about that—because he says you helped—"

"Yes, yes."

"He wanted me to make it quite clear to you that, in spite of everything, he was n't sorry he 'd tried it. And you

must n't be sorry, either. You must write to him, Hildegarde, and reassure him."

She nodded, and turned away her face, and she put up her hand like one who could not bear much more.

"He was *afraid* you were fretting about him. I never saw him more awfully pleased and glad than when I made up my mind to come out over the ice."

"That appalling journey! You did it for him?"

"No, I did n't."

He waited as if for a sign; and then, speaking almost surlily: "I did it for myself," he said. "I 'd been away long enough."

"Yes," said Hildegarde; "yes, indeed."

"I could n't bear it any longer, sitting there in the dark and cold and the—" she raised her eyes—"the—oh, it 's not such a bad place as people make out—if you are n't eating your heart out to know—"

"What 's father doing?" she asked hastily.

"Waiting to hear from you. Waiting, like everybody else, for the ice to go out."

"What will he do when the ice goes out?"

"He 's got some claims," Cheviot lowered his voice to say. "He does n't want anybody but you to know, for fear there 's nothing in them. But as soon as the frost is enough out of the ground to yield to pick and shovel, he means to rock out a few tons of gravel and *see*."

"Do it himself!" Then, as Cheviot did n't answer at once, "It 's simply dreadful! It 's—I can't bear it!" She hid her face.

"Don't, Hildegarde! I wish you would n't cry."

"Are you going back there?"

"No; oh no. I 'm not even going back to the Klondike."

Mrs. Mar opened the door behind them. "It must be hours since you made that miserable meal in the train," she said. "Come in here and have some supper."

Cheviot would have declined, but that he knew he must some time submit to a tête-à-tête. Best get it over.

After the dining-room door shut behind her mother and Cheviot, Hildegarde still sat there. The only movement about

the white figure under the lamp was the salt water that welled up constantly and constantly overflowed the wide, sad eyes. The handle of the other door turned softly; a girl's face looked in.

"Bella!" The motionless figure rose out of the chair, and the one at the threshold came swiftly in. "Bella,"—the voice was muffled,—"*my father—my father does n't mean ever to come home.*"

The incoming figure stopped. "Do the letters say that?" Bella asked, awestruck.

"No; Louis says so."

"Well, I think it was very heartless of him."

"No, it was n't. I made him. It would have been infinitely worse to be always waiting."

"To be always waiting is perhaps the worst," said Bella, with lowered eyes.

"Yes, that is worst of all."

Bella roused herself, and came nearer to her friend. "But for Mr. Mar—why, it 's impossible. Don't you believe it, dear. It 's absurd to think—"

"He 'll never come back. You 'll see, he 'll never come back, unless—"

"Unless—"

"Unless"—Hildegarde cleared her tear-veiled voice—"unless some one goes and brings him home."

"Louis Cheviot?"

"Don't you see he 's failed? He 's been enormously kind, he 's been wonderful, but he could n't get my father to come home."

"Are you thinking one of the boys might—"

Hildegarde shook her head. "They could n't make him."

"Who could?"

Hildegarde looked round the room with eyes that again were filling. But they came back to Bella's face. "Father would do it for *me*," she said. "Don't you know he would?"

"Well," said the other, staring, "if not for you, for no one."

"Yes, yes, he 'd do it for me." Hildegarde moved about the room with a restlessness unusual in her. She went to each window in turn, pulled down the blinds, and drew the curtain; and still she moved about the room. Excitement had drunk her tears. Her face was full of light.

Bella did not stir, but no look or move

of Hildegard's escaped her. She fixed her eyes on the gleaming dragons that crawled at the hem of Hildegard's skirt. The voices in the next room were audible, but not the words.

Across the street, the tireless female had again struck up her favorite march.

"You 'd have to go alone," Bella said presently.

"Yes, I 'd have to go alone."

"It 's an awful journey."

"I suppose so."

"Yes; and the people—the roughest sort of people."

"I would n't be afraid—at least not much."

"I should n't dare to."

"No, no; you 're younger. And, besides, even if I were the younger, I 'm the one who could do it." Not often that Hildegard laid herself open to a charge of arrogance. "Yes," she said, with rising excitement; "I could do it; only"—and the high look fell—"it costs a great deal."—She stood quite still, looking down upon Brunhild's shield, which showed on the dark carpet like a pool of gleaming water. Still that maddening piano over the way!—"The boys would n't help me," Hildegard thought out loud. "They 've already—they 'll be disgusted enough as it is." She sat down, still with her eyes on the shield, as if she did n't dare lose sight of it a moment. "Of course, mother would n't dream," after a little pause,—and Louis would say I was mad. But I must think, I must think." She dropped her tilted chin on her hand, and still, like one hypnotized, she stared at the metal disk shining there in the shadow. "I must find a way. Father shall not be left up there another winter."

Nothing more, till Bella brought out quite low the words: "I could get you the money."

"*Bella!*" Hildegard dropped her hand and sat back. "Would you?"

Instead of answering, "I would n't dare to go myself," Bella said.

"Oh, *you* could n't possibly,"—had Bella really meant that she might lend,—even if there were any need of it, *you* could n't go." Hildegard's lips only were saying words; her mind was already faring away on an immense and wonderful journey that she—*she* was competent

to undertake. "You are n't the kind, anyway," she wound up bluntly, coming back.

"Nobody would think you were the kind, either—nobody but me."

"Yes, yes. You 've always understood that I was n't a bit like what people thought." And, indeed, few who supposed they knew Hildegard Mar but would have been surprised at the look in her face to-night, for once betraying not alone a passionate partizanship with her father's stranded and embittered existence, but the glow that even the thought of "going to the rescue" may light in a generous heart, and reflect in the quietest face.

"You could do anything you meant to," said Bella, marveling a little at the new beauty in her friend—"anything. But this—you 'd have to be very brave to go on such a—"

"No, I would n't. I *long* to go."

No great surprise to Bella, this admission that Hildegard the reticent, the cold, was really burning with all sorts of eagerness that had never been suffered expression.

But there was something more here to-night. Like many another, Hildegard could have gone through hardship and suffering for the sake of any one she loved; but the look on her face, as she sat there under the light, revealed the fact that this journey Bella shrank from even thinking of, that Hildegard herself had called "appalling," made yet its own strange appeal to the girl apart from love of her father, independent of the joy of service.

"You think if I did it, it would be because I 'm brave and a good daughter—and things like that. No, it 's none of those things. It 's because, while other people have been going to New York and to Mexico, to London and to Paris, and—and—the farther places—while they 've traveled north, south, east, west, I 've sat here in this little house in Valdivia and sewed, and planned a garden, and heard everybody else saying good-by—and listened to that woman over the way playing 'Partant pour la Syrie,' and have still stayed here, and sewed, and gardened, and only *heard* about the world. I 've done it long enough. I 'm going to the North, too!"

Hildegarde stood up with eyes that looked straight forward into space. A movement from the other seemed to bring the would-be traveler back. "If anybody will help me," she said, turning her eyes on Bella's face.

The younger girl was on her feet. In the silence the two moved toward each other. Bella lifted her arms and threw them about Hildegarde's neck. "I've told you I'll help you."

"I love you very much already, but if you'd do that for me—" the shining eyes pieced out the broken phrase.

Bella turned her graceful little head toward the dining-room door. Cheviot had raised his voice. But they could n't hear the words.

"There's only one thing,"—Bella spoke in a whisper,—“just think a moment—all these hundreds of miles with a dog-team over the ice, in an Arctic winter! If anybody else had done such a thing, we should never have heard the last of it. The world would n't be long in having another book on heroism in high latitudes. But we all know *that* man,”—she moved her head in the direction of the voice,—“we'll never hear of it again. He's done that gigantic journey just for you”—Hildegarde disengaged herself—“to be with you again. And here you are planning to go away. It is n't my business, but—I think you'll be making a terrible mistake, Hildegarde, if you—”

Her friend turned from her with unusual abruptness.

“He's nicer than ever,” Bella persisted. “He's charming. I always said so.”

“And I always said”—Hildegarde stopped and looked at Bella with an odd intentness—“you're a nicer girl than you used to be.”

“Thank you,” said the other, smiling faintly; but she saw that she had failed.

“And I don't mean because you're willing to help me in this.”

“What do you mean?”

“There'd be only one thing that could prevent my letting you lend me the money.”

“Well, you certainly need n't worry about paying it back.”

“It would take two or three years; but that could be managed now that Trenn

and Harry want to give me an allowance. It is n't that.”

Bella waited, wondering.

“It is that I could n't take a great, great help from you, and go so far away, carrying anything in my heart that—that I'd kept hid—anything that concerned you.”

A quick fear leaped into Bella's face.

“For one might n't come back, you know,” the other added.

“There's only one thing we've never straightened out,” said Bella, “and that's *my* tangle.”

“I have my share in the thing, I mean. But I said you could n't do now—what you did—when you were little.”

“Oh!” Bella drew a sharp breath of relief. “When I was little! I know, *I* was a beast.”

“You told Louis Cheviot about the altar, and the patron saint; about—”

“Yes,” said Bella, hastily. “It was pretty mean of me, but I was only twelve.”

“It was n't only when you were twelve.” Gratitude, common prudence, should have bridled Hildegarde's tongue, but there was something of the Judgment Day about this hour. Hearts must needs be opened and secrets known. “It was after,” she went on, driven by this new necessity to leave nothing hidden if she was to take Bella's help. “It was six years after, when you were eighteen. You had gone away knowing quite well how—how I was feeling about—you knew how I was feeling. Yet you could write pretty heartlessly, considering all things, that gay letter about your engagement. You could write with that insincere air of expecting me to be as happy as you were—”

“You surely see it would have been unpardonable of me to have sympathized with you. I *had* to assume you did n't care. You would have done the same.”

“No, I would n't.”

Bella looked at her. “That's true,” she said quite low. “You would have shown that you were sorry for me, even in the middle of being happy yourself. You could have done it and not hurt. But I could n't. I did n't know how. The nearest I could come to it was just to pretend I thought you'd got over it—that you did n't care any longer.”

They looked at each other a moment without speaking. Bella, with quivering face, glided forward.

"Dearest, dearest,"—she took Hildegard's hand, she caught it to her breast,—"you are n't going to let him—the other—spoil *two* lives!"

"At least I 'm ready to risk what 's sure to happen."

"What 's sure to happen?"

"His coming while I 'm away." Hildegard flung out the words with a passion Bella had never seen in her before. "Yes, that 's what will happen. I shall have waited for him at home here all my life *till* this summer. And this summer, while I 'm gone, he 'll come to Valdivia. You 'll see! He 'll come."

XIII

No prevision of Hildegard's as to Cheviot's disapproval of her plan approached the degree to which he fought against her going to the North.

Mrs. Mar, secretly dismayed at her husband's willingness to stay away indefinitely, was not ill content for once to see the "stolid Hildegard" stirred to action. It satisfied a need in the mother that the daughter had never ministered to before. Hildegard was the sort of girl who could take excellent care of herself, and her health was superb. She had no important concerns, as the boys had, to chain her at home. She was not the mother of a family, or even President of the Shakspeare Society. The welfare of the Hindus would be wholly unaffected by her departure. The journey was quite unlike that terrible one involved in going to the Klondike. It could be made in a comfortable ship, the whole of it by sea. Her mother would go with her to the steamer, and Hildegard would stay on board till her father met her at the Alaskan port.

But they had all reckoned without Cheviot.

He refused to take the idea seriously at first, and when he did,—oh, he was serious enough then!

"The maddest scheme that ever entered a sane head!" She had no conception of what such a journey was like. The ships were the most uncomfortable in the world,—freight-boats with no ac-

commodation for women,—the food appalling; the company—oh, it did n't even bear talking about!

But Cheviot did talk of it,—to Bella,—when he discovered her complicity, and so effectually he talked that she withdrew her support.

Hildegard was speechless with indignation. What spell had he cast that Bella could "go back" on her word? Truly a thing to depend upon—Bella's friendship.

"Oh, please try to understand. I was always frightened at the idea, even before Louis told me—"

"Why should you be frightened?" said Hildegard, sternly. "It is n't as if I were a rescue-party, and my little journey were to the other side of the world. I should n't sail from Norway, and I should n't catch up with anybody in Franz Josef Land."

"Hildegard! You 've never spoken to me like that before in your life."

"Well, I can't say you 've never failed me before."

Bella, with flushed face, got up to leave the room. "You think I 'm backing out only because of what Louis says; but I meant to tell you it would have been terrible to me to be responsible for your going, after what you said that night Louis came home."

"What did I say?"

"That this summer, while you 're gone—"

"Well?"

"There will be news."

"You mean from—"

"Yes,"—Bella steeled herself,—"as soon as I 'd got you out of the way."

Hildegard winced. Rather dreadful that she should have said that to Bella; too like what the average male critic would expect. "Did I say *you*, Bella? I only meant Fate."

"You were sure he would come this summer. Stay and see."

"It 's only if I 'm not here that John Galbraith will come."

Hildegard had a final interview with the arch culprit, Cheviot.

"I had no idea you could be like this," she said toward the close.

"Then it 's as well you should know."

It ended in a breach. He came no more to the house. Hildegard passed

him in the street with lowered eyes. And Bella had gone home.

THE spring went creeping by.

Now June was gone, even July; still no news.

"You see," said Hildegarde, dully, "father is n't coming back."

August was waning—not even a letter; and from that other more terrible North no syllable of the tidings that, to reach those two waiting in California, must come round by the Old World, and all across the New.

"He is dead," Hildegarde said to herself, and it was not of Nathaniel Mar she thought.

The boys had generously sent their father both money and advice. He was recommended to use the sight draft on the Alaska Commercial Company for the purpose of buying his home passage by the very next ship.

At last, when the season was drawing to a close, news! Not that expected, but something no man had looked for. Gold had been discovered in the sands of the Nome beach.

Men who had been stranded there, arriving too late for a claim on the creeks, a broken and ragged horde, were now persons of substance and of cheerful occupation—that of "rocking out" from fifty to a hundred dollars a day upon the beach at Nome. The gold was not here alone, but under the moss and the coarse grass of the tundra. It clung to the roots when you pulled up the sedgy growths. It was everywhere. What was the contracted little valley of the Klondike compared with this!

"The greatest of all the New World gold-fields has been found. A region vaster than half a dozen Eastern States, sown broadcast with gold dust and nuggets. Easy to reach and easy to work."

Here was the poor man's country. If you did n't want to rock out a fortune for yourself, you could earn fifteen dollars a day working for others.

"The beach for miles is lined with miners' tents. Anvil City (hereafter to be called Nome) is booming."

"Building lots that six months ago were worth nothing, to-day bring thousands of dollars.

"Where, a year ago, was only a bare,

wind-swept beach on Bering Sea,—one of the most desolate places to be found on earth, beside which the Yukon country has a fine climate,—there is to-day a city of several thousand people, surrounded by the richest placer-diggings the world has seen."

The gold-laden miners, returning to Seattle by the last boats of the autumn, told the reporters with a single voice: "The world has known nothing like Cape Nome."

Tongues went trumpeting the mighty news, pens flew to set it down, and the telegraph-operators flicked the tidings from one end of the earth to the other.

The word "Nome," which had meant nothing for so long to any man but Mar, became a syllable of strangest portent, stirring imaginations that had slept before, heralding hope to despairing thousands, setting in motion a vast machinery of ships and strange devices and complicated human lives.

New lines of steamships bought up every craft that could keep afloat; companies were formed to exploit the last new gold-saving device; men who had fallen out of the ranks returned to the struggle, saying: "After all, there 's Nome."

"And this is the moment Mr. Mar will naturally choose for turning his back on the North." It was so that his wife successfully masked her secret anxiety for his return. It was as if she resented so sorely her growing uneasiness about him; fought so valiantly against the slow-dawning consciousness of the share she had in his exile, that she must more than ever veil secret self-criticism by openly berating him. Above all, she must disguise the impatience with which she awaited his return "this autumn at the latest." "Now," she would say—"now that even he could n't fail to make a good thing by staying, he—oh, yes, to be sure, *he* 'll come hustling home!" If only she had been the man!

One of the last boats brought a letter. There *was* gold in the beach sand, Mar wrote, but every inch was being worked over and over, and its richness had been exaggerated. The place was overrun with the penniless and the desperate. The United States military post established there was powerless to maintain law and



Illustration by F. L. Bennecke. The illustration plate engraved by H. C. Merri.

"I KNOW YOU 'LL DO YOUR BEST FOR ME," HILDEGARDE SAID ANXIOUSLY."

order. Drunkenness, violence, crime were the order of the day. The beach was a strange and moving spectacle.

"Spectacle! He goes and looks on!" was Mrs. Mar's way of disguising her dismay. He returned the boys' money, "since it was sent for a purpose so explicit." He was "staying in."

Other letters, brought by the same steamer, told what Mr. Mar had omitted to mention: that typhoid fever was at work as well as those gold-diggers on the famous beach. Men were dying like flies.

THE third winter came down, and the impregnable ice walls closed round "the greatest gold camp on the globe."

"Typhoid! Even if he escapes, he will stay up there till he dies, unless—" Hildegarde was glad she had not yet bought anything for the coming season. In spite of her brothers' allowance, she would become a miser, hoarding every coin that came her way. She would make her old gowns do, even without Bella's transforming fingers. She thought twice even about spending car-fare. To eke out her resources, she would sell Bella's beautiful presents, and the first boat that went north in the spring should carry Hildegarde to her father—or to his grave.

It was gray business waiting for this first summer of the century. What news might one expect from a man lost four years ago between Norway and Franz Josef Land? What from that other in the nearer-by North, where men dug gold and fought typhoid? What fatality was it that made of all hope and all desire a magnetic needle? Hildegarde remembered how Bella to the question, "Why do you suppose there 's this mania among us for the North?" had answered: "I don't know, unless it is that we have the South at home. Perhaps Hudson Bay people and Finlanders dream of the equator. I don't know. But I 've heard that nothing so afflicts a Canadian as hearing their country called "Our Lady of the Snows." I think there never was such a beautiful name. But it may be because I live with orange-blossoms all about me."

Certainly it was harder waiting without Bella. Together each year they had hoped for news. Now, apart, they feared

it. Oddly enough, what helped Hildegarde through the heavy time was the establishment of an understanding, half-incredulous, wholly unavowed, between her and her mother. Mrs. Mar was on her side, else why did she save up every newspaper reference to the new gold camp to read aloud as Hildegarde sat at her sewing?

But if there was anything about typhoid in the paper, Hildegarde had to find it out for herself. Little by little she knew that, however deterred her mother had been by Cheviot's onslaught the spring before, she was either consciously or unconsciously coming to look favorably on Hildegarde's old plan.

What the inexperience of the girl could not guess was that Mr. Mar's absence had taught his wife several things, and that lady had no inclination to gather another year's harvest of the bitter fruit. If Hildegarde could get him to come home, Hildegarde ought to be supported, in spite of Cheviot and the boys. But real confidence between them was so little easy that Hildegarde said nothing to her mother of her plan to raise money by selling the beautiful necklace and the hair ornaments and things that Bella had from time to time brought home to her from abroad. Hildegarde would go to a man she could trust—"the family jeweler," as they called the person whose high office had been to restore the pins to brooches that Mrs. Mar's energetic fingers had wrenched off, and to mend Mr. Mar's grandfather's watch-chain when it broke, as it used, two or three times every year.

To the family jeweler, then, Hildegarde took her box of treasures. "What are they worth?"

The little man screwed a glass in his eye and examined rare stones and Renaissance enamel with an omniscient air.

"I know you 'll do your best for me," Hildegarde said anxiously.

"Of course, certainly, Miss Mar. Not very new are they?"

"New! Oh, no, they 're old and very valuable."

"Yes. H'm. Yes."

"I need all you can possibly get me for them, Mr. Simonson."

"I 'll examine them thoroughly, Miss Mar; and let you know."

As she went out, there was Bella coming down the street. Acting on an impulse, Hildegarde turned off the main thoroughfare, pretending not to see. But it made her heart sore to think: "Bella in Valdivia, and not with us! I not even to know!"

Miss Wayne went into the familiar Simonson's. "Was that Miss Mar who was here a moment ago?"

"Yes."

"Oh, is it broken? That's the necklace I got for her in Rome."

"No; not broken. I suppose you don't remember what you gave for it?"

Miss Bella put on her most beguiling air, and took the old man into her confidence. She would buy the things herself, and pay him a commission, and he was not to say but what a San Francisco dealer had made the two-hundred-dollar offer.

When she got back to her hotel, she telegraphed to Cheviot.

The next day that young gentleman had an interview with Hildegarde's brothers down at the ranch. They were even boisterously of Cheviot's opinion. They would simply refuse their consent to their sister's undertaking such a journey. But to Cheviot's anxious sense they spoke too airily, too certain they could prevent the abomination.

"Don't antagonize her, you know," warned Cheviot. "Make her see the reasonableness of our—of your objection." And the boys agreed.

Even before Cheviot had made money in the Klondike and come home to be made a partner in the bank, the Mar boys had looked upon him not only as a probable, but as a highly desirable, brother-in-law.

They soothed his natural indignation at Hildegarde's foolishness, and they told him they'd meet him at the bank after giving her a talking to.

They were late for the appointment, and the moment they appeared in the room behind the public offices Cheviot saw they had not prospered.

"Hildegarde's the most pig-headed creature in the universe," and a few more illuminating details.

"But why did n't you tell her—"

"I told her everything. Water on a duck's back."

"But what did she say?"

"Women have done it before."

"It's not true," cried Cheviot, jumping up. "The world has never seen anything comparable to what this year's rush to Nome will be. The mob that will be going—"

"She quotes the Klondike. 'That was worse,' she says; 'yet there were women among the men who got there, lived there, and came home.' Damn it! it's true, you know."

"It is n't true. The Klondike was a totally different proposition. The people who got to the Klondike the year of the rush were all picked men. A few women,—yes, I admit, a few women,—God help them! But the mob—a rascally crew enough, lots of them—but they were men of some means, men of brawn and muscle and mighty purpose, or simply they did n't survive. If they were n't like that; they turned back as thousands did, from Juneau, from Skagway, from Dyea, or they fell out a little farther on. Did n't I see them on the Dalton Trail and the Chilcoot Pass, glad to lie down and die? I tell you, only the hardest attempted it, and only the toughest survived. *That's* the sort of pioneer that peopled the Klondike. Nome's another story. Nome's accessible by sea. Any wastrel who can raise the paltry price of his passage can reach the American gold-fields. Any family disgrace can be got rid of cheap by shipping him to Nome. Any creature who's failed at everything else under the sun has this last chance left. Be sure he'll go to Nome—with *Hildegarde!* Good God! Drunkards, sharpers, men, and, women, too, (oh, yes, that sort!) and people hovering on the border-line of crime, or well beyond it—they'll fill the northbound ships. Hildegarde *alone* with such a crew!" Cheviot jumped to his feet. "I'd infinitely rather a sister of mine were struggling with a pack on her back over the Chilcoot Pass, along with the Klondike men of '97, than see her shut up on board a ship with the horde that will go to Nome."

He walked up and down the little inner office, his eyes bright with anger and fear. And he added terrors not to be put before the girl herself—but for the mother, if Hildegarde should be obdurate. "Make her understand that Nome

this summer will be the dump-heap of the world."

"I did," said Trenn, distractedly. "I gave her my opinion of what they were like—those other women she quoted who had gone. It was n't even news to her!"

"What! She accepted that?"

Trenn looked profoundly humiliated. Any nice girl would have pretended she could n't credit such a state of things, even if she 'd heard them hinted. But Hildegard had said gravely: "Yes, I know what you mean—dreadful women have done it for horrible ends. It 's that that makes me ashamed to hesitate. Can't a girl venture as much for a good end as those others for—"

"Oh, Hildegard 's mad!" said Trenn, with a flush on his handsome face.

"Nevertheless, she 'll go," said Harry.

"But Mrs. Mar. What 's she about!"

Cheviot went to see.

"You surely don't mean to let her go?"

"My good man, I 'd like nothing better than to go myself."

"Then why don't you?" demanded Cheviot, rudely.

Another woman might have pointed out that she was in her sixty-second year. No one would have expected such an excuse from Mrs. Mar. There was something in her face Cheviot had never seen there before, as with obvious unwillingness she brought out the answer: "Hildegard can do this errand best—at least as far as concerns her father. Of course,"—she recovered some of her native elasticity—"if I went, I 'd get a claim, too. You 'd see. I 'd come home with a fortune. I doubt if Hildegard does, though she has more in her than I 've sometimes thought. Hildegard won't come to any harm."

Cheviot, too outraged for the moment to speak, got up and looked blindly for his hat. When he had found that, he had also found his tongue. "The only comfort I can see in the miserable affair is that she 'll find two hundred dollars is n't nearly enough. There is n't a place on the globe where living costs as much as it does at Nome."

"She 's been saving up her allowance for a year."

Cheviot threw down his hat. "I tell you, it would be mad for an able-bodied

man to go with less than a thousand dollar's margin."

"Hildegard can't raise anything like that; but she 'll have enough to get her there, and something over."

Cheviot looked at her. "You mean she 's ready to go without even enough for her return expenses?"

"She says she can leave the question of returning."

"Knows her brothers will send out funds to get her back!" groaned Cheviot, beginning to walk up and down. "And she, *Hildegard*, 's willing to embarrass her father by being a charge on him?"

"She won't stay long. And Nome lots are selling for thousands. Her father has at least the land his tent stands on."

Cheviot struck his hands together in that startling, if infrequent, way of his. It made even Mrs. Mar rather nervous. "Go and argue with her yourself," said the lady, with raised voice and a red spot glowing on each cheek. "I should n't be able to move her. I never have been able to move Hildegard. That 's the worst of these quiet people."

"You say that, and yet you are n't really opposing her."

"Me? No," said Mrs. Mar, fixing him with unflinching eyes. "I 'm making up the deficit."

Cheviot had never before longed to murder a fellow-creature. "You realize, of course," he said quietly, "she is n't even sure of finding her father alive." Angry as he was, when he saw the look that thrust brought to Mrs. Mar's face, he was sorry he had presented it so mercilessly. "What she 'll probably find," he hurried on to say, "is that Mr. Mar has gone to the Casa da Paga. That was his plan. Or the Fox River—or God knows where."

"If she goes as far as Nome, she 'll be able to go still farther," said Hildegard's mother, though her voice was n't as steady as her words implied.

"I understand you, then, at last,"—Cheviot stopped before her with anger-lighted eyes,—"You are ready to see a young girl—"

"Not every girl."

"A girl like Hildegard."

"Precisely; one like Hildegard. She can do it."

"Poor Hildegard!" burst from his

lips, and the implication "to have a mother like you," would have pierced many a maternal breast; but it glanced off Mrs. Mar's armor, and fell pointless.

"Hildegard Mar"—with an air of defending her daughter from Cheviot's low opinion of her—"is a person of considerable dignity of character."

"Do you think it necessary to tell me that?"

"Singularity enough, yes. And to add that I who know her best have never yet seen her show any sign of not being able to take proper care of herself."

"Under ordinary conditions; but, as I told the boys—"

"A woman who can't take care of herself under conditions out of the ordinary, can't take care of herself at all."

Again Cheviot opened his lips, but Mrs. Mar, grasping the arms of her rocking-chair indoctrinated the purblind man: "The truth is, that a girl in good health, who has n't been kept in cotton, and who has n't been scared by men's going on as you 're doing, is far abler to cope with life than—than—" She pulled herself up an instant, seeming to feel that, after all, man is hardly worthy to know the whole truth upon these high themes. But she thought extremely well of Cheviot, or she would never have permitted him to speak to her as he had done. And he loved Hildegard. "The truth is," she went on, "Hildegard is quite right about this. There 's no reason why she should n't go half as strong as the reason why she should."

"The reason! You think it 's on account of Mr. Mar. It is n't. Bella will tell you Hildegard *wants* to go on this degrading journey. She said everybody had traveled about and seen the world but her. She had never been farther than Seattle to see Madeleine somebody."

"That 's true."

"You see! Hildegard is full of curiosity about—things."

"Why not?"

"Oh, why, indeed! But the fact opened my eyes to how much—how little Mr. Mar's welfare has to do with her crazy scheme."

"It has n't opened your eyes very wide, Louis." Mrs. Mar shook her head with the air of one looking back over a long road painfully traversed. "Nobody

shrinks more from a fuss and a falling-out than Hildegard. This winter, without Bella, and without you, and without—it has n't been easy for Hildegard. She would have given in about Nome long ago but for—" Mrs. Mar suddenly leaned forward again, speaking hurriedly: "Somehow or other Hildegard *knows*. I believe she 's known all along."

"Knows what?"

"What her father meant to do."

"About not coming home?"

"Yes."

"She knows that because I told her."

"You knew it!"

"Yes."

"And yet"—she gripped the arms of the rocking-chair, and her eyes shone—"you come here to get me to prevent the only step being taken—"

"No. Only to protest against Hildegard's taking it. Good Heavens!"—he was losing his self-control—"Hildegard is—"

"Well and strong, and no such fool as you seem to think."

He set his square jaw: "A little young for such a—"

"Twenty-six."

"You forget or don't know she 's also—attractive."

"Attractive!" Mrs. Mar repeated, with a weight of contemptuous meaning. "Since what you imply is so little a credit to your sex, I may be allowed to say she has shot at a mark with her brothers, and, if it 's necessary, she can carry a revolver."

"Good God! And you 're her mother!"

Mrs. Mar sprang to her feet. "Yes, I 'm her mother, and that I did n't myself suggest her going to get her father to come home is only that I 'm under the spell of the old foolishness about women. The fact is, that we 're much better able to look out for ourselves than men are. Yes; stare as much as you like! It 's so. You 're all *babies*, I tell you—and if the women did n't look after you, you 'd be *dead babies*!"

Cheviot snatched up his hat a second time and walked to the door. Mrs. Mar, seeing him going off like that with never another word, and with that fixed wretchedness on his face, quickly crossed the room and took hold of his arm, as his

hand was on the door-knob. "Hildegard is only going to do in a more open way what women are always doing," she said.

Cheviot turned angrily, but so astonished was he to see tears on her face that he stood speechless.

"Some woman said it in a magazine the other day," she went on, "but every woman who's good for anything is doing it."

"Going to Nome!"

"Going out to the battlefield in the evening to look after the wounded."

(To be continued)



A NEW DISCOVERY IN EGYPT

THE RECENT UNCOVERING OF THE TOMB OF QUEEN THIY

BY ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL

Chief Inspector of Department of Antiquities, Egyptian Government

READERS of *THE CENTURY* for November, 1905, will remember the remarkable illustrated article by Henry Copley Greene giving an account of the discovery of the tomb of the parents of the famous Egyptian queen, Thiy, under the auspices of the American explorer Mr. Theodore M. Davis. The additional success of Mr. Davis in his recent discovery of the tomb of Queen Thiy herself, for which he has been searching, is herewith described by Mr. Weigall, who has had the good fortune to be an eye-witness of both discoveries. Mr. Weigall's sketch of the character of Queen Thiy and of the period in general reveals the extraordinary significance of this discovery.—THE EDITOR.

THE excavations in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, which for the last few years have been financed and directed by Mr. Theodore M. Davis of Newport, Rhode Island, on behalf of the Egyptian Government, have led to the discovery, on January 9, 1907, of the tomb of Queen Thiy, the wife of Amenhotep III and mother of the "Heretic King" Akhnaton. It will be remembered that in 1905 the discovery of the tomb of Yuaa and Thuaa, the father and mother of Queen Thiy, rewarded Mr. Davis's labors;¹ and it has thus been a matter of particular satisfaction both to Mr. Davis and to the Government that the same excavations should now have brought to light the tomb of the great queen. Every one who has studied ancient Egyptian history will readily admit that the reigns of Queen Thiy, her hus-

band Amenhotep III, and her son Akhnaton, form one of the most absorbingly interesting periods of human history in early days. Akhnaton has aptly been called the first *individual* in history; that is to say, the first person into the workings of whose mind one may now look; and it is generally admitted that his character was formed under the influence of his mother, Queen Thiy. The finding of the tomb of this great queen may therefore be said to be the most important discovery as yet made in these excavations.

Mr. Davis, his assistant Mr. E. R. Ayrton, Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith, and the present writer, entered the tomb on January 9, and at the time of this writing, the task of preserving the antiquities is in full progress. The work in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings is

¹ See the illustrated account by Henry Copley Greene of this discovery in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1905.

very different from that in most other excavations in Egypt. In digging out a temple, town site, or ordinary cemetery, the antiquities come to light in ones or in twos, or in small groups; and the interest, though prolonged, is not often intense. The excavator does not always know the nature of his finds until he has pieced them together in his own work-room, and has studied them in his library. But in such digging as Mr. Davis is doing, after the slow removal of the accumulations of stone and rubbish has continued for many weeks without any reward, suddenly some morning a tomb is sighted; and within an hour or so one is brought face to face with the early ages, and a comprehensive view of some hitherto obscure period of history is obtained. For the first few days of the work of recording a discovery of this kind, one lives, as it were, in the past; and before the first interest has faded, and the slow and often tedious work of removing the antiquities to a place of safety has begun, one has received an impression of the life and deeds of the dead king or queen, and a glimpse of their personality, which no book study and no disconnected discoveries could ever give. It is this passing impression that one is disposed to record here, while the discovery is only a few days old, and while Queen Thiy lives again in the imagination as the beautiful heroine of an almost fairy-like story. Before this article is read, her mummy, in a glass case, and docketed with a numeral, will be exposed to the eyes of the curious in the Cairo Museum.

Thiy was born at a time when Egypt was at the height of its power. The kings of Palestine and Syria were tributaries to the Pharaoh; the princes of the sea-coast cities sent their yearly impost to Thebes; Cyprus and even the Greek islands were Egyptianized; Sinai and the Red Sea coasts as far south as Somaliland were included in the Pharaoh's dominions; and the negro tribes of what is now the Sudan were his slaves. Egypt was indeed the greatest state in the world; and Thebes was a metropolis at which the ambassadors, the merchants, and the artisans, from these various lands, met together. Here they could look upon buildings undreamed of in their own countries, and could participate in luxuries unknown

even in Babylon. The wealth of Egypt was so enormous that a foreign sovereign, who wrote to the Pharaoh asking for gold, mentioned that it could not be considered as anything more valuable than so much dust by an Egyptian. In the tomb of Queen Thiy even the nails which held some of the wood-work together were made of gold; and in more ordinary tombs of this period a surprising amount of that metal is to be found. Golden vases in vast quantities adorned the tables of the king and his nobles; and hundreds of golden vessels of different kinds were used in the temples.

The splendor and gaiety of the court at Thebes remind one of the tales from the Arabian Nights. One reads of banquets, of splendid festivals on the water, of jubilee celebrations, and of hunting parties. When the scenes depicted on the monuments are gathered together in the mind, and the ruins which are left are there reconstructed, a life of the most intense brilliancy is shown. This was, of course, a development of the period, and was not a condition of things which had been derived from an earlier régime. The Egyptians had always been a happy, light-hearted people; but it was the conquests of Thoutmosis III that had given them the security and the wealth to live luxuriously. The tendency of the nation was to break away from the old, hardy traditions of the earlier periods of Egyptian history; and virtually no other public body, except the priesthood of Amen, held them down to ancient conventionalities. This priesthood, however, was sufficiently wealthy and powerful to exert a vast influence on any movement of thought. Almost every noble and official occupied some honorary sacerdotal post in the temple of Amen, and the institution could lay by the heels any person, even the Pharaoh himself, who too openly set convention at defiance. Thus, while the king and his nobles made merry and amused themselves in sumptuous fashion, the god Amen and his representatives towered over them like some somber bogie, holding them to a religion which they considered to be obsolete, and claiming its share of royal wealth.

Thiy's father Yuua held the honorary position of superintendent of the sacred cattle of Amen, but, unlike most of the

Egyptian nobles, he had no closer connection with the Amen priesthood. His face is somewhat Semitic in type, and there is some probability that he was a foreigner who had settled in Egypt without entering much into public life. Thuaa, on the other hand, has a purely Egyptian face, and may have been the daughter of some well-to-do Theban. Thiy inherited all that was good-looking in her parents' faces. The mouth and chin of her profile are exactly similar to those of her father; the short upper lip, the disdainful mouth, the prominent chin, are unmistakably derived from him; while the small nose and smooth forehead remind one of the type of Thuaa. Even in the conventionalized portraits it can be seen at once that she was beautiful, and when the imagination endows her again with the black hair, the lustrous eyes, and the fresh, dark complexion of the youthful Oriental, one may well understand that she found favor in the king's sight.

Egypt at this time was passing through an age of romance. The most passionate poetry was written by the youths of Thebes to their lady-loves, and the latter put into verse the troubles of their hearts. The marriage of young King Amenhotep III to Thiy, who was probably very young also, must have been the outcome of one of these romances; and the fact that the young girl at once took her place as the recognized consort of the Pharaoh, although her birth was neither royal nor particularly noble, seems rather to indicate that Amenhotep loved her with all that devotion of which the Egyptian poets tell.

About the time of his marriage, Amenhotep built a palace on the western bank of the river, on the edge of the desert, under the Theban hills; and here Queen Thiy held her brilliant court. The palace was a delicate structure of brick and costly woods, exquisitely decorated with paintings on stucco, and embellished with delicate columns. Along one side ran a balcony on which were rugs and many-colored cushions; and here the king and queen could sometimes be seen by their subjects. Around the dados of the main halls were scenes in which wild ducks swam through the marshes, and cattle frisked through the long reeds, while,

overhead, flights of doves were depicted, and gaudy butterflies hovered against a blue sky. Gardens surrounded the palace, almost at the very gates of which rose the splendid hills. On the eastern side of the palace the king later constructed a huge pleasure-lake especially for the amusement of his much-loved queen. The mounds of earth which were thrown up during its excavation were purposely formed into irregular hills, and these were covered with trees and flowers; and Thiy, as she floated in her barge, which she had called "Beauties-of-Aton," could well imagine herself in those hilly countries of Asia of which she must have heard many fine tales. In all the world there are few places more beautiful than the site of this lake and palace, now known as Birket Habu. Here one may sit for many an hour, watching the changing colors on the wonderful cliffs, the brown and the yellow of the rocks standing out from the blue and the purple of the deep shadows. In the fields which now surround the ruined palace, where the royal gardens were laid out, one obtains an impression of color, of beauty, and of gaiety—if it can be so expressed—which is not easily equalled. The continuous sunshine and the bracing wind render one intensely awake to natural joys, and it is not difficult to understand how Queen Thiy and King Amenhotep, floating on their sparkling lake or walking in their dazzling courts, began to turn involuntarily from the solemn gods of their fathers, and to seek some more tangible, sunlike creator.

No one can look at the face of Thiy's father, Yuua, without being impressed with the strength displayed in every feature; and in considering the origin of the great religious revolution which took place at the end of the reign of Amenhotep III, by which the god Amen was replaced by the Egypto-Asiatic god Aton, one could not feel justified in omitting him from the argument. It is generally admitted by Egyptologists that there is a possibility that Yuua, and hence his daughter Thiy, were of North Syrian origin; and it is felt that the first impetus toward Aton worship may have been derived from the mind of this strong-faced old man.

The desire of the court for a change of

religion is understandable. The cult of the god Amen, as had been said, was so hedged about with conventionalities that free thought was impossible. The upper classes, however, were passing through a phase of religious speculation, and they were ready to revolt against the domination of a priesthood which forbade criticism. And apart from all question of religion, the priesthood of Amen had obtained such power and wealth that it was a very serious menace to the dignity of the throne. For political reasons alone, it was, therefore, desirable to push the priests of the sun into a more prominent position. The sun-god Ra was at this time the most powerful god after Amen, and he had already been identified with, and worshiped under the name of, Aton. This Aton was a great god in Syria and Palestine, and Queen Thiy, if she was of Syrian extraction, as seems likely, must have dreamed of an Egyptian empire bound by the ties of a common religion. The god Amen in Egypt had been associated with Ra, and was at this time generally called by the double name, Amen-Ra; and in bringing his qualities as a sun-god into greater prominence, Queen Thiy and King Amenhotep showed at first no enmity toward Amen, but only a desire to suppress as much as possible that part of the dual god which did not appeal to the peoples of the empire outside of Egypt.

In Amenhotep one may see the lazy, speculative Oriental, too opinionated and too vain to bear with the stiff routine of his fathers, and yet too lacking in energy to formulate a new religion. On the other hand, there is every reason to suppose that Queen Thiy possessed the ability to impress the claims of Aton upon her husband's mind, and gradually to turn his thoughts and those of the court away from the somber worship of Amen, "the Unknown God," into the direction of the brilliant cult of the sun. Those who have traveled in Egypt will realize how completely Egypt is dominated by the sun. The blue skies, the shining rocks, the golden desert, the verdant trees, all seem to cry out for joy of the sunshine. The extraordinary energy which one may feel in Egypt at sunrise, and the deep depression which sometimes accompanies

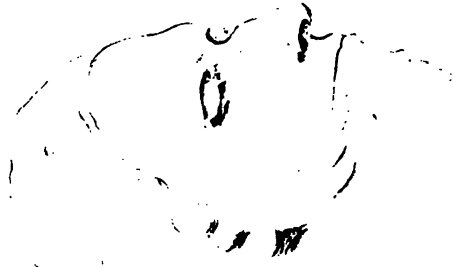
the black nightfall, must have been felt by Thiy also in her palace at Thebes.

Shortly before Amenhotep made the great pleasure-lake for Queen Thiy, he had married, for state reasons, the Princess Gilukhipa, daughter of the king of Mitanni; but this does not seem to have affected Thiy's position in the least, and she remained the first lady of the land until her death. There is so much to indicate that the king's devotion to her lasted throughout his reign that one is inclined to regard all the radical changes which took place in Egypt during his lifetime as largely due to her influence.

The changes in the style of portraying the human figure at this time were surprising. The conventional lines which had been developed by the artists of nearly two thousand years before had, up till now, been regarded as the only ones admissible; but under Queen Thiy these lines were considerably modified, and a greater attempt at naturalness was effected. One of the first-known specimens of the new art is a scene in which a certain Autha, who very significantly calls himself the superintendent of the artists of Queen Thiy, is shown in the act of painting a statuette of Princess Baktaton. He himself, his assistants, and the statuette, are all drawn in fairly natural poses, and with lines which would not have been admitted a few years before. The subjects selected by the artists are more festive and happier in tone than those of earlier times, and reflect more closely the gay temperament of the nation.

In this merry court, rebelling against the old religion, and groping for some more tangible, more happy philosophy, Queen Thiy gave birth to her son and heir, Amenhotep IV, afterward known as Akhnaton. For the first years of his life he was, no doubt, much under the influence of Yuua, and his earliest ideas of religion may have been derived from his grandfather's lips. Before the child had lived for many years, however, Yuua and Thuaa died, and were buried in a fine sepulcher in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. This tomb, as has been said, was discovered by Mr. Davis in 1905, and the exquisite furniture¹ which had been buried with the bodies gives one an idea of the luxury of the period.

¹ Reproduced pictorially in *The CENTURY* for November, 1905.



Drawn by Joseph Lindon Smith

HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF YUAA, THE FATHER OF QUEEN THIIY

Many of the objects bear the names of Amenhotep III and Thiy, and seem to have been their contributions to the funeral equipment. Curious serio-comic dancing figures and other grotesque carvings, found in this tomb, contrast strangely with the stiffer decorations of earlier times, and one sees again the trend of thought in the gay, flower-decked palace at Thebes.

As the years passed, the power and influence of Queen Thiy increased. Never before had a queen been so freely represented on all the king's monuments, nor had so fine a series of titles been given before to the wife of a Pharaoh. During the whole reign of Amenhotep III, which lasted until both he and Thiy were well over fifty years of age, the queen continued to hold the most unusual degree of honor and power. At Sedeinga, far up in the Sudan, her husband erected a temple for her, and in distant Sinai a beautiful portrait head of her was found. All visitors to Thebes must have seen her figures by the side of the legs of the two great colossi at the edge of the western desert. Of Gilukhipa, however, who was a princess by birth, one hears almost nothing at all: Queen Thiy relegated her to the background almost before the marriage ceremony was over.

By the time that Amenhotep had reigned for thirty years or so, he had ceased to give much attention to state affairs, and the power had almost entirely passed into the hands of Thiy and her son, who now must have been some twenty years of age. Already between them they had brought Aton into the foreground, had modified the art, and had developed a tone of thought which can hardly be considered as purely Egyptian. The court was now more brilliant than ever, and Queen Thiy, with her beautiful face, presided over scenes of festivity of indescribable splendor. Thoughtful persons, however, were beginning to look askance at the fallow, ascetic young man who soon would be their Pharaoh; for already he had formulated a philosophy of joy and happiness which, in its intensity, had made him contemplative and almost joyless in manner. The death of Amenhotep III would, it was felt, give the youth the opportunity of forcing this philosophy upon the court, and no one could yet say whether it would increase or quell the gaieties then in vogue.

A year or so later the death of the king occurred, and he was carried to his tomb in a lonely valley which leads off that valley where lay his ancestors and his parents-in-law, and where Thiy's



From a relief found at Tell El Amarna by Professor Petrie

HEAD OF QUEEN THIIY

tomb was already being prepared. Amen-hotep IV was immediately proclaimed king; and although still a young man, the influence of his mother and the whole tendency of the court had aged him considerably, so that he was at once capable of acting for himself. He was not a strong man physically, and the lines of his emaciated face show plainly his ascetic nature.

There were three ideas which had impressed themselves upon his youthful mind, and which most Egyptologists believe him to have derived from his mother. First, the vanities and the conventionalities of the age had imbued him with an intense desire for truth in all things; secondly, the pedantic philosophy of the Amen priesthood had sickened him of the unnecessary solemnities of life, and had set him hunting for real joy; and thirdly, the teaching perhaps of his mother had led him to the belief that the sun was the only true God and creator. Truth, happiness, and sunshine were thus the key-notes of his philosophy and his religion; and these ideas he now began to promulgate with the greatest energy.

At first he showed no great hostility to Amen, but contented himself by building temples in honor of Aton in the vicinity of the Amen temples. Thebes he now called the "City of the Brightness of Aton." After a few years, however, he found his position so continuously assailed by the influences of the former régime that he decided to retire from Thebes and to build a new capital at the modern Tell el Amarna, in middle Egypt. It seems that Queen Thiy was again the instigator of this movement, for her name appears alone in an inscription in one of the quarries from which stone was taken to build the new city, as though the work were carried out under her orders. Her own affections, however, were all for her beautiful palace at the foot of the Theban hills in the depths of which her father, mother, and husband lay buried; and it is probable that she still continued to live there.

The royal family now definitely broke with the priesthood of Amen, and the king, taking up the quarrel with energy, renounced his name Amenhotep, and called himself Akhnaton, "The Glory of Aton." Before long he issued orders that

the name of Amen should be erased from every stone or document where it occurred; and visitors to Egypt at the present day may find the persecuted name hacked out of every monument which then existed.

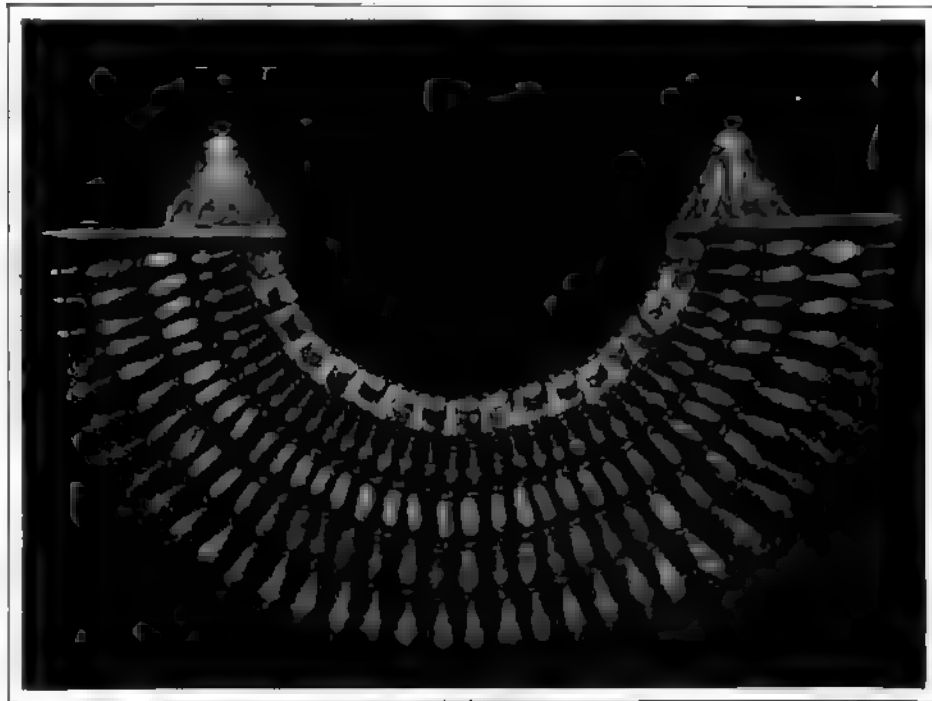
It would be impossible here to give more than the faintest idea of the new religion. While Queen Thiy probably held the people loyal at Thebes, Akhnaton created his new city, and filled it with all the luxuries then known. The buildings were so beautiful, as they sparkled in the sunlight, that one of the nobles of the time speaks of the city as being "like a glimpse of heaven."

Before the king had reigned more than six or eight years, he had given up every thought except that of his new creed, and it seems almost certain that he made a vow never again to pass out of his new domain. The city was surrounded by several great landmarks, and in the inscription on each of these he says, "I shall not pass beyond this mark for ever and ever." In his beautiful palace, more charmingly decorated even than that at Thebes, he himself taught the priests their hymns of praise to the sun, whose rays were believed to be the actual source of all life; he himself showed the artists in what manner to portray the human figure, caring no whit for its beautification, but only demanding that the lines should be true to nature; he himself explained to the nobles that in decorating their tombs with scenes from life, they should select those which would best convey a sense of happiness. His love of truth led him to order his artists to depict their Pharaoh not as a sublime god, but as the lean, unhealthy man that he was; not sitting rigidly upon his celestial throne, but playing with his children in his palace or languidly leaning upon his staff. In the reliefs on the walls of the tombs one sees young sheep represented as skipping for joy, and cocks flapping their wings and crowing to the sunrise. In the hymns which he himself composed he constantly speaks of the happiness of all creation. "The birds flutter in the marshes," he writes; "all the sheep dance upon their feet. The ships sail up-stream and down-stream. The fish in the river leap up before thee, O sun, and thy rays are in the midst of the great sea." In a land so

sober as Egypt and so conventional, one is amazed at the freedom and the originality of the new régime.

Queen Thiy many times visited Tell el Amarna, and in one case a record has been left of her inspection of a building erected in her honor. But she was now past middle age, and while Akhnaton was still at the height of his originality she died. Akhnaton showed his devotion to her by presenting the furniture for the

rays of the sun. The shrine was also made of cedar, covered with gold; and on all sides were scenes of Aton-worship. Here Akhnaton was shown with Thiy, and the life-giving rays of the sun streamed around their naturally drawn figures. Inside this outer box stood the coffin, an exquisite combination of gold inlaid with lapis lazuli, carnelian, and other costly materials. An inscription giving the name of Akhnaton, "the



From a photograph

GOLD NECKLACE FOUND IN THE TOMB OF QUEEN THYI

tomb, and in the inscription on the outer coffin one reads that "he made it for his beloved mother."

The tomb, which is situated on the east side of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, was entered by a steep flight of steps leading down to a broad, sloping passage, at the end of which was the fine burial chamber. On passing into this chamber, a great box-like shrine, or outer coffin, was to be found, occupying the greater part of the room. The door to the shrine was in two panels, and was made of costly cedar of Lebanon, covered with gold. Scenes were embossed on it, showing the queen standing under the

beautiful boy of Aton," ran down the front of the coffin, each hieroglyph being composed of inlaid stones set in gold. The usual funeral furniture stood at the sides of the room: gaily colored boxes, alabaster vases, faience toilet-pots, statuettes, etc. When the great queen had been embalmed, she was carried from her palace up the winding valley to the tomb, and the mummy, wrapped in crackling sheets of gold, was laid in the coffin. The golden doors were closed and bolted; the outer doorways were walled up; and an avalanche of stones, let down from the chippings heaped near by, obliterated all traces of the entrance. Akhnaton had



From a photograph

VULTURE DIADEM OF GOLD FOUND ON THE HEAD
OF THE MUMMY OF QUEEN THIY

paid the last tribute to the originator of the schemes which he had carried into effect, and his last link with Thebes was now severed. He seems to have lived a very pope in the Vatican, while his neglected empire tottered outside.

There are few historical records so utterly pathetic as the letters sent to Akhnaton from the outposts of his dominion. The Asiatic nations, taking advantage of the Pharaoh's absorption in his religion and his hatred of war, wrested one city after another from his helpless allies. Time after time the forsaken generals wrote to him, asking for help; but the messenger, travel-stained and weary,

heard only the rolling psalms of praise to the sun issuing from the cities, instead of the bugle-calls of the troops they so desperately needed. The commander of the great fortress-city of Tunip wrote to the Pharaoh a letter in which he says: "Tunip, thy city, weeps, and her tears are flowing, and there is no help for us. For twenty years we have been sending to our lord the King, the King of Egypt, but there has not come to us a word; no, not one." The commander at Jerusalem writes: "Let the King take care of his land, and let him send troops. For if no troops come in this year, the whole territory of my lord the King will perish."



From a photograph

CANOPIC HEAD FOUND IN THE TOMB
OF QUEEN THIV

But no army was despatched. Akhnaton, shut up in his sacred city, preached his doctrine of joy, and at the same time adopted more and more the life of an ascetic. Egypt was paying dearly indeed for her religion of happiness, and that romance which brought Amenhotep III and Thiy together had led to more stupendous results than ever the boy and girl could have dreamed. One feels that in Akhnaton all the force of Yuua's character, and all the effeminacy of Amenhotep's nature, had combined for the overthrow of Egypt; and when, after a reign of seventeen years, he died, it is with a feeling of relief that

the revival of Amen-worship is seen, and the court is found returning to Thebes.

The desertion of Akhnaton's sacred city followed rapidly, and a very few years after his death the Theban priests and officials began to speak of him as "that criminal," and obliterated his name both from the inscriptions and from their memories. Some of these persons went up to the Valley of the Tombs and excavated the sepulcher of Queen Thiy. They threw down the walls of stone, wrenched the golden doors off their hinges, and entering the shrine, lifted out the inner coffin and mummy, and placed it on one

side. They then hacked out the name of Akhnaton in the inscriptions, and destroyed his figure in the scenes. Queen Thiy's figure and name, however, they left untouched, for her influence in the revolution had never been publicly recognized; but, nevertheless, they had such lack of love for her memory that they did not scruple to strip the tomb of some of its furniture. One panel of the gold-covered door and one side of the outer coffin they dragged out of the tomb and up the passage; but near the entrance they abandoned their work, and left these two pieces lying across the runs of the wall which had blocked the mouth. They then carefully walled up the doorway again, out of some tardy feelings of respect for the dead, and hid the steps and mouth of the tomb with stones.

The empire which Queen Thiy's influence had helped to ruin continued to dwindle for years; but, although it never regained what it had lost, it was pulled together again under the vigorous policy

of the first kings of the Ramesside family. A tomb of one of the later Ramessides was constructed near that of Queen Thiy, and the chippings from its excavation were thrown over the mouth of the latter, and thus further hid it from view. When Mr. Davis's systematic clearance of the valley had laid the place bare, it was found in the same condition as that in which it had been left by the post-Akhnaton officials. The front entrance was walled up, and the passage beyond was blocked by the gold-covered woodwork lying on the rubbish, not more than two feet from the roof. At some time or other the water from a great rain-storm had soaked through into the tomb, and the wood was in a very rotten condition. It was, therefore, necessary to bridge it with stout planks, and over these the excavators crawled, their backs scraping the roof as they did so. The excitement of entering a newly opened tomb is naturally considerable; but when the first inscriptions to be seen revealed the fact that



From a photograph

THE HUMAN SHAPED MUMMY COFFIN OF QUEEN THY AS IT WAS FOUND

The wig is of wood, the face is of gold, the body is of gold inlaid with lapis lazuli, carnelian, and glass. Near the left side of the coffin are sheets of gold. Beyond the head of the coffin small toilet utensils may be seen in the rubbish.



MOUTH OF THE TOMB OF QUEEN THYI, GUARDED BY EGYPTIAN POLICEMAN

the tomb of Queen Thiy, which had been so long sought for, had been found, a glamour was added to the moment which will not easily be forgotten by any of the party. Inside the tomb chamber the gold-covered coffin and outer coffin, gleaming in the light of the electric lamps, formed a sight of surprising richness; and the present writer, who had the good fortune to assist at the opening of the tomb of Yuua and Thuaa and of other great tombs discovered in recent years, cannot recall a more impressive sight than this. The mummy of the queen protruded from beneath the lid of the beautiful coffin, which was made in human form. A vulture-headed diadem of gold could just be seen passing around her head, and one could see here and there the shining sheets of gold in which the body was wrapped. There must have been thousands of dollars worth of gold-foil and leaf in the chamber, and the post-Akhnaton officials seem to have carried away many of the portable gold ornaments, probably amounting to many times that value. In a recess cut in the wall of the

chamber stood four fine canopic vases of alabastrum, containing the queen's heart and intestines; and in one corner of the room there were several charming little pots and toilet utensils of blue glazed ware. One of these, in the form of a graceful girl carrying a pot upon her shoulder, is perhaps the most perfect specimen of miniature figure-molding known in Egypt. Broken alabaster vases and dishes lay about, amidst the debris from the fallen entrance-wall, or half-hidden under the fragments of fallen plaster from the ceiling.

The air in the room at first was bad, and the heat great; and the lack of oxygen made the chamber by no means a pleasant place for those who had to work there at once in order to copy the inscriptions, and to paint, photograph, and list the objects. After the tomb had been opened for a few hours, the air, of course, became very much better; but its bad effects on the antiquities was at once discernible. Even before the first quick record had been finished, some of the scenes on the gold showed signs of dropping to pieces.

Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith was soon at work painting some of these scenes, and within a few hours the most expert photographer obtainable in Egypt was on the spot. Washes of varnish, etc., were applied in order to hold the gold together; but one had to proceed with the utmost caution in everything which was done. In order that the work might be carried on slowly without the fear of robbery to hasten it, an iron door was affixed to the entrance which could be securely padlocked, and some policemen were stationed over the tomb; while the writer, Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Smith, and others, slept at night at its mouth. It was not until January 25 that the lid of the coffin could be moved and the mummy seen.

The body was dreadfully broken, and the face had entirely fallen in. Only the forehead and the lower jaw, with its full complement of well-shaped teeth, remained. Around the skull still lay the magnificent gold coronet, in the form of a vulture with spread wings, the body of the vulture resting on the front of the head, and the tips of the wings meeting at the back. Around the neck there was a necklace of gold and stone ornaments, but this was somewhat broken. Evidently it had been of secondary importance, for

there were fragments of far finer and more elaborate jewels lying near the body. One pendant picked up in the rubbish bore the numeral 17, as though it had formed the seventeenth piece of a great necklace. On the much-broken wrists were gold bracelets, but these were not of very good workmanship. It is to be hoped that most of the antiquities will be able to travel to Cairo, though their fragile condition makes it difficult to deal with them. Probably much of the rotten woodwork, and even some of the fine reliefs on the gold-leaf, will have to be left in the tomb, which will be closed with Portland cement. It is very satisfactory to know, however, that Mr. Davis is preparing a complete publication of the discovery, in which any objects which fall to pieces will have been amply recorded as they were first seen.

The reader will have realized from the above sketch of the queen's life how important a position she holds in Egyptian history, and if some idea has been given of the interest felt by the excavators as they found themselves descending into her tomb, and as they viewed the remains of her glory, the writer's object will have been accomplished.

THE PALACE OF AMENHOTEP III, HUSBAND OF QUEEN THIIY

BY ROBB DE PEYSTER TYTUS

[EVEN before Mr. Theodore M. Davis took up his important excavation work in Egypt, another American, Mr. Robb de P. Tytus, had been engaged in interesting work of a like nature on the palace of Amenhotep III, at Thebes. As a supplement to Mr. Weigall's account of Mr. Davis's work, one phase of Mr. Tytus's will be of interest here.—THE EDITOR.]

AS the site for his palace, Amenhotep chose the edge of the desert to the west of the city. The position was an ideal one. To the west the pure desert stretched away, the abode of the wild life in the hunting of which his soul rejoiced; to the north rose his great

temple, towering above the intervening palms and acacias; while to the east a cooling lake supplied water for fragrant gardens and formed an immediate foreground to the great temples and buildings of eastern Thebes seen dimly across the green levels of the luxuriant plain.

The complete dimensions of the palace are still undetermined, but the main enclosure was at least a quarter of a mile in length, with a width of half that. The walls of sun-dried bricks were of sufficient thickness (from three to four feet) to keep the interior cool, while rivulets of Nile water, flowing from tank to tank, where grew lotus and other blossoms, kept the air fresh and fragrant. The exterior wall, frescoed in dun coloring, was pierced by a large gateway, through which the chariots drove into the spacious courtyard, from which another gate led to the offices and stables placed at some distance behind the palace. From this court a broad passage, flanked by guard-rooms where the household troops lolled, extended to the first or principal apartment of state. To the right were places for the scribes; to the left, waiting-rooms for those seeking audience, fragrant with flowers and tinkling waters. Through more passages and many rooms one came to the great banqueting-hall, a description of which might perhaps give an appreciation of the whole pile.

Picture a room one hundred and thirty feet long, by forty wide, where painted and carved columns supported the roof and gave an exaggerated measure to the perspective. On the floor a pictured lake of lotus lilies lapped the placements of the pillars, and adorning the walls a dado of plants sprang upward, framing hunting scenes in the desert or the presentment of some "familiar" deity. Higher, pendent lotus-petals, intertwined with the gorgeous persea fruit, were painted, and led the eye upward to the ceiling, picked out in blazingly pure coloring only half-seen in the semi-darkness cloaking the cornice.

Down a long vista might be seen the throne of the king, glinting dully with solid gold, while gorgeous carpets formed spots of color here and there on the cool pavement, while, dominating all, blazoned in lapis lazuli, the great vultures held the names of the king under their wings. To the right and left opened the bath-rooms, eight in number, and beyond these the dressing-rooms; while still farther in the side recesses lay the sleeping apartments.

The baths may have been used either before or after the banquet, but probably at both times.

Although in Crete a contemporaneous bathing pool has been excavated, so far as the writer is aware, these baths of Thebes are the oldest (*circa* 1400 B.C.) individual tubs as yet discovered.

All were virtually alike. The rooms were roughly twenty-six feet long and thirteen wide, with walls beautifully decorated. The ceiling, ornate with intricate designs of vivid coloring, was supported by two columns of painted wood resting on sandstone bases, while the concrete floor, covered with rugs or matting, stopped abruptly six feet from one end of the apartment. At this point a cross partition of sandstone about two feet high was run, beyond which was the tub proper, the partition forming one side and the walls of the room the other three. The bottom of the compartment so formed was of pure white sandstone, upon which the bather stood while a slave sluiced water over him from a porous jar, which, like the present-day *goolah*, kept the water cool and refreshing. From this floor the waste water ran through a cement duct, or pipe, to a sandstone tank three by two by one and one half feet, sunk in one corner of the room.

In the only tub found *in situ* in its entirety, the bottom was of two levels, from the lower of which, sunk some five inches, ran the cement pipe to the drainage tank. The position of the doorways was in all cases the same. The opening from the dining-hall being at the end farthest from the bath, while the one into the dressing-room was placed in the center of the opposing wall. Through the latter one passed to the dressing-room, a large apartment,—in one case twenty-six feet square,—where a reclining-chair placed on a dais received the bather.

Here slaves waited to anoint and massage the refreshed body, while exquisite frescoes of flying birds, rising from lotus or papyrus blossoms, lured the eyes upward to the cool air blowing through the wet hangings of sweet-smelling grasses which formed the sides of the clearstory, or skylight, above.

The sleeping apartments beyond were much more simple in decoration, as befitted places of repose, and were, as far as at present ascertainable, lighted by artificial means only.

WHITMAN IN OLD AGE

FROM HORACE TRAUBEL'S RECORD

FOLLOWING are further extracts from Mr. Traubel's daily record of conversations with Walt Whitman in his old age, in Camden, N. J., the first instalment of which was published in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1905.—THE EDITOR.

July 20, 1888.

AS to criticisms of his style Walt said: "I care little for a man's means so the end comes around in its time. You might tell your friend Morris, the point is, not to prove your possession of a style, but to move the people along the line of their nobler impulses. The style will readily enough accommodate itself.

"Napoleon did n't study rules first: he first of all studied his task. And there was Lincoln, too; see how he went his own lonely road, disregarding all the usual ways,—refusing the guides, accepting no warnings; just keeping his appointment with himself every time. I can hear the advisers saying scornful things to him. They offered him ready-made methods. But Lincoln would only retort: 'I want that battle fought—I want that battle won: I don't care how or when; but fought and won!' . . ."

July 22, 1888.—Walt talked about the War itself: "As the period of the War recedes I am more than ever convinced that it is important for those of us who were on the scene to put our experiences on record." W. said the Harlan piece sent to the printer the other day was his "first public expression in that matter," adding: "And even that I put forth, not because it has any personal significance, but for its bearing on the events, of its day—as one evidence of the curious things thrown to the surface in an era of major disturbance. There is infinite treasure—oh! inestimable riches—in that mine. And the secret of it all is, to write in the gush, the throb, the flood,

of the moment—to put things down without deliberation—without worrying about their style—without waiting for a fit time or place. I always worked that way. I took the first scrap of paper, the first doorstep, the first desk, and wrote, wrote, wrote. No prepared picture, no elaborated poem, no after-narrative, could be what the thing itself is. You want to catch its first spirit—to tally its birth. By writing at the instant the very heart-beat of life is caught. My place in Washington was a peculiar one—my reasons for being there, my doing there what I did do. I do not think I quite had my match. People went there for all sorts of reasons, none of which were my reasons: went to convert, to proselyte, to observe, to do good, to sentimentalize, from a sense of duty, from philanthropic motives: women, preachers, emotionalists, gushing girls: and I honor them all—all: knew them, hundreds of them, well, and in many cases came to love them. But no one—at least no one that I met—went just from my own reasons—from a profound conviction of necessity, affinity—coming into closest relations—relations, oh! so close and dear!—with the whole strange welter of life gathered to that mad focus. I could not expect to do more for my own part at this late day than collect a little of the driftwood of that epoch and pass it down to the future."—W. full of fervent reminiscences, still kept on: "Life is seen more richly in Washington than at any other one point on this continent, taking it all in all—except, perhaps, if we include the great Southern bar-rooms: for instance,

those in New Orleans—the acre-large bar-rooms—in which come all classes, for talk, discussion: and the listeners, too, silent, inarticulate. I have known men in such places to be speaking to a group of a hundred and more people, spontaneously gathered together—several groups like that—no one group interrupted by any other group. Some of this life was mad, wild, hellish, to contemplate—to diagnose.”

W. said: “That reference [by Ernest Rhys] to the Millet pictures made me homesick. I, too, have seen those pictures—seen them in that same place [in the house of Mr. Quincy Shaw]. Millet excites all the religion in me—excites me to a greater self-respect. I could not stand before a Millet picture with my hat on.”

Wednesday, July 25, 1888.—“Hicks [Eli-as] was a greater hero than any man Carlyle celebrated in his book. But it does not surprise me that nobody has written him up: he was not sensational—he was too commonplace—too much like the rest of the people in his bravery to be taken for an official hero. I would have had a lot to say about his democracy. There were features in his mysticism with which I had little sympathy, but the purport of his message had my entire approval. Hicks was in the last degree a simple character—carried no aureole or shrine about with him—liked to be taken for one of the crowd. He kept a house over his head and a little money in bank. He was not irresponsible—he did not default in his obligations: he lived the plainest life and he paid his bills.”

July 25, 1888.—“If you take a pinch of the best Irish salt you get the best salt of the earth,”—said W., again referring to O'Connor and O'Reilly. Then he talked of his paralysis and the blood poisoning that led up to it. “The surgeons there in the hospitals got on to my trouble before I did myself. I seem to be remarkably constituted in one way—for being slow to affect things or be affected. I would never take a disease in a hurry—never make a convert in a hurry—and so on, so on. The trouble at Washington was the culmination of an unusual sympathetic and emotional expenditure of vital energy during those years '63-4-5: partly

this and perhaps directly from the singular humor of a New York lad there in the hospitals who demanded to have me—would accept no one but me—to see him through his trouble—a whim quite frequently encountered in sick people. I attended to him—bound his wounds—did everything possible for him. He was an extreme case—an awful case—dangerous at any time as a charge. The effect upon me was slow, though one of the surgeons there finally called my attention to my own peril. He said that what would have made itself manifest in most others at once took a long time to appear in me. Even now, when they give me medicine which in other men acts in an hour or two, it sometimes takes a day or two for that medicine to take effect.”

July 26, 1888.—Giving me an old Burroughs letter he said: “That is like a visit to John: it is just as if I took a trip with him into the woods. I can taste his fruit—I can hear the birds sing. It is an old letter—it has been about this room now many a year. John was fresh at Esopus then: he had a tussle there at first—but he has won out: he is a master vine-dresser these days: and all the time his grip on himself has grown firmer—his intuitions have grown cuter. John is a wood wizard: things come out of their holes—present themselves—ask for orders—when John goes into the woods.” W. had written on this letter: “ans. May 21.”

Esopus, N. Y., May 17, '74.

DEAR WALT: I rec'd a magazine (the Galaxy) from you yesterday, which I have been peeping in a little to-day, but the day has been so beautiful and the charm of the open air so great that I could not long keep my eyes on the printed page. The season is at last fairly in for it, and the fruit trees are all getting in bloom. My bees are working like beavers and there is a stream of golden thighs pouring into the hive all the time. I can do almost anything with them and they won't sting me. Yesterday I turned a hive up and pruned it, that is cut out a lot of old dirty comb; the little fellows were badly frightened and came pouring out in great consternation, but did not offer to sting me. I am going to transfer a swarm in a day or two to a new style of hive. I spend all my time at work about the place and like it much. I run over to M. to look after bank matters for a day or two then back here.

The house is being plastered and will be finished during the summer. The wrens and robins and phoebe birds have already taken possession of various nooks of it, and if they are allowed to go on with their building I must stop mine. During that snow-storm the last of April the hermit thrush took refuge in it. We are surrounded with birds here and they are a great comfort and delight to me.

Your room is ready for you and your breakfast plate warmed. When will you come? I know the change will do you good and your presence would certainly do us good. We are counting on your coming; do not disappoint us. I will meet you in New York if you will tell me when. Let us hear from you soon. Ursula sends love.

As ever,

John Burroughs.

W. said further about J. B.: "Did you stop to take a second look at that line in the letter, 'a stream of golden thighs pouring into the hive'? John's power is in his simplicity. He writes well because he does not try to write." "Do you mean that a man should not be deliberate? Your writing is deliberate enough." He replied: "I may say it this way—that we should try to secure expression but that we should not try to make an impression." "But don't expression make an impression?" "I see I have not said the thing very well myself. Let me say it another way. We make one sort of impression by sincerity and another sort of impression by trickery. I mean that we should not try to make an impression by trickery." Seeing I was satisfied he went on about Burroughs: "John never bowls you over with any vivid passion of speech—it is not in him to do it—but he calms and soothes you—takes you out into the open where things are in an amiable mood. John might get real mad—his kettle boil over—but his language would remain conciliatory. William O'Connor under the same excitation would blow fiercely and leave his mark on the landscape." "But don't both ways lead to clear weather?" He laughed. "Yes, they do, and I was about to say so, but you took it out of my mouth. Why do you take all the good things out of my mouth?"

Saturday, July 28, 1888.—This is the Margaret S. Curtis letter W. gave me yesterday.

Washington, Armory Sq hospital,

Sunday Evening Oct. 4

DEAR MADAM: Your letter reached me this afternoon with the \$30 for my dear boys, for very dear they have become to me, wounded and sick here in the government hospitals.—As it happens I find myself rapidly making acknowledgement of your welcome letter and contribution from the midst of those it was sent to aid—and best by a sample of actual hospital life on the spot, and of my own goings around the last two or three hours—As I write I sit in a large pretty well-filled ward by the cot of a lad of 18 belonging to Company M 2d N Y cavalry, wounded three weeks ago to-day at Culpeper—hit by fragment of a shell in the leg below the knee—a large part of the calf of the leg is torn away, (it killed his horse)—still no bones broken, but a pretty large ugly wound—I have been writing to his mother at Comac, Suffolk Co. N Y. She must have a letter just as if from him, about every three days—it pleases the boy very much—he has four married sisters—they also I have to write to occasionally—Although so young he has been in many fights and tells me shrewdly about them, but only when I ask him. He is a cheerful good-natured child—has to lie in bed constantly his leg in a box—I bring him things—he says little or nothing in the way of thanks—is a country boy—always smiles and brightens much when I appear—looks straight in my face and never at what I may have in my hand for him—I mention him for a specimen as he is within reach of my hand and I can see his eyes have been steadily fixed on me from his cot ever since I began to write this letter. This youngster is no special favorite—only a needful case—it will not do at all to show partiality here—there are some twenty-five or thirty wards, barracks, tents, &c in this hospital—This is ward C, has beds for sixty patients—they are mostly full—most of the other principal wards about the same—so you see a U S general hospital here is quite an establishment—this has a regular police, armed sentries at the gates and in the passages &c,—and a great staff of surgeons, cadets, women and men nurses &c &c. I come here pretty regularly because this hospital receives I think the worst cases and is one of the least visited—there is not much hospital visiting here now—it has become an old story—the principal here, Dr. Bliss, is a very fine operating surgeon—sometimes he performs several amputations or other operations of importance in a day—amputations, blood, death are nothing to him—you will see a group absorbed in playing cards up at the other end of the room.

I visit the sick every day or evening—sometimes I stay far in the night, on special occasions. I believe I have not missed more

than two days in the past six months. It is quite an art to visit the hospitals to advantage. The amount of sickness, and the number of poor, wounded, dying young men is appalling. One often feels lost, despondent, his labors not even a drop in the bucket—the wretched little he can do in proportion.

I believe I mentioned in my letter to Dr. Russell that I try to distribute something, even if but the merest trifle, all round, without missing any, when I visit a ward, going around rather rapidly—and then devoting myself more at leisure to the cases that need special attention. One who is experienced may find in almost any ward at any time one or two patients or more who are at that time trembling in the balance, the crisis of the wound, recovery uncertain, yet death also uncertain. I will confess to you madam that I think I have an instinct and faculty for these cases. Poor young men, how many have I seen and known—how pitiful it is to see them,—one must be calm and cheerful, and not let on how their case really is, must stop much with them, find out their idiosyncrasies—do anything for them—nourish them—judiciously give them the right things to drink,—bringing in the affections, sooth them, brace them up, kiss them, discard all ceremony, and fight for them, as it were with all weapons. I need not tell your womanly soul that such work blesses him that works as much as the object of it. I have never been happier than in some of these hospital ministering hours.

It is now between 8 and 9 evening—the atmosphere is rather solemn here to-night—there are some very sick men here—the scene is a curious one—the ward is perhaps 120 or 30 feet long—the cots each have their white mosquito curtains—all is quite still—an occasional sigh or groan—up in the middle of the ward the lady nurse sits at a little table with a shaded lamp, reading—the walls, roof &c are all whitewashed—the light up and down the ward from a few gas-burners about half turned down—It is Sunday evening—to-day I have been in the hospital, one part or another, since three o'clock—to a few of the men, pretty sick or just convalescing and with delicate stomachs or perhaps badly wounded arms, I have fed their suppers—partly peaches peeled, and cut up with powdered sugar, very cool and refreshing,—they like to have me sit by them and peel them, cut them in a glass, and sprinkle on the sugar—(all these little items may-be may interest you)

I have given three of the men this afternoon, small sums of money—I provide myself with a lot of bright new 10 ct and 5 ct bills, and when I give little sums of change I give the bright new bills. Every

little thing even must be taken advantage of—to give bright fresh 10 ct bills instead of any other helps break the dullness of hospital life.

I said to W.: “What you said the other day about Burroughs I think also applies to you. This letter is alive all through—every word of it. It carries me back with you into that old experience. I think I can see you there writing in the hospital and see that boy looking as you and smell the medicines.” W. broke in: “Good for you if you can do all that: good enough for me! My main motive would be to say things: not to say them prettily—not to stun the reader with surprises—with fancy turns of speech—with unusual, unaccustomed words—but to say them—to shoot my gun without a flourish and reach the mark if I can. The days in the hospitals were too serious for that.”

August 1, 1888.—“I can see where John’s [Burroughs] charm should be for a young fellow of your years and tastes: he is a big man just calculated to do a peculiar work. He is a child of the woods, fields, hills—native to them in a rare sense (in a sense almost of miracle). My own favorite loafing places have always been the rivers, the wharves, the boats—I like sailors, stevedores. I have never lived away from a big river.”

Took up Brinton’s suggestion that W.’s philosophy “lacks in definiteness.” “Well, it is true, I guess—indeed, true without the shadow of a doubt: the more I turn it over the more convinced am I. Of all things, I imagine I am most lacking in what is called definiteness, in so far as that applies to special theories of life and death. As I grow older I am more firmly than ever fixed in my belief that all things tend to good, that no bad is forever bad, that the universe has its own ends to subserve and will subserve them well. Beyond that, when it comes to launching out into mathematics—tying philosophy to the multiplication table—I am lost—lost utterly. Let them all whack away—I am satisfied: if they can explain, let them explain: if they can explain they can do more than I can do. I am not Anarchist, not Methodist, not anything you can name. Yet I see why all the ists and isms and haters and dog-

matists exist—can see why they must exist and why I must include all."

Referring to the *Enchiridion* sent W. by Rolleston: "Epictetus is the one of all my old cronies who has lasted to this day without cutting a diminished figure in my perspective. He belongs with the best—the best of great teachers—is a universe in himself. He sets me free in a flood of light—of life, of vista. Even the preface of that little book is good—Rolleston's little book." Was Epictetus a youthful favorite? "Yes, quite so—I think even at sixteen. I do not remember when I first read the book. It was far, far back. I first discovered my book-self in the second-hand book-stores of Brooklyn and New York: I was familiar with them all—searched them through and through. One day or other I found an Epictetus—I know it was at that period: found an Epictetus. It was like being born again."

His Epictetus has been all underscored with purple pencilings. He has inscribed it: "Walt Whitman (sent me by my friend the translator T. W. H. Rolleston, from Dresden, Saxony) 1881."

August 3, 1885.—"... You will like what John says about 'style'; it is very deep—oh! very deep: I guess nothing goes below it: it is the last foundation on the last foundation."

West Park, N. Y., Dec. 31st, 1885.

DEAR WALT: A happy new year to you, and many returns of the same. I was right glad to get your letter and to know your eyes were so much better. I feel certain that if you eat little or no meat, you will be greatly the gainer. It will not do to take in sail in one's activities &c unless he takes in sail in his food also.

We are all pretty well here this winter so far. I have just sent off the copy for my new vol: I think I shall stick to Signs and Seasons for the title, as this covers all the articles.

[W. S.] Kennedy sent me his article on The Poet as Craftsman. I liked it pretty well; what he has to say about you is excellent. He wanted my opinion about the argument of the essay, so I told him that I never felt like quarreling with a real poet about his form; let him take the form he can use best; any form is good if it holds good poetry and any form is bad if it holds bad poetry. I would not have Tennyson or Longfellow or Burns use other forms than they do. If a man excels in prose he is pretty sure to use good prose.

Coleridge is greater in prose than in poetry. Poe is greater in poetry than in prose. Carlyle tried the poetic form and gave it up.

I hope you will keep well and that I will see you before long. How much I wish you was here to eat a New Year's dinner with us. I wrote to Herbert Gilchrist the other day. These must be dark days for him and Grace. To me a black shadow seems to have settled on all England since I read of the death of Mrs. Gilchrist. . . .

With much love

John Burroughs.

Saturday, August 4, 1888.—In the progress of W.'s disease this has been one of his worst days. Till three o'clock—all through the morning and the hours of the early afternoon—he "felt utterly exhausted—sick in head and body—with everything promising another spell except the spell itself." To-night complains of being "melted and weak, though better. . . ." Went on: "I have been incessantly thinking of that fearful, frightful tragedy in New York—that terrible fire in the tenements last night. I often wonder how the people in those foul rookeries manage to exist anyhow in such weather. I have often been accused of turning a deaf ear to that side of life—of being too unconcerned—of treating it as if it was not. Lately, as I have sat here thinking, it has come upon me that there must be some truth in the charge—that I should have studied that stratum of life more directly—seen what it signifies, what it starts from, what it means as a part of the social fabric. I have seen a lot of the rich-poor—of the people who have plenty yet have little—of the miseries of the well-to-do, who are supposed to be exempt from creature troubles. One of the painful facts in connection with this human misery—a fact insisted upon by the men who know most and who know what to do with their knowledge—is that the evil cannot be remedied by any one change, one reform, or even half a dozen changes and reforms, but must be accomplished by countless forces working towards the one effect. Hygiene will help—oh! help much. But how will we get our hygiene? I am quite well aware that there are economic considerations, also, to be taken into account. It strikes me again, as it always has struck me, that the whole business finally comes back to the good body—not back to wealth, to pov-

erty, but to the strong body—the sane, sufficient body.”

I said: “You don’t expect the sane body in the tenements, do you?” “No—I do not. The tenements are hot-beds of disease—scrofula, syphilis—everything, almost: disease just fattens in the tenements. You have touched the nerve of the trouble.” “Then is n’t it possible to produce social conditions which will make the sane body possible?” “Surely—surely: that is the problem. I think all the scientists would agree with me, as I agree with the scientists, that a beautiful, competent, sufficing body is the prime force making towards the virtues in civilization, life, history. I think I now see better what you mean when you speak of the economic problems as coming before all the rest and though I have not stated it in that extreme way myself I do not doubt your position: I have great faith in science—real science: the science that is the science of the soul as well as the science of the body (you know many men of half sciences seem to forget the soul).”

August 4, 1888.—“Dowden has a wonderful passage in his letter—a passage about death. Read it to me again, won’t you?—just that one bit. The whole letter is human—it is not the letter of one literary man to another but of one simple man to a man as simple as himself. Won’t you read the letter?” I answered: “Yes.” “I like to get all my relations with people personal, human. I hate to think I can possibly excite any professional feeling in another.” I read the whole letter again to myself and the particular part he asked for aloud to W.

Winstead, Temple Road, Rathmines, Dublin,
Oct. 4, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. WHITMAN: . . . It was a real sorrow to us, dear friend, to hear of the loss of your little nephew and namesake. A friend of mine, Harold Littledale, watched this summer by the side of a little sister (about twenty years younger than himself) who died, and he told me that in the presence of death and with its consciousness enveloping him it was words of yours which expressed the deepest truths of the hour and the event. Littledale is President this year of our principal society of students in Trinity College, the Philosophical Society, and I believe his opening address, which is the event of the session, is to be partly

concerned with your poetry. It was a great satisfaction to me this year, also, to get a kind of confession or self-revelation from one of the most promising men in my class of the really saving and delivering power of your writings when he was lapsing in that lethargy and cynicism which is one of the diseases of youth in our *Old World*, if not in your *New* one—(but in both I should suppose).

I have done too little this last summer. I copied out about 200 pp. of verse, and am about to have them published. I will send you a copy, but I doubt whether you will care for them—I don’t claim to be an “Answerer,” but I do assert a right to be one of the tribe of the singers—“Eye-singer, ear-singer, head-singer, sweet-singer, parlor-singer, love-singer,” or something else. And these have their place and *raison d’être*. Probably my next bit of work will be the arranging for publication a volume of essays on 19th century writers, including Tennyson and Browning, Victor Hugo, and the Westminster article (somewhat altered) on your poetry. . . .

Always affectionately yours,
Edward Dowden.

I repeated to W. that phrase—“the really saving and delivering power of your writings,” and he repeated it back again, and still again, finally saying of it: “It has gospel beauty and beat: I hope I deserve it—oh! deserve it, deserve it!”

Sunday, August 5, 1888.—“This is the kind of weather from which people want to escape somewhere, anywhere, only to get off—to get beyond the ordinary tones and semi-tones of life. It is a study—a profound study—the play in life as much as the work in life—and it is all right, too, that the people should go—should have the gala-days. They talk of the extravagance of the people. Nonsense. The people spend their money—help each other—save something—are generous, sacrificial—in so far as they can be are most lavish. Sometimes you don’t pay too much for play if you pay your last cent for it.”

August 5, 1888.—I asked W. whether he had read Browning’s Paracelsus. He talked then of Browning: “You should read ‘The Ring and the Book.’ That, at least, would repay anybody who had the leisure to read. Browning is in some respects utterly free—free not to explain:

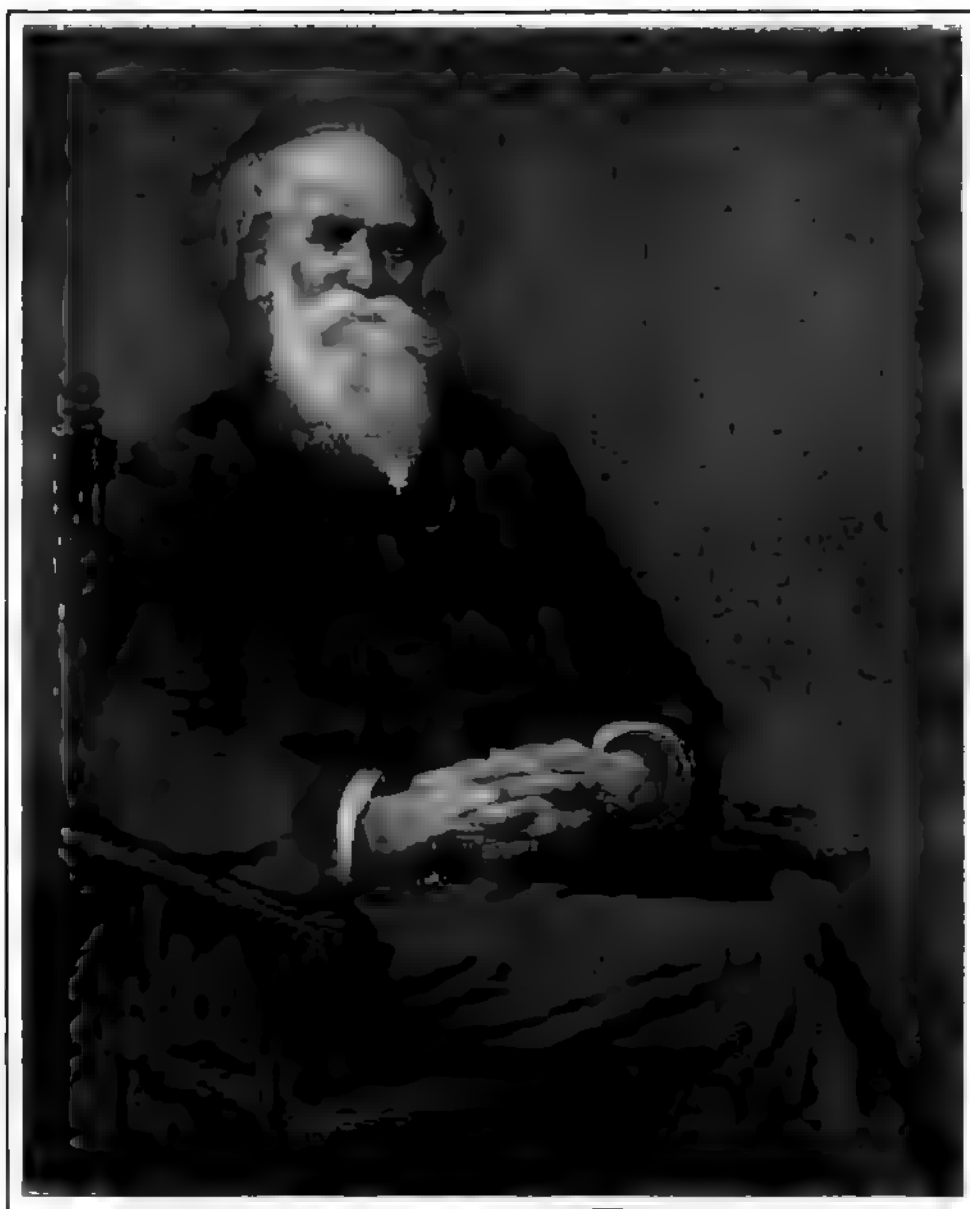
free to put down his statement where it may be seen and then let the world find its own way to a meaning—free of the desire to be at once or ever understood. Browning was also free of humor as an architect of verse, though I feel that his freedom here drifts him rather towards an angular than a facile result. Browning has what O'Connor calls 'elements'—powers of the first class—virility, fiber. I think it would mean a hard tussle for any one to take Browning up in the bulk—attempt to take him in in the large—the whole of him for better or for worse. I don't believe I could do it. I don't find Browning's technique easy—it beats me sore, bruises me—though I don't make much of that: the fault is mainly my own. I have friends who dose themselves with Browning to the bitter end and regard him as the most vigorating influence in the modern world of books.

"Browning is full of Italy—knows it—writes of it—has something of its air, its sky, in his work, his soul. And there is even to me a great charm in Italy, in things Italian, in the simple Italian emigrant, in so far as I can get the feel of the country at this distance. When I got sick that time and went down to the Staffords' on Timber Creek, there was a gang of Italian laborers came along to work on the narrow gauge railroad then just being laid: a number of Italians came, all sorts—they lived in huts there, accessible, of course, to me, and I, as you may well believe, only too ready to seize the opportunity and prospect among them a little. Oh! the good talks we had together! We became almost intimate. I found in them the same courtesy, the same charm, the same poetic flavor that have always been associated with Italy and things Italian. I often read of accidents on the road—accidents in which the little Italians are the main victims. They are accorded but scant sympathy—nobody seems to care: it makes me sad and mad—riles me. Yes, they are the 'd—Dagoes'—always so harmless, quiet, inoffensive. Italy seems in some things to represent qualities the exact opposite of qualities we cultivate here in America: the Italians are more fervent, tenderer, gentler, more considerate—less mercenary: it runs through the whole race, cultivated and ignorant—this manifest superiority."

W. always gets exasperated when he reads a protection argument. He said: "I believe in the higher patriotism—not, my country whether or no, God bless it and damn the rest!—no, not that—but my country, to be kept big, to grow bigger, to lead the procession, not in conquest, however, but in inspiration. If Patrick Ford rightly reports himself in his North American Review article when he attributes the miseries of Ireland to English free trade, then Pat Ford is the biggest fool of the whole lot of fools—then Pat Ford is the prize fool of our time. As for Ireland, who can point out the queen bee in the clusters of reasons for her condition? The reasons come by many ways, mysterious reasons, plain reasons—each reason important with other reasons—no one reason telling the whole rank tale." . . .

W. gave me a war-time letter from B. P. Shillaber. Asked me if I knew Shillaber. I was familiar with his Mrs. Partington fictions. Had also visited him once at Chelsea with Sidney Morse. W. said: "That interests me. Some day you will have to tell me about it. They say he was a good deal of a man. You will remember about the soldier Babbitt he mentions in the letter—I asked some one up there (was it the Curtis or the Wigglesworth women?) to look him up. Shillaber found him—found that he remembered me (God bless 'im). Do you know, Horace, such things as that—just little things, insignificant things—are the big things of life after all? Babbitt did n't say I wrote beautiful poems or did anything that people looked at, but just 'brightened up' on hearing my name mentioned. Ain't that a thousand times better than writing poems—just that—to brighten up those who suffer?" "Except it happens that the poems also brighten them up." "Well, that is a reasonable amendment. But the man always comes before and always remains after the poem."

Monday, August 6, 1888.—"The Herald man was over late this afternoon—Browning, their Philadelphia representative. He wanted something from me on Sheridan. At first I said it was impossible—really felt that it was out of the question—but after he had gone I turned



From the painting by Orlando Roeland. Copyright, 1906, by Orlando Roeland.
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

John Ruskin

the matter over in my mind and after all wrote a dozen lines or so, which I have just sent up to the post office by the nurse here—glad, to be sure, as I am, to squeeze a word or two for Sheridan out of the damning lethargy of these trying days. Sheridan was in many respects our soldier of soldiers—was the most dashing of the lot—though as I sit here nowadays I am wondering if the whole soldier business is not cursed beyond palliation.”

August 7, 1888.—Found a little picture of Emerson on the floor. Recognized it as a waif from Morse's collection worked with when he was here. Smeared with clay. W. said I “might as well have it as consign it again to the floor, where it seems destined to remain,” explaining: “I picked it up a dozen times and put it on the table here but it always seems to get back to the floor. It is a noble little bit of portraiture—shows Emerson at his best: radiant, clean, with that far-in-the-future look which seemed to possess him in the best hours. Emerson's face always seemed to me so clean—as if God had just washed it off. When you looked at Emerson it never occurred to you that there could be any villainies in the world.”

Wednesday, August 8, 1888.—Gave him to-day Herald containing the Sheridan piece. “I don't know too much about Sheridan, personally: we met, met several times, but that is all. You know I don't enthuse over him or over any military man—simply military man—any more than over a sword, a cannon, a bomb-shell. Sheridan had Napoleonic dash, nerve—as a soldier was a good one. He was psychically an uncommon character—had military philosophy as well as military ardor—was always cool in action, never lost his head, always knew what to do when the unexpected turned up.”

I said to W.: “It is interesting about Shillaber that though he was so broken up by his sympathies when he visited the hospital to see Babbitt for you he was real game when he was sick himself. When Morse and I visited him in Chelsea he was all gone to pieces, room-fast, waiting to die, but he was full of reminiscence, fun, even of a certain kind of hope.” This interested W. “I see what

it all means—it is in accord with my own experience with men: a man of heart often suffers more pain seeing sickness than being sick.”

Thursday, August 9, 1888.—He sat much of the day across the room from the bed, working in a mild way. His raw product is about him, on the table, the floor, in boxes and baskets, on chairs, and pretty nearly all things he may need are within reaching distance. At his foot is the pitcher of ordinary (never iced) water, which he takes up from time to time and draws from copiously. Books are piled promiscuously about—his will remains on the box-corner where he placed it when it was drawn up—letters, envelopes, are scattered over the floor—autographed volumes hang on the edges of the table-leaves, chairs, the sofa—everything seeming in disorder. My impression of W.'s appearance at this date is a favorable one: though it is clear enough that his recent severe trials have added burdens to his life. His face is not so full as it was: he has nervous irritations: there are lines, down-lines, never until now in his cheeks. His complexion, though often as ruddy and strong as it was a year ago, is less to be depended upon, is unstable. W.'s room is a large one, considering the house—it has three north windows—one door opening from it into the hallway, another into a connecting apartment. In this latter (he never works here) are most of his stored papers, books, and with them the Morse heads—three or four of them—and boxes more or less laden with letters, &c. Often he points me about the rooms: “Poor as these are, they are a comfort to me—my own—giving me freedom: such freedom as I am competent yet to enjoy. Why, then, should I leave them now for strange scenes—scenes in which I might gain much but would surely lose much more.”

“Did you ever notice,” W. went on, —“or perhaps you have n't (you're younger than I am)—that the bitterest, most severe, most malignant, conservatives—old conservatives—are made up of men who in their youth were the extremest radicals—radicals of radicals? I don't know what will become of you—no doubt you will come out all right—but that has been the history of some of

the best friends of my own youth—men who started with me—the best of them.” I quoted Emerson: “The old conservative is the young radical gone to seed.” W. exclaimed: “How good! how good! And dear Emerson, too. Well, there was a man who never lost his youth.”

Happening to pick up an illustrated paper containing some Tyrolean pictures which attracted him, he got right off on another subject: “These great hills are wonderful but not exceptional—you don’t need to go to Europe to find them. Take the Rockies, for instance—they sweep along the horizon like cloud: to the novice they would be no more than grand cloud effects: sometimes they even puzzle the initiated. You know what worlds live in the cloudlands—worlds as real as ours while they last. We do not need to travel to find these worlds—they are always just where we are. Cross the Delaware almost any night and you will become a discoverer: there are no wonders anywhere greater than the wonders you see right over your head as you cross the river in the boat. When I was in Denver I spent my longest hours in contemplation of the mountain ranges.”

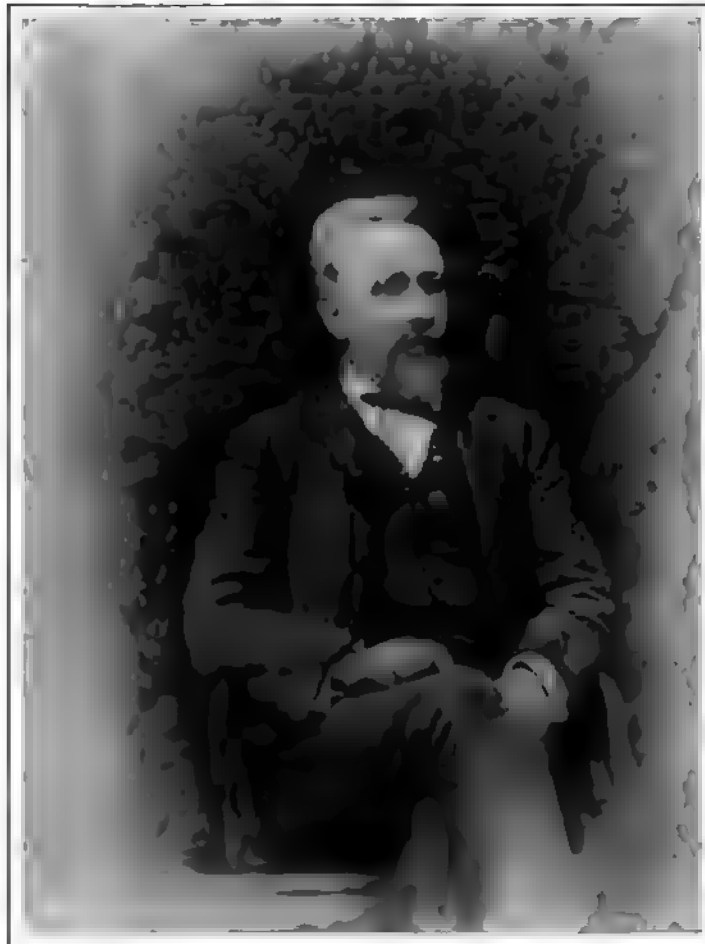
Then he talked of his mother. Where were the letters he wrote his mother in Brooklyn from the War? “They are here—I have them—I got them after she died—a hundred or more: all scrupulously kept together—still about, somewhere, with my manuscripts. The reality, the simplicity, the transparency, of my dear, dear mother’s life, was responsible for the main things in the letters as in *Leaves of Grass* itself. How much I owe her! It could not be put in a scale—weighed: it could not be measured—be even put in the best words: it can only be apprehended through the intuitions. *Leaves of Grass* is the flower of her temperament active in me. My mother was illiterate in the formal sense but strangely knowing: she excelled in narrative—had great mimetic power: she could tell stories, impersonate: she was very eloquent in the utterance of noble moral axioms—was very original in her manner, her style. It was through my mother that I learned of Hicks: when she found I liked to hear about him she seemed to like to speak. I wondered what *Leaves of Grass* would have been like if I had been born of

some other mother and had never met William O’Connor?”

August 10, 1888.—Asked me questions about Wagner operas. “So many of my friends say Wagner is *Leaves of Grass* done into music that I begin to suspect there must be something in it. Doctor Bucke, who don’t go much on operas, banks a lot on Wagner. I was never wholly convinced—there was always a remaining question. I have got rather off the field—the Wagner opera has had its vogue only in these later years since I got out of the way of going to the theater. Do you figure out Wagner to be a force making for democracy or the opposite? O’Connor swears to the democracy—swears to it with a big oath. Others have said to me that Wagner’s art was distinctly the art of a caste—for the few. What am I to believe? I confess that I have heard bits here and there at concerts, from orchestras, bands, which have astonished, ravished me, like the discovery of a new world. The masters keep on coming and coming again: nature can always do better than her best: is prodigal, exhaustless.”

August 12, 1888.—I read the letter [W.’s written in War-time]. W. closing his eyes and listening, breaking in every now and then with monosyllabic ejaculations:

DEAR FRIEND: I am going to write to you to ask any friends you may be in communication with for aid for my soldiers. I remain here in Washington still occupied among the hospitals—I have now been engaged in this over seven months. As time passes on it seems as if sad cases of old and lingering wounded accumulate, regularly recruited with new ones every week—I have been most of this day in Armory Square Hospital, Seventh st. I seldom miss a day or evening. Out of the six or seven hundred in this hospital I try to give a word or a trifle to every one without exception, making regular rounds among them all. I give all kinds of sustenance, blackberries, peaches, lemons and sugar, wines, all kinds of preserves, pickles, brandy, milk, shirts and all articles of underclothing, tobacco, tea, handkerchiefs, &c &c &c. I always give paper, envelopes, stamps, &c. I want a supply for this purpose. To many I give (when I have it) small sums of money—half of the soldiers in hospital have not a cent. There are many returned prisoners sick, lost all—and every day squads of men



Half tone plate engraved by H. Davalson

EDWARD DOWDEN

from the front, cavalry or infantry—brought in wounded or sick, generally without a cent of money, I select the most needy cases and devote my time and services much to them. I find it tells best—some are mere lads, 17, 18, 19, or 20—some are silent, sick, heavy-hearted (things, attentions, &c. are very rude in the army and hospitals, nothing but the mere hard routine, no time for tenderness or extras),—so I go round,—some of my boys die, some get well.

O what a sweet unwanted love (those good American boys of good stock, decent, clean, well-raised boys, so near to me) what an attachment grows up between us started from hospital cots, where pale young faces lie and wounded or sick bodies. My brave young American soldiers—now for so many months I have gone around among them, where they lie. I have long discarded all stiff conventions (they and I are too near to each other,

there is no time to lose, and death and anguish dissipate ceremony here between my lads and me)—I pet them, some of them it does so much good, they are so faint and lonesome at parting at night sometimes I kiss them right and left. The doctors tell me I supply the patients with a medicine which all their drugs and bottles and powders are helpless to yield.

I wish you would ask anybody you know who is likely to contribute. It is a good holy cause, surely nothing nobler. I desire you if possible could raise for me, forthwith, for application to these wounded and sick here (they are from Massachusetts and all the New England States, there is not a day but I am with some Yankee boys, and doing some trifle for them), a sum—if possible fifty dollars—if not then less—thirty dollars—or indeed any amount.

I am at present curiously almost alone

here, as visitor and consolator to Hospitals—the work of the different Reliefs and Commissions is nearly all off in the field—and as to private visitors, there are few or none—I wish you or some of your friends could just make a round with me, for an hour or so, at some of my hospitals or camps—I go among all our own dear soldiers, hospital camps and any, our teamsters' hospitals, among sick and dying, the rebels, the contrabands, &c &c. What I reach is necessarily but a drop in the bucket but it is done in good faith, and with now some experience and I hope with good heart.

W. spoke of Emerson: "I shall never forget the first visit he paid me—the call, the first call: it was in Brooklyn: no, I can never forget it. I can hear his gentle knock still—the soft knock—so," indicating it on the chair-arm—"and the slow sweet voice, as my mother stood there by the door: and the words, 'I came to see Mr. Whitman'; and the response, 'He is here'—the simple unaffected greeting on both sides—'How are you, Mr. Whitman,' 'How are you, Waldo'—the hour's talk or so—the taste of loveliness he left behind when he was gone. I can easily see how Carlyle should have likened Emerson's appearance in their household to the apparition of an angel."

August 13, 1888.—Harned came in and after a bit called the children up. Then there was a great munching of molasses candy—yellow jack—W. partaking most heartily. "How extra good it is, too, kiddies: ain't it better than the usual run?" Anna laughed and replied: "Oh, yes! this kind you can only buy three cents' worth of: you can't buy a cent's worth of this!" W. clapped his hand down on the big arm of his chair: "That explains it—I thought we were enjoying an extra extra treat!"

Tuesday, August 14, 1888.—He showed me several of his little improvised notebooks of the war-time. One was marked "September & October, 1863." He read some memoranda from it to me. "I carried sometimes half a dozen such books in my pocket at one time—never was without one of them: I took notes as I went along—often as I sat—talking, maybe, as with you here now—I writing

while the other fellow told his story. I would take the best paper (you can see, the best I could find) and make it up into these books, tying them with string or tape or getting some one (often it was Nellie O'Connor) to stitch them for me. My little books were beginnings—they were the ground into which I dropped the seed. See, here is a little poem itself"—he handed me the book: "Probably it is included in the Leaves somewhere. I would work in this way when I was out in the crowds, then put the stuff together at home. Drum Taps was all written in that manner—all of it—all put together by fits and starts, on the field, in the hospitals, as I worked with the soldier boys. Some days I was more emotional than others, then I would suffer all the extra horrors of my experience—I would try to write, blind, blind, with my own tears. O Horace! Horace! Horace! Should I ever get to Washington again I must look up my old cherry tree there—the great old tree under which I used to sit and write, write long, write. I want to give you one, several, of these books, if you would like to have them from me. They are more than precious—precious because they recall the old years—bring back the pictures of agony and death—reassociate me with the time, place, persons, of that tragic period."

August 15, 1888.—An actor, Wester Lennon, sent up his name. W. handed the card to me. "Who is it—do you know?" Musgrove intervened: "He says he's in the profession." "The profession," smiling—"yes, I see—that's the way they speak of it: the Jews speak of *the* people. Anyhow," finally said W., "tell him to come up—it won't hurt—but tell him, too, it must be only for a minute—or two minutes." Lennon came up, stayed ten minutes. He made a lot of formal remarks to W., who took them with rather a bored air. He then asked for some autographs. W. gave him three. Lennon said: "One of these is for Steele Mackaye." W. thereupon monologued a bit: "I have a weakness for actors—they seem to have a weakness for me; that makes our meetings rather like family affairs." Then asked Lennon: "Do you like your business real well?" When Lennon got up to go he

cleared his throat, hitched his trousers, scratched his head, and blurted out to W. as if it was a hard job to get his message delivered right: "Mr. Whitman, do you need money? I've been delegated to ask you whether you need money. I know a hundred actors in places about and in New York who would like to get together and give you a benefit." W. was visibly touched. He frankly offered Lennon his hand and said with a voice that was shaken with emotion: "God bless you—God bless you all—for that! I have enough money, more than enough, for all my earthly wants, so I need not acquiesce in your beautiful plans: but you make me happy, nevertheless. I shall feed on your good will for many a day to come. Tell all the boys what I have said to you about that—give them my love." As Lennon was withdrawing W. added: "The English theatrical people have always seemed to like me—Irvine has been here—Wilson Barrett, too: I have had letters from Ellen Terry: then there is Bram Stoker—he has treated me like a best son." Lennon was not to be outdone: "Yes, I know, Mr. Whitman: they like you, no doubt—*like* you: but we—*we love* you." After Lennon was gone W. said: "Did you notice how he set his American *love* up against the English *like*? It was very pretty, Horace. And his offer—what did you think of that? It was very handsome—it took me unawares—almost bowled me over."

August 17, 1888.—Said as to the Cox portraits: "Advise Coates to go to see William Carey—no doubt Coates is often in New York (those men are): send him, then, to my friend Carey: Carey puts up with the Century Company—works there. Carey has the photographs, all duly autographed. If Coates goes let him know that I like one of the pictures in particular—the laughing philosopher, I call it—and one other, perhaps as well—my head resting in my hands, forward, this way"—indicating, "and always, of course, the unsilvered copies—always those. And should you want one of the heads, Horace, I want to give it to you." I objected: "It would be robbery." "No—no: I want to and you must let me do it." Again: "Pictures are partial—they give a dash of a man, a phase: many are

called but few are chosen: there is a success here and there to a hundred failures." "Did you ever know me to pun? It's not in my line at all. I am guilty of most the real bad sins but that bad sin I never acquired."

August 19, 1888.—W. asked me: "You seem to read a lot. Where do you do your reading?" "Most of it as I go about in the boats and cars, often even in walking." "That is right—in the open air—in the midst of things: that is where life meets you in the flush. If there is anything peculiar in my work it lies just in that—in jottings of the moment, made for truth, not made for effect."

August 19, 1888.—W. said to me tonight: "Beware of the literary cliques—keep well in the general crowd: beware of book sympathies, caste sympathies. Some one said here the other day—who was it?—'Mr. Whitman, you seem to have a sympathy for manhood but not for authorship?' It seems to me that all real authorship is manhood—that my sympathy for manhood includes authorship even if it don't make authorship a preferred object of worship. What is authorship in itself if you cart it away from the main stream of life? It is starved, starved: it is a dead limb off the tree—it is the unquicken seed in the ground."

August 20, 1888.—"Reading, most of it, by candle-light, indoors, up against a hot register or steam pipes, is a disease: I doubt if it does any one much good. The best reading seems to need the best open air. When I was down on the Creek—Timber Creek—and roamed out and along the water, I always took a book, a little book, however rarely I made use of it. It might have been once, twice; three, four, five, even nine, times: I passed along the same trail and never opened the book but then there was a tenth time, always, when nothing *but* a book would do—not tree, or water, or anything else—only a book: and it was for that tenth trip that I carried the book."

Tuesday, August 21, 1888.—"My younger life was so saturated with the emotions, raptures, uplifts, of such musical experiences that it would be surprising indeed

if all my future work had not been colored by them. A real musician running through *Leaves of Grass*—a philosopher musician—could put his finger on this and that anywhere in the text no doubt as indicating the activity of the influences I have spoken of."

"I have long teased my brain with visions of a handsome little book at last—like the *Epictetus*—a dear, strong, aromatic volume, like the *Enchiridion*, as it is called, for the pocket. That would tend to induce people to take me along with them and read me in the open air: I am nearly always successful with the reader in the open air. I have my own peculiar affection for *November Boughs*. It is the depository of many dreams and thoughts precious to me—of many sacred aspirational experiences, too holy to be argued about—of sayings, almost of *mots*: of so many unspeakable records, reminiscences, worked into the soil of my matured life and now at last projected in this compact shape. To have such a book—such a book produced in every way according to a feller's simple and unimpeded humors—that has been my idea, is still my idea."

This, too, was W.'s: "Often when the visitors come—visitors particularly honored and desired—my dear, dear mother, wishing to increase the richness of her cakes, would put in shortening, and keep putting it in, until from excess of attention the whole cake would fall apart. Now—warn the professionals—the artists—the men of finesse—not to put too much shortening in their cakes!"

August 25, 1888.—Bucke has sent W. a pamphlet on the use of alcohol, negating it even for sickness. W. says: "Bucke knows I drink—at least that I used to whenever I got the chance—was in the mood. And yet I am not sure but he is right—right even in his extremest extreme statement—that the reaction from drink is always to be feared: always, without question or exception. I know that I dare not touch it myself any more. The champagne that was brought me a couple of weeks ago was tempting and I took a little glass of it, a very little glass of it, a mere fillip—feeling, as I thought, in consequence, uncomfortable, hardly myself, the rest of the day."

August 30, 1888.—I said of Sam Walter Foss: "He makes a big claim for you." "Yes, so he does—but will anybody believe him? When I say such things about myself the world looks on and calls me crazy!" He seemed to be a good bit amused with his own fancy, adding: "Time was when I had to say big things about myself in order to be honest with the world—in order to keep in a good frame of mind until the world caught up. A man has sometimes to whistle very loud to keep a stiff upper lip." "When the cries and the silences are all against him?" "Yes—then: the cries and silences: that 's just it."

August 31, 1888.—What is the place of sickness in character? W. asked himself that question. "They speak of Emerson as being sickly, weak, ailing: all biographies repeat the statement: I guess there is something to it. But, do you know, I never think of Emerson as a sick man. I met him twenty and more times: he was always lithe, active, of good complexion, with a clear eye: gave out no notion of dubious health—was physically jubilant, in a quiet way, as was like him. Indeed, Emerson was almost impatient of sickness—was bright, wonderfully bright, to the very last. Why, I can recall the occasion of our last meeting: it was there at Concord: it was the final visit: he was still possessed of the same imperturbable courage. I was reading the correspondence to-day—and fine it is, too. All the letters were prepared letters—designed, mulled over, worked out and out. Letters were events in those days. There 's something peculiar in my notion about this book. I can read with perfect composure Emerson's soft-soaping of Carlyle, but when Carlyle enters into a sort of responding mood of laudation I am mad—find it artificial. Can you explain that? I can't." I said: "Morse prefers the Carlyle letters." "I do not: I always have liked Emerson's letters—they are not formal, they seem just right to be his." After a pause W. added: "I think Burroughs has written some of the best things about Carlyle."—"It is curious about Carlyle, too, that his friends here have been our staunchest Americans—in spite of his mean flings, our best democrats—among whom I hope I deserve to be counted."

September 1, 1888.—"Some men lead professional lives—some men just live: I prefer to just live. I never want to be thought to be contending that any amount of isolated esthetic achievement can compensate for the loss of the comrade life of the world: the comrade life, the right life of the one in the crowd, which is of all human ideals the most to be desired, the only one to be finally desired, and perpetuated."

September 2, 1888.—While we talked my eye lighted on a pamphlet lying loose among other papers at his feet—Richard II: home-bound in brown wrapping-paper. "What is that?" I asked—he looking first at me and then down toward the floor—"This?" picking up the pamphlet. "What a flood of memories it lets loose. It is my old play-book, used many and many times in my itinerant theatre days: Richard: Shakespeare's Richard: one of the best of the plays, I always say—one of the best—in its vehemence, power, even in its grace. I took the sheets from a book—a big book—from a book too big to carry—and bound them so for practical use. The book itself should be here somewhere"—commencing to root in a couple of piles of books at his feet—"Ah! here it is"—handing it over to me. He opened the book and the abstracted sheets were put back in their place. "Home again!" he exclaimed, as he closed the book, "home again, after all these years of wandering." The volume was printed in Germany in English text and was called English Classics—Shakespeare, Milton and others making up the collection. W. said: "A whole hog'shead of precious fluid—the juices of all savors, climes, poured into the one cask—distilled at last into a bottle an inch long—the size of the joint of your thumb! That is Richard—this same Richard. How often I spouted this—these first pages—on the Broadway stage-coaches, in the awful din of the street. In that seething mass—that noise, chaos, bedlam—what is one more voice more or less: one single voice added, thrown in, joyously mingled in the amazing chorus?"

September 3, 1888.—"Emerson's old age was very wonderful, Horace—I told Frank Sanborn I thought it highly beauti-

ful: that in all essentials the forgetful Emerson was still what the remembering Emerson had been: the bearing, the expression, the eye, the hand, the smile, still the same. Something was gone—some quality—but the atmosphere of his noble personality never failed him."

I said: "It was just to-day that I wrote Bucke something of the same tenor about you: that the stern poise that dignified and irradiated your character is still the first thing in all you say, think or do." I shall never forget W.'s look. He said: "Ah! Horace! That is a noble thought: it is worthy of you and more than worthy of me. And if it be true? It would make all the suffering of these days more than easy. It was a month or so ago that you said something of the same purport to me and I have never lost sight of it for an instant since in the temptations incident to such invalidism as mine." . . .

"Scott is my chief pleasure nowadays—the novels: I read them every day, some: read them because they are not so frivolous as to be useless and vulgar, and not so weighty as to set my brains into a snarl."

September 4, 1888.—I asked him a question: "Do you think a right strong young fellow can *think* death even?—even if aware that it may come any time?" He reflected: "No—I don't believe he can: more than that, I don't believe he ought: thinking life is the condition of being alive. It is always my point—don't submit to provocations, irritabilities, black fancies of the superficial day: go your way unmoved—on and on to what you are required to do: the rest will take care of itself."

Thursday, September 6, 1888.—Spoke of Gilchrist's life of his mother: "You should read it—read my copy: Karl Knortz has it now, but we can get it back. You will not find the book to equal your great expectations, if you have any—will perhaps be disappointed. It is true much of the book is made up of things written by Mrs. Gilchrist—but writing was not the best of her. The best of her was her talk—to hear her perfectly say these things which she has only imperfectly written. I shall never forget—never forget: she is over there now, where you are—eyeing me, overflowing with utterance."

She was marvellous above other women in traits in which women are marvellous as a rule—immediate perception, emotion, deep inevitable insight. She had such superb judgment—it welled up and out and I only sat off and wondered: welled up from a reservoir of riches, spontaneously, unpremeditatedly. Women are ahead of us in that anyhow—way ahead of us. It was because she was that kind of a woman that I always trusted Mrs. Gilchrist's picture of Carlyle—of the Carlyles. She was not a blind dreamer—a chaser of fancies: she was concrete—spiritually concrete, I might say: not in the sordid sense of it but the big, the high. She was practical enough to know just how to ask that dangerous question, Will it pay? and to answer it with high meanings. I know nothing more miserable, sickening, than Will it pay? as it is usually asked."

September 7, 1888.—"I am always strangely moved by a letter from Symonds: it makes the day, it makes many days, sacred."

Clifton Hill House,

Bristol, Oct. 7, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR: When a man has ventured to dedicate his work to another without authority or permission, I think he is bound to make confession of the liberty he has taken. This must be my excuse for sending you the crude poem in which you may perchance detect some echo, faint and feeble, of your Calamus. As I have put pen to paper I cannot refrain from saying that since the time when I first took up *Leaves of Grass* in a friend's rooms at Trinity College Cambridge six years ago till now, your poems have been my constant companions. I have read them in Italy by the shores of the Mediterranean, under pine trees or in caverns washed by the sea—and in Switzerland among the Alpine pastures and beside the glaciers. At home I have found in them pure air and health—the free breath of the world—when often cramped by illness and the cares of life. What one man can do by communicating to those he loves the treasure he has found, I have done among my friends.

I say this in order that I may, as simply as may be, tell you how much I owe to you. He who makes the words of a man his spiritual food for years is greatly that man's debtor.

As for the poem I send you it is of course implicit already in your Calamus, especially in *Scented Herbage of my Breast*. I have but set to an old tune the new divine song:

for you know that on this side of the Atlantic at least people most readily listen to the old tunes. I fear greatly I have marred the purity and beauty of your thought by my bad singing.

I am an Englishman, married, with three children, and am aged thirty.

John Addington Symonds.

W. said: "That was one of the first, if not the very first, of the Symonds letters. It starts off with the good will which he has never abated of to these very last days. It makes a fellow walk pretty straight when a man like that takes him so dead in earnest. Symonds has always seemed to me a forthright man—unhesitating, without cant: not slushing over, not freezing up. He has written me many letters: they are all of the same character—warm (not too warm), a bit inquisitive, ingratiating."

September 9, 1888.—W. asked for my Holmes life of Emerson. "I have never read it but I should." "Morse says it's a better life of Holmes than of Emerson." "Good! That's more than likely—far more: and that's a thing that might just as pertinently be said of Herbert's [Gilchrist] picture: if it don't give me it gives Herbert. Often enough an artist floats out into his picture to the utter destruction of his subject."

"STAYED WHERE WE WERE AND MADE A BOOK"

Monday, September 10, 1888.—Discussed binding for November Boughs. I opened the package I had brought containing one of the two folded sets of the book I had got from Ferguson to-day. W.'s eyes were large with desire. "What's that? What have you there?" he asked, reaching both hands out as if to take the sheets. When I exhibited my prize he exclaimed: "Handsome! it completely satisfies me: that is the book—the real, living, undoubted book!" at the same time turning it over and over fondly and in a spirit of undisguised exhilaration. "Horace—the deed is done! My blood, your blood, went to the making of this book! Some men go to the North Pole to do things—some go to wars—some trade and swindle: we just stayed where we were and made a book!"

(To be continued)

"WITHOUT ARE DOGS"

BY EDWARD A. CHURCH

IF, through some wondrous miracle of grace,
To the Celestial City I might win,
And find upon the golden pavement place,
The gates of pearl within;

In some sweet pausing of the immortal song
To which the choiring Seraphim give birth,
Should I not for that humbler greeting long
Known in the dumb companionships of earth?

Friends whom the softest whistle of my call
Brought to my side in love that knew no doubt,
Would I not seek to cross the jasper wall
If haply I might find you there "without"?

THE ALIEN

BY MARGARET HORNER CLYDE

MR. HENRY BUCHANAN was seriously alarmed at the perturbation in his wife's face. For half a minute he feared that the house had been robbed or that the cook had committed suicide. Then she explained that the news had come in the evening mail.

The evening mail—that sounded commonplace. If it had been death, even, it would have come by telegraph. The only disaster which is accustomed to travel by the leisurely route of the evening mail is a notice from one's lawyer that all one's property is lost. Maria had no property to lose. As for the property which she as an only child would inherit, it consisted, as far as he knew, chiefly of the green farm in a fruitful corner of Pennsylvania where her father, the Squire, lived his lonely life; and a farm can hardly burn up or run away.

When he had taken off his overcoat and sat down beside his wife, he found

her singularly loath to begin her story. She glanced at the door apprehensively.

"Really, my dear," he urged, "we are safe from intrusion. Would you like me to go out and lock the alley gate, or put cotton in the canary's ears?"

"Don't be a brute!" she retorted. (That man would joke at his own funeral.) "Read that notice!"

He took the paper and adjusted his eyeglasses. Curiosity gave way to perplexity, and perplexity broke into astonishment. "Jupiter Ammon!" he cried, slapping his knee, "got married, has he!"

"Oh, yes, Henry, you may laugh," replied his wife, dissolved in tears, "but if your poor, dear old father had been swindled into—oh, it's too dreadful to think of!"

This burst of affection was most surprising. It was five years since she had even seen her "poor, dear old father,"

having parted from him in a state of excitement due to a difference of opinion as to the ownership of the glass candelabra.

During those years the Squire had written occasional friendly letters bearing chance bits of information, as, that the wheat crop had been poor, that the county had gone Republican, that Judge Adams had moved into town, that the barn had a new roof; but no hint of the Squire's taking a new wife—nothing, in fact, to prepare them for so astounding an announcement.

Henry scanned the paper further. "Who is this woman?" he asked. "Emily—Dick—what the dickens is that name?—Dinklesperger. Great Cæsar's ghost! I don't wonder she wanted to change it. But who can she be?"

"It is very evident, Henry, *what* she is. To think that father should be taken in by an ignorant, designing, vulgar, Dutch woman! Of course she is after his money; but she 'll not get a cent of it if I can help it. At his age, to be brought to this!"

"Father is—let me see—Father is—fifty-five, just," deliberated Henry.

"They always say there's no fool like an old fool." Maria had wiped away her tears, and her eyes were flashing; for, flouting the theory that lightning is less deadly when the rain begins to fall, she always had her thunderstorms backward.

To escape any stray bolt, her husband took refuge in silence. Secretly, he sympathized with her, for he, too, felt something of that bitterness which has always existed between the Scotch-Irish and the German population of eastern Pennsylvania.

Strange that two peoples so similar in origin should be so antagonistic! Both were religious refugees, and when they met upon the soil of Pennsylvania, German-speaking Lutheran and Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, both pioneers, both persecuted, they hated each other cordially.

In the development of the State, the Scotch-Irish stood for culture, the Germans for thrift. The former held themselves apart, and their numbers dwindled; the latter grew populous and wealthy. Thus, wherever a Scotch name died out, a German name replaced it upon the old estate.

Coming of this Scotch aristocracy, Mrs. Buchanan inherited her scorn of the usurper, superior only in numbers and wealth, as inevitably as she inherited her mother's temper.

Months passed, and no word came from the Squire and his bride, and no word went to them from the irate daughter or her husband. Then business summoned Henry to the "Settlement." (It was always the "Settlement" to them, that place they had once called home, though the post-office bore the German name of the village which had sprung up beside it.)

He took the morning train from New York. It was a crisp January day. The flying fields of white looked pleasantly familiar as he crossed northern New Jersey. He noted the brisk villages, the broad farms, and, as he neared the Pennsylvania boundary, the smoking chimneys of cement plants. This cement industry was evidently the coming thing.

Reaching his destination, he looked in vain among the loungers on the station platform for a familiar face. The whole place seemed given over to the ubiquitous German farmer. Half-way up the street, however, he was stopped by a friendly slap on the shoulder.

"Hello, Judge!" he cried, "I hear you 've moved into town."

"Yes, Henry," replied Judge Adams; "I 've sold my farm. Had to come to it at last. At my age a man wants to be nearer the mails and the trains. Sold out to old man Dinklesperger. By the way,"—the Judge halted in confusion,—"*I* suppose you know—or did n't the Squire write you about his—his—matrimonial adventure?"

"We saw it in the paper. Maria feels it greatly."

"Of course she would; of course. She is n't with you?"

"No; she—she—in fact, she did n't want *me* to come," stammered Henry, surprised into confession. "But I thought I 'd walk out to the farm after dinner."

"I would, Henry; I would. You 'll feel better for it. I tell you that girl keeps things in apple-pie order. Come back and spend the night with us, won't you?"

On his way up the street he looked at

the familiar houses. The dazzling snow was scarcely more spotless than they. Having transacted his business, he went back to the village hotel for dinner. All the table talk was about a proposed trolley-line to connect the village with the neighboring city.

"Where do they intend coming in?" he inquired.

"Vell, dey would come piecevays down de sous road a'ready, an' den dey would cross de meadow by de Squire's. But de Squire he von't gif 'em de right of vay."

"Ah, I see. It would cut up his farm pretty badly, I suppose."

"Ach, de Squire 's prout. He von't haf nodings to do mit common folks. He sinks his land, efen, is better dan any-von else."

"That must block the trolley company."

"Ach, yes; just wait till de Squire dies sometimes. Den where vill his land be?"

"Is he likely to die?" asked Henry, startled. "Is he in poor health?"

"Ach, no; he was too nasty to die."

This was their estimate of him, proud, exclusive, harsh. He felt a sudden eagerness to see the Squire, the old place, and the incongruous new bride.

The snow crunched under his tread as he followed the road to the farm. Twice he stepped out of the way of a sleigh and heard a jargon of foreign talk as the horses trotted past him—sleek, fat horses, for the German farmer bestows great care on all his animals,—all, that is, except his wife. He paused a moment before the place which had been his early home. That boyhood of his seemed pitifully remote, in view of the German name painted upon the barn. House and yard and barn and fields showed that perfect order which is characteristic of the Pennsylvania farmer.

When he came in sight of the Squire's gray stone house, guarded by tall sentinels of pine, it seemed the last stronghold taken by the enemy. A deathlike silence reigned as he raised the heavy knocker. The door opened, and he stood face to face with the foe.

"Is the Squire in?" he inquired.

"De Squire is away," she replied. "He will not be home for a week. I am his wife. Will you walk in?"

So this was she! And she was typical.

There was no mistaking that dialect. But he experienced a curious sense of inconsistency, accustomed as he was to the grating tones which are characteristic of her people, for her voice was the most musical he had ever heard. She was young, hardly more than twenty-five, tall and vigorously formed, deep-chested and full of healthy curves. Working with the men in the fields had given her strength and grace. She was simply dressed in some dark wash-goods and the inevitable white apron. Her soft hair was drawn back and parted with no attempt at ornament, and the curves of neck and cheek glowed with that marvelous purity of coloring which is found in its perfection among the Germans. At least the girl was not tawdry.

"Judge," he said to his host that night, "I can't make her out. She does n't look different from a dozen other girls about here, and yet—"

"I know," replied the Judge. "She has German thrift and German beauty—and—a something else—"

Then, leaning forward, his half-smoked cigar between his fingers, he explained:

"To begin with, the girl is a hybrid. Her mother was an English nurse-maid, a girl of some education, while Dinklesperger can neither read nor write. When she died, leaving this daughter, he made prompt use of his liberty to annex a woman of his own kind and acquire a numerous progeny.

"When I offered my farm for sale, he extracted from a stocking the savings of years and bought the place. This girl was the pack-horse of the family. She worked from dawn to dark in the house and in the field. She took the part of two women, with a man or so besides. When the Squire came to hire her for his house-keeper, she gathered her few belongings and went home with him as to a refuge.

"As for the Squire, he settled down to the most perfect system of cleanliness he had ever known. The house shone from garret to cellar. He declared she must get up over night to accomplish it. By the time his early breakfast was served, she had already left behind her a trail of dripping porches and immaculately scrubbed walks. There were hints that she even rubbed up the spouting on the



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE DOOR OPENED, AND HE STOOD FACE TO FACE WITH THE FOE"

roof with silver polish, for the Squire's imagination grew with his pride.

"To what proportions his complacency might have grown it is not possible to say, for it was shattered suddenly and by the girl's father himself. Dinklesperger's cattle had strayed into the Squire's grain. The Squire walked over in the cool of the evening to see about it. He found his neighbor on the back porch, in overalls and gingham shirt, his bare feet propped against a pillar, in his mouth an evil-smelling pipe. He picked his way between the children sprawling on the floor in a state of nature rather than of grace, and accepted the chair which Mrs. Dinklesperger, ample of figure and unconfined of dress, offered him. The matter of the cows being amicably adjusted, he paused a moment to speak a word in praise of the man's daughter.

"Dinklesperger replied with a coarse jest, this father to whom a daughter was but a female animal, like to the cattle they had been discussing, a trifle more valuable, to be sure, because of the wages she was bringing home now, but, nevertheless, an animal whose sex might legitimately be made a source of profit.

"The Squire, to whom pride of clean living was only equalled by pride of birth, stood white and speechless for one menacing second. Then there burst forth such a torrent of indignation that the dazed farmer stood helpless, flinging angry German gutturals into the tide he was powerless to stem. My boy Jack, in passing, came and went unnoticed, and the only opinion I got out of him was that he thought the recording angel must have required a stenographer.

"Exactly one week later the Squire and his housekeeper drove to the minister's and were married. And the mouth of slander was stopped."

"Then, as I make it out," concluded Buchanan, "he married her to preserve her fair name and to keep a good housekeeper. And she married him—why? for his money, do you think?"

"Henry," replied the Judge, solemnly. "I have lived longer than you, and I have studied human nature in the court-room. I have learned this, that a woman's motive is unknowable."

"Humph!" ejaculated Maria, when her husband reached home, "I know why

she married him. You can't deceive *me*. Those Dutch people are always after money; but she 'll not get a penny of his if I can help it."

"How *can* you help it?"

"Oh, there must be some way. Could n't they prove that he was—was—insane at the time, or something?"

"I admit," replied Henry, with a grin, "that, where marriage is concerned, there is a good deal of that sort of insanity; but I hardly think it would hold in a law court. Marriage is marriage. What God hath joined together—"

"Well," interrupted his wife, acidly, "I don't think God had much to do with joining *them* together."

However that may be, God had everything to do with the next news from the farm. It came not by way of the evening mail, but hot from the telegraph wires about five o'clock of a June day. Henry read it at the office, then went home to tell Maria as tenderly as he might.

She seemed dazed. "This afternoon, did you say? But I did n't know he was sick. Oh, the telegram said 'suddenly'? Henry, it must have been a stroke." Thus she groped her way past detail and circumstance into the desolating truth.

"Henry," she ventured, when the arm that held her had relaxed a little, "I wish I had n't said—what I did—the last time—I saw him. But I did n't know—it was—the last—time."

Seated beside her husband in the train the next day, the shocked look in her face faded, and her eyes showed an unwonted softness, as the miles lessened between them and the "Settlement." It was not until the fair fields of her childhood grew upon her sight that she turned suddenly and exclaimed, "*Henry*. I suppose we 'll have to meet—her!"

Judge Adams, in his carriage, was waiting for them at the station. "Yes," he explained, "it was sudden, very sudden indeed. The Squire was in his usual health, had let the boy go home to pick cherries, said he could harness the horse himself to drive in for the mail. He ate a hearty dinner, went to the stable, led out the horse, and fell—dead."

The familiar sounds of farm animals greeted them as they neared the old gray house, half-buried in green vines. The hospitable front door was closed, its great

bronze knocker bearing the emblem of death.

Up-stairs in Maria's old room it all seemed so familiar and yet so strange. The room had lately been used as a guest-chamber. It had lost the atmosphere of occupancy. The hot air smelled of the matting on the floor. In the window was a neglected spider web. And yet they said that girl was a good house-keeper.

Maria caught a muffled sound across the hall. She went to the door and listened. There were voices in her father's room. One voice sounded like the family doctor's. Could the widow be—be—prostrated? Her lip curled at the thought. Then the door opened, and she saw outlined—no, massed, rather—against the light the generous bulk of a woman's figure, and heard the doctor's voice saying: "Yes, Mrs. Dinklesperger; keep her as quiet as possible. The shock of it, you know, in her condition—" And close upon his words came the unmistakable cry of a child.

Maria shut her door vehemently, even bolting it in her excitement. "Henry," she exclaimed, "I never heard of such a thing."

"I have," he replied sententiously.

"But at *his* age! It is—why, positively—"

"I 'm afraid," he said grimly, "it 's rather—customary."

So they did not see the widow until the afternoon of the funeral. Then she came down-stairs very slender and very white in her black gown. In the parlor the carved chairs were pushed stiffly against the wall. Between them stretched rows of shiny camp-stools, delivered by the undertaker that morning. In the living-room the Squire's mahogany desk was closed. The fireplace before which he was wont to sit and smoke was swept clean. The andirons were polished to the semblance of gold. The window-seats were set with great bowls of sweet-peas from the garden. The massive doors at each end of the hall stood open. In the center was the black casket. Stillness reigned. Even the June breeze seemed loath to enter the august presence of Death.

From room to room went the widow, weak, but restless, brushing an imaginary

speck of dust from the mantelpiece where lay the Squire's pipe, rearranging the flowers in the window, straightening the cover on the quaint claw-foot table, never speaking save to greet, with her atrocious accent, in her sweet, rich voice, some newly arrived relative. Among her husband's kin she walked an alien.

Then the minister came, a young man with sleek hair and a clerical vest. "Ah, yes," he said to the widow, "I understand. You want as brief a service as possible— Ah, Mrs. Buchanan, glad to meet you, even under such sad circumstances. A strange providence, a very strange providence!" He fingered the lapel of his coat nervously, aware of a subtle embarrassment in the air. It was felt, too, by all the hushed throng that presently filled the rooms—hard-handed farmer neighbors in their ill-fitting Sunday clothes, tradespeople from the village, relatives from the city, political friends—and enemies—from all parts of the county; for the Squire was as widely respected as he was widely known.

Up-stairs sat the family—Henry and Maria; the Squire's sister, with her daughter; and, beside the window, the widow. Maria was opposite. She could see the orchard trees faintly stirring in the soft air; she could watch the clouds floating in the blue above; she could count the horses tied in an imposing row down the lane; and she could study the sad face silhouetted against the summer sky.

The minister's voice broke the silence. "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

The girl's hand stirred restlessly. A vagrant breeze disturbed the vines at the window, then wandered on to the waving yellow fields; for it was the time of wheat harvest.

"For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

There was much more of it, but Maria was not listening: she was watching.

Then came the prayer, ending with special petitions for the widow,—Maria's lips tightened,—for the daughter, and for the little fatherless child.

There was a stir down stairs as the men went out for the carriages. A whinny of welcome ran down the long line of horses, to be echoed by a whinny from the stable. It was the Squire's driving horse whinnying for his master; but there was no response. His master, riding in state at the head of the procession, took the road without him.

During the drive to the cemetery Henry watched the widow's face with anxiety. "Poor child!" he said mentally. "This is a hard day for her. I must talk with her after the service."

But he did not talk with her, nor did any one else except the doctor; for, with the last words of the committal service and the lowering of the casket into the grave, the girl fell forward in a dead faint.

"Henry," argued Maria the next day, "can she take this property from me? It is nothing short of highway robbery. Can't I contest the will?"

"Contest the will?" You have nothing to contest about. You have inherited fully one half the estate. Farming land has very little value. Why, if this place were sold at auction, it would not bring more than the value of those municipal bonds of yours, alone."

"Well, I'm glad of it, the grasping thing!"

At home again, the Buchanans considered the episode of the alien bride and widow closed. No news from the farm reached them except by way of the county paper.

"Oh, she'll marry again," sneered Maria. "See if you don't find a notice of it some day."

But no such notice appeared. The paper was occupied with the fall election, the county court news, and always the common gossip.

One day, however, Henry paused in his study, where he stored his own papers, to look up a letter from Maria. He found it was a letter from a woman who called herself a friend of the widow's. Henry was told the letter was a warning, with a threat that if he did not do as she wished, she would ruin him.

Henry was so much alarmed that he wrote Maria a letter asking her to do as she wished, and to do it at once.

"Oh, you need n't tell me. She knew all along, greedy thing! I saw she had something up her sleeve. Forty thousand dollars!"

"What about the old place?" Henry inquired of Judge Adams, on his next visit to the "Settlement." "Is the widow going to sell?"

"I suppose so. She'll never get a better offer. It's wonderful how she's kept up the estate. There's not a cow nor a load of hay that she does n't know all about. I've been her legal adviser all through the settling up of things, and—well—she may not have much education, but I've never seen such a business head before on any woman's shoulders."

Curiosity impelled Henry to call at the farm. He found the place unchanged. The widow received him in the living-room. The mahogany desk stood as usual between the windows. Upon the andirons blazed a stick of wood, for the day was chilly. Even the Squire's pipe lay in its accustomed place on the mantelpiece. The girl sat in a low rocker, her sewing basket beside her, on the floor at her feet the sturdy baby.

In the presence of her sweet matronliness he found it hard to broach the subject which lay uppermost in his mind; but at last it came out. Was she going to sell out soon?

"Sell?" she replied. "Sell de place? I vill nefer sell de place."

"Never?" questioned Henry. "Ah, but you are young. You may even—marry again," floundering helplessly into facetiousness.

"Marry?" The girl sprang from her chair and faced him for one outraged moment. Then she sank into her seat and buried her face in her hands.

"No," she said. "I vill not marry. Me and my love vill be here always. He vill take his father's place. I know his father's will had it so. He was so good to me, and I love him so. I vill be his wife, and I vill be his mother, and I vill be his friend, and I vill be his everything."

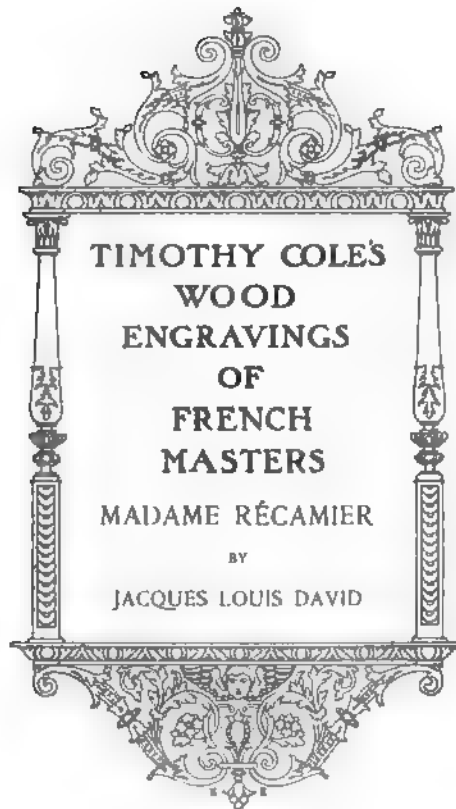
Henry returned to the Buchanan that night with a new determination. Something must be done to protect the widow from the Squire's greedy march.



A COLLECTION OF JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID'S PAINTINGS. II

MADAME RÉCAMIER BY JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID

From the "Madame Récamier" collection. See page 100.



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF
FRENCH
MASTERS

MADAME RÉCAMIER

BY

JACQUES LOUIS DAVID

LINCOLN'S LAST DAYS

(LINCOLN IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE—V)

BY DAVID HOMER BATES

Manager of the War Department Telegraph Office and Cipher-Operator,
1861-1866

LINCOLN'S FAMILY RELATIONS

LINCOLN at all times showed a most tender regard for Mrs. Lincoln and great affection for his children (of whom he had four), especially for the youngest (born in 1853), always familiarly called "Tad," who was christened Thomas, after his paternal grandfather.

One son, Edward Baker (born 1846) died before the war, and William Wallace (born 1850), died in 1862.

The writer recalls many telegrams written by Mr. Lincoln during the war, some signed in Mrs. Lincoln's name, others addressed to her, the wording of which indicated that between husband and wife there was deep affection and close confidence. Two out of many cases will serve to illustrate this fact.

As recorded elsewhere in this series, the President's family occupied a small cottage at the Soldiers' Home, on the outskirts of Washington during the summer and autumn months.

In the latter part of 1862, Mrs. Lincoln went to Boston to visit some friends, and while there Mr. Lincoln sent this message:

Washington, November 9, 1862.

MRS. A. LINCOLN, Boston: Mrs. Cuthbert and Aunt Mary want to move to the White House because it has grown so cold at the Soldiers' Home. Shall they?

A. Lincoln.

This deference to Mrs. Lincoln's wishes was habitual with him.

William Wallace Lincoln, always called "Willie," was next older than Tad, and I well remember his quiet manner and interesting personality from having seen

him frequently during the summer and autumn of 1861, when he was about eleven. He died of typhoid fever, February 20, 1862; and Lincoln's deep sorrow over the loss of a second son was evident for months afterward. In my war diary, under date of February 11, 1864, is this entry:

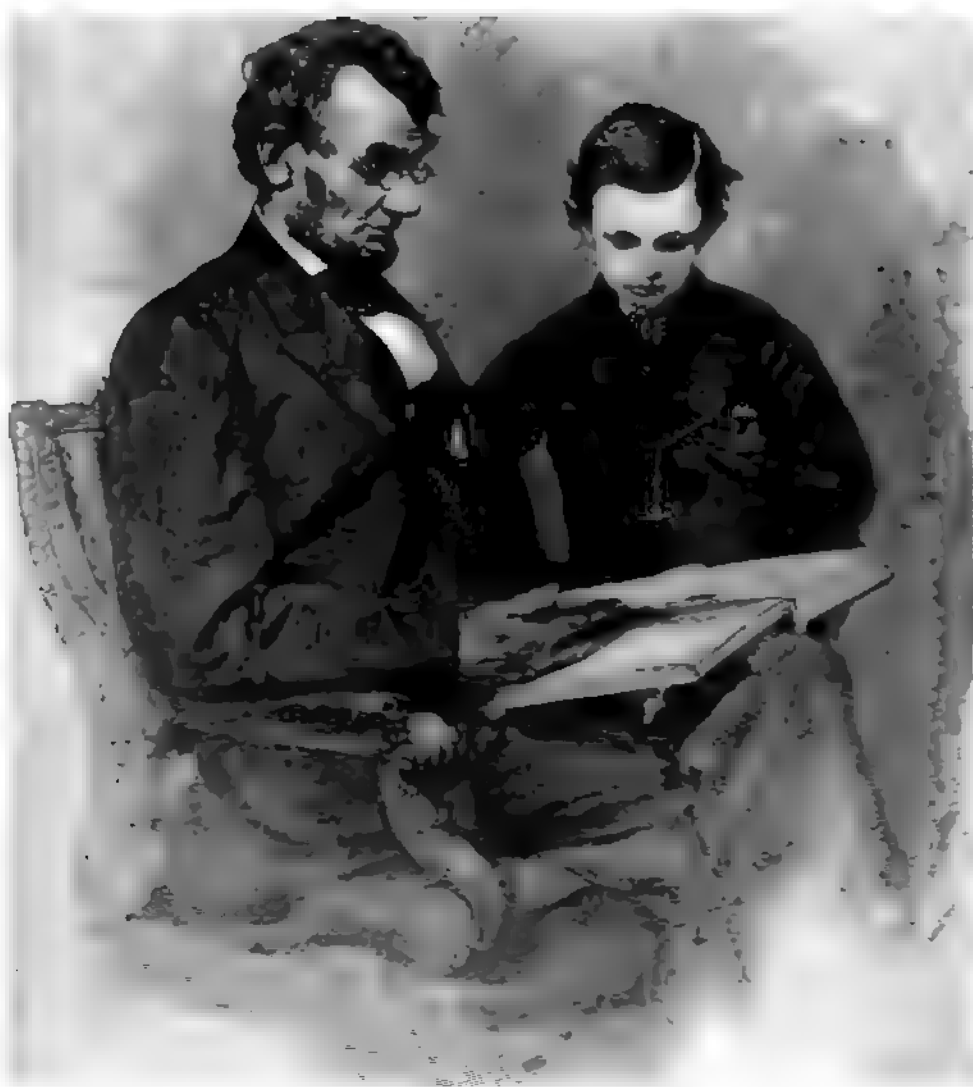
Last night, when leaving the telegraph office I discovered that the White House stables were on fire, and running back to the War Department, where there was a call wire, I sent an alarm to the fire-engine house above 17th Street. The engine responded quickly, but the fire had gained too much headway, and the stable and contents were destroyed, including the President's three spans of carriage horses and Willie's little pony.

This was two years after the boy's death, but his winning ways had made him such a great favorite that his pony was still identified with his name.

In Bishop Simpson's funeral oration, when Lincoln's body was brought to Springfield in 1865, he made this reference:

In his domestic life Lincoln was exceedingly kind and affectionate. . . . To an officer of the army he said not long since, "Do you ever find yourself talking with the dead?" and then added, "Since Willie's death, I catch myself every day involuntarily talking with him as if he were with me."

No other record of this incident has been discovered by me, but Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, in his "Six Months at the White House," p. 293, says that on April 14, 1865, the day of the assassination, and more than three years subse-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS SON TAD

quent to Willie's death, Lincoln said to Mrs. Lincoln:

We must both be more cheerful in the future. Between the war and the loss of our darling Willie we have been very miserable.

Many stories are told of Tad's mischievous pranks, and of his father's close companionship with his favorite boy. Tinker records that on one occasion Lincoln came into the telegraph office chuckling to himself over a fairy story-book that some one had given to Tad, who was holding his father's hand as he entered the room. He thereupon repeated the story to the cipher-operators. It told how a mother hen tried to raise a brood of chicks, but was much disturbed over the conduct of a sly old fox who ate several of the youngsters while still professing to be an honest fox; so the anxious mother had a serious talk with the old reynard about his wickedness. "Well, what was the result?" asked one of us, when it appeared that Lincoln did not intend to continue his narrative. "The fox reformed," said Lincoln, his eyes twinkling, "and became a highly respected paymaster in the army, and now I am wondering which one he is." The significance of this reference is in the fact that about that time there were rumors of fraud in the Paymaster's Department.

Much has been said about Lincoln being influenced by his dreams. For instance, it has been stated by good authorities, including members of his cabinet, that before each of the great battles of the war, and also before the occurrence of some other specially notable event in his life, he had a vivid dream which led him to look forward at such a time with great anxiety for the announcement of some disaster, or other incident, of a particularly important character. It is related that on the night before his assassination he had an unusually exciting dream, which he thought was a portent of impending danger of some sort. That he did have this habit of being deeply affected and influenced by these visions of the night, is clearly shown by the following telegram:

Washington, D. C., June 9, 1863.

MRS. A. LINCOLN, Philadelphia:

Think you had better put Tad's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him.

A. Lincoln.

Here are two telegrams out of a large number in which Lincoln referred to his children in an affectionate manner.

August 31, 1864.

MRS. A. LINCOLN, Manchester, Vermont:

All reasonably well. Bob not here yet. How is dear Tad?—*A. Lincoln.*

September 8, 1864.

MRS. A. LINCOLN, Manchester, Vermont:

All well, including Tad's pony and the goats.—*A. Lincoln.*

On another occasion Lincoln wrote to his wife as follows:

... Tell dear Tad poor Nanny goat is lost. ... The day you left, Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud on the middle of Tad's bed, but now she's gone. ...
A. Lincoln.

The President's affection for his youngest boy was such that they were together much of the time, even while the father was receiving callers or attending to official business in the White House, and nearly always when visiting the army at the front or in the defenses around Washington. They came to the War Department hand-in-hand many times.

Lincoln went to City Point in March, 1865, and as usual Tad went with him, and remained with his father after Mrs. Lincoln returned to Washington a week later. Tad became a great pet among the officers and men. Each afternoon, during their two weeks' stay, the headquarters' band marched up to the open space near the President's tent, and played popular airs for an hour or so. Tad enjoyed the music of the brass band very greatly, and was on the lookout each afternoon when the appointed hour approached. As soon as he heard the strains of music in the distance he would jump up and down and shout: "There comes our band! there comes our band!"

Robert Todd Lincoln, the President's eldest son (born 1843), was even more quiet and reserved in his manner than Willie; and he came to the War Department with his father very seldom. He was absent from Washington, at school, part of the time during the war, and just before its close received the appointment of captain, and was assigned to Grant's staff, remaining with him until Lee's surrender. After the war he entered the

legal profession. During President Harrison's first administration he was Secretary of War and in his second administration Minister to England, performing the duties of both high offices with signal ability.

LINCOLN'S LAST DAYS

IN the spring of 1865, shortly after Lincoln received word from General Grant of his purpose to close in upon Lee and bring the war to an end, there followed this despatch, dated March 20:

HIS EXCELLENCY A. LINCOLN: Can you not visit City Point for a day or two? I would like very much to see you, and I think the rest would do you good.

Respectfully yours, etc.,
U. S. Grant, Lieutenant-General.

He eagerly responded to the call and started on the *River Queen*, conveyed by the little steamer *Bat*, Friday, March 24, and arrived at City Point the following evening.

General Grant directed his cipher-operator, Captain Samuel Beckwith, to report to the President and keep him in constant touch by telegraph with the army in its advance movement, and with the War Department at Washington. It may therefore be truthfully said that for the next two weeks out of the three remaining to him, Lincoln lived "in the telegraph office," for he and Beckwith were almost inseparable and the wires were kept busy with despatches to and from the President. Beckwith's official tent, where all telegrams were sent and received, adjoined the larger tent of General E. S. Bowers, which Lincoln made his headquarters.

It was by telegraph forty-eight hours after reaching City Point that Lincoln endorsed Secretary Stanton's order of exercises to be observed at Fort Sumter on the anniversary of its surrender, in which many notable persons, including Colonel Robert Anderson, Admiral Dahlgren, Assistant Adjutant-General Townsend, Captain Gustavus V. Fox, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. R. S. Storrs, and others were to participate.

Mrs. Lincoln remained at City Point one week, returning to Washington on April 1. Little Tad was left with his father. Grant's forward movement pro-

gressed so well that at 7:45 o'clock Sunday morning, April 2, the President telegraphed to Mrs. Lincoln and the Secretary of War some details of our great success, including quotations from Grant's telegram. The original is shown in facsimile on the opposite page.

Upon Mr. Lincoln's return from Petersburg, after his last conference with General Grant, before Lee's surrender, he found awaiting him a telegram from the Secretary of War, pointing out the dangers which the President was likely to meet if he went to the front, as his early morning message had stated he would do. (See the *JUNE CENTURY*, page 295, for a facsimile.)

In part Stanton said: "Consider whether you ought to expose the Nation to the consequence of any disaster to yourself in the pursuit of a treacherous and dangerous enemy like the rebel army." Lincoln's reply to this thoughtful warning, is given in facsimile on page 770.

Alas, with all his precautions and in spite of all the safeguards placed around his person by the Secretary of War and by General Grant, he was destined to meet death at the hands of an assassin only eleven days later.

The despatch above referred to was the last one sent by the President before he went to Richmond the following day, and before his death, so far as is recorded, he sent only seven other telegrams, three from City Point and four from Washington.

Upon his return to City Point, on the afternoon of April 5, he found a batch of telegrams, including some from Grant at the front, telling of the continued progress of his army in the pursuit of Lee's disheartened and fast disintegrating forces.

At noon, the following day, Lincoln telegraphed to Grant that Secretary Seward had been seriously injured by being thrown from his carriage in Washington, and that this, with other matters, would take him to Washington soon. Otherwise it is to be presumed, that notwithstanding Stanton's warning, he would have gone to Appomattox to be present at the surrender of Lee's army. The same day he telegraphed General Weitzel at Richmond on the subject of a meeting

of "the gentlemen who have acted as the Legislature of Virginia," for the purpose of taking measures "to withdraw the Virginia troops from resistance to the General Government." Lincoln remained

patch from City Point gave us in the War Department the first news of the capture of Petersburg and Richmond. Shortly after that message was received we were startled to hear our comrade,

Head Quarters Armies of the United States,

City Point, April 2, 1865

Mr. A. Lincoln,

Washington, D.C.

Left night Gen. Grant telegraphed that Sherman with his Cavalry and the 5th Corps have captured three brigades of the enemy, a train of wagons, and several batteries, prisoners amounting to several thousands. This morning Gen. Grant ^{having ordered an attack along the whole line} telegraphed as follows:

"Both Wright and Parks got through the enemy's line. The battle now rages furiously. Sherman with his Cavalry, the 5th Corps, & Miles Division of the 2nd Corps, which was sent to him since 1. This A.M. is now sweeping down from the West. All now looks highly favorable. One is engaged, but I have not yet heard the result on his front."

Robert yesterday wrote a little ^{cheap} note to Capt. Parrow, which is all I have heard of him since you left. Copy to Secretary of War.

A. Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF LINCOLN'S DESPATCH TO MRS. LINCOLN OF 7:45 P.M. APRIL 2, 1865

at City Point until April 9, when he returned on the *River Queen* to Washington, where he arrived April 10, at which time he received Grant's welcome despatch announcing the capitulation of Lee.

"RICHMOND HAS FALLEN!"

AND now, let us go back to the morning of April 3, when Lincoln's cipher-des-

patch from City Point gave us in the War Department the first news of the capture of Petersburg and Richmond. Shortly after that message was received we were startled to hear our comrade, William J. Dealy, at Fort Monroe, say over the wire, "Turn down for Richmond." To one not a telegrapher these words would be Greek, but we all knew what was meant and operator Thomas A. Laird at once turned down the armature spring so that it might respond to the weaker current from the more distant office and the signals thus be made plainer to the

Head Quarters Armies of the United States.

City Point, April 3. 5 P.M. 1865

Hon. Sec. of War

Washington. D.C.

Yours received. Thanks for your caution; but I have already been to Petersburg, talked with Gen. Grant on how & a half and returned here. It is certain ^{now} that Richmond is in our hands, and I think I will go there to-morrow. I will take care of myself.

Abraham Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF LINCOLN'S DESPATCH OF 5 P.M., APRIL 3, 1865

ear. Then came the inquiry, "Do you get me well?" "Yes, go ahead." "All right. Here is the first message for you in four years from Richmond.

Richmond, Va., April 3, 1865.

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.: We took Richmond at 8:15 this morning. . . The city is on fire in two places. . .

G. Weitzel, Brig.-Gen'l Comd'g."

General Weitzel sent a similar message to General Grant at the front, the original of which is still in the possession of the operator who transmitted it over the field wire—Mr. William B. Wood, now of New York City.

When Laird had received the words, "From Richmond," he jumped up and ran into the cipher-room, leaving Willie Kettles, a lad of fifteen, the youngest operator in the office, to copy the despatch whilst Laird spread the glad tidings by word of mouth. Looking out of the window at the people who were passing I leaned as far out as possible and shouted, "Richmond has fallen." Tinker, Chandler, and Maynard, at other windows, did the same and soon a big crowd had assembled on the lawn below. Just then Secretary Stanton, who had come into the library-room, where the telegraph instruments were located, seized

young Kettles, and placing him on the window ledge, said to the people beneath, "This is the boy who received the first message from Richmond," and then pointing his hand backward, added, "The telegraph is my right arm."

During the following week the wires were kept busy with messages relating to the task of restoring order in the former capital of the Confederacy and also with other messages with a deeper interest from Grant, until, on April 9, we were rejoiced to hear of the surrender at Appomattox. We knew then that the war had ended and a new era had begun. Lincoln had already started from City Point, on that day, reaching Washington on the morning of the 10th.

On the morning of Wednesday, April 12, Lincoln came over to the telegraph office and wrote two telegrams to General Weitzel, both of which related to Virginia legislative matters.

When his last dispatch was passed over to us, we quickly transcribed its contents in the cipher-book, line after line and column after column, little thinking that it was the last message we should ever receive from his hands. Soon it was in form for transmission to the cipher-operator at Richmond, and then the end had come of our association with the great President.

THE ASSASSINATION

I REMEMBER the long night of Friday, April 14, that black day in our country's history, when the hate and cruelty embodied in four years of bloody war culminated in one stroke of madness, aimed at the life of one who himself had only "charity for all," with "malice toward none." Although I was on duty in the cipher-room that evening, I have no distinct remembrance of anything that occurred prior to the moment when some one rushed into the office with blanched face saying, "There is a rumor below that President Lincoln has been shot in Ford's Theater." Before we could fully take in the awful import, other rumors reached us, horror following fast upon horror: the savage attack upon Secretary Seward, and the frustrated efforts to reach and kill Vice-President Johnson, Secretary Stanton and other members of the Government. As the successive accounts crystallized, a fearful dread filled our hearts, lest it should be found that the entire cabinet had been murdered. An hour of this awful suspense, and then we received word from Major Eckert, who had gone quickly to Secretary Stanton's house on K Street, and from there with the Secretary to the house on 10th Street, opposite the theater, to which the President had been carried after having been shot by John Wilkes Booth. This message merely assured us of the present safety of Stanton, while confirming our worst fears concerning the President.

A relay of mounted messengers was at once established by Major Eckert, and all night long they carried bulletins in the handwriting of Secretary Stanton addressed to General Dix, New York City, which were at once given to the press and sent over the wires throughout the country. As these bulletins were spelled out in the Morse telegraph characters, our hearts were stunned and yet seemed to be on fire. The awfulness of the tragedy hushed us into silence. As the hours slowly passed hope revived fitfully as some sentence offered faint encouragement that the precious life might perhaps be spared to complete its chosen work; but at last about 7.30 A.M., April 15th, the tension gave away and we knew that

our beloved President was gone from us forever.

The news of the tragedy reached General Grant at Philadelphia, as he was about to take the ferry-boat for Camden. He continued his journey to Burlington, New Jersey, with Mrs. Grant, and then started back, Beckwith, his cipher-operator, being with him. Beckwith remained in Washington until April 22, when he was ordered to the lower Potomac to establish communication with the several parties in that vicinity who were searching for Booth, for the capture of whom the large reward of \$100,000 had been offered. It had been reported that Booth's route of escape was through Maryland, toward Point Lookout, on the Potomac, and a force, including 600 colored troops, commanded by Major James R. O'Beirne, was sent from Washington to trace and capture the assassins. Beckwith went with this detachment and promptly opened an office at Port Tobacco, from which place he sent a number of telegrams, one of which gave the Washington authorities the earliest authentic clue to Booth's immediate whereabouts. The telegram was quite long, so an extract only will be quoted:

Port Tobacco, Md., April 24th, 1865.

10 A.M., received 11 A.M.

MAJOR ECKERT: Have just met Major O'Beirne, whose force had arrested Doctor Mudd and Thompson. Mudd set Booth's left leg (fractured), furnished crutches, and helped him and Herold off. They have been tracked as far as the swamp near Bryantown. . . .

S. H. Beckwith.

Secretary Stanton immediately ordered his Secret Service Chief, Colonel L. C. Baker, to go to Port Tobacco. Accordingly, with a small body of picked mounted men, Baker left Washington on the steamer *John S. Ide*, at 4 o'clock that afternoon, arriving at Belle Plain, seventy miles below Washington, at 10 o'clock. The men and their horses disembarked and the whole party struck out on the trail, and by midnight they had tracked Booth and Herold across the river into Virginia, where the next day they were discovered concealed in a barn, which was set on fire for the purpose of forcing the fugitives from its shelter; here, as is well known, Booth was shot by

Sergeant "Boston" Corbett, Herold having surrendered previously.

POWELL (ALIAS PAYNE), THE ASSASSIN

ON November 26, 1864, the day after the attempt of Confederate conspirators to burn New York City, Major Eckert found on the floor of a Sixth Avenue street-car an envelop enclosing a letter addressed to a man named Payne with directions to the members of a band, regarding the assassination of certain persons whose names were not disclosed except by implication in the use of single initials corresponding with those of the President and members of his cabinet. The envelop also contained a picture of Lincoln with a red-ink mark around the neck and down the shirt front. Several months later, in the War Department telegraph office, Lincoln produced from the inside of his high silk hat a similarly marked photograph, which he said had just reached Mrs. Lincoln by mail.

Payne's real name was Lewis Thornton Powell. He enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 from Florida, where his father, a Baptist Minister, then resided. At Gettysburg, in July, 1863, Payne was wounded and taken prisoner. He escaped from the hospital in Baltimore after falling in love with his nurse and returned to the Confederate army, but about a year later came North, either as deserter or spy, probably the latter, in view of his connection—by name at least—with the Lincoln picture above referred to, and also in view of his having, in 1864, associated himself with Booth in the plot to kill Lincoln and his cabinet. Payne's share in the work was the murderous assault on Secretary Seward, for which crime he was hanged on July 7, 1865.

Payne was a remarkable man mentally and physically. His limbs and muscles were finely formed and developed, and when in the prisoners' dock on trial, clad as to upper garments only in a tight-fitting knit shirt, his stalwart figure was almost gladiatorial, in its clean-cut robustness. His face was sphinx-like in its immobility and the steady gaze of his dark, expressive eyes gave one the impression of a man of coldly-calculating, dare-devil disposition, whom fate had decreed

to reckless deeds and now to death, and almost, or quite, without remorse. This naturally stolid man, already fired with the spirit of revenge by the fate of his native South, and the death of his two brothers killed in battle, was a tool in the hands of the impulsive and romantic Booth.

Payne was the only one of the seven conspirators supposed to have enjoyed the full confidence of Booth, and he was silent and imperturbable, answering no questions, refusing all but a bare modicum of food, and even resisting one of the chief demands of nature. In this latter respect, the inactive period was prolonged for more than a fortnight, every possible means being employed by the attending physician to induce normal action.

Secretary Stanton sent Assistant Secretary Dana and Major Eckert to the monitor *Saugus*, where Payne was confined in irons, in the hope that he might be led to talk. Dana soon tired of the task, but Eckert persevered in his efforts to break down the barriers between them and for ten days kept vigil with the prisoner, remaining with him almost constantly all day long, and for hours uttering no word himself, but keeping his eyes upon Payne and waiting for the moment of victory over the assassin's iron will. One day the Provost Marshal in command tried to have a picture taken of Payne, who moved his head from side to side to hide his face. The officer, angered by his failure, struck at Payne's arm with his sword or cane. Eckert remonstrated, telling the officer he had no authority for striking a prisoner, or even for taking his picture. In this he was upheld by Secretary Stanton, who then directed that Payne should be placed in the direct custody of Eckert, and he so remained until the day of his execution. At the next meeting of the two, Payne said that his words to the officer who struck him were the first sympathetic words he had heard for many long months.

When Eckert had told Payne of his finding the envelop already referred to containing a reference to the assassination plot, Payne acknowledged it had been lost while he was in New York at the time of the attempt to burn the city by Headley and his associates from Canada.

Under instructions from the Secretary of War each of the conspirators on the *Saugus* was fitted with a hood over the head, with openings for the eyes and mouth, so that they might not communicate with each other by word or by facial signs. Their place of confinement was in the anchor-well at the bow of the boat. They were manacled, but were not confined separately in rooms or cells, there being no such facilities on the vessel.

Payne had asked for some tobacco, which the Major did not have, but he obtained some before his next visit, and then in Payne's presence cut off a piece and put it into his own mouth, meantime watching Payne, whose eyes were fixed on the coveted morsel. Eckert then cut off a liberal piece and slipped it through the opening in the hood into Payne's mouth. The prisoner said that he never had had anything taste so good as that piece of tobacco.

When the time came to remove the prisoners from the monitor to the arsenal prison, Eckert accompanied Payne with an officer of the guard. Payne's feet had swollen enormously so that he could not wear his shoes, and a pair of carpet slippers had been provided which were slipped over Payne's feet, and these gave him much relief. As they neared the gangplank of the vessel it was necessary for each one to lower his head to prevent being struck by a cross-piece, the tide being very low. It was pitch dark, the transfer being made at night. Payne could not see the obstruction and Eckert placed his hand on Payne's head and pressed it down so as to prevent his striking the cross-piece.

It was after one of these incidents that Payne broke down and confided many of the details of Booth's plot, which were of such a character as to lead to the belief on the part of the authorities that, with the exception perhaps of John H. Surratt, who was apprehended in Egypt two years later, after having served in the Papal Zouaves at Rome, all the suspected persons were then under lock and key and that no further trouble might be expected from that source.

Even after Eckert had succeeded in obtaining Payne's confidence, the latter still withheld information bearing on his

own part in the conspiracy, until a promise not to testify against him was given. He was told that such a promise could not be made, but later Payne gave a few details of their meetings in Baltimore and Washington, together with other facts of importance.

One Baltimore rendezvous was in a gambling place on Monument Square opposite Guy's Hotel. The secretary of the meeting was a physician on Fayette Street, opposite Barnum's Hotel. Eckert went to Baltimore by the first train, to consult the doctor for indigestion, and while the latter went into an adjoining room to write a prescription, Eckert quietly pocketed a picture of the good physician, which was standing on the mantelpiece, and on his return to Washington showed the picture and the prescription to Payne. Eckert also went to the Washington rendezvous, on D Street, not far from the railroad station, and inquired for a room for meetings. A colored woman in charge offered him the very room Payne had described and said it had often been used for meetings. From the way she told her story, it was learned when Booth and his band had last been there, although she had no inkling of the diabolical plot which was being laid by her tenants. The room was large and had a grate at one end. It had not been cleaned up thoroughly, papers and dust having been swept toward the hearth and under the grate. Eckert poked with his cane until he had separated the scraps of paper from the debris and afterward, by pasting the pieces together, made out portions of a resolution relating to certain things to be done, evidently having reference to an abduction, and which, it was believed, had been written by Booth.

Among the debris was also found a scrap of paper bearing the name of Mudd. A Doctor Mudd living in lower Maryland had set Booth's broken leg on his flight toward Virginia and had been arrested on April 21 as one of the conspirators. On the trial, Mudd was found guilty and sentenced for life at Dry Tortugas but was pardoned by President Johnson in 1869, after nearly four years' imprisonment.

At one time Payne told Eckert of three occasions when he was very close to Lincoln and could have shot him if

War Department
Washington City.

April 16 1865.

General;

The distressing duty has
devolved ^{upon the Secretary of War} ~~and me~~ to announce through-
out to the armies of the United States,
that at twenty two minutes after seven
o'clock in the morning of ~~Saturday~~
the fifteenth ^{day of April 1865} instant, Abraham Lincoln,
President of the United States died of a
mortal wound inflicted upon him by
an assassin.

The armies of the United States
share with their fellow citizens the feelings
of grief and horror inspired by the
most atrocious murder of their great
and beloved President and Commander-
in-Chief with profound sorrow ^{a great national calamity} ~~will mourn~~ his death as,

You will direct that ^{the} ~~at the~~
Head Quarters of every Department, be
draped in mourning for thirty days,
and ^{appropriate} ~~that~~ the ~~proper~~ honors prescribed

FAUCSIMILE ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGE, OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF SECRETARY
STANTON'S ORDER TO THE ARMIES FOR HONORING THE MEMORY
OF THE MURDERED PRESIDENT

The original is in the possession of David Homer Bates who first wrote the message from Stanton's dictation,
after which the latter revised it extensively with his own hand

he had been so inclined. Once, during
the winter of 1865, Booth and Payne had
walked through the White House grounds
in the daytime. Booth urged Payne to
send a card in to Lincoln, using any name
that he might see fit, and when he went

into the room to shoot the President.
Payne said he declined and Booth be-
rated him soundly for cowardice.

At another time, when Lincoln was
making a speech from the second story
window of the White House, Booth and

War Department
2. Washington City.

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by the order and regulations of the
use services, he paid ^{by every army and every} to the memory of the
late illustrious chief magistrate of
the nation, and Commander-in-Chief
of its armies.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Lieutenant General Grant will give
the necessary instructions for carrying this
order into effect.

Lieut. Genl. W. H. Grant

original in the War Department
copy in the War Department
copy in the War Department

Payne were in the crowd of listeners and again Booth urged Payne to take out his revolver and fire. Payne again said, "No, I will not do it." Again Booth damned Payne and urged him to commit the deed then and there, saying that the crowd was so great that it could be done without detection, but Payne was obdurate, not yet having screwed himself up to the point of murder.

The third occasion was under the following circumstances: Payne suddenly turned to Eckert and said, "Major, I wonder if you were not the man walking with the President through the White House grounds late one frosty night in February." Payne then said that he was secreted behind the bushes in front of the old conservatory where the executive offices now stand, waiting for Lincoln to return from the War Department. There had been a light fall of snow, which turned to rain. It then got colder and there was a crust on the snow so that it crackled under one's foot. Payne says he heard foot-steps from the direction of the War Department and when the per-

sons got nearly opposite where he was hiding he saw Lincoln and another man coming along the walk, and he heard the President say, "Major, spread out, spread out, or we shall break through the ice."

The two then stopped, and Lincoln started to give an account of an incident when he was a young man. The nearest grist mill to his father's house was seven or eight miles distant and the custom was to take the grain to the mill and wait for it to be ground and then carry the meal back home, leaving a percentage for the miller. He said on one occasion during a very cold spell he and a party of neighbors were returning from the mill with their bags and they came to the Sangamon Creek, which was frozen over so that they could cross on it, but when they were part way over the ice cracked and some one said, "Spread out, spread out, or we shall break through the ice." Eckert told Payne that he recalled the incident, that he was with President Lincoln that night, and had walked home with him many other nights from the War Department to the White

House. This incident indicated that Payne's other statements were true.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

IMMEDIATELY after Lee's surrender and without waiting to witness the details attending the transfer of arms, cannon, etc., Grant started for Washington via City Point, arriving at the latter place April 12, and at Washington April 13.

Plans had been laid by Mrs. Lincoln for a theater party on the evening of Friday, April 14, to see Laura Keane in "Our American Cousin." Mr. Lincoln had reluctantly acceded to his wife's request and had suggested that General Grant and his wife should be invited to join the party. The invitation was given and accepted, but when Secretary Stanton heard of the plan, he made a vigorous protest, having in mind the numerous threats of assassination which had come to the notice of the War Department through its secret-service agents, including a letter from a man named Holmes, written from Syracuse to the State Department and dated November 2, 1864, and the pictures of Lincoln with the red ink-lines around the neck. Stanton told Grant of his fears, and begged him not to go to the theater with Lincoln, telling him that he had already vainly urged the President to give up the project. Grant said he wanted an excuse not to go and that he would send word to the President that as he had not seen his daughter, Nellie, for a long time he and Mrs. Grant had concluded to start Friday afternoon for Burlington, N. J., where Nellie was attending school.

On the morning of April 14, when Lincoln made his usual visit to the War Department, he told Stanton that Grant had canceled his acceptance of the theater invitation. The Secretary again urged the President not to go and, when he could not persuade him, told him he ought to have a suitable guard. Lincoln said, "Stanton, do you know that Eckert can break a poker over his arm?" The Secretary not knowing what was coming looked around in surprise and answered, "No. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Well," Lincoln said, "I have seen Eckert break five pokers one after another over his arm and I have been thinking that he would be the kind of man to go with us to the theater to-night. May I take him?"¹

Stanton, still unwilling to encourage the theater project said that he had some special work for Eckert that evening and could not spare him. Lincoln then said, "Well, I will ask the Major myself, and he can do your work to-morrow." He then came into the telegraph office, told Eckert of his plans for the evening and that he wanted him to be one of the party, but that Stanton said he had some work that must be attended to. "Now, Major," he added, "come along, you can do that work to-morrow, and we want you with us."

Eckert, taking his cue from Stanton's attitude, told the President that it would not be possible for him to accept, because of an appointment that could not be broken.

"Very well," Lincoln then said, "I shall have to ask Major Rathbone to go with us, because Stanton insists upon having some one to guard me, but I would much rather have you, Major, since I know you can break a poker over your arm."

It is idle to conjecture what might have been the result if our alert and vigorous chief had accompanied the President to Ford's Theater that night. Had he done so the probabilities are, in view of Eckert's previous knowledge of the plot to kidnap or kill the President, that Booth might have been prevented from firing the fatal shot and Lincoln spared to finish his great work.

Let me close by a quotation from the New Testament entered in my war-diary under date of April 15, 1865, the day of Lincoln's death:

"First pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

Now, after the lapse of more than forty years, all men have come to think of him in terms no less Christlike.

¹ The incident of breaking the stove pokers was described on page 136 of THE CENTURY for May.



Drawn by Clifford W. Ashley. See "Open Letters."

SPEARING A SWORDFISH



RACING IN ITS RELATION TO HORSE-BREEDING

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED

THE interest in horse-racing is felt by a great variety of people, while the practice is as old as civilization. It has always been regarded primarily as a sport, and it is generally so looked upon to-day. But in New York the laws that have been enacted to regulate it put the question of sport in the background, and declare that its encouragement is "for the purpose of raising and breeding and improving the breed of horses." This quotation is taken from the first section of Chapter 570 of the Laws of 1895. This statute is popularly known as the Percy-Gray law, and it establishes a State racing commission and regulates the methods of race meetings within the State. By this law, and under the decisions of the courts interpreting it, gambling, though distinctly forbidden, is made permissive. Without such a legal paradox there could be no book-making on the race-courses; without book-making, which enables those who attend the races to bet on the results, the breeder of horses, the owners of racing stables, and the proprietors of race courses, are all agreed that the sport, as conducted at present and for many years past, could not exist. Granting this fact, the easy conclusion is that horse-racing is conducted for the sake of the gambling, and that the horses are used merely as part of the gambling machinery—as a roulette wheel, for instance. The daily newspapers, which give columns and pages day in and day out to the reports of the races, strengthen this easy conclusion. Much more space is given and much more emphasis laid upon the doings of the "betting ring" than upon the performance of the horses that furnish the sport. The reporters, with great in-

dustry and immense exaggeration, tell of the great wagers won and lost; and the conversion of a "shoe-string into a bank-roll" is evidently regarded as a greater achievement than breeding or training a staunch race-horse or riding it to a well-earned victory.

This conclusion is easy, but it is not fair. Gambling is the great handicap to racing—indeed, it is not too strong to say that gambling is the curse of racing; but racing is a cause of gambling rather than the desire to gamble is the cause of racing. The men who are the most noted breeders, as well as those who maintain the most formidable racing stables, are not in the least prominent in the "betting-rings," either personally or through agents. So far as they are influenced at all by business considerations, they race for the stakes and purses and for the increased value that success brings to the stallions and mares of their breeding farms; but primarily, and as a general thing, the best of them race for the sport, much in the same way that they build yachts, play polo, or run automobiles. The money won by them is of secondary consideration, though I am far from suggesting that any of them despise the intrinsic value of their winnings. On the contrary, they think rather more of the money value of winnings than is good for the sport. A man does not expect his yacht to pay, or his game-preserves or his country-place, but he does look to the debit and credit side of his racing accounts with a keenness which gives a color at least to the frequently made charge that racing is not a sport, but a business venture. If the owning of a racing-stable is a business venture, I am inclined to the belief that it is a very



Draw by C. H. Judge. Hatter playing to C. C. W. Chawick.

IN THE BETTING RING ON LUCRITY DAY AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY

poor one, and quite unworthy of the business acumen of the shrewd men of affairs who have acquired the wealth that enables them to participate in such enterprises. It is not at all fair to say that racing is only a business venture or merely a gambling game, though there is enough of both features to detract seriously from the purely sporting side of it.

Horse-racing in America has become institutional in its character, and if it were not conducted in a businesslike way, the results would be confusing and disastrous. The men who, as proprietors of race-courses, have taken the purely business side, must conduct their affairs in a coldly business way. That in many instances they happen also to be the owners of racing-stables is an inevitable corollary. Not many other capitalists would care to risk money in such hazardous ventures. Those who do make such risks are usually possessed of what we call "sporting-blood." A man may have this, and still not be what is called a sporting man. A sporting man is one who lives by sport and is a kind of professional. So we designate promoters of the prize-ring, race-course book-makers, and even common gamblers. A sportsman, however, is of a different kind. He is an amateur, a lover of sport, presumably a gentleman. The sporting men would be only too glad to conduct the business side of racing. Wherever they have succeeded in getting control, they have quickly killed every vestige of sport, and placed racing under a legal ban. They killed it effectually in New Jersey, Arkansas, and other States. The sportsmen, however, are in full control in New York and in all other places in America where racing is in a healthy condition.

Racing is not entirely a business; it is not merely a gambling game; it is not purely a sport; nor is it conducted simply to improve the breed of horses. But it partakes of all of these at once, and the only evil that those in control do not seem able to eliminate is gambling. That feature of it I shall leave to other moralists to discuss. The sporting side needs no more discussion than the business side. Without sport, life would be dull for many people in this world; and without

business control, not one in a hundred of those who now participate and enjoy the sport of racing could do so. But how does racing improve the breed of horses, and is the improvement worth what it costs? These are the questions that seem to me of the greatest importance.

THE creation of the race-horse, the English thoroughbred, from the Oriental stock taken to Europe from Arabia, Barbary, and Turkey, is the greatest achievement in horse-breeding that the modern world has seen. This has been done in answer to the demand that horses should run faster and faster. To enable them to do this, the horses had to be larger, or, rather, taller. The Arabs a century and a half ago were about fourteen hands high, as they are to-day. The thoroughbred, in the form that is now fashionable, will average quite sixteen hands, so that in the two centuries of careful breeding he has grown eight inches in height measured over the withers. Whether he has also increased in his other dimensions in the same proportion is another matter. The average thoroughbred, I am sure, has not so increased, but the best specimens of the type are pretty nearly perfect in symmetry. They are not, however, particularly useful except as runners on the race-course. They excel in only one gait, the gallop, and they therefore are not particularly adapted to harness. The trot of the thoroughbreds is not fast, and the action is too low to make them very desirable driving horses. This is a general rule, and does not take into account a few exceptional thoroughbreds that have trotted with some, if not with great, speed.

The important thing to decide in discussing the relation of racing to horse-breeding is whether an infusion of thoroughbred blood is valuable in the creation and maintenance of other types. The race-horse in himself—that is, in his own individual work—is only valuable as a race-horse. Except as a racer, he never would have been developed in his present form and condition. Unless his blood improves the common run of horses by mixing it with other breeds, the thoroughbred serves only one purpose. But his blood has proved to be valuable in every country where it has been used.



From a photograph Copyright, 1915, by J. L. Bennett

MR. JAMES R. KEENE'S SYGNEY, BY MELTON
He was the most wonderful racing machine ever seen in America



From a photograph by Melton

MR. H. K. KNAPP'S SIR WALTER, BY MIDLOTHIAN

This horse had a long career and won races at an age when most thoroughbreds have been retired.

The American harness horses trace back to Messenger, an English thoroughbred, and in their development there have been other infusions of thoroughbred blood. The Russian Orloff has infusions of thoroughbred blood, and the Austrians, Germans, French, and Italians, in their efforts to breed horses for cavalry and general-utility purposes, buy in England thoroughbred stallions and mares to assist in keeping up the standard as to speed and stamina.

As to the value of the thoroughbred blood there can be little doubt, though breeders and students have long debated as to how it was best to get the infusions and what were the right proportions. Where there is little continuity of breeding, and the plans depend on the life and fortune of the breeder, the inexact science of breeding does not improve as rapidly as it might under more favorable conditions. Many of the European governments recognize this, and keep governmental breeding establishments, which go on from generation to generation in uninterrupted continuity of effort to perpetuate desirable horse types. The Russians have taken the valuable and interesting plant of Count Orloff; the Germans, for much more than a century, have maintained extensive breeding farms; the Austrians have in Austria, and also in Hungary, several large horse-breeding establishments; the French supply stallions to owners of mares at nominal fees, as is also the practice in Great Britain.

In the United States the Federal Government has done next to nothing in the way of horse-breeding, though two small plants are now in operation—one in Colorado for coach horses, and one in Vermont for Morgans. The efforts that the various governments sanction and assist are always toward the creation and maintenance of valuable types. In all of these countries where the efforts are to secure horses for military use, the English thoroughbred blood has the first place. It serves to quicken the blood of other breeds, and though it is an axiom of breeding that nature abhors great contrasts, the thoroughbred blood seems to mix and mingle harmoniously with any other with which it is crossed, no matter how "cold"—with the plough-horses of

the farms, for instance, or with the bronchos of the Western plains.

Now why is this? The thoroughbred is of Oriental origin. He was created in England by the mixture of various horses—Arabs, Barbs, Turks, and so on. As has been said before, he was then a small horse, and very much the same as the Arab of to-day. But by selection in breeding and by some mixture with the blood that was in England before the advent of the Orientals, he has grown larger, fleetier, and in many regards finer. He is still, however, a transformed Oriental. The Oriental blood—Arab, if you choose—is at the base of all reproducing horse types, and therefore when mingled with any of these, even though it comes in thoroughbred guise, it is not entirely heterogeneous, and therefore the crossings generally tend to improve the less refined blood that is met. The question naturally arises, Why use transformed Oriental blood instead of the genuine? The answer to that is two-fold. The thoroughbred blood, or transformed Oriental, is at hand and easily accessible, while the Arab, or genuine Oriental, blood is hard to come at. But the second reason is the stronger; there is a prejudice in America against Arab blood that no reasoning seems able to move. This prejudice is due to the fact that too much was expected in immediate improvement by mixing Arab blood with that already here and a consequent failure and disappointment. Had the experiments been continued several generations the result would probably have been different. This feeling may wear away in time, but its present existence must be counted with. Meantime we have the thoroughbred, and we should be unwise not to use the blood.

We have seen that the modern thoroughbred has been created by the demand for race-horses. But is racing at present improving the thoroughbred in such a way that the thoroughbred is made more valuable in the improvement of other types of horses? That is a hard question; but I am inclined to believe that the kind of racing that now prevails in America hurts rather than helps the thoroughbred as such a means of improvement. Short races and races for two-year-olds are the order of the day. This necessitates two efforts on the part of the



From a photograph by U. C. Cook

ADVANCE GUARD, BY GREAT TEAM

This horse was contributed by the Jockey Club to the eight-year-old stakes of New York horses.

breeders and trainers—one to get very fast horses for short distances, and the other to develop very young horses to do work that should be reserved for their elders. In a race programme we will find most of the races at distances less than a mile, while very many of the most valuable stakes are for



From a photograph by U. C. Cook

MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S HAMMA, BY HANOVER

A great stake winner, contributed to the Jockey Club by the Jockey Club of New York horses.



From a photograph by Geo. M. Pressley

MR. KEENE'S ST. LEONARD, BY ST. BLAISE

He has been a stake winner and successful sire, and is now one of the Jockey Club stallions.

two-year olds. These things have come about on the demand of the breeders and owners. A breeder can get a better price for his yearlings if the purchasers have chances to make winnings and repay themselves within a twelve month. And the owners and trainers are only too anxious that the youngsters in their stables should become bread-winners at the earliest possible moment. These features of present day racing are, in my opinion, hurtful to the horse interests of the

country, and are in response to what is a purely commercial demand on the part of breeders and owners. The spirit of commercialism which is so all pervasive in America is not more baneful anywhere than in what we call sport.

Then again, these short races—sprinting contests—and races between two-year olds, have a tendency to give most of the mounts to very light weight riders, with the consequence that the majority of jockeys are mere children, who really ought to be at ordinary com-

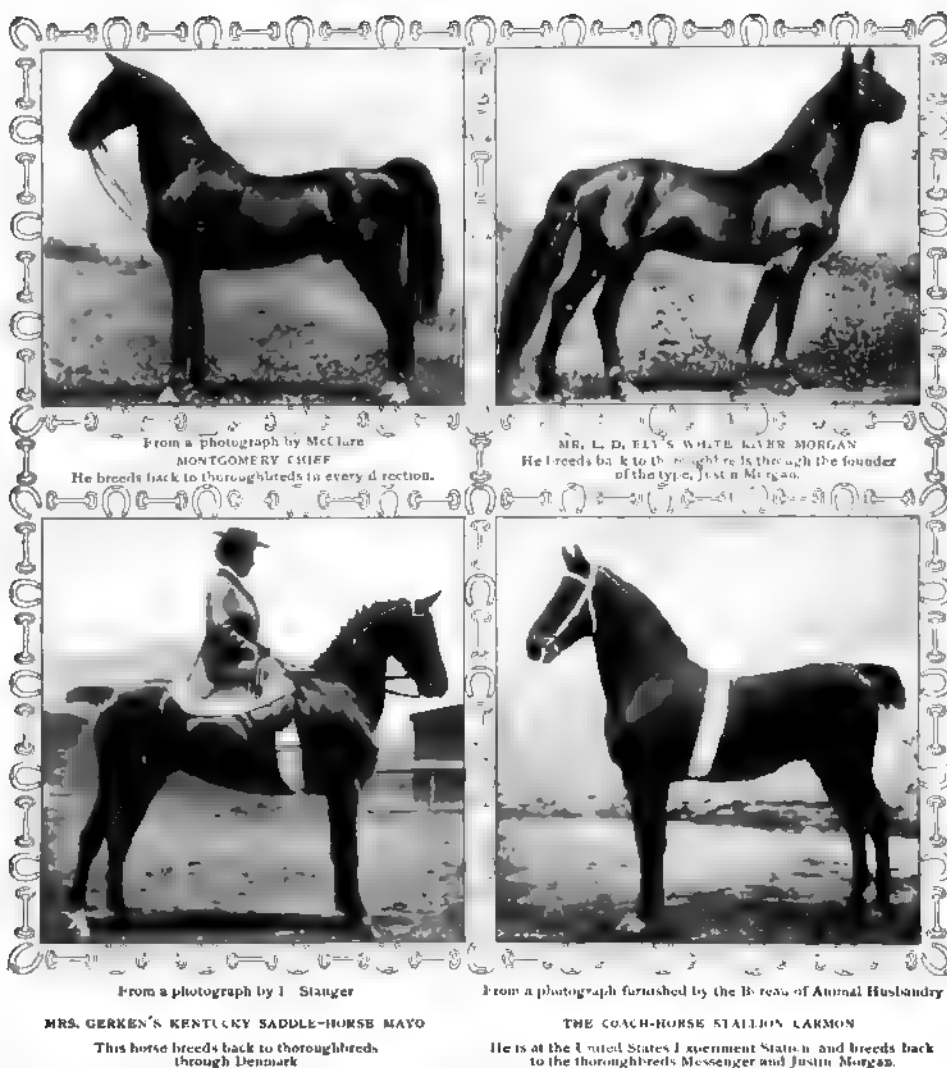
mon schools instead of in the place of star actors in this severe and strenuous game of sport. When a youth gets old enough to ride,—that is, when he is approaching manhood, or has reached it,—he is nearly always too heavy to “make the weights” that prevail at American meetings. He is forced, therefore, to retire or to go abroad, where the standard of weights is heavier. A horse that cannot carry at full speed the weight of a light-weight man is not likely to be valuable in improving the breed of general-utility horses; for in such horses stamina and stoutness are required above all else. If the racing authorities are in earnest in their desire to improve the breed of horses, they should increase the weights, lengthen the distances, and decrease very considerably the number and the value of the two-year-old stakes. One mile should be the shortest race permitted, one hundred and twenty pounds the lightest weight allowed, and two-year-olds should not be asked to run until in August or September of the two-year-old form.

In the time of our fathers in this country, one-mile, two-mile, three-mile, and four-mile heats were common. A mere dash—that is, one trial—was looked upon as a poor test of a horse's speed and courage, and was regarded as only a little better than the quarter-mile races of the cross-road country gamblers. Heat races are now quite out of fashion, and the few distance races we have are not popular with owners, as they secure few candidates. Two miles and a half is considered a very long journey, and I fail to recall a four-mile race in many years. I am not pretending to say that some of the star performers of to-day, if specially prepared for long-distance races, would not equal, if not surpass, the performances of Lexington, Fellowcraft, and Ten Broeck, but I do say that the breeders are not seeking primarily for horses to go long journeys and carry heavy-weights, but for very fast horses at comparatively short distances. The result is that the thoroughbred of to-day is becoming more and more unlike the common or basic stock of the country, and departing further and further from that parent stock from which he sprang—that parent stock which has been the

potential yeast that has quickened the blood of all the valuable equine types in the civilized world, and at the same time given to these types the reproducing quality without which no type can be truly called fixed and established.

The race-horse as such is most interesting, but it can scarcely be said that as such he is economically valuable in any comprehensive sense. Unless the improvement and perpetuation of the race-horse works a value to the common stock of the country, there is no reason why the public should concern itself to preserve a sport which carries so many ills in its train. Let us glance a moment at the life-work of the most famous race-horse we have had in America during the past decade. I refer to Mr. Keene's Melton colt, Sysonby. This colt ran only in his two- and three-year-old forms, and died without starting as a four-year-old. He started fifteen times, and won all except one of his races. His winnings in two years aggregated \$178,190, and as Mr. Keene does not bet on the races, this aggregate represents a total of the owner's winnings. The shortest race in which he started was five-eighths of a mile, the longest two and a quarter miles. *The aggregate length of all the races Sysonby ran was twelve and one-half miles.* This, then, represents the life-work of the greatest horse of his day, probably the greatest of this generation. That he did only this much does not in the least prove that he might not have done ten times as much; but this was, presumably, all that his owner thought it wise to ask him to do. Now he was the best—incontestably the best—at a time when there were many that were considered first-class. What should we expect from a merely average racer, what from one that was only fairly good? Such facts do not inspire the homespun folk of the farms, who, after all, are the horse-breeders of the country, to place much faith in the value that is to be expected from the modern thoroughbred in the desired improvement of the common stock.

And this common stock must be gradually but radically improved to make it profitable to those who breed and raise it. The agencies that are competing with the horse are always being improved, and will surely become permanent. None



but a good horse pays now, and good horses are not so numerous as is the demand for them, while the price for high-grade horses for saddle and harness is greater than ever before in the history of the country. This increase in price is due, on the one hand, to the scarcity of good horses, and, on the other, to the increased demand for them, and not a little, no doubt, to the rise in prices of every kind. It is an interesting period, therefore, in which to reform the racing methods so that the thoroughbred may be more valuable in assisting the farmers to breed the kinds of horses that are in demand in the markets. The New York Jockey Club has seen a light, and during

the past year has acted on one feature of the matter with a thoroughness that is most commendable.

Members of the Jockey Club and other prominent owners and breeders have contributed thirty thoroughbred stallions, and have sent them to various parts of the State for use at a merely nominal fee,—only enough, indeed, to pay the custodian for feed and attention. These stallions are not worthless cast-offs, but really fine horses, and among them are at least two that during their racing careers have been stake-winners and ranked in the very first flight. The stallions so far placed are quite worthy to be named, and the others to be placed (for it is the in-

tention of the Jockey Club to place one in each county) will doubtless be equally good. Those placed when this article was written, are:

Belmar by Belvidere; Juvenal Maxim by Juvenal; Margrave by St. Blaise; Flavianus by Watercress; Red Eye by the Commoner; Glowstar by Star Ruby; the Little Chevalier by the Chevalier; Mortallo by Knight of Ellerslie; Barney Burke by Frontman; Fatherland by Falsetto; Baird by Huron; Full Sway by Troubadour; Escort by Esher; Girdlestone by Prince of Monaco; Oakwood by Harry O'Fallon; Gleeman by Mirthful; Willard by Canopus; The Musketeer by Museto; Howland by Hindoo; Morokanta by Morocco; Don de Oro by Rayon d'Or; Advance Guard by Great Tom; Lord of the Valley by Hastings; Champplain by Gonsalvo; Saladin by Aladdin; Uncle Urigh by Maxio; Halma by Hanover; Merry Lark by Jim Gore; Rensselaer by Hayden Edwards; St. Leonards by St. Blaise; Goodrich by Patron, and Saccharometer by The Judge.

Any one acquainted with thoroughbred pedigrees will testify that these thirty stallions are representative of the very best blood in America and England. Nor are they small horses. The smallest is fifteen hands, three inches in height, and weighs 1050 pounds, while the largest is sixteen hands, one inch, and weighs 1270 pounds. So it will be seen that they are very nearly uniform as to size, and I am assured that none of them has a defect that is likely to be transmitted to his progeny. To stimulate breeding to these stallions, the Jockey Club offers prizes at the county fairs to the best of the get of each stallion. This is practical work, and a work that in nearly every European country is carried on by the government. As to what our Government is doing in the effort to improve horses, I shall speak presently.

The use of the thoroughbreds to improve other American types is not an experiment the result of which is doubtful. We have two distinctly reproducing types in this country, and one type that is recognized as a type by the very great majority of Americans. The unquestioned types are the Morgans of Vermont and the Denmarks of Kentucky. The quasi type is the standard-bred trotter. All

three of these types owe very much, if not all, of their merit and prepotency of reproductive capacity to the thoroughbred, or to the Oriental blood that came through the thoroughbred. The founder of the Morgans of Vermont was Justin Morgan, who is said to have been sired by Colonel DeLancey's thoroughbred True Briton (also called Beautiful Bay and Traveler) out of a mare called Diamond, also a thoroughbred. If this pedigree be correct,—and though I do not believe it, I cannot disprove it,—Justin Morgan was rich in the potential blood of the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Barb. Pedigree or no pedigree, Justin Morgan certainly had a large quantity of the prepotent Arab blood, whether he got it from horses more recently from the desert or by means of the thoroughbred ancestry that was recorded half a century after his death. He looked like an Arab, acted like one, and bred like one. But whatever be the truth, whether Arab or thoroughbred, he established a great type—a type that has always been improved by some thoroughbred out-crosses and marred by most others. This fact is conclusive evidence to practical breeders who believe in the axiom that "like begets like," that there was thoroughbred or Arab blood in the founder.

The famous Kentucky saddle-horse is of thoroughbred origin, Denmark the founder having been a successful race-horse that won at four-mile heats. He was begotten by imported Hedgeford out of Betsey Harrison by Aratus. This is the most useful and symmetrical saddle-horse in the world, and the breeders of this type are constantly putting in fresh infusions of thoroughbred blood. The utility of the race-horse in creating and improving this breed is so well known that it need not be discussed.

The standard-bred trotter, which I call a "quasi type," in fear and trembling of the wrath I am sure to provoke, traces back through Hambletonian, Abdallah, and Mambriño to the imported thoroughbred Messenger. In every one of the trotters so descended that has gone phenomenally fast there have been one or two or more infusions of thoroughbred blood since that which came from Messenger.

The same has been proved abroad. In every one of the great governmental

studs, new thoroughbreds from England are being constantly introduced, and when one of these Continental countries, even Italy, desires a stallion, the best specimen available is bought, regardless of the price that has to be paid. That policy is in striking contrast to that being pursued by the United States Government in its efforts to create one type of horse and revive another. Until recently this Government has never done a thing to encourage horse-breeding. As a purchaser of horses for the army it has always been niggardly. The specifications issued for cavalry and artillery

has been so niggardly that the officers in charge of these experiments have never been able to buy what they wanted, but have had to be content with what the small appropriations enabled them to pay for. The idea of the great, rich American republic, when conducting an experiment for the benefit of the people, buying second and third-rate material instead of the very best would be laughably absurd were it not humiliating. This cheap policy has been due to the timidity of the Department of Agriculture and the hostility of the Chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture. The Department may



horses describe animals of superlative excellence and symmetry—horses worth at this time in any market six or seven hundred dollars a head. Then the contracts are awarded to men who agree to supply the horses at from \$150 to \$180 a head, and who also expect to make money. And very likely they do. But the Government does not get the horses contracted for as described in the specifications. Recently, however, a few mares and a stallion have been established in Colorado with the idea of creating a reproducing type of coach horse. This is what we have never had in America: our coach horses have rarely been the result of design—they have merely happened. And in Vermont a few Morgan mares have been established with the idea of reviving this very useful and beautiful breed. But the policy of the Government

gain in courage; the Chairman has been defeated for reelection. So we need not despair of the experiments so meagerly begun. Now in these horses that are being experimented with it is the thoroughbred blood that gives them their quality. If it were not for this consideration we might just as well foster the importation of foreign types and stimulate their multiplication in this country. With these types—the hackney, the French coach horse, and so on—Americans will never be content. They want better-bred horses,—horses that find no road too long, no pace too fast. Such we can get only by using our own basic stock, reinforced from time to time by thoroughbred or some other equivalent infusion.

And without racing the thoroughbred in this country would soon become a rarity.

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XXXVIII

AT SHANDY'S

ON a late summer evening in New York the atmosphere surrounding a certain corner table in Shandy's cheap restaurant in Fourteenth street was stirred by a sense of excitement. The corner table in question was the favorite meeting-place of a group of young men of the G. Selden type, who usually took possession of it at dinner-time, having decided that Shandy's supplied more decent food for fifty cents, or even for twenty-five, than was to be found at other places of its order. Shandy's was about all right, they said to one another, and patronized it accordingly, three or four of them generally dining together with a friendly and adroit manipulation of "portions" and "half-portions" which enabled them to add variety to their bill of fare.

This evening the four claimants of the favorite corner table had met together earlier than usual: Jim Belter, who "hammered" a typewriter at Schwab's brewery; Tom Weatherbee, who was "in a down-town office"; Bert Johnson, who was "out for the Delkoff"; and Nick Baumgarten, who having for some time "beaten" certain streets as assistant salesman for the same illustrious machine, had been recently elevated to a "territory" of his own, and was therefore in high spirits.

"Say," he said, "let 's give him a fine dinner. We can make it between us. Hope foreign travel has not given him the swelled head."

"Don't believe it 's hurt him a bit. His letter did n't sound like it. Little Georgie ain't a fool," said Jim Belter.

Tom Weatherbee was looking over the letter referred to. It had been written to the four conjointly toward the termination of Selden's visit to Mr. Penzance.

"Say, boys," he said, "this big thing he 's keeping back to tell us when he sees us is all right, but what takes me is old George paying a visit to a parson. *He* ain't no Young Men's Christian Association."

Bert Johnson leaned forward and looked at the address on the letter paper.

"Mount Dunstan Vicarage," he read aloud. "That looks pretty swell, does n't it?" he added, with a laugh.

People were dropping in and taking seats at the tables. They were all of one class. Young men who lived in hall bedrooms; young women who worked in shops or offices; a couple here and there who, living far up-town, had come to Shandy's to dinner, that they might go to cheap seats in some theater afterward.

The door swung open to admit a newcomer, at the sight of whom Jim Belter exclaimed joyously. "Good old Georgie!" he cried. "Here he is, fellows! Get on to his glad rags!"

G. Selden's economies had not enabled him to give himself into the hands of a Bond street tailor, but a careful study of cut and material, as spread before the eye in elegant colored illustrations in the windows of respectable shops in less ambitious quarters, had resulted in the purchase of a well-made suit of smart English cut.

"Hello, old chap! Glad to see you!" "What sort of a voyage?" "How did you leave the royal family?" "Glad to get back?"

They all greeted him at once, shaking hands, and slapping him on the back as

they hustled him gleefully over to the corner table and made him sit down.

"Say, garson," said Nick Baumgarten to their favorite waiter, who came at once in answer to his summons, "let 's have a porterhouse steak half the size of this table, and with plenty of mushrooms, and potatoes hashed brown. Here 's Mr. Selden just returned from visiting at Windsor Castle, and if we don't treat him well, he 'll look down on us."

G. Selden grinned. "How have you been getting on, Sam?" he said, nodding cheerfully to the man. They were old and tried friends.

"Been getting on as well as can be expected," Sam grinned back. "Hope you had a fine time, Mr. Selden?"

"Fine! I should smile! Fine was n't in it," answered Selden. "But I'm looking forward to a Shandy porterhouse steak, all the same."

"Did they give you a better one in the Strawnd?" asked Baumgarten in what he believed to be a correct Cockney accent.

"You bet they did n't," said Selden. "Shandy's takes a lot of beating. That last is English slang." The people at the other tables cast involuntary glances at them.

"Billy Page came back in August looking pretty bum," Nick Baumgarten began. "He 'd been painting gay Paree brick red, and he 'd spent more money than he 'd meant to, and that was n't half enough. Landed dead broke. He said he 'd had a great time, but he 'd come home with rather a dark-brown taste in his mouth that he 'd like to get rid of."

"He thought you were a fool to go off cycling into the country," put in Weatherbee, "but I told him I guessed that was where he was 'way off. I believed you 'd had the best time of the two of you."

"Boys," said Selden, "I had the time of my life." He said it almost solemnly.

"Tell us the whole thing," Nick Baumgarten put in, "from beginning to end. Your letter did n't give anything away."

"A letter would have spoiled it. I can't write letters, anyhow. I wanted to wait till I got right here with you fellows round where I could answer questions. First off," he began, with the deliberation befitting such an opening, "I 've

sold machines enough to pay my expenses, and leave some over."

"You have? Gee whiz!" "Say, give us your prescription." "Glad I know you, Georgie."

"And who do you suppose bought the first three?" he asked. At this point it was he who leaned forward upon the table, his climax being a thing to concentrate upon. His excitement was so intense that it actually held the others silent and there was a pause before he himself answered. "Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughter—Miss Bettina. And, boys, she gave me a letter to Reuben S. himself, and here it is!"

He produced his flat leather pocket-book and took an envelop from an inner flap, laying it before them on the tablecloth. If this proof had been lacking, they would have believed that he was playing a hilarious joke on them. Jokes of this kind, though not of this proportion, were common entertainments.

"She showed it to me," said G. Selden, taking the letter from its envelop with great care, "and I said to her: 'Miss Vanderpoel, would you let me just show that to the boys the first night I go to Shandy's.' I knew she 'd tell me if it was n't all right to do it. She 'd know I 'd want to be told. And she just laughed and said: 'I don't mind at all. I like "the boys." Here is a message to them. Good luck to you all, and good hunting!"

"She said that?" demanded Nick Baumgarten.

"Yes, she did, and she meant it. Look at this."

This was the letter. It was short, and written in a clear hand:

DEAR FATHER:

This will be brought to you by Mr. G. Selden, of whom I have written to you. Please be good to him.

Affectionately,
Betty.

Each young man read it in turn. None of them said anything at first. A kind of awe had descended upon them—not in the least awe of the Vanderpoel who with other multi-millionaires was served up each week with cheerful neighborly comment or equally neighborly disrespect in huge Sunday papers read throughout the

land, but awe of the unearthly luck which had fallen without warning to good old G. S., who lived like the rest of them in a hall bedroom on ten per, earned by tramping the street for the Delkoff.

"That girl," said G. Selden, gravely—"that girl is a winner from Winnersville. I take off my hat to her. If it's in the scheme that some people's got to have millions, and others have got to sell Delkoffs, that girl's one of those that's entitled to the millions. It's all right she should have 'em. There's no kick coming from me."

Nick Baumgarten was the first to speak.

"Well, I guess after you've told us about her there'll be no kick coming from any of us. Of course there's something about you that royal families cry for and they won't be happy till they get it. All of us boys knows that; but what we want to find out is how you worked it so that they saw the kind of pearl-studded hair-pin you were."

"Worked it," Selden answered. "I did n't *work* it. I've got a good bit of nerve, but I never should have had enough to invent what happened—just *happened*. I broke my leg falling off my bike, and fell right into a whole bunch of them—earls and countesses and viscounts and Vanderpoels. And it was Miss Vanderpoel who saw me first, lying on the ground. And I was in Stornham Park, where Lady Anstruthers lives, and she used to be Miss Rosalie Vanderpoel."

"Boys," said Bert Johnson, with friendly disgust, "he's been up to his neck in 'em."

"Cheer up; the worst is yet to come," chaffed Tom Weatherbee.

The telling of the story could not be wholly checked by the eating of food. It advanced between mouthfuls, questions being asked and detail given in answers.

"She bent over the bed and laughed—" an interested diner at the next table heard him say—"just like any other nice girl; and she said: 'You are at Stornham Court, which belongs to Sir Nigel Anstruthers. Lady Anstruthers is my sister. I am Miss Vanderpoel.' And, boys, she used to come and talk to me every day."

"George," said Nick Baumgarten, "you take about seventy-five bottles of

Smith's Safe Cure and rub yourself all over with Jones's oil. Luck like that ain't healthy."

MR. VANDERPOEL, sitting in his study, had just given orders that a young man who would call in the course of the evening should be brought to him at once, and he was incidentally considering this young man as he reflected upon matters recalled to his mind by his impending arrival.

Feminine though she was, Betty sometimes suggested to him the son who might have been his, but was not. As the closeness of their companionship increased with her years, his admiration for her grew with his love. Power left in her hands must work for the advancement of things, and would not be idly disseminated—if no antagonistic influence wrought against her. He had found himself reflecting that, after all was said, the marriage of such a girl had a sort of parallel in that of some young royal creature whose union might make or mar things which must be considered. The man who must inevitably strongly color her whole being and vitally mark her life would in a sense lay his hand upon the lever also. If he brought sorrow and disorder with him, the lever would not move steadily. Fortunes such as his grow rapidly, and he was a richer man by millions that he had been when Rosalie had married Nigel Anstruthers. The memory of that marriage had been a painful thing to him even before he had known the whole truth of its results. The man had been a common adventurer and scoundrel, despite the facts of good birth and the air of decent breeding. If a man who was as much a scoundrel, but cleverer—it would be necessary that he should be much cleverer—made the best of himself to Betty! It was folly to think one could guess what a woman,—or a man, either, for that matter,—would love. He knew Betty, but no man knows the thing which comes as it were in the dark and claims its own, whether for good or evil. He had lived long enough to see beautiful, strong-spirited creatures do strange things, follow strange gods, swept away into seas of pain by strange waves.

"Even Betty," he had said to himself

now and then—"even my Betty. Good God! Who knows!"

Because of this he had read each letter with keen eyes. They were long letters, full of detail and color because she knew he enjoyed them. She had a delightful touch. He sometimes felt as if they walked the English lanes together. His intimacy with her neighbors and her neighborhood was one of his relaxations. Lord Westholt was plainly a young man of many attractions. If the two were drawn to each other,—and what more natural?—all would be well. He wondered if it would be Westholt. But his love quickened a sagacity which needed no stimulus. He said to himself in time that though she liked and admired Westholt, she went no farther. That others paid court to her he could guess without being told. He had seen the effect she had produced when she had been at home, and also an unexpected letter to his wife from Milly Bowen had revealed many things.

"Do you think, Reuben, that Betty will marry that Lord Westholt?" Mrs. Vanderpoel faltered. "He seems very nice, but I would rather she married an American. I should feel as if I had no girls at all if they both lived in England."

"Lady Bowen gives him a good character," her husband said, smiling. "But if anything untoward happens, Annie, you shall have a house of your own halfway between Dunholm Castle and Stornham Court."

When he had begun to decide that Lord Westholt did not seem to be the man Fate was veering toward, he not unnaturally cast a mental eye over such other persons as the letters mentioned. At exactly what period his thought first dwelt a shade anxiously on Mount Dunstan he could not have told, but he at length became aware that it so dwelt. What she had written had recalled to him certain rumors of the disgraceful old scandal. The present Lord Mount Dunstan was considered rather a surly brute and lived a mysterious sort of life, which might cover many things. It was bad blood, and people were naturally shy of it. Of course the man was a pauper, and his place a barrack, falling to ruin. There had been something rather shady in his

going to America or Australia a few years ago. Good-looking? Well, so few people had seen him. One of Mr. Vanderpoel's informants had heard that Mount Dunstan was one of those big, rather lumpy men, and had an ill-tempered expression.

The episode of G. Selden had been interesting enough, with its suggestions of picturesque contrasts and combinations. He had consented to Betty's request that he would see him, partly because he was inclined to like what he had heard, and partly for a reason which Betty did not suspect. By extraordinary chance G. Selden had seen Mount Dunstan and his surroundings at close range.

Why was it that it happened to be Mount Dunstan he was desirous to hear of? Well, the absolute reason for that he could not have explained either. He had asked himself questions on the subject more than once. The half-defined anxiety he felt now was not a new thing, but he confessed to himself that it had been spurred a little by the letter the last steamer had brought him. It was *not* Lord Westholt. Lord Westholt had asked her to be his wife, and she had declined his proposal.

"I could not have *liked* a man any more without being in love with him," she wrote. "I *like* him more than I can say—so much, indeed, that I feel a little depressed by my certainty that I don't love him."

If she had loved him, the whole matter would have been simplified. If the other man had drawn her, the thing would not be simple. He foresaw all the complications, and he did not want complications for Betty. As he sat in his easy-chair and thought over it all, the one feeling predominant in his mind was that nothing mattered but Betty—nothing really mattered but Betty.

In the meantime G. Selden was walking up Fifth Avenue at once touched and exhilarated by the stir about him and his sense of home-coming.

"Something doing—something doing," was his cheerful, self-congratulatory thought.

Vanderpoel's house, which had been built since Lady Anstruthers' marriage, was well "up-town," and was big and imposing. When a man-servant opened the front door, the square hall looked

very splendid to Selden. It was full of light, and of rich furniture, which was like the stuff he had seen in one or two special shop-windows in Fifth Avenue. The man led him across the hall to Mr. Vanderpoel's room. Mr. Vanderpoel rose from an arm-chair to come forward to meet his visitor. He was tall and straight; Betty had inherited her slender height from him. His well-balanced face suggested the relationship between them. He had a steady mouth, and eyes which looked as if they saw much and far.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Selden," he said, shaking hands with him. "You have seen my daughters, and can tell me how they are. Miss Vanderpoel has written to me of you several times."

It was queer how natural things seemed when they really happened to a fellow. Reuben S. knew how to make a man feel easy, and no mistake. This G. Selden observed at once, though he had in fact no knowledge of the practical tact which dealt with him. He found himself answering questions about Lady Anstruthers and her sister which led to the opening up of other subjects. He did not realize that he began to express ingenuous opinions and describe things.

"When you think that all of it sort of began with a robin, it's queer enough," he said. "But for that robin I should n't be here, sir," he added, with a boyish laugh. "And he was an English robin—a little fellow not half the size of the kind that hops about Central Park."

"Let me hear about that," said Mr. Vanderpoel.

It was a good story, and he told it well, though in his own junior salesman phrasing.

His style made for reality, and brought things clearly before one—the big-built man in the rough and shabby shooting-clothes, his way when he dropped on the grass to sit beside the stranger and talk, certain meanings in his words which conveyed to Vanderpoel what had not been conveyed to G. Selden. Yes, the man carried a heaviness about with him, and hated the burden. Selden quite unconsciously brought him out strongly.

"The only time he got mad was when I would n't believe him when he told me who he was. I was a bit hot in the collar, too. I'd felt sorry for him because

I thought he was a chap like myself and he was up against it. I know what that is, and I'd wanted to jolly him along a bit. When he said his name was Mount Dunstan and the place belonged to him, I guessed he thought he was making a joke. So I got on my wheel and started off, and then he got mad for keeps. He said he was n't such a damned fool as he looked, and what he'd said was true, and I could go and be hanged."

Reuben S. Vanderpoel laughed. He liked that. It sounded like decent British hot temper, which he had often found accompanied other honest British decencies.

He liked other things, as the story proceeded. The man who lived alone in the midst of stately desolateness, and held as his chief intimate a high-bred and gentle-minded scholar of ripe years, gave in doing this certain evidence which did not tell against him.

"When I came to myself," G. Selden said, "I felt like that fellow in the Shakspeare play that they dress up and put to bed in the palace when he's drunk. I thought I'd gone off my head. And then Miss Vanderpoel came." He paused a moment, looking down on the carpet, thinking aloud: "Gee whiz! It *was* queer!" he said.

Betty Vanderpoel's father could almost hear her voice as the rest was told. He knew how her laugh had sounded and what her presence must have been to the young fellow. His delightful, human, always satisfying Betty!

Selden was not aware that he had spoken more fully of Mount Dunstan and his place than of other things. That this had been the case had been because Mr. Vanderpoel had intended it should be so.

"You saw Lord Mount Dunstan often?" Mr. Vanderpoel suggested.

"Every day, sir. And the more I saw him, the more I got to like him. He's all right. But it's hard luck to be fixed as he is—that's stone cold truth. What's a man to do? The money he ought to have to keep up his place was spent before he was born. His father and his eldest brother were a bum lot, and his grandfather and great grandfather were fools. He can't sell the place, and he would n't if he could. Mr. Penzance was so fond

him that sometimes he 'd say things. But,"—he added hastily,—“perhaps I'm talking too much.”

“You happen to be talking about questions I have been greatly interested in. I have thought a good deal at times of the position of the holders of large estates which they cannot afford to keep up. This special instance is a case in point.”

G. Selden felt himself in luck again. Reuben S. quite evidently found his subject worthy of undivided attention.

“What Mr. Penzance says is that Mount Dunstan's like the men that built things in the beginning—fought for them—fought Romans and Saxons and Normans—perhaps the whole lot at different times. I used to like to get Mr. Penzance to tell stories about the Mount Dunstans. They were splendid. It must be pretty fine to look back about a thousand years and know your folks have been something. All the same, it's fierce to have to stand alone at the end of it, not able to help yourself because some of your relations were crazy fools. I don't wonder he feels mad.”

“Does he?” Mr. Vanderpoel inquired.

“He's straight,” said G. Selden, sympathetically. “He's all right. But only money can help him, and he's got none; so he has to stand and stare at things falling to pieces. And—well, I tell you, Mr. Vanderpoel, he *loves* that place. He's crazy about it. And he's proud. I don't mean he's got the swelled head, because he has n't, but he's just proud. Now, for instance, he has n't any use for men like himself that marry for money. He's seen a lot of it, and it's made him sick. He's not that kind.”

“Miss Vanderpoel tells me,” Mr. Vanderpoel said when the interview was drawing to a close, “that you are an agent for the Delkoff Typewriter.”

G. Selden flushed slightly.

“Yes, sir,” he answered; “but I did n't—”

“I hear that three machines are in use on the Stornham estate, and that they have proved satisfactory.”

“It's a good machine,” said G. Selden, flushing a little deeper.

Mr. Vanderpoel smiled.

“You are a businesslike young man,” he said, “and I have no doubt you have a catalogue in your pocket.”

G. Selden was a businesslike young man. He gave Mr. Vanderpoel one serious look, and the catalogue was drawn forth.

“It would n't be business, sir, for me to be caught out without it,” he said. “I should n't leave it behind if I went to a funeral. A man's got to run no risks.”

“I should like to look at it.”

The thing had happened. It was not a dream.

Reuben S. Vanderpoel listened attentively while G. Selden did his best.

“Yes,” said Reuben S., when he had finished; “it seems a good up-to-date machine.”

“It's the best on the market,” said G. Selden; “out and out the best.”

“I understand you are only junior salesman.”

“Yes, sir. Ten per, and five dollars on every machine I sell. If I had a territory, I should get ten.”

“Then the first thing is to get a territory.”

“Perhaps I shall get one in time, if I keep at it,” said Selden, courageously.

“It is a good machine. I like it,” said Mr. Vanderpoel. “I can see a good many places where it could be used. Perhaps if you make it known at your office that when you are given a good territory I shall give preference to the Delkoff over other typewriting machines, it might—eh?”

A light broke out upon G. Selden's countenance—a light radiant and magnificent. He caught his breath. A desire to shout, to yell, to whoop, as when in the society of “the boys,” was barely conquered in time.

“Mr. Vanderpoel,” he said, standing up, “I—Mr. Vanderpoel—sir—I feel as if I was having a pipe-dream. I'm not, am I?”

“No,” answered Mr. Vanderpoel, “you are not. I like you, Mr. Selden. My daughter liked you. I do not mean to lose sight of you. We will begin, however, with the territory and the Delkoff. I don't think there will be any difficulty about it.”

TEN minutes later G. Selden was walking down Fifth Avenue wondering if there were any chance of his being arrested by

a policeman upon the charge that he was reeling instead of walking steadily.

XXXIX

ON THE MARSHES

THE marshes stretched mellow in the autumn sun, sheep wandered about, nibbling contentedly, or lay down to rest in groups; the sky, reflecting itself in the narrow dykes, gave a blue color to the water; a scent of the sea was in the air as one breathed it; flocks of plover rose now and then, crying softly. Betty, walking with her dog, had passed a heron standing at the edge of a pool.

From her first discovery of them, Betty had been attracted by the marshes, with their English suggestion of the Roman Campagna. So she had fallen into the habit of walking there with her dog at her side as her sole companion, for having need for time and space for thought, she had found them in the silence and aloofness.

From the morning when she had been aware of the sudden fury roused in her by Nigel Anstruthers' ugly sneer at Mount Dunstan she had better understood the thing which had come upon her. Day by day it had increased and gathered power, and she realized with a certain sense of impatience that she had not in any degree understood it when she had seen and wondered at its effect on other women. Each day had been like a wave encroaching farther upon the shore she stood upon. At the outset a certain ignoble pride—she knew it ignoble—filled her with rebellion, she had seen so much of this kind of situation and had heard so much of the general comment. People had learned how to sneer because experience had taught them. If she gave them cause, why should they not sneer at her as at others? She recalled what she had herself thought of such things—the folly of them, the obviousness, the almost deserved disaster.

As she walked across the marsh, she was thinking this first phase over. She had reached a new one, and at first she looked back with a faint, even rather hard, smile. She walked straight ahead, her mastiff Roland padding along heavily close at her side. How still and wide and golden it was! How the cry of plover

and lifting thrill of skylark assured one of being wholly encircled by solitude and space, which were more enclosing than any walls! She was going to the mounds to which Mr. Penzance had trundled G. Selden in the pony chaise when he had given him the marvelous hour which had brought Roman camp and Roman legions to life again. Up on the largest hillock one could sit enthroned, resting chin in hand and looking out under level lids at the unstirring, softly living loveliness of the marshland world. So she was presently seated, with her heavy-limbed Roland at her feet. She had come here to try to put things clearly to herself, to plan with such reason as she could control. She had begun to be unhappy, she had begun, with some unfairness, to look back upon the Betty Vanderpoel of the past as an unwittingly self-sufficient young woman, to find herself suddenly entangled by things, even to know a touch of desperateness.

"Not to take a remnant from the ducal bargain-counter," she was saying mentally. That was why her smile was a little hard. What if the remnant from the ducal bargain-counter had prejudices of his own? What if he also would not take a bargain, howsoever desirable the world might deem it, from the counter upon which such advantageous opportunities presented themselves to view? Certainly it was not she who would have reason to complain; it was she of all others who should respect and approve of his point of view. Also, with something burning its way into her soul, she knew that because she realized that for this good reason he would have none of her he was the one man the earth held who was worth this she was passing through.

It was not the result of chance that she had seen nothing of him for weeks. She had not attempted to persuade herself of that. Twice he had declined an invitation to Stornham, and once he had ridden past her on the road, when he might have stopped to exchange greetings or have ridden on by her side. He did not mean to seem to desire ever so slightly to be counted as in the lists. Whether he was drawn by any liking for her or not, it was plain he had determined on this.

If she were to go away now they would never meet again. How strange it was!

that lives should touch and pass on the ocean of time, and nothing should result—nothing at all! When she went on her way it would be as if a ship loaded with every aid of food and treasure had passed a boat in which a strong man tossed starving to death, and had not even run up a flag.

"But one cannot run up a flag," she said, stroking Roland. "One cannot. There we stand."

To her recognition of this deadlock of Fate there had been added the growing disturbance caused by yet another thing which was increasingly troubling, increasingly difficult to face.

Gradually, and at first with wonderful naturalness of bearing, Nigel Anstruthers had managed to create for himself a singular place in her every-day life. It had begun with a certain personalness in his attitude—a personalness which was a thing to dislike, but almost impossible openly to resent. Certainly as a self-invited guest in his house she could scarcely protest against the amiability of his demeanor and his exterior courtesy and attentiveness of manner in his conduct toward her. She had tried to sweep away the objectionable quality in his bearing by frankness, by indifference, by entire lack of response, but she had remained aware of its increasing, as a spider's web might increase as the spider spun it quietly over one, throwing out threads so impalpable that one could not brush them away, because they were too slight to be seen. She was aware that in the first years of his married life he had alternately resented the scarcity of the invitations sent them and rudely refused such as were received. Since he had returned to find her at Stornham he had insisted that no invitation should be declined, and had escorted his wife and herself wherever they went. What could have been conventionally more proper, what more improper than that he should have persistently remained at home? And yet there came a time when, as they three drove together at night in the closed carriage, Betty was aware that as he sat opposite to her in the dark, when he spoke, when he touched her in arranging the robe over her, or opening or shutting a window, he subtly but consistently conveyed that the personalness of his voice, look, and phys-

ical nearness was a sort of hideous confidence between them which they were cleverly concealing from Rosalie and the outside world.

When she rode about the country he had a way of appearing at some turning and making himself her companion, riding too closely at her side and assuming a noticeable air of being engaged in meaningly confidential talk. Once when he had been leaning toward her with an audaciously tender manner they had been passed by the Dunholm carriage, and Lady Dunholm and the friend driving with her had evidently tried not to look surprised. Lady Alanby, meeting them in the same way at another time, had put up her glasses and stared in open disapproval. When Betty strolled about the park or the lanes she much too often encountered Sir Nigel strolling also, and knew that he did not mean to allow her to rid herself of him. In public he made a point of keeping observably close to her, of hovering in her vicinity, and looking on at all she did with eyes she rebelled against finding fixed on her every time she was obliged to turn in his direction. He had a fashion of coming to her side and speaking in a dropped voice which excluded others, as a favored lover's might. She had seen both men and women glance at her in half-embarrassment at their sudden sense of finding themselves slightly *de trop*. She had said aloud to him on one such occasion, and she had said it with smiling casualness for the benefit of Lady Alanby, to whom she had been talking:

"Don't alarm me by dropping your voice, Nigel. I am easily frightened—and Lady Alanby will think we are conspirators."

For an instant he was taken by surprise. He had been pleased to believe that there was no way in which she could defend herself unless she would condescend to something stupidly like a scene. He flushed and drew himself up.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Betty," he had said, and walked away with the manner of an offended adorer, leaving her to realize an odiously unpleasant truth—that there are incidents only made more inexplicable by an effort to explain. She saw also that he was quite aware of this, and that his offended departure was a

brilliant inspiration and had left her as it were in the lurch. To have said to Lady Alanby: "My brother-in-law, in whose house I am merely staying for my sister's sake, is trying to lead you to believe that I allow him to make love to me," would have suggested either folly or insanity on her own part. As it was, after a glance at Sir Nigel's stiffly retreating back, Lady Alanby merely looked away with a wholly uninviting expression.

When Betty spoke to him afterward, haughtily and with determination, he laughed.

"My dearest girl," he said, "if I watch you with interest and drop my voice when I get a chance to speak to you, I only do what every other man does, and I do it because you are an alluring young woman, which no one is more perfectly aware of than yourself. Your pretense that you do not know you are alluring is the most captivating thing about you. And what do you think of doing if I continue to offend you? Do you propose to desert us—to leave poor Rosalie to sink back again into the bundle of old clothes she was when you came? For heaven's sake don't do that!"

"No; I do not mean to do that."

He watched her for a few seconds. "There was curiosity in his eyes.

"Don't make the mistake of imagining that I will let my wife go with you to America," he said next. "She is as far off that as she was when I brought her to Stornham. I have told her so. A man cannot tie his wife to the bed-post in these days, but he can make her efforts to leave him so decidedly unpleasant that decent women prefer to stay at home and take what is coming. I have seen that often enough to 'bank on it,' if I may quote your American friends."

"Do you remember my once saying," Betty remarked, "that when a woman has been *properly* ill-treated, the time comes when nothing matters—nothing but release from the life she loathes?"

"Yes," he answered. "And to you nothing would matter but—excuse my saying it—your own damnable, head-strong pride. But Rosalie is different. Everything matters to her. And you will find it so, my dear girl."

And that this was at least half true

was brought home to her by the fact that late the same night Rosy came to her white with crying.

"It is not your fault, Betty," she said. "Don't think that I think it is your fault, but he has been in my room in one of those humors when he seems like a devil. He thinks you will go back to America and try to take me with you. But, Betty, you must not think about me. It will be better for you to go. I have seen you again, I have had you for—for a time. You will be safer at home with father and mother."

Betty laid a hand on her shoulder and looked at her fixedly.

"What is it, Rosy?" she said. "What is it he does to you—that makes you like this?"

"I don't know—but that he makes me feel that there is nothing but evil and lies in the world and nothing can help one against them. Those things he says about every one, men and women—things one can't repeat—make me sick. And when I try to deny them he laughs."

"Does he say things about me?" Betty inquired very quietly; and suddenly Rosalie threw her arms round her.

"Betty, darling," she cried, "go home—go home! You must not stay here."

"When I go, you will go with me," Betty answered. "I am not going back to mother without you."

She made a collection of many facts before their interview was at an end, and they parted for the night. Among the first was that Nigel had prepared for certain possibilities, as wise holders of a fortress prepare for siege. Drink did not make him drunk, but malignant, and when a man is in the malignant mood he forgets his cleverness. So he revealed more than he absolutely intended. It was to be gathered that he did not mean to permit his wife to leave him even for a visit; he would not allow himself to be made ridiculous by such a thing. A man who could not control his wife was a fool and deserved to be a laughing stock. As Ughtred and his future inheritance seemed to have become of interest to his grandfather, and were to be well nursed and taken care of, his intention was that the boy should remain under his own supervision. He could amuse himself well enough at Stornham now that it had been

put in order, if it was kept up properly and he filled it with people who did not bore him. There were people who did not bore him—plenty of them. Rosalie would stay where she was and receive his guests. If she imagined that the little episode of Ffolliott had been entirely dormant she was mistaken. He knew where the man was and exactly how serious it would be to him if scandal were stirred up. He had been at some trouble to find out. The fellow had recently had the luck to fall into a very fine living. It had been bestowed on him by the old Duke of Broadmoorlands, who was the most straitlaced old boy in England. He had become so in his disgust at the light behavior of the wife he had divorced in his early manhood. Nigel cackled gently as he detailed that by an agreeable coincidence it happened that her Grace had suddenly become filled with pious fervor, roused thereto by a good-looking *locum tenens*—result painful discoveries, the pair being now rumored to be keeping a lodging-house together somewhere in Australia. A word to good old Broadmoorlands would produce the effect of a lighted match in a barrel of gunpowder. It would be the end of Ffolliott. Neither would it be a good introduction to Betty's first season in London; neither would it be enjoyed by her mother, whom he remembered as a woman with primitive views of domestic rectitude. He smiled the awful smile as he took out of his pocket the envelop containing the words his wife had written to Mr. Ffolliott: "Do not come to the house. Meet me at Bartyon Wood." It did not take much to convince people, if one managed things with decent forethought. The Brents, for instance, were fond neither of her nor of Betty, and they had never forgotten the questionable conduct of their *locum tenens*. Then suddenly he had changed his manner, and had sat down, laughing, and drawn Rosalie to his knee and kissed her. Yes, he had kissed her, and told her not to look like a little fool or act like one. Nothing unpleasant would happen if she behaved herself. Betty had improved her greatly, and she had grown young and pretty again. She looked quite like a child sometimes, now that her bones were covered and she dressed well. If she wanted to please him, she could

put her arms round his neck and kiss him as he had kissed her.

"That is what has made you look white," said Betty.

"Yes. There is something about him that sometimes makes you feel as if the very blood in your veins turned white," answered Rosy in a low voice, which the next moment rose. "Don't you see—don't you see," she broke out, "that to displease him would be like murdering Mr. Ffolliott; like murdering his mother and mine, and like murdering Ughtred, because he would be killed by the shame of things and by being taken from me? We have loved each other so much—so much. Don't you see?"

"I see all that rises up before you," Betty said, "and I understand your feeling that you cannot save yourself by bringing ruin upon an innocent man who helped you. I realize that one must have time to think it over. But Rosy,"—there was a sudden ring in her voice,—"*I* tell you there is a way out—there is a way out. The end of the misery is coming, and it will not be what he thinks."

"You always believe—" began Rosy.

"I know," answered Betty; "I know there are some things so bad that they cannot go on. They kill themselves through their own evil. I know; *I know*. That is all."

XL

"DON'T GO ON WITH THIS"

OF these things, as of others, she had come to her solitude to think. She looked out over the marshes, scarcely seeing the wandering or resting sheep, scarcely hearing the crying plover, because so much seemed to confront her and she must look it all well in the face. She had fulfilled the promise she had made to herself as a child. She had come in search of Rosy; she had found her as simple and loving of heart as she had ever been. The most painful discoveries she had made had been concealed from her mother until their aspect was modified. Mrs. Vanderpoel need now feel no shock at the sight of the restored Rosy. Lady Anstruthers had been still young enough to respond both physically and mentally to love, companionship, agreeable luxuries, and stimulating interests. But for Nigel's antagonism there was now no

reason why she should not be taken home for a visit to her family and her long-yearned-for New York; no reason why her father and mother should not come to Stornham, and thus establish the customary social relations between their daughter's home and their own. That this seemed out of the question was owing to the fact that at the outset of his married life Sir Nigel had allowed himself to commit errors in tactics. A perverse egotism not wholly normal in its rancor had led him into deeds which he had begun to suspect of having cost him too much, even before Betty herself had pointed out to him their unbusinesslike indiscretion.

When, in his mingled dislike and admiration, he had begun to study his sister-in-law and the half-amused weaving of the small plots which would make things sufficiently unpleasant to be used as factors in her removal from the scene, if necessary, he had not calculated ever so remotely on the chance of that madness besetting him which usually besets men only in their youth. You could not, it appeared, live in the house with a splendid creature like this one—with her brilliant eyes, her beauty of line and movement before you every hour; her bloom, her proud fineness holding themselves wholly in their own keeping—without there being the devil to pay. Lately he had sometimes gone hot and cold in realizing that having once told himself that he might choose to decide to get rid of her, he now knew that the mere thought of her sailing away of her own choice was maddening to him. It sometimes brought back to him that hideous shakiness of nerve which had been a feature of his illness when he had been on the Riviera with Teresita.

Of all this Betty knew only the outward signs, which, taken at their exterior significance, were detestable enough, and drove her hard as she mentally dwelt on them in connection with other things. How easy, if she stood alone, to defy his evil insolence to do its worst, and leaving the place at an hour's notice, to sail away to protection, or, if she chose to remain in England, to surround herself with a body-guard of the people in whose eyes his disrepute relegated a man such as Nigel Anstruthers to powerless nonentity! Alone she could have smiled and turned

her back upon him. But if she had been alone she would not have been here. She was here to take care of Rosy. She occupied a position something like that of a woman who remains with a man and endures outrage because she cannot leave her child. That thought in itself brought Ughtred to her mind. There was Ughtred to be considered as well as his mother. The simple truth was that neither she nor Rosalie could desert Ughtred, and so long as Nigel managed cleverly enough, the law would give the boy to his father.

"You are obliged to prove things, you know, in a court of law," he had said, as if with casual amiability, on a certain occasion. "Proving things is the devil. People lose their tempers and rush into rows which end in law-suits, and then find they can prove nothing. If I were a villain,"—slightly showing his teeth in an agreeable smile,—“instead of a man of blameless life, I should go in only for that branch of my profession which could be exercised without leaving stupid evidence behind.”

Since his return to Stornham, the outward decorum of his own conduct had entertained him, and he had kept it up with an increasing appreciation of its usefulness in the present situation. Whatsoever happened in the end, it was the part of discretion to present to the rural world about him an appearance of upright behavior. He had even found it amusing to go to church and also occasionally to make amiable calls at the vicarage. It was not difficult at such times to refer delicately to his regret that domestic discomfort had led him into the error of remaining much away from Stornham. He knew that he had been even rather touching in his expression of interest in the future of his son and the necessity of boys being protected from uncontrolled hysteric influences. And in the years of Rosalie's unprotected wretchedness he had taken excellent care that no "stupid evidence" should be exposed to view.

Of all this Betty was thinking, and summing up definitely point after point. Where was the wise and practical course of defense? The most unthinkable thing was that one could find himself in a position in which action seemed inhibited

What could one do? To send for her father would surely end the matter, but at what cost to Rosy, to Ughtred, to Ffolliott, before whom the fair path to dignified security had so newly opened itself? What would be the effect of sudden confusion, anguish, and public humiliation upon Rosalie's carefully rebuilt health and strength, upon her mother's new hope and happiness? At moments it seemed as if almost all that had been done might be undone. She was beset by such a moment now, and felt for the time at least like a creature tied hand and foot while in full strength.

Certainly she was not prepared for the event which happened. Roland stiffened his ears, and beginning a rumbling growl, ended it suddenly, realizing it an unnecessary precaution. He knew the man walking up the incline of the mound from the side behind them. So did Betty know him. It was Sir Nigel, looking rather glowering and pale, and walking slowly. He had discovered where she had meant to take refuge, and had probably ridden to some point where he could leave his horse and follow her at the expense of taking a short cut, which saved walking.

As he climbed the mound to join her, Betty rose to her feet.

"My dear girl," he said, "don't get up as if you meant to go away. It has cost me some exertion to find you."

"It will not cost you any exertion to lose me," was her light answer. "I *am* going away."

He had reached her and stood still before her, with scarcely a yard's distance between them. He was slightly out of breath and even a trifle livid. He leaned on his stick, and his look at her combined leaping bad temper with something deeper.

"Look here," he broke out, "why do you make such a point of treating me like the devil?"

Betty felt her heart give a hastened beat not of fear, but of repulsion. This was the mood and manner which subjugated Rosalie. He had so raised his voice that two men in the distance, who might be either laborers or sportsmen, hearing its high tone, glanced curiously toward them.

"Why do you ask me a question which is totally absurd?" she said.

"It is not absurd," he answered. "I am speaking of facts, and I intend to come to some understanding about them."

For reply, after meeting his look a few seconds, she simply turned her back and began to walk away. He followed and overtook her.

"I shall go with you, and I shall say what I want to say," he persisted. "If you hasten your pace, I shall hasten mine. I cannot exactly see you running away from me across the marsh, screaming. You would n't care to be rescued by those men over there, who are watching us. I should explain myself to them in terms neither you nor Rosalie would enjoy. There! I knew Rosalie's name would pull you up. Good God! I wish I were a weak fool, with a magnificent creature protecting me at all risks."

"Will you tell me," she said, stopping, "what it is you want?"

"I want to talk to you. I want to tell you truths you would rather be told here than on the high-road, where people are passing, or at Stornham, where the servants would overhear and Rosalie be thrown into hysterics. You will *not* run screaming across the marsh, because I would run screaming after you, and we should both look silly. Here is a rather scraggy tree. Will you sit on the mound near it—for Rosalie's sake?"

"I will not sit down," replied Betty, "but I will listen, because it is not a bad idea that I should understand you. But, to begin with, I will tell you something." She stopped beneath the tree, and stood looking tall and straight, her back against its trunk. "I pick up things by noticing people closely, and I have realized that all your life you have counted upon getting your own way because you saw that people, especially women, have a horror of public scenes and will submit to almost anything to avoid them. That is true very often, but not always." Her eyes, which were well opened, were quite the blue of steel, and rested directly upon him. "I, for instance, would let you make a scene with me anywhere you chose—in Bond street, in Piccadilly, on the steps of Buckingham Palace as I was getting out of my carriage to attend a drawing-room. And you would gain nothing you wanted by it—*nothing*. You may place entire confidence in that statement."

He stared back at her, momentarily half-magnetized, and then broke forth into a harsh half-laugh.

"You are so infernally handsome that nothing else matters. I'm hanged if it does!" and the words were an exclamation. He drew still nearer to her, speaking with a sort of savagery.

"Cannot you see that you could do what you pleased with me? You are too magnificent a thing for a man to withstand. I have lost my head and gone to the devil through you. That is what I came to say."

In a few seconds of silence that followed, his breath came quickly again and he was even paler than before.

"You came to me to say *that*?" asked Betty.

"Yes; to say it before you drove me to other things."

"Are you *quite* mad?" she said.

"Not quite," he answered. "Only three parts; but I am beyond my own control. That is the best proof of what has happened to me. You are an arrogant piece, and you would defy me if you stood alone; but you don't, and, by the Lord! I have reached a point where I will make use of every lever I can lay my hand on—yourself, Rosalie, Ughtred, Ffolliott—the whole lot of you!"

The thing which was hardest upon her was her knowledge of her own strength,—of what she might have allowed herself of flaming words and instant action; but for the memory of Rosy's ghastly little face as it had looked when she cried out: "You must not think of me Betty; go home—go home!" She held the white desperation of it before her mental vision, and answered him even with a certain interested deliberateness.

"Do you know," she inquired, "that you are talking to me as though you were the villain in a melodrama?"

"There is an advantage in that," he answered, with an ugly smile. "If you repeat what I say, people will only think that you are indulging in hysterical exaggeration. They don't believe in the existence of melodrama in these days."

"True," she commented. "Now I think I understand."

"No, you don't," he burst forth. "You have spent your life standing on a golden pedestal, being kowtowed to, and you

imagine yourself immune from difficulties because you think you can pay your way out of anything. But you will find that you cannot pay your way out of this—or rather you cannot pay Rosalie's way out of it."

"I shall not try. Go on," said the girl.

"What I do not understand you must explain to me. Don't leave anything unsaid."

"Good God! what a woman you are!" he cried out bitterly. He had never seen such beauty in his life as he saw in her as she stood with her straight young body flat against the tree. She made him feel old and body-worn and all the more senselessly furious.

"I believe you hate me," he raged. "And I may thank my wife for that." Then he lost himself entirely. "Why cannot you behave well to me? If you will behave well to me, Rosalie shall go her own way. If you even looked at me as you look at other men; but you do not. There is always something under your lashes which watches me as if I were a wild beast you were studying. Don't fancy yourself a *dompteuse*. I am not your man. I swear to you that you don't know what you are dealing with. I swear to you that if you play this game with me, I will drag you two down if I drag myself with you. I have nothing much to lose. You and your sister have everything."

"Go on," said Betty.

"Go on! Yes, I will go on. Rosalie and Ffolliott I hold in the hollow of my hand. As for you—do you know that people are beginning to discuss you? Gossip is easily stirred in the country, where people are so bored that they chatter in self-defense. I have been considered a bad lot. I have become curiously attached to my sister-in-law. I am seen hanging about her, hanging over her as we ride or walk alone together. An American young woman is not like an English girl. She is used to seeing the marriage ceremony juggled with. There's a trifle of prejudice against such young women when they are too rich and too handsome. Don't look at me like that!" he burst forth with maddened sharpness, "I won't have it!"

The girl was regarding him with the expression he most resented—the reflec-

tion of a normal person watching an abnormal one and studying his abnormality.

"Do you know that you are raving?" she said with quiet curiosity.

Suddenly he sat down on the low mound near him, and as he touched his forehead with his handkerchief she saw that his hand shook.

"Yes," he answered, panting, "but 'ware my ravings! They mean what they say."

"You do yourself an injury when you give way to them," she said steadily, even with a touch of slow significance—"a physical injury. I have noticed that more than once."

He sprang to his feet again. Every drop of blood left his face. For a second he looked as if he would strike her. His arm actually flung itself out—and fell.

"You devil!" he gasped. "You count on that? You she devil!"

She left her tree and stood before him.

"Listen to me," she said. "You intimate that you have been laying melodramatic plots against me which will injure my good name. That is rubbish. Let us leave it at that. You threaten that you will break Rosy's heart and take her child from her; you say also that you will wound and hurt my mother to her death, and do your worst to ruin an honest man—"

"And, by Heaven! I will," he raged. "And you cannot stop me, if—"

"I do not know whether I can stop you or not, though you may be sure I shall try," she interrupted him; "but that is not what I was going to say." She drew a step nearer and there was something in the intensity of her look which fascinated and held him for a moment. She was curiously grave. "Nigel, I believe in certain things you do not believe in. I believe black thoughts breed black ills to those who think them. It is not a new idea. There is an old Oriental proverb which says, 'Curses like chickens come home to roost.' I believe also that the worst—the very worst—*cannot* be done to those who think steadily, steadily, only of the best. To you that is merely superstition to be laughed at. That is a matter of opinion. But don't go on with this thing. *Don't go on with it.* Stop and think it over."

He stared at her furiously; tried to laugh outright, and failed because the look in her eyes was so odd in its strength and stillness.

"You think you can lay some weird spell upon me," he jeered sardonically.

"No, I don't," she answered. "I could not if I would. It is no affair of mine. It is your affair only—and there is nothing weird about it. *Don't go on with this,* I tell you. Think better of it."

She turned about without further speech and walked away from him with swiftness over the marsh. Oddly enough, he did not even attempt to follow her. He felt a little weak, perhaps because a certain thing she had said had brought back to him a familiar touch of the horrors. She had the eyes of a falcon under the odd, soft shade of the extraordinary lashes. She had seen what he thought no one but himself had realized. Having watched her retreating figure for a few seconds, he sat down as suddenly as before on the mound near the tree.

"Oh, damn her!" he said, his wet forehead on his hands. "Damn the whole universe!"

WHEN Betty and Roland reached Stornham the wicker-work pony chaise from the vicarage stood before the stone entrance steps. The drawing-room door was open, and Mrs. Brent was standing near it saying some last words to Lady Anstruthers before leaving the house after a visit evidently made with an object. This Betty gathered from the solemnity of her manner.

"Betty," said Lady Anstruthers, catching sight of her, "do come in for a moment."

When Betty entered, both her sister and Mrs. Brent looked at her questioningly.

"You look a little pale and tired, Miss Vanderpoel," Mrs. Brent said, rather as if in haste to be the first to speak. "I hope you are not at all unwell. We need all our strength just now. I have brought the most painful news. Malignant typhoid fever has broken out among the hop-pickers on the Mount Dunstan estate. Some poor creature was evidently sickening of it when he came from London. Three people died last night."

(To be continued)

UNDERLYING JAPANESE HUMANITIES

ONE ASPECT OF THE ORIENTAL PROBLEM

BY RICHARD BARRY

Author of "Port Arthur—A Monster Heroism," "The Events Man," etc.

READERS of Mr. Barry's article in *THE CENTURY* for March, 1905, on "The New Siege Warfare," apropos of the operations at Port Arthur, of all of which he was an eyewitness, need not be reminded of his special opportunities for observing the character and temper of the Japanese soldier. His service as a war-correspondent, chiefly within the Japanese lines, lasted a year and a half, and included the entire period of the Russo-Japanese War.—THE EDITOR.

DIPLOMACY is the gray brain matter that checks and directs the affairs of nations. In considering this Japanese problem, it is here purposed to consider the red heart blood that throbs beneath. Waiving questions of finance, of strategy, of resource, and of expediency, let us go to the Orient and mingle with the people.

When the Treaty of Portsmouth was signed, a million Japanese were in Manchuria and Korea. A quarter of these were new men, poured in after the Battle of Mukden. They were mostly boys between sixteen and nineteen and men between forty-one and forty-five. They had come from home eagerly, spurred by tales of recent glory, for a summer campaign in Chosan. The age limit had kept them from the paths of greatness through the first year of the war, while in impatient silence they had been compelled to listen to the tales of the bravery of their relatives and neighbors. At last their time came, and they marched gaily forth to join the valiant ranks.

The three quarters of a million whom these recruits joined were seasoned veterans, fit to face any troops the world has ever produced. Kuroki's men, in eighteen months, had marched triumphantly from Chemulpo through Korea to the Yalu, and from the Yalu through Man-

churia to within sight of the Sungari. With throbbing hearts and stifled exultation they recalled five great battles and twenty-two smashing minor engagements, each a victory, bitterly bought, desperately held. Nogi's men, in fifteen months, had made a record which entitled them to rise above the centuries and bid the hail of fellowship to Cæsar's Tenth Legion. For seven months they had held Port Arthur by the throat, every night and day under fire. They had survived six grand assaults, each in itself a great battle. Barely had they snatched their inestimable prize when they were hastened by forced marches, in the dead of winter, three hundred miles across a frozen plain, only to fight for twenty-five successive days through the Battle of Mukden, and—barely—to win. Oku's soldiers could look back to glorious Nanshan, the worthy brother of Balaklava and Missionary Ridge, and then through the brunt of the work at the center in the aceldamas of Liaoyang, the Sha, and Mukden. The followers of Nodzu and of Kawamura bore scars as worthy, if not as famous.

Together, then, these million—the recruits, with the veterans—had four months of recuperation in a balmy climate, of waiting for the final effort in a

smiling halo of lusty Manchu summer, and of an even mightier preparation for successful combat. The army front was spread forth until it stretched, from tip to tip, a hundred and eighty miles. From Kawamura's Yalu men, hid in the mountains of the east, to Nogi's cavalry, patrolling the edges of the Gobi Desert, there lay, in eager array, six hundred and fifty thousand fighting men, trained athletes in daily drill, anxious for the word to make the supreme efforts of their lives. Behind them, three hundred miles to Dalny, the main base, were three hundred and fifty thousand non-combatants, oiling the wheels of progress.

Suddenly, almost without warning, came peace. Only the week before the signing of the treaty did the larger part of the army know that negotiations were on. They supposed the long halt due to some strategic reason; that the recruits must be increased, and that the rainy season must pass. They were retired without explanation, returned home, and only when they reached Japan did they learn that the ground they had won at such frightful cost was not to be theirs.

These million men did not get their final fight. Confident with the morale of constant victory, which was not yet conclusive, they wanted war. When they came to consider the terms, they found they had fought a splendid and audacious conflict, for which modern history holds no parallel, and that for their recompense they had secured half a rocky island which they did not want. The Port Arthur which they had twice taken, at superhuman cost, still remained out of their possession. Called from their work, they were sent to the ways of peace unsatisfied.

At the time of the signing of the treaty the writer was among a small group of foreigners at General Nogi's headquarters on the Mongolian border. This group included a British lieutenant-general, a Turkish major-general, an English colonel, two English majors, a French colonel, an American major, and three war-correspondents. The discussions among these ten afforded extreme interest. Almost every possible subject pertaining to war was thoroughly illuminated by them at one time or another, and on no subject, save one, were all agreed. But there was not one dissent to the gen-

eral opinion that the Treaty of Portsmouth could be, at best, nothing more than a truce.

In the gradual uplift of mankind it is well to dwell, both in public print and in private conversation, on the tendencies that make for the world's peace, but is it wise also to ignore those underlying humanities which make inevitably toward war?

At that time we did not so ignore them. Silenced by the acclaim for peace, vicariously haloed as of that nation which possessed the universal peacemaker, and personally glad to exchange the monotony of camp for the delights of travel, we all rode from the army smiling and in silence.

But we could not forget that the Japanese, like the bantams, are essentially a fighting race. Nor could we forget that in the last half-century they have, each decade, waged an exhausting war that has enlisted, for the moment, every material resource and all moral stamina; nor that, within twelve years, to the complete astonishment of mankind, they have defeated two of the largest and most powerful nations on earth; nor that, for their gain, they have secured no specific territorial advantage, and only the mingled acclaim and fear of the rest of the world.

Those who write history are wont to ascribe wars to the jealousy of rulers, the rivalries of states, and national love of aggrandizement. They forget usually to seek the deeper cause—that primal love for combat which animates all virile nations, which makes even our supposedly peaceful America the inspired devotee of foot-ball and the prize-fight. Of these nations none now regnant is more virile than Japan. There are authorities to show from language and history and archæology that the Nipponese is not a pure Mongolian race, but a composite, in which the Aryan element is strong. Neither in mind nor in body are the Japanese only Mongolian. From mere personal experience the employers of servants could tell the same. You can chastise a Chinaman to your heart's content, and he will not strike back, except with a knife in the dark; you can maul and abuse a Filipino with tongue and boot, and he will submissively kowtow; the East

Indian is a frail salaamer to every chance brutal adventurer: but raise one finger against a Japanese, and, if he does not hara-kiri on the spot, you will have a fight on your hands that will last until one or the other of you is everlastingly whipped.

Feeling all this, it was with keen attention that, as we left Manchuria, after eighteen months' happy service with the army, we noted signs of a changed attitude among the troops.

First, there was our little guide, who spoke his grammar-school English with choppy directness. It was he who first interpreted for us the terms of the Treaty of Portsmouth, and his face was not bright as he told it. But we knew he had been more than a year in the field, that he had seen soul-tearing service, that he had a wife, a father, a mother, sisters, and brothers waiting for him at home. And we thought he should be happy.

"You are glad that peace has come at last?" we remarked, ignoring the shallow terms.

"We like honorable peace; no like this peace," he replied, and not another word would he utter, but jogged along for a week, attending to his final duties with us. Often in that last week he was blithe, as he had been before; more often he was morose, as he had never been.

Then one day we came to an etape-station at Tieling, and were put up for the night by a kind old sergeant who before had taken us in, loaned us blankets, and opened his best English preserves, kept for the occasional visits of general officers. Before, when we had come, there had greeted us conspicuously from the rear wall of his Manchu hut a campaign lithograph of Theodore Roosevelt. This time we looked in vain for the familiar eyeglasses and the spotted four-in-hand. In the place hung a dirty Korean flag. Suspecting some veiled Oriental insult, we inquired for the wonted decoration. There was some mistake, said the sergeant. In his headquarters there never had been a picture of President Roosevelt. Moreover, he had never seen one. Would the honorable gentleman please tell him about their honorable President?

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"We do not fight for conquest. When I was a boy I learned to fence. The first day of my lessons my teacher spent, not with the sword, but impressing upon me that I was not taught the use of the weapon that I might kill, but that I might defend my honor."

Shortly after that we found Kodama, the Chief of Staff, he who died last year in Tokio after being made in name, what he had been through the war in fact, the commander-in-chief. It was in Mukden, and the dapper little General lived in the only clean barracks in the foul old city. For the first and only time in our acquaintance Kodama was without that tenseness that distinguished him among a restrained people, as of a race-horse coming to the wire. For the first time in many years, he told us, he had relaxed. The war was over. There was no more anxiety; not for the present. What he said is not to be remembered. It was the conventional expression of friendliness for America, of belief in the future, of Japan's desire for peace. It was what he did not say that lingers. He did not say that he was satisfied with the terms of peace. But the next day, as we came to Newchwang, where we were finally to leave the Japanese lines, in the private train which Kodama had placed at our disposal, we passed eight trainloads of soldiers and supplies being hurried toward the front. Peace had been declared a week, yet so great was the momentum of the war machine that its onward movement had not yet been stopped. And there, at a switching-station, during the advance of one of those recruit-laden trains, holding the fresh boys from the rice paddies who thought they were being hurried onward to a battle greater than Mukden, we came across the first unmistakable evidence of discord. The news had just passed down the line—the news

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with such cordial and significant approval.

AMERICA AND JAPAN

THE sentiment of both people and government in America, and the sentiment of the government and of the wisest and most influential men of Japan, are so absolutely opposed to war between these nations, on account of any existing provocations, that the recent warm-weather war talk could end in nothing but air—air without even any real smoke. It may be, however, profitable to consider,

through the eyes of one who, like Mr. Barry, has been recently in touch with the Japanese mind, certain national traits and certain currents of opinion in Japan, profitable for instruction and profitable in the way of warning. There should be no reason to insist, in one case more than another, upon just action and good manners between nations, but those who are already well informed and well instructed in such matters may have to inform and instruct others among their compatriots along the lines of international courtesy.

OPEN LETTERS

Jacques-Louis David's "Madame Récamier"

(SEE PAGE 763)

IN 1748, when David was born, art, in France, was in a degenerate state, owing to the pernicious influence of Boucher and his school, which then was at its height. It was reserved for David to institute a reform, based on a return to classic ideals. He, however, began his career as a pupil of Boucher, but this master, it is said, perceiving his peculiar bent and power, caused his transfer to the guidance of Vien, whose characteristics were more in harmony with those of his afterward famous pupil. In 1774, when twenty-six years old, David won the "Grand Prix de Rome," and forthwith repaired to the Eternal City, where for five years he studied from the antique and from Italian masters. At that time antiquity was once more engaging the attention of the public. The excavation of Pompeii in 1775 had stimulated anew the study of the past. Later the Elgin marbles were unearthed, and Haydon in England was proclaiming their glories, while Winckelman, in Germany, by his "Treatise on Art," was awaking enthusiasm for the ideals of Greek beauty, and the criticisms of Lessing, were aiding to spread his doctrines. A second renaissance had set in. David was early in the field of this new movement, and though there is little in his work, save in his portraits, that can evoke enthusiasm at the present day, the influence he exercised dominated painting more or less for nearly fifty years after his death.

David's painting of the portrait of Madame Récamier, to be seen in the Louvre, is one of

his really fine canvases. It is very brilliant, delicate, and full of light, and is painted with much vigor. His motto in art, "Truth first and beauty afterward," he seems here to have sought to express. The drawing is severe and correct. His excellence in this respect constitutes his one great technical virtue, and appears to have been his sole idea of truth in art. The background, which is gray, is rubbed in lightly and hastily, and left in this unfinished condition, so that it looks as much like a rough wall as anything. The whole is a simple arrangement of gray tones in a high, bright key. It is life-size, on canvas, five feet six inches high, eight feet three inches wide, and was painted about the year 1800, when the lady was about twenty-three years old. Four years after this, David was made first painter to the Emperor Napoleon. In 1816, he retired to Brussels, where he died in 1825.

Madame Récamier is recorded as one of the rarest ladies of her day. Her beauty was so extraordinary and bewitching that, when she was out walking, even street children were struck by it, and ran back to get another glimpse of her face. She was endowed with all the virtues, "all the delicacies, all the seductions, all the elegancies of her sex."

T. Cole.

Lincoln on His Own Stories

THE Lincoln articles by David Homer Bates are very interesting and attractive to all the old "boys" of '61 to '65. The reference in the July number of THE CENTURY to the

fact that not all the stories attributed to Mr. Lincoln were really his, calls to my mind a little incident that corroborates Mr. Bates's position.

Early in the winter of '64-'65, President Lincoln visited the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James. General Godfrey Weitzel was at that time commanding the 25th Army Corps, and Dutch Gap was within the limits of his command. Mr. Lincoln desired to see this particular work of the army engineers. Arrangements were made, and he was escorted from corps headquarters by General Weitzel and his entire staff, of which the writer was a junior member. On the return of the party, Mr. Lincoln was invited to lunch with the General and his staff. It was my privilege to be seated at the table immediately opposite the President and to listen to the conversation between him and General Weitzel. After we had all enjoyed some story of Mr.

Lincoln's (which I am sorry to have forgotten), General Weitzel said: "Mr. President, about what proportion of the stories attributed to you really belong to you?"

Mr. Lincoln replied: "I do not know; but of those I have seen, I should say just about one half."

D. V. Purington,
Late Capt. & A.Q.M., U.S.V.

The East London House of the "Blue Nuns"

WE are requested by the "Blue Nuns" residing at Commercial Road, East London, to say that their establishment there is not "a home for fallen girls," as stated in the article "A Haven of Rest" in the June CENTURY, but that their duties are "to minister to the sick and dying and to succor the needy in the courts and alleys of Stepney."



A Proper Match

A PROPER goose set out one day, declaring,
with all candor,
That through the world a-searching for a mate
she would meander.
A proper person he must be, and than all
others grander.
She traveled far, from clime to clime, not
stopping to philander,
Yet disappointment was her lot, and grief well-nigh
unmanned her
Until among the learned ones she found a
propaganda.

C. J. Knight.

The Coach-Driver

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF A LINE-HOSTLER,
WAITING AT A RANCH RELAY STATION
WITH FRESH HORSES

TIME she 's showin' round the rocks.
Hump, you buzzards—there's her dust!
Black MacDougall on the box
Silkin' like Pike's Peak er bust.

Can't you see them leaders lean,
Swing-team crouchin', wheelers free?
Crowdin' round that p'int is mean:
Black he hits her to a T.

Lord! if I could drive like that—
Whirl them six in a corral;
Hold 'em like a heart-flush pat;
Shake 'em till the pilgrims yell;

Bunch 'em down the mountain-side;
String 'em out across the plain;
Twist 'em till they 're jack-knife-tied—
Pop! an' out they 're straight again!

Whip an' brake an' reins an' sand,
Black kin haze a coach along;
All six ribbons in one hand,
T' other pourin' out the thong.

Now she 's left the dust behind.
Look at that old Concord swing!
Them gray broncos they 're the kind
For Black MacDougall, six-hoss king!
Francis Hill.

Equatan

I LIVE way down in Equatan.
All take it easy as they can.
I have no property or debts;
Just what one tries for that he gets.

Mateo was our President.
"The revenues were all misspent;
The taxes more than we could bear;
No mercy—justice anywhere."

Gonzales said that we must fight,
If we would ever gain the right.
Gonzales said that he would rule
Like Washington (he had a mule);
Would lead us, be our general.
With loud acclaim we cried, "You shall!"



"I WISH I WAS A BOY!"



"I WISH I WAS A GIRL!"

Three hundred strong, we, boy and man,
Marched forth to war in Equatan,
Full-dressed in uniform, and that
A shirt, a cigarette, a hat.

We charged the citadel with shout
And Winchester; we drove them out.
The bullets flew, through arms and legs,—
Some of us felt like broken eggs,—
Now and then
One struck plump in an abdomen.

We stood Mateo by a wall;
There shot him dead and—that was all.

The government is now quite pure,
And liberty is all secure.
When freedom's microbe doth mature
Again, we 'll fight again for sure.
We 'll change our government encore;
And then again; and then some more.

Gonzales rules: he drives a span.
Just now he is the only man
With freedom down in Equatan.

Frank Hodge.

A Little Mood

I SAT upon the step the other day,
And thought about myself; and thought and
thought,
Till ev'rything around was blurred in gray.

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I wondered how it was that I was I
'Way deep inside of me, and no one else,
And how it is I breathe and laugh and cry.

I thought and thought about my own real
name,
And if I had n't it, would this be I?
But just as I was not I, back I came.

Then suddenly I was afraid—oh, queer!
I ran and ran to mother in the house,
And mother held me close, and said,
"Why, dear!"

And that was all she said,—quite all,—
but, oh!
It was so good to hear I nearly cried;
And then she kissed me—kissed me—soft
and slow.

Laura Campbell.

Three Authors

PROLIFIC authors, noble three,
I do my derby off to ye.

Selected, dear old chap, who knows
The quantity of verse and prose
That you have signed in all these years!
You 've dulled how many thousand shears!
You 've filled, at a tremendous rate,
A million miles of "boiler plate"—
A wreath of laurel for your brow!
A stirrup-cup to you—here 's how!

And you, dear *Ibid.* Ah, you wrote
Too many things for me to quote,
Though Bartlett, of quotation fame,
Plays up your unpoetic name
More than he did to Avon's bard.
Your stuff 's on every page, old pard.
Bouquets to you the writer flings;
You wrote a lot of dandy things.

And you, O last, O greatest one,
A word with you, and I have done.
You, dear *Exchange*, that ever floats
Around with verses, anecdotes,
And jokes. Oh, what a lot you sign
(Quite frequently a thing of mine).
Why, it would not be very strange
If I should see this signed—*Exchange*.

O favorite authors, wondrous three,
I do my derby off to ye!

Franklin P. Adams.



TRYING TO PLEASE

MAID AT DOOR: Mister Charles, the clock has stopped,
an' would yer please look at yer watch an' see is n't it toime
for me to wake yez?

The Youngest

I WISH that I could go to school,
An' have a double slate,
An' pencil, an' a book, an' rule.
I just can *hardly* wait.

I know my letters now as well
As Ted or any one;
I guess that I can learn to spell,
An' *then* won't I have fun?

I 'll know *then* what they 're talking 'bout
An' don't want me to know,
If they *do* spell the words all out,
An' I 'll just *show* 'em—so!

They whisper now, an' nod an' wink
An' smile—oh dear!—among
Them all it 's pretty hard, I think,
To be so *awful* young!

One time my mother spelled a word,
And Daddy shook his head.
"I don't believe It really heard
Or noticed us," he said.

An' she said, "Little P-I-T-
C-H-E-R, you know,"
An' Daddy laughed, and looked at me,
An' said, "How she does grow!"

I have n't got so very far
In knowing things, you see,
But P-I-T-C-H-E-R
Somehow, I think, means *me*!
Edna Kingsley Wallace.

A Hardened Person

THERE once was a young lady Dr.
Who had got so that nothing much shr.
When there came an earthquake
That made everything shake,
She just dreamed 't was her mother that rr.
Mary Madison Lee.

Flying

Of all the things that one might do,
If wishing hard could make it true,
I 'd choose to fly, like *Peter*.
Oh, think how thrilling it would be
To feel one's body, light and free,
Escaping—fletcher, fletcher!

Above the trees, the church-spire, too,
Into the fields of misty blue,
I 'd soar like any swallow.
I would not give my teacher wings,
My books, nor other serious things;
Oh, no; they could not follow!

Abbie Farwell Brown.

Revised

THERE was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was more com-
panionable.

Thomas L. Masson.

True Love's Obstacles



A NAUTICAL
DUET

He

"OH, fain would I marry yer, Annibel Jones,
And that is me earnest intent,—
It is,—
But me longin' is vain, fer I'm loath to explain
That I have n't the half of a cent;
Yet I wish ye'd decide to become the fair
bride
Of a harnsome young nautical gent."

She

"Oh, harnsome ye be as the dawn, Willum
Brown.
Yer only defect that I spy,—
I do,—
Is the fact that ye peg on an old wooden leg,
And ye seem to have only one eye,
And yer hair is quite skimp, and ye walk
with a limp,
Though yer beauty I cannot deny."

He

"Oh, I cornstantly pine fer ye, Annibel Jones,
And I wish ye would come to me arms,—
I do,—
Me intentions is good, and I would that I
could
Protect ye from troubles and harms.
Again I insist that ye cannot resist
Me wealth and me personal charms."

She

"Oh, I love yer too much to refuse, Willum
Brown,
And I'll marry yer surely as Fate,—
As Fate,—
If ye'll grow a real leg in the place o' that
peg,

And ye'll git them there eyes o' yourn
straight;
If ye'll grow raven locks in the place o' them
shocks
O' brick-colored hair on yer pate."

He

"Oh thanks fer yer kindness, sweet Annibel
Jones;
It's lovin' and helpful ye be,—
Ye be,—
And I'll git what yer ask, though the ter-
rible task
May keep me some years on the sea.
And me hope is intense that some eighty
years hence
Ye'll still be a-waitin' for me."

Wallace Irwin.



As to Some Novelists

I DO not think
Our men of ink—
Our famous literary fellers—
Are seeking to
Build toward the blue,
But spend their time in digging "sellers."
John Kendrick Bangs.

Follies and Foibles

COVETOUSNESS and Envy are two anarchists
who would not destroy ownership, but would
transfer it to themselves.

Ingratitude, to keep from paying his debts,
made all his property over to his wife, Selfish-
ness.

The pettifoggers, Insinuation and Innuendo,
are the great legal specialists on libel and
divorce.

N. H. McGilvary.



ELEANOR ROBSON AS "CONSTANCE" IN ROBERT BROWNING'S "IN A BALCONY"

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTRE BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

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HUNTING THE ANCESTRAL ELEPHANT IN THE FAYÛM DESERT

DISCOVERIES OF THE RECENT AFRICAN EXPEDITION OF
THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

Da Costa Professor of Zoölogy, Columbia University, Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology,
American Museum of Natural History, in charge of the expedition

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND RESTORATIONS BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT

THERE are many points of likeness between a world view of animal history and of human history. During the long ages preceding our own,¹ the continents for certain periods were like vast islands entirely isolated from neighboring continents by the seas. This was the condition of Africa in the period unearthed by recent explorations. These longer or shorter isolations explain the marvelous diversity of mammalian life, because each great land mass became a separate breeding-place under different conditions, and whenever the land rose from the sea long enough to form connecting bridges, such as those across the Mediterranean, or along the Arctic seas, or across the Isthmus of Panama, the animals gradually extended their ranges from continent to continent exactly after the manner of the prehistoric and historic

races of men. Thus were initiated vast interchanges, struggles, and competitions, which have worked quite as profound influence upon the past and present history of animal life as the interchanges of human races have worked upon the history of man.

After such migration a group may survive in the country of its adoption and entirely die out in the country of its origin, and were it not for paleontology, we should rarely be able to trace it back to its native land, because the present distribution of living animals is often far distant from their original homes. What American, for example, observing the millions of living camels and dromedaries in Asia and Africa, would suspect for a moment that the camel is purely and exclusively an American product?

One of the most fascinating of the by some geologists at three millions of years. Back of this stretch the still more remote periods. The Fayûm exploration reveals the mammalian life of Africa as it was in the Middle and Upper Eocene times.

¹Our own age runs back into that called the Pleistocene, or Ice Age; this in turn is preceded by the Pliocene, the Miocene, the Oligocene, and the Eocene, in the order named; altogether representing a great interval of time, roughly estimated

many problems of paleontology, therefore, is to ascertain the birthplace of each of the great animal groups—the fertile or arid nursery of their infant history wherein they first took on their peculiar and characteristic form, and, like the races of man, felt the power and strength to go forth and invade the lands of other races.

A PROPHECY AS TO THE LIFE OF AFRICA

In the year 1899 paleontology had advanced to such a point that the origin of many families was known, but there remained in doubt the group of elephants, certainly the most paradoxical in structure of all quadrupeds, and appearing in the Lower Miocene period, both in Europe and North America, fully formed, as if from the sky or by a fiat of the Creator. No one knew whence they came nor how their remarkable characters had evolved. There were great unexplored regions in Asia; the history of China was unknown; and many writers were looking to the Orient for an answer to this question.

¹The stream of scientific thought leads many minds in similar directions. My theory of "successive invasions of an African fauna into Europe" was written in 1899 and published in 1900. Quite

In the year 1900 I ventured a prophecy which placed the original home of the elephants and of several other great groups in Africa. At the time it seemed a curious fact that this possible theater of evolution of mammals had not been sufficiently considered. Following the initial suggestions of Huxley, most writers were talking of the invasion of Africa from the north by animals of European or Asiatic origin, and few seemed to have in mind the possibility of a reversed current; namely, of the invasion of Europe, Asia, and North America by animals originating in Africa.¹

In discussing the matter, I admitted that Africa was the "dark continent" of paleontology, that it had no early fossil mammal history, that no discoveries had been made there except in the later period during which its Mediterranean shore had become a part of Europe; but I held that this absence of evidence was not proof of the absence of life in Eocene Africa, because geological records are proverbially as incomplete as the torn chapters of a

independent, I believe, and at the time unknown to me, were the similar speculations of Dr. H. G. Stehlin, of Basle, and Dr. Tycho Tullberg, of Upsala, which were also published in the year 1900.



From a photograph by Dr. A. Lythgoe

LOADING THE AMERICAN MUSEUM CARAVAN AT LISHT



From a photograph by the Egyptian Geological Survey

SITE OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM CAMP

book, and the chances are always against the burial of land animals in such a manner as to be preserved for future record. So I became convinced of the probability that Africa in early geological times was a great center of independent evolution; that, after its long isolation by the sea, when the trans-Mediterranean land routes were formed, successive waves of animals migrated northward and poured into Europe and Asia, driven out, perhaps, as man is driven out, by surplus population; that there seemed to be evidence in Europe of three such chief waves of life from Africa; and that prominent among the quadrupeds were the mastodons, ancestors of the great family of elephants.

Thus, if the paleontology of Africa could become known, the problem of the origin of the elephants might be solved.

Along such lines ran the prophecy, supported by kinds of reasoning familiar enough to paleontologists since the days of Darwin. In science as in love it is well to be audacious, and, to leave no doubt as to my faith, I described this

African "Garden of Eden" as the probable nursery not only of the elephants, but of the Hyracoidea, or rock conies; of the Sirenia,¹ or sea-cows; and, among larger quadrupeds, of the antelopes, giraffes, and hippopotami, as well as of numerous smaller animals. In short, it seemed probable that many of the animals which suddenly appeared in Europe without any known previous ancestry there would prove to have originated in Africa.

So far is the scientific imagination tempted to roam when once released. It is always possible that such speculations may be correct, yet forever lack direct confirmation; but in the present instance the confirmation came almost immediately, in the manner which may now be narrated.

DISCOVERIES BY THE EGYPTIAN GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

AMONG the other beneficent products of the English advisory government of Egypt is the Geological Survey, now un-

¹It should be noted that the earliest known sea-cows had already been discovered in the famous quarries of the Mokattam Hills, near Cairo, so that this was not a prediction, but a statement of fact.

der the able and energetic direction of Capt. H. G. Lyons. Step by step the vast unknown stretches of the Arabian desert on the east of the Nile and the Libyan desert on the west are being explored. In 1898 the survey of the desert surrounding the Fayûm was intrusted to Mr. H. L. Beadnell. El Fayûm, a name derived from the ancient Egyptian word "*Phiom*," meaning "the lake," lies fifty miles southwest of Cairo, and is the fertile alluvial bottom of a great natural depression, or basin, enriched by the Nile sediments, which have poured for ages into a large natural lake of late geological times, and subsequently into the more contracted Lake Mœris of the Ptolemies. The brackish lake named Birket-el-Qurûn which bounds the Fayûm to the northwest is the vestigial remnant of these two great sheets of fresh water. It lies 130 feet below sea-level, and receives such a meager overflow from the vast irrigation system of the Fayûm plains that it is con-

stantly diminishing in extent and increasing in salinity.

The rich historical associations of the northerly shores of these ancient and modern reservoirs begin with the Paleolithic flint-makers.¹ They include the irrigation works of Amenemhat I, 2,200 B.C.; they cover the rise and fall of populous Greek and Roman cities, now represented by the ruins known as Dimê and Mushîm. But far, far back of this period of man, the discoveries of the survey on the northerly shores of these same lakes reveal the presence of a world of life so ancient that the pyramids seem as of yesterday,² of a period when the Mediterranean shores were 140 miles south of their present boundaries, when Mother Nile herself, which impresses us as among the oldest of rivers, had not come into existence. Here another and much older river system poured its sandy deposits into the ancestral Mediterranean, the ancient original life of Africa found its

¹ See "Flint Implements of the Fayûm, Egypt," by Heywood Walter Seton-Karr. Rept. U. S. National Museum, 1906, pp. 745-751.

² If Napoleon, under the shadow of the Pyra-

mids, said to his troops, "Forty centuries look down upon you," the geologist might say with equal spirit, "Two thousand centuries look down upon our exploration."



From a photograph by the Egyptian Geological Survey

FOSSILIZED TREES ON THE BONE BEARING LEVEL, SOME OF THEM
BEING SEVENTY FEET LONG



Restoration by Charles R. Knight, under the direction of Professor Osborn

THE LIBYAN GIANT ROCK CONY (MEGALOHYRAX) OF THE EOCENE PERIOD COMPARED WITH ITS DIMINUTIVE MODERN REPRESENTATIVE, THE SYRIAN CONY

burial-place in the shifting sands and has lain for perhaps two million of years awaiting the evolution of man and finally the development in man of the spirit of inquiry and exploration.

So long ago as 1879, the German explorer Schweinfurth had obtained in the Fayûm desert some bones of the great whale-like animal named *Zeniodon*, which swam along the Mediterranean shores during the Eocene period. In 1898 came the first evidence of the existence of land animals, and in 1901, when Mr. Beadnell was accompanied by Dr. C. W. Andrews of the British Museum, the discovery of land animals in the Fayûm desert was announced. It has proved to be epoch-making, marking a turning point in our knowledge of the history of the earth, and arousing such wide-spread interest that for the time north Africa becomes the storm-center of paleontology. Between 1901 and 1905 the exploration and collection of these fossils continued under Messrs. Beadnell and Andrews. One unexpected discovery succeeded another. Africa, far from being a continent parasitic upon Europe, was proved to be a partly dependent, but chiefly independent center of a highly varied life; a great breeding place not only of animals which subsequently wandered into Europe, but of animals belonging to types hitherto unknown and undreamed of. Ancestors of the two great groups

which it had been predicted might be found here—namely, the Proboscidea and the Hyracoidea—were successively found; the Sirenia, or sea-cows, were traced back to primitive forms; then the ancestors of the archaic whales, or zeuglodonts, were found, as recorded by Dr. Eberhard Fraas of Stuttgart.

The reader can imagine with what intense interest were received the announcements by Mr. Beadnell and chiefly by Dr. Andrews, in whose hands all the collections were placed for description, and with what very special personal keenness this brilliantly successful exploration was followed by myself. The temptation to go to the desert at once was very great, but the well-earned prior claims of the English precluded any thought of our visiting this region so long as the English exploration continued. Finally, in 1906, the British Museum published a work written by Dr. Andrews¹ in which the history and significance of the discoveries up to the year 1905 are most ably set forth. This in a sense released the Fayûm district to other explorers, and almost immediately came to mind the possibility of an expedition of our own into the Fayûm desert. Now that many of the great extinct animals in the American Museum paleontological collections had proved to be of remote African origin, what a temptation to secure some of the diminutive ancestors, to place beside their

¹ Andrews, C. W., "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Tertiary Vertebrata of the Fayûm, Egypt." London; 1906.

American descendants, the majestic mammoths and mastodons! What a temptation to bring back the great *Arsinoitherium*, the two-horned monster of Eocene Africa, to rival its four-horned American contemporary *Uintatherium*, named after our own Uinta Mountains! How it pleased the fancy to take a caravan of camels, animals which were the gift of our Western American plains; to bring

Jesup, who determined to defray the chief expenses.

As head assistant, I selected Mr. Walter Granger, a young Vermonter of fourteen years' experience in the Western Eocene of the United States, and, from his boyhood training as an ornithologist, specially keen in the discovery of fossils of the smaller animals. As second assistant I chose Mr. George Olsen, a sturdy Dane,



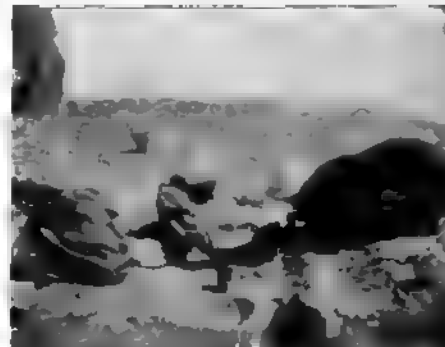
NATIVES FROM HEBRON WORKING IN QUARRY A



NATIVES FROM KELT WORKING IN QUARRY B



PROFESSOR OSBORN AND MR. FERRAR
IN THE ZERGLUDON VALLEY

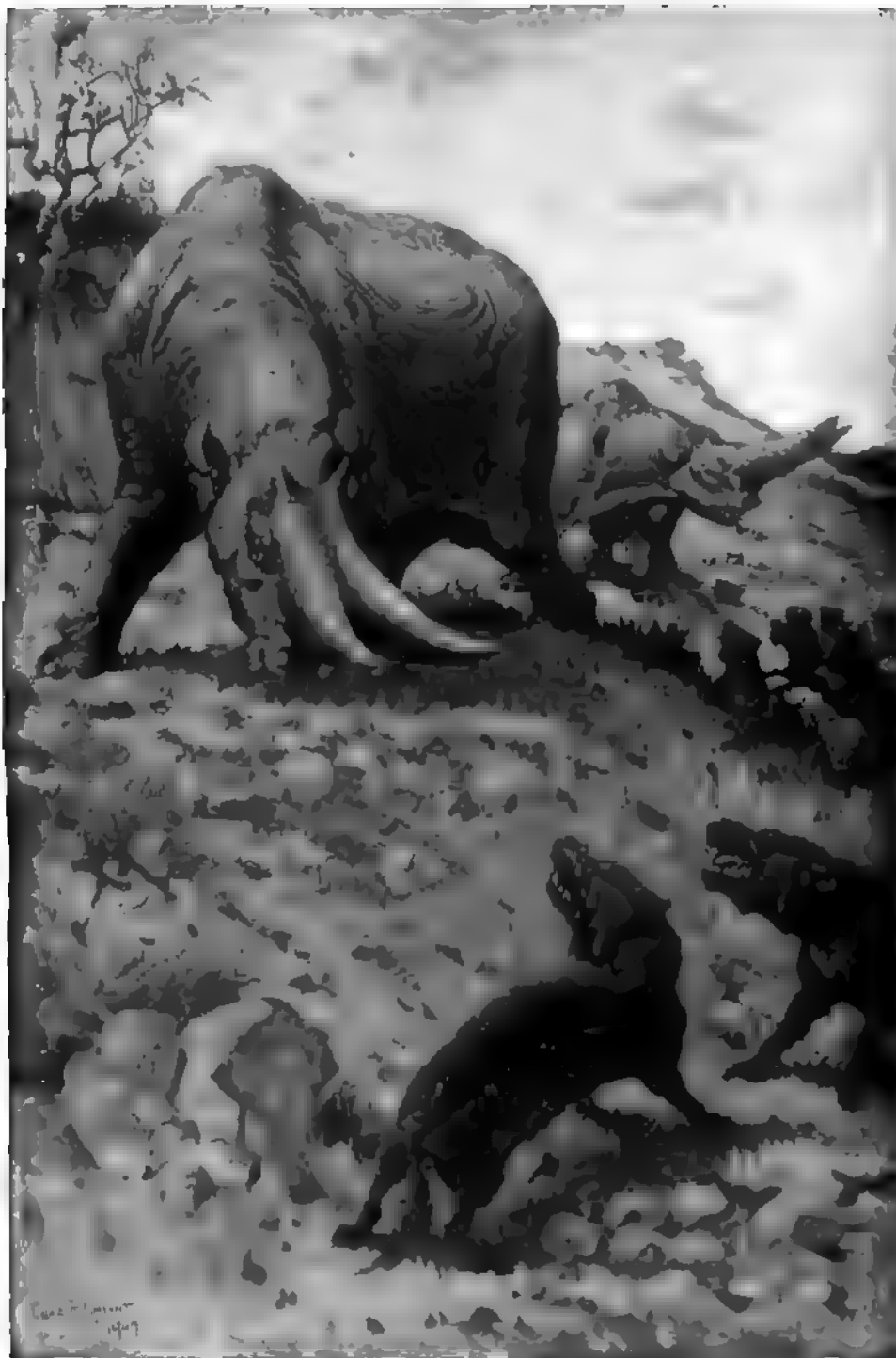


BENDING OVER THE JAW OF ONE OF THE
ANCESTRAL ELEPHANTS

forth the remains of the elephants, which were the gift of Africa to all the other continents! Moreover, why should not further discoveries be made in the Fayûm by dint of very energetic search and the prolonged training gained by our young explorers in the deserts of the Rocky Mountain region? These thoughts chased one another about as fascinatingly as "castles in Spain," until they had shaped themselves into the resolve to go, and this led to the starting of the expedition from the museum, aided by the ever-ready generosity of President Morris K.

who had also demonstrated his love for the chase of extinct animals and his ability in handling fragile fossils. Through correspondence with Dr. Andrews I learned how very fragile some of our finds were likely to be, and how difficult it would prove to take them out of the sand without breakage. It was therefore evident that technical skill would figure largely in our success.

We sailed on the *Cedric* on January 5, and on January 23 reached Alexandria and Cairo. I presented to Lord Cromer a characteristically personal and enthusi-



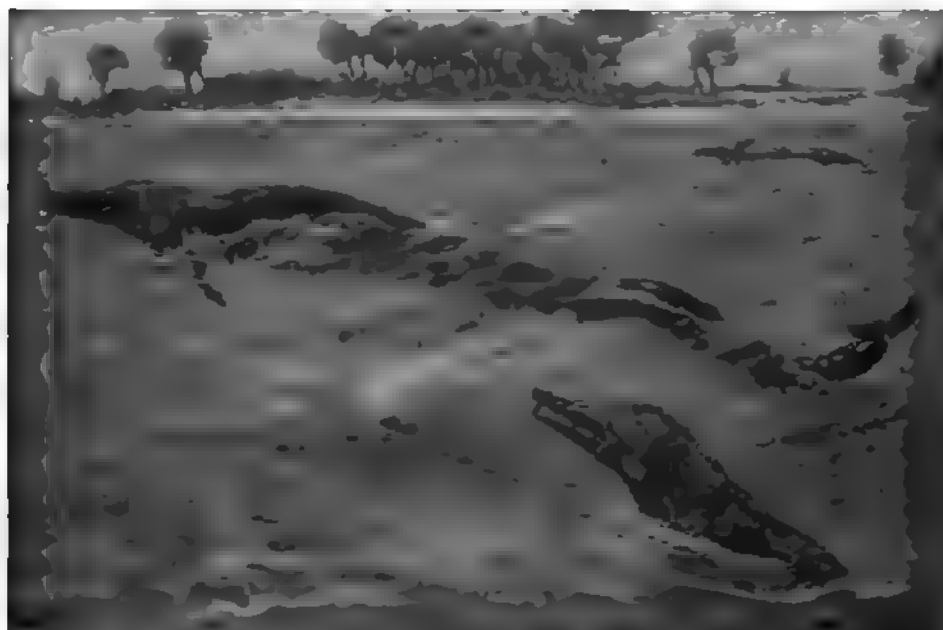
Restoration by Charles R. Knight, under the direction of Professor Osborn

ARSINOTHERES STANDING AT BAY BEFORE A PACK OF HYÆNODONTS

astic letter from President Roosevelt, and another from the Hon. Joseph H. Choate. The famous representative of Great Britain in Egypt is a man of impressive but unaffected manner, and in a few cordial words he intimated that everything would be done to facilitate our objects. Early on the morning of arrival, Capt. H. G. Lyons, the Director of the Geological Survey, called to assure me that the Survey would coöperate to the fullest extent with advice, information, maps, tenting

caravan, a member of his Survey staff, Mr. Hartley T. Ferrar, a graduate of Cambridge, and geologist of the recent British Antarctic expedition of the *Discovery*, under Captain Scott. Mr. Ferrar's desert experience and knowledge of Arabic, but still more his penetration of the mysteries of Arab psychology and morals, proved to be of the greatest service in several of the minor crises of our journey.

Our preparations began at once: all the



Restoration by Charles R. Knight, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Lucas of the Brooklyn Museum

THE WHALE-LIKE ZEUGLONDON OF THE ANCESTRAL MEDITERRANEAN

equipment, and especially with an unlimited number of steel water-tanks, or "fantasses," the constant companions of the desert geologist. Best of all, came the offer to give us the unrestricted right to excavate in the richest localities for fossils which had been discovered by Mr. Beadnell, and hitherto reserved for the exclusive work of the Survey. This most cordial and hospitable personal and scientific spirit extended to every matter, large or small, connected with our Egyptian exploration, and contributed largely to the results which it is the object of this article to describe.

On the following day, Captain Lyons strengthened our plans still further by detailing to accompany us, with a special

environment seemed strangely unfamiliar for the outfitting of a paleontological expedition; mosques and bazaars, in place of the Methodist chapels, corner groceries, and saloons of small Western towns in America; Egyptians who have been taking life with repose for five thousand years, in place of lively Western cowboys and teamsters of our American explorations. There is no translating the American words "hurry up" into Arabic. We could not interview some of our native guides and workmen from the great stone quarries at Helouan at once because, as pious—or pleasure-loving—Mussulmans, they were celebrating the great festival of Barrâm. In the desire to start as early as possible there was little time for more

than fleeting impressions of manners and customs.

We found Cairo in January cold and blustering, sunny and seductive by turns: it reminded us of the Sicilian saying: "*Marzo e pazzo*" ("March is crazy"). Similarly in alternation, the street life is intensely European, Oriental, and half and half—the amusing mixture which one observes in the official class. Despite all delays, thanks to the Survey, our preparations proceeded apace. While in our home program fully ten days had been allowed for departure, in exactly five working days after arrival we were at the Mena House, under the great pyramids of Giza, ready to start. We were delayed a day by a high westerly wind and sand-storm driving down from the Libyan desert, and turning toward evening into torrents of rain. Thursday, January 31, dawned gloriously bright and clear, and our caravan of seventeen camels, six donkeys, with twenty-three Bedouin, Arab, and Egyptian attendants in motley array and the highest spirits, began to move southward along the sandy strip which sharply borders the fertile alluvium of the Nile.

THE JOURNEY TO THE FAYÛM

OUR route (see map, page 826) lay due southward along the base of the sandstone desert terraces which the Egyptians for six thousand prehistoric and historic years have sought for burial, dry at all seasons and secure in autumn from the rising waters of the Nile. A heavily laden camel caravan moves so regularly and precisely at the rate of four kilometers, or two and a half miles, per hour that all distances in desert Egypt are measured in "caravan hours." A long day's journey is seven hours, or seventeen and a half miles, and our short opening day led only to Sakkara, five hours' caravan, or twelve and a half miles, yet it took us past thirteen pyramids, and was the best introduction to history, because it put us at once into the spirit of ancient and modern Egypt.

Two more short five-hour caravan days following, calls at sunrise brought us past the Dashûr pyramids to the workings recently opened at Lisht, thirty-two miles south of Cairo, for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, under the direction

of Dr. Albert Lythgoe. Toasts were drunk and fraternal good wishes interchanged for the prosperity of the undertakings of the two great New York museums. On the following morning our large caravan started, with Mr. Ferrar's file of eight camels bringing up the rear. Dr. Lythgoe photographed us with the southerly pyramid of Useratesen I in the distance (page 816). We were in an unusual parade formation, and the camels soon broke into the customary long single file as we moved southwest across the desert to the northern edge of the fertile Fayûm to Tamia, our base of communication and supplies for the desert camps.

News of the approach of an important caravan under government patronage had preceded us, and in the village of Tamia, on the Sunday evening of our arrival, began a display of Oriental hospitality, with formal visits of respect, and presentation of gifts, which continued throughout our whole stay in the desert to the north. An elderly sheikh, Harun Talasun, called in the evening with ten attendants, and in the morning returned with a donkey, led by a slave and bearing a fine sheep. The corpulent Mamour of the district at frequent intervals sent mounted men to inquire after our comfort, and invited us to a feast. An Arab, Mahmud Abd-el-Baqui, visited us in the desert, accompanied by two brothers and an armed escort, bringing us a sheep and turkeys, and on the casual expression of a desire, returned to camp with five spirited and perfectly trained horses, each with its attendant. These hospitable phases of fossil-hunting in the Libyan desert were in delightful contrast to former experiences in America. Imagine the mayor, or the sheriff, or the aldermen of a Western town showing such solicitude for a party of "Eastern bug-hunters" or "bone-diggers!" One must find coal, or oil, or gold, to command the admiration of our good-hearted, but too practical-minded countrymen. Throughout our prolonged stay in Egypt we learned to love and admire these simple people. They are ignorant and somewhat crafty, through ages of misrule, but perhaps we have more to learn from them than they from us. As I told Lord Cromer on my return, the kindly attitude toward us always exhibited by the common people, was to my

mind the strongest proof of the popularity of English rule among the masses of the people of Egypt.

From Tamia the start into the waterless desert began. Our route was in a northwesterly direction, skirting the brackish Birket-el-Qurûn. We rose to the clearly defined former shore lines and sandy ridges of the ancient Lake Mœris, 300 feet above the existing lake, on the beaches of which boys of the Greco-Roman colonies disported with their little Egyptian playmates 2,200 years ago.

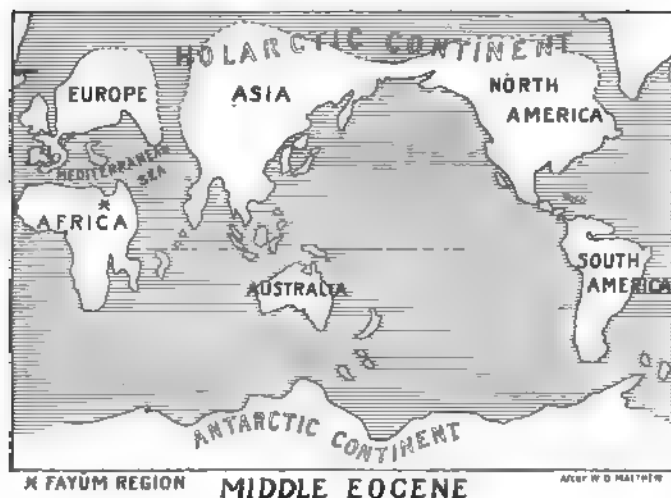
How even a rudimentary knowledge of

are composed of seams of softer rock, while the broadly inclined horizontal steps, or tiers, are the great protecting platforms of the harder rock. (See page 827.) On the edge of one of these lower tiers we passed the ancient Greek temple Qasr-el-Sagha, after which one of the fossil animals had been named *Saghathe-rium*. This temple was situated on the very shores of Lake Mœris. Our caravan climbed these steep ascents with difficulty. One camel with a weak pair of hind legs had to be pushed from behind by all the drivers together; every now and then a load came off, and this mugwump among quadrupeds, which always does its duty, but with a wry face, filled the ravine with its roar of disapproval as the load was readjusted.

On the next tier above we found myriads of exquisite shells in a compact limestone, which proved that here the ancestral Mediterranean held its own for a long period. The northward growth of the continent into the great Mediterranean was caused by the discharge of rivers and streams, making new land; but as fast as the

new land was made, the northern edge of the African continent sank, so that the filling and sinking processes nearly balanced each other for a long period. Sometimes the sea and sometimes the land would gain more rapidly. This accounts for our finding along the ancient seashore the remains of sea-living animals in close proximity with those living in estuaries, in rivers and on land.

As we ascended, we noted suddenly the entire disappearance of the sea-shells, and entered purely freshwater deposits, where the land-filling process gained supremacy. We climbed tier above tier, and finally reached the great, partly level, partly rolling, platform stretching off in each direction as far as the eye could reach. Here we saw the sandy delta deposits of a river system which was much older than the Nile.



MAP OF THE WORLD IN THE PERIOD REVEALED BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM EXPLORATIONS

geology—earth knowledge—adds to the pleasure of the traveler! Among the loose shingle of the sea-beaches of the ancestral Mediterranean we picked up the hard fossilized ribs of the Sirenians or sea-cows, our first discovery, and realized that we were walking on the edge of the vast inland sea which for a long period isolated Africa from Europe. The ruins of the ancient city of Dimê came into distant view on the horizon; the long line of camels disappeared in a hollow, and then began to climb the heights beyond; the cliffs rose directly before us, step above step, like the seats of a long and vast amphitheater, overlooking the northern shores of the lake and reaching to a height of 1000 feet. In these noble formations of the Upper Eocene of the Libyan desert the sharp vertical ascents

This was our destination.

We slowly recognized this as the level on which all our explorations were to be made. The giant trunks of fossilized trees began to appear—trees that were borne down the rivers from the great forests of the south, their petrified trunks, from thirty to seventy feet in length, protruding from the sand, which was an auspicious sign of the proximity of the remains of quadrupeds, for both were washed down together. Remains of crocodiles, also, and of great turtles, began to be seen, and we were convinced that we were in the very fossil-bearing tier itself. It consists of sandy deposits only forty feet in thickness, but miles in horizontal extent, formerly very near sea-level, but now elevated 480 feet above the sea. There were also exposed occasional stretches of harder, underlying limestones, impermeable by water.

Suddenly the whole caravan ahead of us stopped, and men and boys fell on their knees, as if the hour of prayer had sounded; the camels and donkeys crowded in; and we realized that we had suddenly come upon a few rain-pools. Refreshed by this unexpected draft, two hours more brought us at sunset within view of the tents of our advance party, consisting of the seven natives of Helouan whom I had sent ahead with some of the heavy supplies and tools. We thus arrived on February 5, exactly one month after leaving New York. No one who has not experienced the sensation can imagine the keen pleasure of the long-anticipated first survey of this famous locality, which is playing such an important part in the history of science.

The tents were pitched in a little hollow between two of the quarries which had been discovered and worked by the Survey. The tent ropes were weighted with logs of fossilized trees, to resist the occasional violence of the wind. The surface of the bench was slightly rolling, the sand was covered with pebbles, and there was no vegetation. Near the quarries lay the heaps of bones which had been rejected in previous excavations. One quarry was about seventy-five feet in diameter, and great heaps of sand bore witness to the extent of previous excavation. The larger quarry was on a gentle hillside, and extended several hundred

feet, like a long rifle-pit. Great corner-stones marked the supposed extent of the bone layers about these quarries, which had hitherto been reserved by the government, but were now opened to our workers. The bone layer was composed of loose rusty-brown or reddish sand in which a number of scattered bones were seen embedded.

On the following morning we were keen to attack these quarries and ascertain whether they had been exhausted. Careful examination showed that the bone layers were from four to six feet below the surface and that large quantities of overlying sand must be removed before we could reach them. They were at points where the river current had been checked by a sand-bar. The animals had evidently drifted some distance down-stream with the sand and gravel, all the bones floating apart or having been pulled apart by turtles and crocodiles, so that the entire skeleton of an animal could never be found associated. Thus animals of every kind, large and small, herbivorous and carnivorous, in every degree of preservation, some being hard and perfect, others soft and powdered, had been brought together. In every case the bones were only partly petrified, or fossilized, a very exceptional condition. Good and important specimens were rare, and it soon became evident that work must be done rapidly, on a very large scale, and also with the utmost care.

In handling our native workers, labor, speed, and skill made a difficult combination. At the time of our arrival the Helouan party had been at work two days under the direction of Daoud, a merry and impulsive little Egyptian who had accompanied Messrs. Beadnell and Andrews on all their trips and knew the country well. They were most zealous and impatient of immediate results; we found them as impetuous and difficult to control as children, and my assistants at first despaired of training them. Unless we could do this, our special plans would be defeated, all the smaller animals would be lost, and all the delicate remains, wherein lay our chief opportunities for fresh discovery, scattered or destroyed. In this labor crisis, and during my absence on a reconnaissance, twelve men from Kuft arrived. They had trudged

along for two days' caravan distance from water and entered the absolutely barren desert. They had been persuaded to leave the "flesh pots of Egypt," the lentils and greens of the Nile; and as none of them had ever been far from the valley before, Dr. Quibell's prediction that they might become homesick at once came true.¹ On the way they had evidently been reflecting upon the possibility of securing some *quid pro quo* for the rapidly disappearing pleasures of life, and on their arrival, after a sympathetic conference with the Helouan men, they planned a general strike for double the ordinary rate of wages. They declared that unless we would pay them the entirely unheard of sum of ten piastres (fifty cents)

tent, outwardly composed and indifferent, inwardly solicitous, for four hours, until eleven P.M. Then the tall leader, Ibrahim Salim, signed for the entire party at eight piastres a day (forty cents), with an additional inducement of one holiday and a fat-tailed sheep every fortnight.



MAP OF THE REGION EXPLORED BY THE EXPEDITION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM
The horizontal lines indicate the fertile lands of the Nile and the Fayûm, the oblique lines, the area of Lake Maryia.
The caravan and exploration routes are indicated by dotted lines.

a day, they would all leave the following morning, and perhaps that very night.

Our surrender would upset the entire archaeological labor-market; their departure would set us back for weeks at least. In this fresh crisis Mr. Ferrar came to the rescue as intermediary, translator and psychologist. As "*el Mudir*" (the Governor), I sat smoking in the conference

Nothing could exceed the picturesqueness of this struggle between capital and labor in the Libyan desert—the group of weird figures lighted by a dim candle, the dignity of Ibrahim as he drew his seal from the inner folds of his robe to affix his signature to the contract.

The following morning broke bright and clear. The entire force was cheerily working under Olsen, wielding their mat-

¹ Dr. J. E. Quibell, in charge of the government excavations at Sakkara, had kindly sent us these men.

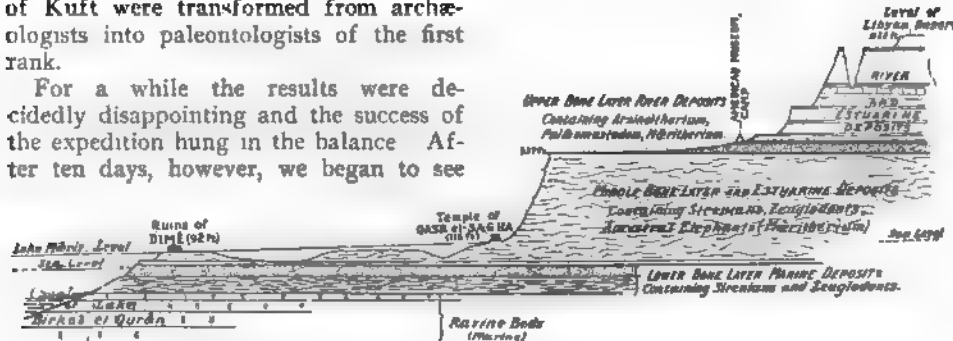
tocks, dumping the loose sand from their baskets, and singing their refrains. They were quickly impressed with due reverence for the supreme value and delicate character of a fossilized bone. As soon as one was exposed, they folded up like jack-knives, with their faces between their knees in the attitude of the Mussulman at prayer, and gently blew away the sand. Then it was a delight to see the enthusiasm over a discovery displayed by smiling white rows of teeth, to hear the welcome "good morning, honored Sir," which came out with military precision on the first arrival of "el Mudir" on a morning inspection. The labor problem was solved, and in a week these men of Kuft were transformed from archaeologists into paleontologists of the first rank.

For a while the results were decidedly disappointing and the success of the expedition hung in the balance. After ten days, however, we began to see

THE ANCIENT LIFE OF EOCENE LIBYA

It will be interesting to see how we may journey into the past and conjure back to existence the landscape as well as the animals of the African shores of the ancestral Mediterranean. Such restorations are partial pictures of past realities. In restoring Eocene Libya, we depended largely on the observations and reflections of Mr. Beadnell and Dr. Andrews, and partly upon our own.

As to the original animal supply of Africa, we should first clearly understand that it did not rise from the soil, but that at some period still more remote than that of Eocene Libya, or over 2,000,000 years



SECTION OF THE AMPHITHEATRE BLUFFS RISING ABOVE LAKE BIRKET-EL-QURÛN, SHOWING THE SUCCESSION OF MARINE, FRESHWATER, AND LAND ANIMALS

exposed in the quarries the first promising signs of the jaws and teeth of the ancestral elephant, the chief object of the expedition, and in a fortnight a fine skull of a young *Arsinoitherium* came into view. A few days later one of the prospecting party was rewarded by finding a splendid skull of a *Palæomastodon*, belonging to the second stage in the remarkable history of the evolution of the elephant. A week later the same prospector discovered a skull of a *Mœritherium* ("the beast of lake Mœris"), which represents the oldest known or first distinctive stage in the evolution of the elephant. The finding of these two heads (see page 833) was the chief object of the expedition from the purely museum standpoint, and the discovery of both within thirty days of our arrival was an extraordinary piece of good fortune. The *Palæomastodon* head is the most perfect which has been found; the *Mœritherium* is not quite so perfect as that in the Cairo Museum.

ago, the continent had received its share of the primitive world stock of mammals. Whence this stock came and what it was like is at present as mysterious as the place of origin of the human race. From the Fayûm desert explorations of the last five years we have a vista into the midst of the molding period of this undisturbed North African stock, probably only a limited vista at present. Proofs of contact with the life of other continents such as Asia or South America may become more apparent as we are able to extend this vista by exploration.

Even with this limited vision we are certain that the landscape of Eocene Libya was in wide contrast to that of modern Libya. The northern Africa of to-day is one of those vast earth areas which have suffered from progressive desiccation and aridity, and are inhabited by a purely desert fauna capable of existing with little or no water. To the desert jerboas, water is even fatal. We our-

selves observed the tracks of gazelles, jackals, hyenas, and jerboas, or jumping mice. We believe from evidence of many different kinds that all of North Africa at that remote time was comparatively well watered; chiefly because our present glimpses of the life, as known from the fossilized remains, included no desert living animals whatever, but exclusively animals which might have lived in a fairly well watered delta or estuary country bordering the sea, partly open, partly wooded, but not densely forested, with stretches of sandy plains or muddy and clayey bottom-lands traversed by large streams, with currents of considerable velocity. As Beadnell observes, the enormous quantities of silicified wood which occur among these sands, and the hundreds of trees of great length and girth, together with the numerous remains of land animals as well as of crocodiles, turtles, and tortoises, indicate that rivers of considerable size emerged from the land to the south. While the trunks of the trees may have been floated a long distance, for the branches are all torn off, the perfect contours of the bones of the animals prove that they had not been transported very far.

The country was certainly not heavily forested, however, because the close proximity of the sea, as well as the number of very large animals, precludes the existence of a continuous and densely tropical forest in the immediate environment. Large quadrupeds cannot find food in the shade of a dense forest; they need the food which is developed on the ground by sunlight. Even now in the thick forests of the Congo both the hippopotamus and the elephant are dwarfed in size as compared with those of eastern Africa.

We judge of the nature of the soil from the structure of the limbs and feet. In contrast with the finely drawn limbs of the desert-living animals of modern Libya, the animals of Eocene Libya had feet fitted for walking on soft if not moist and sinking ground. Thus the soil of the period was certainly not dry and hard, although it was partly sandy. There are, however, some evidences of the proximity of great stretches of dry land, because we find giant land tortoises (*Testudo ammon*, named after the Egyptian god Ammon) resembling those of

Madagascar. There were also giant pythons (*Gigantophis*) thirty feet in length. There were ostrich-like birds, but these may have been partly forest-dwellers, like the emus of New Zealand.

In the rivers were found not only the sea-cows (*Eosiren*), but also the broad-snouted crocodiles, as well as the slender-snouted, gavial-like forms (*Tomistoma*), similar to those found in Borneo. Curiously enough, the river turtles are related to those found to-day only in South America. Farther seaward, in the estuaries there ventured the sea-cows, also certain large sea-snakes (*Pterosphenus*); and in the sea inlets and high seas there swam the archaic whales (zeuglodonts) of many kinds, as well as great floating, leather-back sea-turtles, closely similar to modern forms.

Making up the ancient group were twenty-seven kinds or species of land mammals which have been discovered by the Egyptian Survey, besides several new animals which we have discovered. These include the giant *Arsinoitheres*, the smaller and larger ancestral elephants, the large and small rock conies, as well as certain piglike animals. Among all these animals only two swift-running types are known, one of which is the carnivore type, all the others being relatively short-footed and slow-moving. It is further noteworthy that with one exception all these slow-moving animals had a pair of front teeth enlarged as tusks, probably for defense against the actively running carnivores of the period. The exceptional animals without these tusks were the *Arsinoitheres*, which defended themselves by sharply pointed horns.

So far, therefore, as animals mirror their surroundings, Eocene Libya was a savannah country, partly open, partly thicketed or jungled, partly forested, of about the same temperature as to-day, fairly well watered, and subject to occasional freshets and floodings from the south.

Such a general picture of the landscape may at least be drawn from the discoveries of the Egyptian Survey. Our own explorations will enable us to put more details and perhaps some new large features into this picture after our fossils have been unpacked and carefully studied.

When we examine the life of Eocene

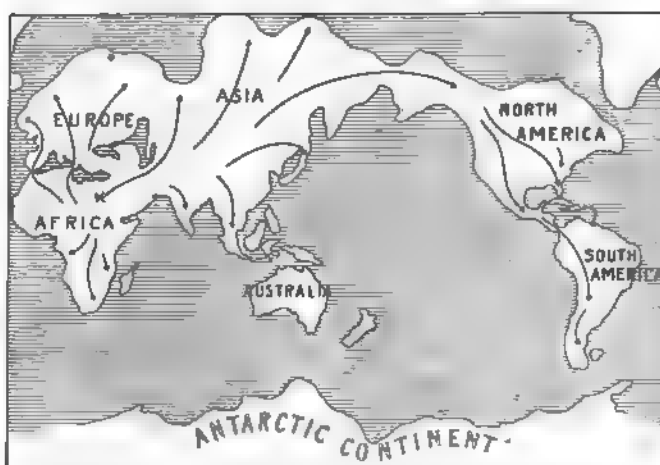
Libya more closely, we are first struck by the entire absence on land of many forms familiar to us from childhood as pictured in African scenes of travel. Among beasts of prey there are no lions, leopards, jackals, or hyenas; among herbivora there are no hippopotami in the rivers; no rhinoceroses in the river jungles. On the plains there are to be seen no wild asses or zebras; no antelopes, buffalo, or giraffes. Not even the ancestors of these familiar African animals are discernible. The natural inference is that none of these quadrupeds had as yet reached Africa; that they were evolving elsewhere, either in Europe, Asia, or North America, and preparing for the great interchange of life which would occur when Africa should again be connected with the other continents. In fact, among all the animals which we find in Eocene Africa, only four are certainly represented by relatives or descendants in modern Africa: these are the elephants, the hyraxes, or rock conies, the mice, and the sea-cows. The modern affinities of all the other forms still await proof.

In looking over this ancient population as a whole, we are confronted by the somewhat puzzling fact that it is not purely and exclusively African; it gives evidence of a previous land connection with Europe. Like modern Cairo, Eocene Libya had its mixture of nationalities, for certain of the smaller herbivorous animals were living at the same period in France and Switzerland. And still more striking is the fact that all of the flesh-eating mammals of Eocene Libya belong to a family which flourished not only in Europe, but in North America. How or when this family reached Africa no one knows. Despite this European element, the population is chiefly or about 70 per cent. native; that is, made up of types which were in Eocene times pecu-

liarily African and evolving as Africa's distinctive future contribution to the world of quadruped life.

Around these purely African animals centers our chief interest.

The carnivores of Eocene Libya were all variations of a single archaic family type known as Hyænodonts, ("hyena-toothed") although in no way related to the modern hyenas. They had bodies shaped like the Tasmanian "wolf" of Australia. I am myself inclined to believe that these Hyænodonts were not recent



* FAYÛM
REGION

MIOCENE AND PLIOCENE

THE WORLD-WIDE TRAVELS OF THE ELEPHANTS. (COMPARE WITH THE MIDDLE EOCENE MAP ON PAGE 824)

As indicated by the arrows starting from the center star, in Miocene times the elephants crossed three land bridges to Europe and Asia. They entered Japan, crossed the Behring Isthmus into North America, and the Isthmus of Panama into South America.

invaders, but had grown up with the rest of the ancient African fauna. In fact, it appears probable that they had been on the African continent a long time, for we have never yet discovered that animal Utopia in which there are no beasts of prey to harry the herbivorous quadrupeds. Again, the fact that the true Hyænodonts were among the later arrivals in Europe and North America lends probability to the theory that they originated in Africa. But perhaps the strongest evidence of prolonged residence and struggle for existence is their astonishing diversity of size and of fitness to capture both land and water-living prey. Dr. Andrews finds some proofs that among them were otter-like river-living forms.

The absence of all the modern families of carnivora on land is no more striking than the entire absence of seals, dolphins, or whales in the seas bordering Eocene Libya. Their place was filled by the archaic whales, or zeuglodonts, of the marine inlets, seashores, and open ancestral Mediterranean. Since Schweinfurth's discovery, in 1879, zeuglodonts have been found in every part of the Fayûm region, as well as farther north in the Mokattam hills overlooking Cairo. The most famous fossil locality in the Fayûm is known as Zeuglodon Valley. With a very light outfit, I made a forced three days' journey with Mr. Ferrar to the southwest of our camp, in order personally to observe this most interesting deposit. Directing our course toward the Gar el Gehannem, a geographical point which, being translated into Western phrase, would be known as "Hell Butte," we climbed over some high sand-dunes which the camels with difficulty crossed, and finally reached the famous valley. We found it strewn with the remains of monster zeuglodonts, including heads, ribs and long series of vertebræ, most tempting to the fossil-hunter, yet too large and difficult of removal from this very remote and arid point. This expedition was specially impressive as forcing upon our minds the enormous abundance of these zeuglodonts, the height of their evolution, as well as their wide geographical distribution to the Southern United States region.

Our restoration on page 822 is made under the direction of Mr. F. A. Lucas, the chief authority on the American zeuglodonts. The extraordinarily long and snakelike bodies are more slender than those of any of the existing whales.

Such proofs of transition among beasts of prey from the land-living carnivores to the amphibious and marine whales are duplicated among the herbivores of Eocene Libya by strong evidence that the Sirenia,¹ or sea-cows, represent an aquatic offshoot from the very stock which gave rise to the elephants. The possible affinity of the sea-cow to the elephant was shrewdly surmised by the great French anatomist De Blainville long before the days of Darwin. Since his time, facts

favoring his bold conjecture have been slowly accumulating, but the strongest confirmation it has yet received now lies in the resemblances between the most ancient sea-cows (Eotherium) and the most ancient of the elephants (Mœritherium), so numerous as to be almost conclusive of very distant cousinship. When one contrasts the existing elephant with the manatee of Florida or with the dugong of Africa, and is told of this possible community of parentage between these very antipodes of structure, one is reminded of the opening sentence of prayer by a noted professor of logic: "Paradoxical as it may appear, O Lord, it is nevertheless true." But in evolution all things are possible, and the nascent elephant and nascent sea-cow of Eocene Libya are by no means so far apart that a faithful Darwinian cannot conceive of possible modes of derivation of both from a common ancestral stock. They represent the extremes of fitness produced by the search for food in the grasses of the river bottoms, by the sea-cows, and of the grasses and shrubs of the plains by the elephant.

The little sea-cows of Eocene Libya, the Eotherium and Eosiren (see page 831), or sea Proboscidea, as they may possibly in future be called, had already a far advanced structure for browsing along the river bottoms. Exactly like their modern descendants, they were weighted down to the bottom by the exceptional solidity of their bones, which were the heaviest known in the animal kingdom. This weight and solidity especially favored the preservation of the ribs, and we found the remains of these were very abundant in the desert sands. The fore limbs were probably modified into flippers; the hind limbs were still present but very small, whereas in the modern sea-cows the hind limbs have disappeared entirely. The tail may even have had a horizontal flattening, or rudder, to steer them down to the bottom or up to the surface, but this is a pure conjecture. In the existing manatee (page 831) there is a broad horizontal tail fluke and the hind limbs have entirely disappeared.

The conies were probably a conspicuous feature of the hillsides of Eocene Libya.

¹ The name Sirenia refers to the fanciful conception of the sea-cows as "sirens" (that is, mermaids) so quaintly illustrated by Gesner and other early naturalists.

The bones of these animals are very numerous. We may imagine from their numbers that they ran in varied herds composed either of large varieties (Megalohyrax, or giant hyrax) equalling a small tapir in size, or of the smaller and still more abundant Saghatherium (beast of the Sagha Temple). It is noteworthy that all have a pair of enlarged fighting tusks, which in Megalohyrax reached a great size. The coney of the Sinaitic Peninsula which I saw in the Zoological Gardens of Cairo is a

possibly water-living forms. We find them in Greece and in Samos. But now the group shows evidence of having suffered a severe check in its evolution, because the existing conies are without exception small animals, well characterized by the two references to them in Proverbs and Psalms.¹



Restoration by Charles R. Knight under the direction of Professor Osborn

THE LIBYAN SEA-COW (EOSIREN) OF THE EOCENE PERIOD

THE EXISTING MANATEE OF THE FLORIDA RIVERS, IN WHICH THE HIND LIMBS HAVE ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED

fierce little animal, as if standing up for the prerogatives of its extremely ancient pedigree.

There thus remains no doubt that the conies had their period of power, of wide distribution, and of great variety; that they became an important group, which subsequently spread north into the Mediterranean and Aegean regions and became fitted for many kinds of life, including

These great *Arsinoitheres* played the part in Eocene Africa which is now performed by the rhinoceroses. They are fittingly named after Queen Arsinoë, the second wife of Ptolemy II (285-227 B.C.), who became patron goddess of the Fayûm, although lacking the beauty of that famous woman. The discovery of these beasts by Mr. Beadnell furnished one of the greatest surprises of modern paleontological exploration, and enriches the picturesque side of the science. These are the giant mammals of the period. The dominant feature of the head is a pair of enormous upwardly projecting bony horn cores over the snout, which in life were sheathed with horn, sharply pointed in the old bulls, and blunted or rounded in the calves. A small pair of horns are seen to rise above the eyes. As restored by Dr. Andrews, a moderate-sized bull (*A. sittelli*) stands five feet nine inches at the withers, and measures nine feet nine inches from snout to rump. Remains have been found of a much larger

¹The conies are a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks. Proverbs xxx, 26.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies. Psalms civ, 18.

There is a third reference in Leviticus xi, 5: And the coney because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof; he is unclean unto you.

Arsinothere (*A. andrewsi*), which stood over seven feet at the withers. The neck is rather short, the limbs are long, the feet are short and spreading and terminate in five toes like those of the contemporary elephants. The teeth, however, are entirely different from those of the *Palæomastodon*, consisting of high-crowned, sharply crested grinders adapted to grazing upon the harder kinds of herbage. The entire absence of tusks in the anterior part of the jaw is amply compensated for by the sharply pointed horns. There is nothing among the *Mammalia* more effective as fighting weapons than these horns, which are sharp in the males and blunted in the females. The head could be moved freely up and down, and the horns were thus well adapted to tossing an enemy in the air. As the bones are massive and the body is heavy and elephantine, these animals were capable of charging with prodigious power in their combats with each other.

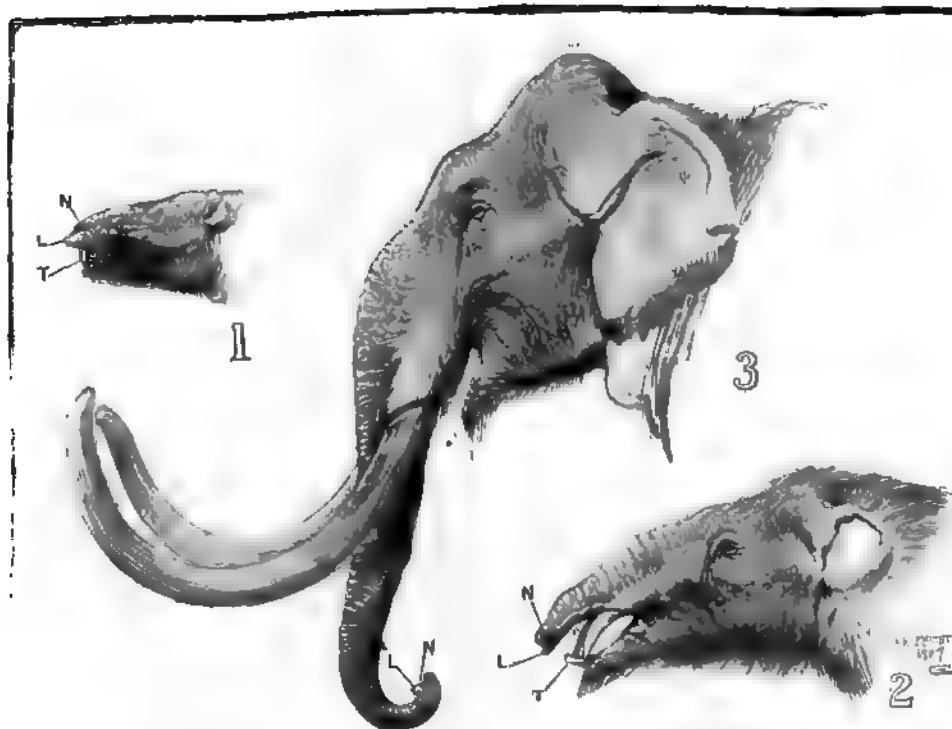
The climax of interest among the animals of this period is reached in the ancestors of the elephants, including the more primitive *Mœritherium*, or "beast of Lake Mœris," and the larger and more obviously elephantine animal called *Pa-*

læomastodon. As already announced, we have fortunately secured numerous characteristic remains of both these animals.

In respect to pedigree, we cannot regard the little *Mœritherium* as the direct ancestor of the elephants; it is rather a type which constitutes a missing link between the elephants and other quadrupeds, and stands near the true and direct ancestral line. It was of the size of a tapir and lived on soft ground. The neck was apparently long enough to enable the head to reach the ground or to browse along the banks of rivers with the body partly immersed, because there is no evidence in the bones of the face that it was provided with a long protrusile upper lip, such as that of the tapir, and much less with a real elephantine proboscis. Our reason for this opinion is that the eyes as well as the bony roofing of the nostrils are set very far forward, whereas in animals in which there is a proboscis the eyes and the bony openings of the nostrils are carried very far back, so as to allow free muscular retraction play either of a long proboscis-like upper lip, such as we observe in the tapir, or of a true proboscis, as in the elephant. Thus the *Mœritherium* was not a proboscidean in the descriptive



MR. FERRAR LEADING CAMELS OVER A STEEP SAND-DUNE



Restoration by Charles R. Knight, under the direction of Professor Osborn

EVOLUTION OF THE HEAD, PROBOSCIS, NOSTRILS, AND TUSKS OF THE ELEPHANT

The drawings are to the same scale, the nostrils indicated by the letter N, the upper lips by L, and the tusks by T

1. *Mœritherium* of Eocene Libya, with a flexible upper lip and the small incisor tusks.

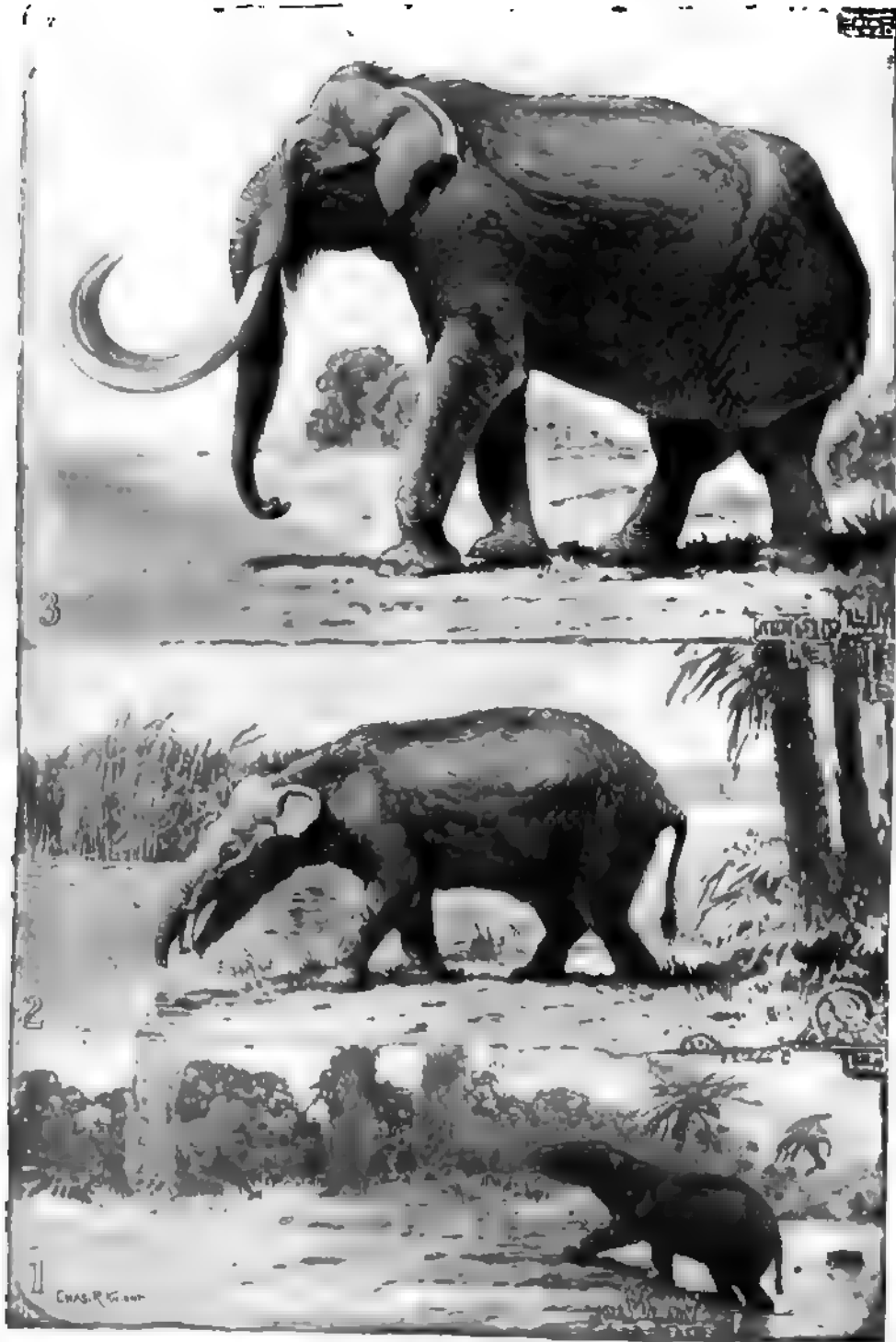
2. *Palæomastodon* of Eocene Libya, with a short proboscis and powerful upper and lower tusks.

3. Mammoth (*Elephas Columbi*) from the State of Indiana, with gigantic upper tusks or ivories and long proboscis with nostrils at the tip.

sense of the word, yet one convincing indication of its actual cousinship to the primitive elephants consists in the enlargement of the same pair of anterior teeth above and below into incipient tusks (namely, the second incisor or cutting teeth), as the more highly developed upper and lower tusks of the *Palæomastodon*, and the gigantic "ivories," which in the mammoth and the elephants attain a length of thirteen feet. Further evidence of affinity to the elephants is found in the structure of the grinding teeth, which, although simpler in form and far more numerous, closely resemble those of the mastodon.

While the *Mœritherium* fascinates us as representing the very act of transition from an ordinary typical mammal into the nascent form of an elephant, the *Palæomastodon* is no less important because it is certainly the direct forerunner of the elephants. Both the teeth and skull are

prophetic, as well as the limbs. The upper tusks, which are composed of ivory or dentine, are now large and extend downward and forward with a slight recurvature. Along the sides we see only a ribbonlike band of enamel, presaging the entire disappearance of this glistening outer covering of the teeth in the modern elephants. The lower tusks point directly forward at the end of the long, shallow chin. This pair of upper and lower tusks have already usurped the places of all the other front teeth, but occasionally survive as vestiges, as seen in one of the American Museum specimens. Evolution nearly always proceeds by such absolute sacrifices of some parts to others; thus out of the sixteen front teeth of a typical mammal there remain only twelve in the *Mœritherium*, and only four in the *Palæomastodon*. Similarly the chewing function in the *Mœritherium* is divided between twenty-four grinders, each of which pos-



Drawn by Charles R. Gilbert

EVOLUTION OF THE ELEPHANT (DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE)

1. The Mammoth, *Elephas Sanitzi* of the State of Indiana. (Based upon a specimen in the American Museum of Natural History.)
2. The *Paranotodon* of Eocene Lahey. (Based upon the restoration by Dr. Andrews.)
3. The *Mastodon* of Eocene Lahey. (Based upon a skull figured by Dr. Andrews.)

sesses not more than four simple rounded cusps, whereas in the *Palæomastodon* the chewing function is distributed among twenty-two grinders, with a maximum of six partly crested cusps. In the adult mastodon, such as that of the comparatively recent American forests, there are only eight grinders in use at one time, and in the aged modern elephant there are only four.

In studying the head of the *Palæomastodon*, we are struck with its long and depressed profile, which is widely different from the prominent and sagacious-looking forehead of the elephant. The bony openings of the nostrils are set very far back, and since the eyes are also set much farther back than in the *Mærittherium*, there is abundant space for the muscular insertion, retraction, and play of a proboscis. The chin and lower tusks are extended very far forward. Since the fore and hind limbs are elongate, with proportions much like those of a young modern elephant, it was probably difficult for this animal to reach the ground with its head. We are thus forced to the conclusion that the *Palæomastodon* possessed a proboscis which extended at least some little space beyond the forwardly protruding tusks, because without this most unique and marvelous prehensile modification of the upper lip and nostrils combined, the animal could not have seized its food. The *palæomastodon* is thus truly a proboscidean, and constitutes the first definitely known member of this great order. Its chief habitat was on land, whereas the *Mærittherium* may have been partly a water-living animal.

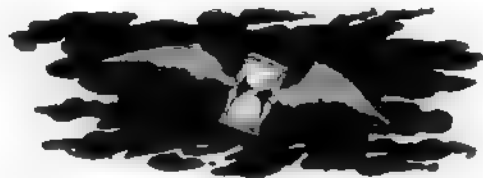
THE INVASION OF EUROPE, ASIA, AND THE AMERICAS

IN the lower Miocene and Pliocene, as indicated by the map (on page 829) the

elevation of the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea formed one land bridge after another, and the great exodus from pent-up Africa began. The sea-cows, the giant conies, the mastodons, and several other African autochthones entered Europe in great numbers.

What the results would have been if the elephants had been released from Africa in an earlier stage of evolution can only be guessed at, but that they were superbly equipped for foreign travel and conquest when they actually did emerge is absolutely demonstrated. As secure as the Romans with their phalanxes and their legions, these quadrupeds marched over one or other of the land bridges as soon as they were formed. They suddenly appeared in the Lower Miocene of Europe in the vicinity of modern Paris. The race spread so fast and multiplied so rapidly in the Northern Hemisphere that in the Middle Miocene they reached the geographical point in North America now known as eastern Colorado. By the upper Miocene, or perhaps earlier, they were found in Texas and Mexico. Most opportunely in the Lower Pliocene the Isthmus of Panama rose out of the sea, connecting North and South America, which had been separated for an enormously long period, and the mastodons invaded South America, and, following the line of the Andes, pushed as far south as the Pampean region.

As time went on, the elephants began to evolve and replace the mastodons in various parts of the world. Their geographical range, which extended from the British Isles all over Europe, along the northern shores of Siberia, into Texas and Mexico, is equally marvelous. In the whole history of creation no other animal, with the single exception of the horse, accomplished such feats of travel.





THE SURPRISES OF THE LOTTERY

BY OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "ARROWS OF THE ALMIGHTY";
"IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY", ETC. &c.

PICTURE BY  LEON GUIPON

I

THE Comte de Bonzag, on the ruined esplanade of his Château de Kera-gouil, frowned into the distant crepuscle of haystack and multiplied hedge, crumpling in his nervous hands two annoying slips of paper. The rugged body had not one more pound of flesh than was absolutely necessary to hold together the long, pointed bones. The bronzed, haphazard face was dominated by a stiff comb of orange-tawny hair, which faithfully reproduced the gaunt unloveliness of generations of Bonzags. But there lurked in the rapid advance of the nose and the abrupt, obstinate eyes a certain staring defiance

which effectively limited the field of comment.

At his back, the riddled silhouette of ragged towers and crumbling roof reflected against the gentle skies something of the windy raiment of its owner. It was a Gascon château, arrogant and threadbare, which had never cried out at a wound, nor suffered the indignity of a patch. About it and through it, hundreds of swallows, its natural inheritors, crossed and recrossed in their vacillating flight.

Out of the obscurity of the green pastures that melted away into the near woods, the voice of a woman suddenly rose in a tender laugh.

The Comte de Bonzag sat bolt up-

right, dislodging from his lap a black spaniel, who tumbled on a matronly hound, whose startled yelp of indignation caused the esplanade to vibrate with dogs, that, scurrying from every cranny, assembled in an expectant circle, and waited with hungry tongues the intentions of their master.

The Comte, listening attentively, perceived near the stable his entire domestic staff reclining happily on the arm of Andoche, the Sapeur-Pompier, the hero of a dozen fires.

"No, there are no longer any servants!" he exclaimed, with a bitterness that caused a stir in the pack; then angrily he shouted with all his forces: "Francine! Hey, there, Francine! Come here at once!"

The indisputable fact was that Francine had asked for her wages. Such a demand, indelicate in its simplest form, had been further aggravated by a respectful but clear ultimatum. It was pay, or do the cooking, and if the first was impossible, the second was both impossible and distasteful.

The enemy duly arrived, dimpled and plump, an honest thirty-five, a solid widow, who stopped at the top of the stairs with the distant respect which the Comte de Bonzag inspired even in his creditors.

"Francine, I have thought much," said the Comte, with a conciliatory look. "You were a little exaggerated, but you were in your rights."

"Ah, Monsieur le Comte, six months is long when one has a child who must be—"

"We will not refer again to our disagreement," the Comte said, interrupting her sternly. "I have simply called you to hear what action I have decided on."

"Oh, yes, M'sieur; thank you, M'sieur le Comte."

"Unluckily," said Bonzag, frowning, "I am forced to make a great sacrifice. In a month I could probably have paid all—I have a great uncle at Val-le-Temple who is exceedingly ill. But—however, we will hold that for the future. I owe you, my good Francine, wages for six months—sixty francs, representing your service with me. I am going to give you on account, at once, twenty francs, or rather something immeasurably more val-

uable than that sum." He drew out the two slips of paper, and regarded them with affection and regret. "Here are two tickets for the Grand Lottery of France, which will be drawn this month, ten francs a ticket. I had to go to Chantreuil to get them; number 77,707 and number 200,013. Take them—they are yours."

"But, M'sieur le Comte," said Francine, looking stupidly at the tickets she had passively received. "It 's—it 's good round pieces of silver I need."

"Francine," cried de Bonzag, in amazed indignation, "do you realize that I probably have given you a fortune—and that I am absolving you of all division of it with me!"

"But, M'sieur—"

"That there are one hundred and forty-five numbers that will draw prizes."

"Yes, M'sieur le Comte; but—"

"That there is a prize of one quarter of a million, one third of a million—"

"All the same—"

"That the second prize is for one half a million, and the first prize for one round million francs."

"M'sieur says?" said Francine, whose eyes began to open.

"One hundred and forty-five chances, and the lowest is for a hundred francs. You think that is n't a sacrifice, eh?"

"Well, Monsieur le Comte," Francine said at last with a sigh, "I 'll take them for twenty francs. It 's not good round silver, and there 's my little girl—"

"Enough!" exclaimed de Bonzag, dismissing her with an angry gesture. "I am making you an heiress, and you have no gratitude! Leave me—and send hither Andoche."

He watched the bulky figure waddle off, sunk back in his chair, and repeated with profound dejection: "No gratitude! There, it 's done: this time certainly I have thrown away a quarter of a million at the lowest!"

Presently Andoche, the Sapeur-Pompier, the brass helmet under his arm, appeared at the top of the steps, smiling and thirsty, with covetous eyes fastened on the broken table, at the carafe containing curaçao that was white and "Triple-Sec."

"Ah, it 's you, Andoche," said the



Drawn by Leon Coupin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill.

"'YOU GAVE HIM—THE TICKETS! THE LOTTERY TICKETS!'"

Comte, finally, drawn from his abstraction by a succession of rapid bows. He took two full-hearted sighs, pushed the carafe slightly in the direction of the Sapeur-Pompier, and added: "Sit down, my good Andoche. I have need to be a little gay. Suppose we talk of Paris."

It was the cue for Andoche to slip gratefully into a chair, possess the carafe and prepare to listen.

II

At the proper age of thirty-one, the Comte de Bonzag fell heir to the enormous sum of fifteen thousand francs from an uncle who had made the fortune in trade. With no more delay than it took the great Emperor to fling an army across the Alps, he descended on Paris, resolved to repulse all advances which Louis Napoleon might make, and to lend the splendor of his name and the weight of his fortune only to the Cercle Royale. Two weeks devoted to this loyal end strengthened the Bourbon lines perceptibly, but resulted in a shrinkage of four thousand francs in his own. Next remembering that the aristocracy had always been the patron of the arts, he determined to make a rapid examination of the *coulisses* of the opera and the regions of the ballet. A six-days' reconnaissance discovered not the slightest signs of disaffection; but the thoroughness of his inquiries was such that the completion of his mission found him with just one thousand francs in pocket. Being not only a Loyalist and a patron of the arts, but a statesman and a philosopher, he turned his efforts toward the Quartier Latin, to the great minds who would one day take up the guidance of a more enlightened France. There he made the discovery that one amused himself more than at the Cercle Royale, and spent considerably less than in the arts, and that at one hundred francs a week he aroused an enthusiasm for the Bourbons which almost attained the proportions of a riot.

The three months over, he retired to his estate at Keragouil, having profoundly stirred all classes of society, given new life to the cause of His Majesty, and regretting only, as a true gentleman, the frightful devastation he had left in the hearts of the ladies.

Unfortunately, these brilliant services to Parisian society and his king had left him without any society of his own, forced to the consideration of the difficult problem of how to keep his pipe lighted, his cellar full, and his maid-of-all-work in a state of hopeful expectation, on nothing a year.

Nothing daunted, he attacked this problem of the family bankruptcy with the vigor and the daring of a D'Artagnan. Each year he collected laboriously twenty francs, and invested them in two tickets for the Great Lottery, valiantly resolved, like a Gascon, to carry off both first and second prizes, but satisfied as a philosopher if he could figure among the honorable mentions. Despite the fact that one hundred and forty-five prizes were advertised each year, in nineteen attempts he had not even had the pleasure of seeing his name in print. This result, far from discouraging him, only inflamed his confidence. For he had dipped into mathematics, and consoled himself by the reflection that, according to the law of probabilities, each year he became the more irresistible.

Lately, however, one obstacle had arisen to the successful carrying out of this system of finance. He employed one servant, a maid-of-all-work, who was engaged for the day, with permission to take from the garden what she needed, to adorn herself from the rose-bushes, to share the output of La Belle Etoile, the cow, and to receive a salary of ten francs a month. The difficulty invariably arose over the interpretation of this last clause. For the Comte was not regular in his payments, unless it could be said that he was regular in not paying at all.

So it invariably occurred that the maid-of-all-work from a state of unrest gradually passed into open rebellion, especially when the garden was not productive and the roses ceased to bloom. When the ultimatum was served, the Comte consulted his resources and found them invariably to consist of two tickets of the Lottery of France, cash value twenty francs, but, according to the laws of probability, increasingly capable of returning one million, five hundred thousand francs. On one side was the glory of the ancient name, and the possibility of another descent on Paris; opposed was

the brutal question of soup and ragout. The man prevailed, and the maid-of-all-work grudgingly accepted the conditions of truce. Then the news of the drawing arrived and the domestic staff departed.

This comedy, annually repeated, was annually played on the same lines. Only each year the period intervening between the surrender of the tickets and the announcement of the lottery brought an increasing agony. Each time as the Comte saw the precious slips finally depart in the hands of the maid-of-all-work, he was convinced that at last the laws of probability must fructify. Each year he found a new meaning in the cabalistic mysteries of numbers. The eighteenth attempt, multiplied by three, gave fifty-four, his age. Success was inevitable: nineteen, a number indivisible and chaste above all others, seemed specially designated. In a word, the Comte suffered during these periods as only a gambler of the fourth generation is able to suffer.

At present the number twenty appeared to him to have properties no other number had possessed, especially in the reappearance of the zero, a figure which peculiarly attracted him by its symmetry. His despair was consequently unlimited.

Ordinarily the news of the lottery arrived by an inspector of roads, who passed through Keragouil a week or so after the announcement in the press; for the Comte, having surrendered his ticket, was only troubled lest he had won.

This time, to the upsetting of all history, an Englishman on a bicycle trip brought him a newspaper, an article almost unknown to Keragouil, where the shriek of the locomotive had yet to penetrate.

The Comte de Bonzag, opening the paper with the accustomed sinking of the heart, was startled by the staring headlines:

RESULTS OF THE LOTTERY

A glance at the winners of the first and second prizes reassured him. He drew a breath of satisfaction, saying gratefully: "Ah, what luck! God be praised! I'll never do that again!"

Then, remembering with only an idle curiosity the one hundred and forty-three mediocre prizes on the list, he returned

to the perusal. Suddenly the print swam before his eyes, and the great esplanade seemed to rise. Number 77,707 had won the fourth prize of one hundred thousand francs; number 200,013, a prize of ten thousand francs.

III

THE emotion which overwhelmed Napoleon at Waterloo as he beheld his triumphant squadrons go down into the sunken road was not a whit more complete than the despair of the Comte de Bonzag when he realized that the one hundred and ten thousand francs which the laws of probability had finally produced was now the property of Francine, the cook.

One hundred and ten thousand francs! It was colossal! Five generations of Bonzags had never touched as much as that. One hundred and ten thousand francs meant the rehabilitation of the ancient name, the restoration of the Château de Keragouil, half the year at Paris, in the Cercle Royale, in the regions of art, and among the great minds that were still young in the Quartier Latin—and all that was in the possession of a plump Gascony peasant, whose ideas of comfort and pleasure were satisfied by one hundred and twenty francs a year.

"What am I going to do?" he cried, rising in an outburst of anger. Then he sat down in despair. There was nothing to do. The fact was obvious that Francine was an heiress, possessed of the greatest fortune in the memory of Keragouil. There was nothing to do, or rather, there was manifestly but one way open, and the Comte resolved on the spot to take it. He must have back the lottery tickets, though it meant a Comtesse de Bonzag.

Fortunately for him, Francine knew nothing of the arrival of the paper. Though it was necessary to make haste, there was still time for a compatriot of D'Artagnan. There was, of course, Andoche, the Sapeur-Pompier; but a Bonzag who had had three months' experience with the feminine heart of Paris was not the man to trouble himself over a Sapeur-Pompier. That evening, in the dim dining-room, when Francine arrived with the steaming soup, the Comte, who had waited with a spoon in his fist and a

napkin knotted to his neck, plunged valiantly to the issue.

"Ah, what a good smell!" he said, elevating his nose. "Francine, you are the queen of cooks."

"Oh, M'sieur le Comte," Francine stammered, stopping in amazement. "Oh, M'sieur le Comte, thanks."

"Don't thank me; it is I who am grateful."

"Oh, M'sieur!"

"Yes, yes, yes! Francine—"

"What is it, M'sieur le Comte?"

"To-night you may set another cover—opposite me."

"Set another cover?"

"Exactly."

Francine, more and more astonished, proceeded to place on the table a plate, a knife and a fork.

"M'sieur le Curé is coming?" she said, drawing up a chair.

"No, Francine."

"Not M'sieur le Curé? Who, then?"

"It is for you, Francine. Sit down."

"I? I, M'sieur le Comte?"

"Sit down. I wish it."

Francine took three steps backward and so as to command the exit, stopped and stared at her master, with mingled amazement and distrust.

"My dear Francine," continued the Comte, "I am tired of eating alone. It is bad for the digestion. And I am bored. I have need of society. So sit down."

"M'sieur orders it?"

"I ask it as a favor, Francine."

Francine, with open eyes, advanced doubtfully, seating herself nicely on the chair, more astonished than complimented, and more alarmed than pleased.

"Ah, that is nicer!" said the Comte, with an approving nod. "How have I endured it all these years! Francine, you may help yourself to the wine."

The astonished maid-of-all-work, who had swallowed a spoon of soup with great discomfort, sprang up, all in a tremble, stammering with defiant virtue:

"M'sieur le Comte does not forget that I am an honest woman!"

"No, my dear Francine; I am certain of it. So sit down in peace. I will tell you the situation."

Francine hesitated, then, reassured by the devotion he gave to his soup, settled once more in her chair.

"Francine, I have made up my mind to one thing," said the Comte, filling his glass with such energy that a red circle appeared on the cloth. "This life I lead is all wrong. A man is a sociable being. He needs society. Isolation sends him back to the brute."

"Oh, yes, M'sieur le Comte," said Francine, who understood nothing.

"So I am resolved to marry."

"M'sieur will marry!" cried Francine, who spilled half her soup with the shock.

"Perfectly. It is for that I have asked you to keep me company."

"M'sieur—you—M'sieur wants to marry me!"

"Parbleu!"

"M'sieur—M'sieur wants to marry me!"

"I ask you formally to be my wife."

"I?"

"You."

"M'sieur wants—wants me to be Comtesse de Bonzag?"

"Immediately."

"Oh!"

Springing up, Francine stood a moment gazing at him in frightened alarm; then, with a cry, she vanished heavily through the door.

"She has gone to Andoche," said the Comte, angrily to himself. "She loves him!"

In great perturbation he left the room promenading on the esplanade, in the midst of his hounds, talking uneasily to himself.

"*Peste*, I put it to her a little too suddenly! It was a blunder. If she loves that Sapeur-Pompier, eh? A Sapeur-Pompier to rival a Comte de Bonzag—faugh!"

Suddenly, below in the moonlight, he beheld Andoche tearing himself from the embrace of Francine, and, not to be seen, he returned nervously to the dining-room.

Shortly after, the maid-of-all-work returned, calm, but with telltale eyes.

"Well, Francine, did I frighten you?" said the Comte, genially.

"Oh, yes, M'sieur le Comte—"

"Well, what do you want to say?"

"M'sieur was in real earnest?"

"Never more so."

"M'sieur really wants to make me the Comtesse de Bonzag?"

"*Dame!* I tell you my intentions are honorable."

"M'sieur will let me ask him one question?"

"A dozen even."

"M'sieur remembers that I am a widow—"

"With one child, yes."

"M'sieur, pardon me; I have been thinking much, and I have been thinking of my little girl. What would M'sieur want me to do?"

The Comte reflected, and said generously: "I do not adopt her; but, if you like, she shall live here."

"Then, M'sieur," said Francine, dropping on her knees, "I thank M'sieur very much. M'sieur is too kind, too good—"

"So, it is decided then," said the Comte, rising joyfully.

"Oh, yes, M'sieur."

"Then we shall go to-morrow," said the Comte. "It is my manner; I like to do things instantly. Stand up, I beg you, Madame."

"To-morrow, M'sieur?"

"Yes, Madame. Have you any objections?"

"Oh, no, M'sieur le Comte; on the contrary," said Francine, blushing with pleasure at the twice-repeated "Madame." Then she added carefully: "M'sieur is quite right; it would be better. People talk so."

IV

THE return of the married couple was the sensation of Keragouil, for the Comte de Bonzag, after the fashion of his ancestors, had placed his bride behind him on the broad back of Quatre Diabes, who proceeded with unaltered equanimity. Along the journey the peasants, who held the Comte in loyal terror, greeted the procession with a respectful silence, congregating in the road to stare and chatter only when the amiable Quatre Diabes had disappeared in the distance.

Disdaining to notice the commotion he produced, the Comte headed straight for the courtyard, where Quatre Diabes, recognizing the foot block, dropped his head and began to crop the grass. The new Comtesse, fatigued by the novel position, started gratefully to descend by the most natural way, that is, by slipping easily over the rear anatomy of the good-natured Quatre Diabes. But the Comte, feeling the commotion behind,

stopped her with a word, and, flinging his left leg over the neck of his charger, descended gracefully to the block, where, bowing profoundly, he said in gallant style:

"Madame, permit me to offer you my hand."

The Comtesse, with the best intentions in the world, had considerable difficulty in executing the movement by which her husband had extricated himself. Luckily, the Comte received her without yielding ground, drew her hand under his arm, and escorted her ceremoniously into the château, while Quatre Diabes, liberated from the unusual burden, rolled gratefully to earth, and scratched his back against the cobblestones.

"Madame, be so kind as to enter your home."

With studied elegance, the Comte put his hat to his breast, or thereabout, and bowed as he held open the door.

"Oh, M'sieur le Comte; after you," said Francine, in confusion.

"Pass, Madame, and enter the dining-room. We have certain ceremonies to observe."

Francine dutifully advanced, but kept an eye on the movements of her consort. When he entered the dining-room and went to the sideboard, she took an equal number of steps in the same direction. When, having brought out a bottle and glasses, he turned and came toward her, she retreated. When he stopped, she stopped, and sat down with the same exact movement.

"Madame, I offer you a glass of the famous Keragouil Burgundy," began the Comte, filling her glass. "It is a wine that we De Bonzags have always kept to welcome our wives and to greet our children. Madame, I have the honor to drink to the Comtesse de Bonzag."

"Oh, M'sieur le Comte," said Francine, who, watching his manner, emptied the goblet in one swallow.

"To the health of my ancestors!" continued the Comte, draining the bottle into the two goblets. "And now throw your glass on the floor!"

"Yes, M'sieur," said Francine, who obeyed regretfully, with the new instinct of a housewife.

"Now, Madame, as wife and mistress of Keragouil, I think it is well that you

understand your position and what I expect of you," said the Comte, waving her to a seat and occupying a fauteuil in magisterial fashion. "I expect that you will learn in a willing spirit what I shall teach you, that you may become worthy of the noble position you occupy."

"Oh, M'sieur may be sure I 'll do my best," said Francine, quite overcome.

"I expect you to show me the deference and obedience that I demand as head of the house of Bonzag."

"Oh, M'sieur le Comte, how could you think—"

"To be economical and amiable."

"Yes, indeed, M'sieur."

"To listen when I speak, to forget you were a peasant, to give me three desserts a week, and never, madame, to show me the slightest infidelity."

At these last words, Francine, already overcome by the rapid whirl of fortune, as well as by the overcharged spirits of the potent Burgundy, burst into tears.

"And no tears!" said De Bonzag, withdrawing sternly.

"No, M'sieur; no," Francine cried, hastily drying her eyes. Then dropping on her knees, she managed to say: "Oh, M'sieur—pardon, pardon."

"What do you mean?" cried the Comte, furiously.

"Oh, M'sieur forgive me—I will tell you all!"

"Madame—Madame, I don't understand," said the Comte, mastering himself with difficulty. "Proceed; I am listening."

"Oh, M'sieur le Comte, I 'll tell you all. I swear it on the image of St. Jacques d'Acquin."

"You have not lied to me about your child?" cried Bonzag in horror.

"No, no, M'sieur; not that," said Francine. Then, hiding her face, she said: "M'sieur, I hid something from you: I loved Andoche."

"Ah!" said the Comte, with a sigh of relief. He sat down, adding sympathetically: "My poor Francine, I know it. Alas! That's what life is."

"Oh, M'sieur, it's all over; I swear it!" Francine cried in protest. "But I loved him well, and he loved me—oh, how he loved me, M'sieur le Comte! Pardon, M'sieur, but at that time I did n't think of being a comtesse, M'sieur le

Comte. And when M'sieur spoke to me, I did n't know what to do. My heart was all given to Andoche, but—well, M'sieur, the truth is, I began to think of my little girl, and I said to myself, I must think of her, because, M'sieur, I thought of the position it would give her, if I were a Comtesse. What a step in the world, eh? And I said, you must do it for her! So I went to Andoche, and I told him all—yes, all, M'sieur—that my heart was his, but that my duty was to her. And Andoche, ah, what a good heart, M'sieur—he understood—we wept together." She choked a minute, put her handkerchief hastily to her eyes, "Pardon, M'sieur; and he said it was right, and I kissed him—I hide nothing, M'sieur will pardon me that,—and he went away!" She took a step toward him, twisting her handkerchief, adding in a timid appeal: "M'sieur understands why I tell him that? M'sieur will believe me. I have killed all that. It is no more in my heart. I swear it by the image of St. Jacques d'Acquin."

"Madame, I knew it before," said the Comte, rising; "still, I thank you."

"Oh, M'sieur, I have put it all away—I swear it!"

"I believe you," interrupted the Comte, "and now no more of it! I also am going to be frank with you." He went with a smile to a corner where stood the little box, done up in rope, which held the trousseau of the Comtesse de Bonzag. "Open that, and give me the lottery-tickets I gave you."

"Hanh? You—M'sieur says?"

"The lottery-tickets—"

"Oh, M'sieur, but they're not there—"

"Then where are they?"

"Oh, M'sieur, wait; I 'll tell you," said Francine, simply. "When Andoche went off—"

"What!" cried the Comte, like a cannon.

"He was so broken up, M'sieur, I was so afraid for him, so just to console him, M'sieur—to give him something—I gave him the tickets."

"You gave him—the tickets! The lottery-tickets!"

"Just to console him—yes, M'sieur."

The lank form of the Comte de Bonzag wavered, and then, as though the body had suddenly deserted the clothes, collapsed in a heap on the floor.

"MOTHER"

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I 'm gittin' old—I know,—
It seems so long ago—
 So long sence John was here!
He went so young!—our Jim
'S as old now 'most as him,—
 Close on to thirty year'!

I know I 'm gittin' old—
I know it by the *cold*,
 From time 'at first frost flies.—
Seems like—sence John was here—
Winters is more severe;
 And winter I de-spise!

And yet, it seems, some days,
John 's here, with his odd ways . . .
 Comes soon-like from the corn-
Field, callin' "Mother" at
Me—like he called me that
 Even 'fore Jim was born!

When Jim come—(La! how good
Was all the neighborhood!—
 And Docter!—when I heard
Him joke John, kind o' low,
And say: Yes, folks could go—
 "*Pa*" need n't be afeard!)

When Jim come,—John says—'e—
A-bendin' over me
 And baby in the bed—
And jes us three,—says 'e,
"Our little family!"—
 And that was all he said. . . .

And cried jes like a child!—
Kissed me again, and smiled,
 'Cause *I* was cryin', too.
(And here I am again
A-cryin', same as then—
 Yet happy through and through!)

The old home 's most in mind
And joys long left behind! . . .
 Jim's little h'istin' crawl
Across the floor to where
John set a-rockin' there!
 (I 'm gittin' old—That 's all!)

I 'm gittin' old—no doubt!—
(Healthy as all git-out!)
 But, strangest thing I do,—
I cry so easy now—
I cry jes anyhow
 The fool-tears wants me to!

But Jim *he* won't be told
'At "Mother" 's gittin' old! . . .
 Hugged me, he did, and smiled
This morning, and bragged "*shore*"
He loved me even more
 Than when he was a child!

That 's *his* way; but ef John
Was here now, lookin' on,
 He 'd shorely know and see:
"But, 'Mother'," s'pect he 'd say,
"S'pose you *air* gittin' gray,
 You 're younger *yet* than *me*!"

I 'm gittin' old,—because
Our young days, like they was,
 Keeps comin' back—so *clear*,
'At little Jim, once more,
Comes h'istin' 'crost the floor
 Fer John's old rockin'-cheer!

O *beautiful*!—to be
A-gittin' old, like me! . . .
 Hey, Jim! Come in now, Jim!
Your supper 's ready, dear!
(How more, every year,
 He looks and acts like *him*!)



OF LAURA-MATILDA

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN

Author of "Georgie"

"I HATE a Laura-Matilda girl!"—Rosette's tone was scornful in the extreme. "A woman should be womanly," said I doggedly.

"You don't mean *womanly*. You mean Early Victorian, lackadaisical, sentimental, useless, fragile, clinging—"

"Don't stop," I said mildly.

"Perhaps you *like* a girl to be clinging?"

"Perhaps I do," said I gently. "I've never seen *you* in a clinging mood, Rosette."

"You never will," she returned smartly.

"Alas, no." I sighed.

"There was Doris Lee. *She* was your kind of girl. She stayed with us once when my cousin Georgie was here, and nearly drove him mad. She clung to *him*."

"A nice, gentle girl, Doris Lee," I said affectionately. "The sort of a girl a man can idealize."

"The sort of girl a man runs away from in six months," cried Rosette.

"You're too advanced for me," said I sadly.

"That's what *her* husband did. She was just the same at school, Laura-Matilda all through, hanging round our necks, leaning on our arms when we went for walks, holding our hands till she nearly drove us mad. All her books were full of dried flowers; all sacred memories; only she'd forgotten what of. I hate sentiment."

"I know you do," said I mournfully.

"I was fond of her in a way," Rosette said. "And I used to have her here with me for the holidays, because she had such a wretched home, full of whining children, and a complaining, peevish mother.

I've since thought that she might have tried to do something to brighten that home up, if she'd been any good, instead of spending her holidays in floods of tears. I hate a fool!"

"Poor Doris Lee," said I softly.

"Poor Doris Fiddlesticks!" cried Rosette. "I ought to have known better than to encourage her. I had to send her away at last, because Daddy said he would n't stand the way she sat and held my hand—or anybody's hand who'd let her. He said it made him sick. So I gave up asking her in the end. She married the kind of serious young man with ideals, who likes a woman to be gentle and womanly, and dependent, and *clinging*! And you see the end of it. She's gone into a sisterhood now to wear gray serge for ever, and she always looked impossible in gray."

"I've never known you so vindictive," said I, "so spiteful. What is the matter with you to-day, Rosette?"

Her face was flushed adorably; her eyes sparkling with unshed tears. This my calm, immovable Rosette?

"You said you liked a woman to be *womanly*, Jerry. You said you *admired* the Laura-Matilda kind of girl. You were talking *at me* all the time!"

I stared at her in amazement.

"You are the most womanly woman I have ever known," said I slowly. "But I did n't mean what you mean, Rosette."

"Yes, you did. Besides, how do you know exactly what I meant that you meant? You said you liked a woman to be clinging! You know you did. I'll take jolly good care that I never cling to—" She stopped in time.

"To me?" I asked. "I'm afraid not."

"I'd be ashamed to be dependent and

irresolute and bullied and—and—"thank you very much for wiping your shoes on me, dear Sir!" Oh!"

"Rosette!" I caught her hand and held it firmly for an instant. "Listen to me! You *shall* listen to me, you little fury. I *hate* Laura-Matilda and always did. The things I like best in you, are your resourcefulness, and your self-sufficiency." I lied boldly, but I dare n't tell her the truth. "I admire you tremendously for your pluck, and your presence of mind, and your independence, and all the rest of it. I—I do really."

She took her hand away and eyed me suspiciously.

"All you men like the Early Victorian girl best," said she with a disdainful sniff. "You like a woman to sit at home waiting for you, warming your cross-stitch slippers, with some church embroidery in one hand and a vinaigrette in the other. You like a woman to faint with joy when you throw her a kind word. It shows her sensibility."

"I'm going home," said I quietly. "I shall not stay here to be abused and libeled. *You* know the kind of woman I like best. I'm going home."

She broke into a pretty, infectious laugh.

"Don't go, Jerry. I'm better now. And I want to tell you about Primula and my brother Myles."

I sighed, that as usual she was prepared to point her moral, and adorn it with a tale.

"I've never heard of your cousin Primula," said I feebly. "I believe you've invented her for the occasion. I don't believe there's no such person."

"She's a missionary in Borneo now," said Rosette promptly. "But she was a splendid little girl when she was sixteen. Not pretty; but strong, and jolly, and athletic, and the most capable person I have ever known. You should see her take a bicycle to pieces."

"Any one can take a bicycle to *pieces*," said I inoffensively. "Even I can do that. It's the putting it together again afterward that—"

"Well, she could anyhow. And she was the best hockey player in the school. When she stayed with us she used to play cricket with my cousin Georgie, and Myles, and bowled them out over and

over again. And the runs she got! Even Georgie allowed that she bowled straighter than nine men out of ten."

"After she'd bowled him?" I asked mildly.

"I don't know, but she found out what was the matter with the lawn-mower, and it was more than any one else could do."

"Oiled it?" I asked.

"Don't be silly. She could do everything the boys could do, just a little bit better, and it was then that Myles (he was just twenty-one) found out that women ought to be womanly. His pride was wounded and he began to snub Primula and make her life a misery to her. She hated sarcasm and did n't understand it, and she began to fret about it."

"'Myles hates me,' said she to me one day. 'What can I do to make him like me again?' 'Turn Laura-Matilda,' said I. Poor child she looked completely in the dark."

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

"'Laura-Matilda,' said I, 'is a general name for everything silly and sentimental and helpless and useless and die-away and lackadaisical.'"

"'Oh!' Poor Primula stared at me. 'I do like Myles,' said she. 'He's ripping good fun, and the boys won't let me join in at anything now. I'm sure I don't play so *very* badly.'"

"'On the contrary,' said I, 'you play everything too well. Women should always do things a tiny bit worse than a man, Primula. *You* play Laura-Matilda, my dear, and every one will be pleased. Only don't go about putting your arm round *my* neck, because I won't bear it, and Daddy won't, either.'"

"'I'd rather die than do such a rotten thing,' said she, and I was a tiny bit hurt. 'I can't *pretend*,' she said in her stiff, pig-headed way. 'I'm not a beastly hypocrite.' Her language was quite schoolboyish, you see. I expect she talks Chinese now and Malay and whatever kind of language the Dyaks talk, poor dear."

"'A woman's first duty is to please,' I said, and I looked so solemn that she was n't sure that it was n't a bit from the Bible I was hurling at her head. She did n't dare dispute it however deeply she really

disagreed. 'If you want to please Myles you must become the kind of woman he admires, or thinks he admires. Don't be a little goose,' said I, and then I explained more fully what I meant. And to do us both justice she was charmed with the idea when she grasped it.

"A great diplomatist is lost to the world in me, Jerry."

"Oh, Rosette, Rosette!" said I sadly.

"We went for a bicycle ride next day."

Rosette smiled. "I rode with Georgie in front. I heard Myles telling Primula in a perfectly brutal way that if she wished to scorch like she did last time she could go on alone and order lunch. Primula did n't answer him, but when they came to the first hill (she takes the steepest hills in the county like a bird) she got off at the very foot and walked. Myles was annoyed because he 'd got his pace well up, but he had to stop and ask if anything was wrong. She smiled at him, and handed over her bicycle, quite as a matter of course. That was the beginning. Every blessed hill they came to, that girl made him walk, and when they met some inoffensive sleepy cows in a lane, she shrieked and ran into *his* bicycle. She made him stop for milk and soda every time they passed an inn, and then to crown everything she got a puncture. I 've always believed that she did it with

a hat pin, but I could never get her to confess."

"Poor Myles," said I.

Rosette laughed.

"Myles was raging. She looked at her flat tire with a helpless little giggle and asked him to mend it. Said she 'd rest while he did it, because she felt exhausted with the pace and the heat. The pace! Myles never could do things with his hands and it was hours before they started again.

"That sort of thing went on the whole day and we did have a time. She pretended to be faint once when they were miles from everywhere, and that wretched boy had to go four miles out of his way to get some brandy for her. She threw it in the hedge when he was n't looking. Myles said he 'd never go out with girls again as long as he lived, and before he went to bed that night he told Georgie that the ideal woman was a man's helpful comrade, strong and self-reliant. Primula cried herself to sleep and said she 'd never felt so bitterly ashamed, or spent such a wretched day in her life, but it did Myles a power of good."

"There is," said I sententiously, "always a golden mean."

"Yes?" Rosette refused the hand I offered to help her from her low chair. "But if you have to choose—"

"It will not be Laura-Matilda," said I.

O BROTHERS BLIND!

BY MARY MURDOCH MASON

ST. LUCY, sightless, gave to God her eyes;
Thereafter lived in darkness, but great calm.
God set within her hand the martyr's palm,
And crowned her head with light that never dies.

O brothers blind, lift up your spirit gaze!
The light that shines in darkness dawneth clear;
The things erstwhile invisible appear,
The sun now shines by night, stars fill the days.

The blind of heart can sign and symbol see,
But recognize alone their hue and form.
'T is Truth's fine flame, burning at heart of storm,
That glows with peace. Most happy, then, are we
Who, in the blessed sunlight of the mind,
Perceive eternal love, O brothers blind!

THE OUTLOOK FOR TARIFF REFORM

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL, M. C.

IN advocating a revision of the tariff, it is prudent to remember the inherent difficulty of the work, which, under our system, is quite as apt to be political as economic, and also to keep in mind the conditions under which it can most safely be undertaken. One who has witnessed an attempt to effect a general reduction of duties is hardly justified in cherishing illusions as to the ease with which the process may be accomplished. To revise the tariff in the sanctuary of the editor or in the quiet of a remote library is perhaps not a difficult undertaking; but it is not so easy or so safe a task actually to lay one's hands upon the sacred schedules themselves in the committee-room, in the presence of the clashing interests of sections, each commanding congressional votes, and of alarmed manufacturers whose existence may depend upon the action taken, and amid the din, too, of some hundred-handed sons of Enceladus, labeled "infant industries."

When you come to cut it down, the tariff approaches the awful dignity of what General Hancock called it—"a local issue." The greater number of the three hundred and eighty representative districts of the country are each sure to have some particular interests affected by the tariff, and however broadly and dispassionately a member may wish to view the industries of the country as a whole, so far as those of his own district are concerned, he is quite apt to take the attitude of Sir Robert Peel's fish-dealer, who believed in free trade in everything except herring. And after a tariff bill has passed the House, with here and there a reduction of duty, it has still to run the gauntlet of the Senate, a perilous feat for any tariff having the smell of free

trade upon it. The Wilson bill was speedily transformed into a measure of "party perfidy and party dishonor," if one may repeat again that often-quoted characterization by President Cleveland; while even the Dingley duties were not so high when they left the House that the Senate was not able, in some cases, to make them still higher, putting, for instance, a round tax upon hides, which before were free.

I refer to the difficulties in the way of tariff reduction, not for the purpose of discouraging anybody, but to make it clear that they can be surmounted only by a firm resolution supported by a genuine public opinion, which will be the indispensable factor in bringing about any reduction. When that shall be thoroughly aroused, a revision will come, and it will be thoroughly aroused when the tariff in important particulars shall have become burdensome and oppressive. The people may not perceive the burden the day after its development, or, if they perceive it, they may ascribe it to the wrong cause; but in matters affecting their financial welfare they are reasonably sensitive, and will not for a long time follow a losing game. When the burden certainly exists, as I believe it does to-day, they may be trusted, with more or less delay, to discover it, and also to discover the cause; and when that shall be done, there will be developed a public opinion which will be satisfied with nothing less than action that is likely to be extreme according as it has been delayed.

I do not think there was any decisive public sentiment in favor of tariff reduction at the only time when it has been attempted on a large scale since the Civil War, although a firm resolution to accomplish it was not wanting to Mr. Cleve-

land and those immediately associated with him. I venture this opinion because I do not believe it was clear that the tariff was generally oppressive. Of all the influences contributing to the result in the election of 1892, perhaps the factor of prime importance was indifference. Mr. Cleveland received hardly as many votes as had been cast for him four years before, when he was defeated, and nearly a million votes fewer than Mr. Bryan, who was decisively beaten, received four years afterward. The issue was largely a forced one, and the result was undoubtedly affected by the appalling condition of the currency, which trembled upon the brink of the precipice over which it would have fallen from the gold to the silver standard.

Men who were then young had seen new enterprises spring up and attain a high degree of strength—enterprises the first crude and wasteful operations of which would have been disastrous to their promoters if the strong and long-established industries of foreign countries had been permitted to compete with them unchecked. They had witnessed the development of new industries upon a gigantic scale, the enlarged employment of labor, the wonderful inventive genius of the American mechanic brought into play, and the discovery of new processes which cheapened production the world over; and they saw the cost of many articles necessary to the consumer lowered as a result of the development of our manufacturing and of the internal competition of many independent concerns which the stimulus of the tariff had brought into being. To a certain extent it was a forced growth, but a growth which—in important lines of production that we were highly fitted by nature to carry on—soon became well-rounded, and reached proportions that, without the forcing process, it might have required half a century to attain. The day of stifled internal competition was only just dawning, and the evils it had in store were not commonly foreseen. While the height of a duty was, in the first instance, an important factor in fixing the price of a given article, the profits of manufacturing would induce new concerns to embark in the enterprise, and soon the effect of the duty in raising the price would

entirely disappear before the resulting competition.

But this was true only so long as genuine competition existed. When combination struck it down, the tariff duty again became an important element in fixing the price to the consumer. But, in 1892, the evils of combination had not appeared. I am of the opinion, therefore, that there was no strong and impelling public sentiment behind the revision begun in that year.

The public sentiment which was not strong enough genuinely to demand revision at that time, has, I believe, an existence to-day. That the basis for it exists certainly cannot be denied. It is no longer a mere matter of theory or inference, but a subject of demonstration that some tariff duties now levied enforce contributions upon the people generally for the benefit of a few manufacturers. One who cannot see that, in some important lines of production, the tariff, without answering any purposes of protection, swells the profits of enormous combinations, cannot see anything. In certain articles of prime necessity great combinations have destroyed internal competition, and with reference to such articles the tariff wall serves the purpose of shutting out the succor that might come from abroad. Those who are interested in that sort of discourse may discuss the genealogy of the trusts, but the man whose pockets the law has just helped monopoly to pick, cares little whether the tariff is called the mother or the grandmother of the trusts. It matters little to him whether the law creates the implements of plunder or whether it only seizes the victim and delivers him over, bound for the operation. But the fact cannot be doubted that in some lines of manufacture in which we are able to compete and do compete with foreign producers in their own or neutral markets, a combination, in the absence of internal competition, is able to require the American consumer to pay the full foreign price, with the duty added. In such a case the simple effect of the duty is to make it necessary for the consumer to pay a tribute to the manufacturer.

In some instances the tariff has been capitalized and vast fictitious issues of stocks have been floated, based not upon the property, but upon what is called the

"earning power" of the business, of which the tariff duty is an important element, and an attempt is made to attach a mortgage or lien upon a public tax. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more unjust than for the governmental power, for no public purpose whatever, and in defiance of the fundamental principle of equality upon which our institutions are reared, to delegate to a few men the authority to exact from the people a tribute, small perhaps in the case of each individual, but enormous in the aggregate and mass of the imposition.

The public has been alive to the evils of the trusts ever since they reached a state of maturity approaching that which they enjoy to-day. It has been put on more than one false scent in its endeavor to run them down. We have tilted at many a windmill, and the applause of the crowd has gloriously resounded, and we have put forth spectacular efforts, which have resulted splendidly in the ballot-boxes, but have brought little if any relief to the consumers in the shape of reduced prices. And during all this time it has been apparent that there are colossal trusts with which the Government is in alliance, and that a direct result of the exercise of the taxing power has been to compel the people to swell the profits of these trusts. We have been attempting to discover and employ legal weapons for the destruction of institutions which we ourselves have nourished, and which our laws favor by granting direct subsidies, and we have been generous in violent language, if not in real effort, against concerns in the interest of which we each day pass around the contribution-box and take up a collection from the people.

That condition of things being apparent, the obvious thing to do is to make an end of the inconsistency and to terminate the partnership between the Government and the trusts. To that extent we shall secure, what has thus far been apparent only to the imagination, some practical relief from trust exactions. So long as the people permit the partnership to continue, it will be most ungentle in them to launch hard names against their partners and beneficiaries. The gentlemen who manage the steel trust, for instance, do not take more than they can get; but they display the usual amount

of human moderation, and get what they can. Being patriots, they could not be so treasonable and so untrue to the demands of good citizenship as to refuse what the law forced upon them. And so long as we permit our laws to remain as they are, we must bear the full responsibility.

Inasmuch as the greatest development of internal combinations, in the ten years that have elapsed since the passage of the Dingley bill, has made the tariff oppressive in certain particulars, it should in those particulars undoubtedly be revised. When should revision take place? As a general rule, any deviation from legal morality should be corrected at once. The tariff should have been revised in the last Congress, when every evil was apparent that is now known. But it happens that the next session of Congress will be held with a presidential campaign impending, and it may possibly continue during the campaign itself. As I have attempted to make clear, a revision made under the most favorable conditions is apt to be sufficiently political; but a revision carried on in the throes of a Presidential campaign would be likely to be of the worst possible character. The sought-for end would be, not the ultimate good of the country, but the next electoral vote. The schedules would become mere foot-balls between the parties. An unpopular interest, or an interest the managers of which were at the moment obnoxious, would be virtuously battered beyond all recognition. The industries of doubtful States would be surfeited with protection, duties would be used as bribes to buy votes,—always, of course, with the loftiest pretense,—and our taxation laws would be prostituted to secure the debauchery of our electorate. Since nothing could be worse than a revision accomplished under such conditions, the earliest practicable time will be immediately after the next Presidential election.

Mr. McKinley called a special session of Congress to assemble within two weeks after his first inauguration for the purpose of passing a tariff bill. The Republican party in its national platform next year should announce itself for immediate revision, and should indicate the principles upon which that revision should be based. And if it should recog-

nize that the time had at last come for a reduction of duties in order to make our tariff in any sense a modern institution and to keep it abreast of the changed commercial and economic conditions of the times, it will be wise to say so frankly and withdraw from service certain well-worn phrases which were designed to soothe the friends and satisfy the critics of the present schedules. By frequent iteration such phrases as "Correction of schedules along protective lines must be made by the Republican party," "Revision should be made by the friends of protection," "When conditions have so changed as to require revision," and similar vague platform promises, have become a trifle tiresome, and, followed as they have been by the complete immunity of the tariff schedules, have lost their power to deceive, if not their power to charm. Frankly to "stand pat" or to promise revision unequivocally seems to be the only alternative for the Republicans, with the latter by far the more probable and the only reasonable action. The Democratic party will doubtless declare for a lowering of duties, and the country will thus very likely have an opportunity to choose between a revision upon Republican and one upon Democratic lines.

Undoubtedly revision, when it does come, will produce some disturbance. Our tariff duties are an important element in fixing prices, and manufacturers and importers would take in sail and proceed with caution while the readjustment was going on. This slackening of trade has been likened to the checking of the speed of a fast-flying train. If the brakes are applied and the train of prosperity is made to rush along less madly, there will be a loss of momentum which it will require a certain period of time to regain. And it is argued that the friends of protection should do nothing to impede even temporarily the velocity of the train—that to apply this checking process is a responsibility which goes with revision, and is properly a function of the party historically standing for low duties, and that revision from a standpoint hostile to protection would cause so great a disturbance as speedily to produce a reaction and bring about another high tariff bill. Thus the Wilson bill, which was passed during

the depression of 1894, became identified in the public mind with that era of disaster, and was repealed almost before it was put in force.

But such a program would cause us to vibrate helplessly between extremes. The real question is, Does our tariff law under the conditions existing to-day give shelter to any glaring wrong, and is it the effective ally of gross monopoly? If so, the architect of the law makes himself responsible for the wrong unless he shall endeavor to correct it the moment it becomes known. The temporary disturbance likely to be caused by a revision conducted by a party friendly to protection cannot be permitted to weigh against the deliberate continuance of a grave injustice.

I shall not attempt to indicate the lines a new tariff bill should follow. There would be a difference of opinion even among Republicans as to the extent and character of the revision, but I imagine there would be little serious difference as to certain of the schedules. The present steel duties, for instance, are substantially those of the Wilson law. That measure was very friendly to the iron and steel interests, and the Dingley law adopted with no very material change the Wilson schedules which dealt with them. The sudden rise in prices of eight dollars a ton and upward which took place not long after the passage of the Dingley law can be largely ascribed to the combination of the steel interests, although undoubtedly the products of iron would to some extent have advanced, in common with most other commodities. But no one can question that the art of manufacturing iron has attained such a degree of development in this country that if iron ore were put upon the free list and the other duties in the schedule reduced at least fifty per cent., no advantage that any sane advocate of protection ever ascribed to it would be thrown away. The difference in labor cost, the danger of foreigners "dumping" their surplus upon us in slack times, everything would be most amply provided against. And if dividends were not made more certain for that portion of capitalization which represents almost anything except actual property, the payment of dividends upon issues of water, and even of atmosphere, has never yet been avowed to be one of

the objects of protection. Such a reduction as I have indicated would do no harm to the industry as such, and it would relieve many great lines of business and the consumers they represent from the exaction of a tribute.

The destruction of our forests has gone so far that the crude forms of wood should be made free. The lumber interests put an end to the Elgin treaty of reciprocity with Canada, and undoubtedly the process of sweeping away our forests and making a few men rich was thereby hastened. But it may well be questioned whether any of the Washington statesmen who contributed to that policy, if they were alive to-day, would wish to claim glory on account of it. Extraordinary geographical and other relations between Canada and ourselves would amply justify a special scale of duties for the trade between the two countries. According to her population, she buys more from us than any other country in the world. Canada's long and narrow stretch of habitable territory is shut in by the winter on the one side and by our own frontier upon the other. Trade would naturally follow the degrees running north and south, from the one country into the other, and, in spite of artificial tariff obstacles, a great deal of it now follows those lines. But having for a long time sought in vain a special trade arrangement with this country, Canada now seems to be seeking an independent development, and is specially cultivating relations with Europe. Artificial contrivances have come to be very potent, and she may succeed in sending a greater volume of her trade through the long thin artery running from east to west, and in forcing the growth of a nation with a vast stretch of longitude and little latitude; but she will gratify her national aspirations only by violating the plainest decrees of nature. For our part, we should reverse our policy toward Canada and put ourselves in an attitude of friendliness toward any reasonable trade policy between her and us. We can at least secure access to her vast forests, and it is reasonable to expect that we can do away with the coal duties. We have great populations near to Canada's coal-fields and remote from our own, and the same is true of Canada with reference to our

coal deposits. If each country should reciprocally strike off the duty upon the coal of the other, New England would have free access to the near-by coal-fields of Nova Scotia, and Ontario to those of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and, while much useless hauling of freight would be dispensed with, the consumer and the coal-miner of both countries would be benefited.

Then the tax upon works of art should be absolutely done away with. It would be as enlightened to impose a duty upon sunshine. Instead of setting up obstacles in the way of works of art, the Government should rather put a premium upon their importation.

There are, without doubt, other parts of the tariff which need revision, but popular criticism has been directed chiefly against a few schedules. All duties should be fearlessly scrutinized, and it is my individual view that they should be revised from the standpoint of a moderate protection.

But the principal aim of the tariff law should be to provide revenue for the Government sufficient to meet our fast-rising expenditures, which, omitting pensions, have virtually doubled in the last ten years, as against an increase in population of about twenty per cent. The chief burdens of the expense of legitimate government are borne by States and municipalities, and their usual sources of revenue should be left untouched. But if, in addition to the extravagance with which the national Government conducts its own operations, it is to invade the functions of the local governments and is also to enter the arena of social questions, it will incur an expenditure which will cause it to go galloping through every field of revenue. If there were no other objection, expense may well lead us to hesitate to transform government into a circus and to put it into a close alliance with the yellow newspapers and magazines. In what we call our prosperity, governmental expense has not been a matter of serious public consideration. Surplus revenue begets extravagance and extravagance in turn will make more revenue necessary.

The proximate cause of the next far-reaching change in the policy of our Government is likely to be the magnitude of public expenditure.



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THE MAID OF THE MANOR. FROM THE PAINTING BY DOUGLAS VOLK
(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES.)

ST. JULIEN OF LE MANS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

AN enormous square full of a confusion of farmers and peasants in blouses, cattle, carts, women in white caps; on one side, a line of cafés; on the other, a line of trees; at the far end, high above the busy market, silent and serene in the bustle and stir and noise, gray with age, splendid in beauty, the buttressed, pinnacled east end of a mighty church—this is always the first picture that rises before me when I hear or read the name of Le Mans.

The town of Le Mans is only as far away from Chartres as Chartres is from Paris. It is close to Brittany. It is the ancient capital of the ancient province of Maine, which gave its name to one of our oldest States, and was the convenient battlefield for the long fight of France with England. But like so many other places, memorable, charming, interesting, Le Mans still belongs, as far as the tourist goes, to undiscovered France.

However, if one should set out to discover it; if Chartres, in its wonder and glory, should fire one with the desire to see more of the churches of northern France, then my advice would be to take a late afternoon train through the peaceful land between these two ancient cities, and, arrived at Le Mans, to wait until the next morning, especially if it be the morning of market-day, for the first view of the cathedral. Up till then, Le Mans, after Chartres, will no doubt have struck one as commonplace. A big, prosperous town, with modern boulevards and modern shops and modern trams, it will have shown itself on one's drive from the station to the hotel, with nothing to remind one that it was not built yes-

terday except an old church—Notre Dame de la Couture—opening disconsolately on the sidewalk. Nor will it seem less modern when one walks from the hotel toward the cathedral, along shop-lined streets, between windows hung in emulation of Paris. But presently a street, less Parisian, with fewer shops, ends abruptly in the great square, and of a sudden, above the market and the people and the cattle, one sees a vision out of the earth—the apse, with its buttresses and pinnacles and curving chapels.

It is as lovely at all hours. Indeed, when I went back to Le Mans last spring and, after several years, saw the Cathedral of St. Julien again, now, for the first time, in the tranquil, golden light of a May evening, the tremendous apse circling upward from a delicate flowering of lilac and laburnum in the strip of bishop's garden at its base, I thought it had never been lovelier and more majestic. But the market gives scale to its age and its beauty, just as a figure will give scale to a drawing of architecture. Besides, the market is the most characteristic foreground to this most characteristic view of the cathedral, which, while you are in the square, one might almost think begins and ends in its amazing apse.

To the south, from the market-place, a broad flight of curving steps goes up to the level of the cathedral. Mount it, and one is in another town—the town to which the cathedral belongs. It is not Le Mans of to-day, with modern boulevards, modern trams, modern shops, but Le Mans of the days when its lords and burghers were building their dark and narrow streets, their sculptured and gabled houses. And the cathedral in this Le Mans is so ancient that the huge east-

ern end above the square seems young. For the apse and the transepts belong to the glorious period of Gothic. But the lower part of the tower flanking the southern transept,—and the cathedral has no other,—the nave, the west front, all go back to the period of Romanesque, which in the North was so much more austere than in the South.

And the nave is so much lower than the apse, so much more insignificant in size, that it really looks, as it has sometimes been described, like the porch, the mere approach, to the body of the church. It seems impossible for a cathedral ending at the east with such splendor to face the west with a modesty many a parish church would disdain—three doors, low, heavy, round-arched, almost devoid of decoration, in the place of the lofty portals, charged with sculpture, kings and saints in their well-ordered rows, everywhere the gray stone breaking into a rhythmical tangle of flowers, foliage, figures, and interwoven tracery, by which a great Gothic cathedral is usually entered.

The nave, so ruggedly old without, is now distressingly new within. I found, to my regret, last spring that, since my first visit to Le Mans, it had been done up until to-day it might pass for the newest instead of one of the most ancient parts of the building. Walls and columns are as clean and white as if the stone had only just been brought from the quarries. Even the glass, which is the oldest in St. Julien, older than that of any other church in France, has been patched and repaired until only here and there, by a deeper tone in a passage of blue, can you make sure which are the twelfth-century windows, the pride of Le Mans. To the architect, the nave, of course, has still much to tell of the way cathedrals were built and decorated in the ages of the barbarism we try so hard, and in vain, to equal in beauty. But now that its history in the interval has been wiped out, it is to me a sadder ruin than if the blue sky shone through its broken roof, and the grass grew between its shattered columns.

It is not so, however, in the choir, which is as supremely beautiful, as dramatically pictorial, as one knew it must be when he looked up to the buttresses that support its walls and the chapels that curve round its curving line. More mar-

velous it was, no doubt, before the usual fate of the French cathedral befell it—before the Huguenots sacked it; before the eighteenth century tried first to reduce it to eighteenth-century standards, and then to get rid of it altogether; before the nineteenth century began by turning it into a historical monument, and finished with the endeavor to make it look like one.

It may seem cold and empty while Chartres is fresh in your memory,—Chartres, with its screen of carven stone enclosing the choir, and its holy shrine afloat with golden lights. But you feel this only for a moment. The two aisles still encircle the choir at Le Mans, the chapels still open from the outer aisle, the old thirteenth-century glass still fills many of the windows, the ceremonies of the cathedral church still have something of the old gorgeousness. Even Chartres could never be more impressive than Le Mans as I have seen it at solemn high mass,—the *messe capitulaire*,—the bishop, in his gold-and-purple robes, seated on his throne in the choir, behind him a glorious succession of arches, one opening beyond the other as if into infinity; the wonderful windows rising in tier over tier, somber with deep, glowing blues and purples below, kindling above into smoldering fires of gold and scarlet, as if the artist who placed them there, like the artist who designed the ascending lines of pillars and arches, had sought ever to lead the eye higher and higher heavenward. As at Chartres, so at Le Mans, in the light of those fervent windows, of those rows upon rows of saints and prophets, bishops and donors, in shining garments, the choir, had the vandal stripped it bare, would be transfigured.

II

IN the south transept there is a tomb that one could not well overlook. It is not as beautiful as its date—it belongs to the thirteenth century—should make it. Indeed, in the chapel opening into the north transept there are two others, much later, but far lovelier. The name of Berengaria, however, gives a special interest to the earlier monument, and one wonders idly, as one stops before it, why a queen of England should be buried in a French cathedral; why it was not to an English



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

"HIGH ABOVE THE BUSY MARKET . THE BUTTRESSED, PINNACLED EAST END OF A MIGHTY CHURCH"

town she was carried when, not a hundred years ago, her tomb was brought away from the Abbey of L'Epau, where it had stood through the ages. Leaving the cathedral by the transept door just beyond, one is almost at once in the *Grand' Rue* of the old town, where a Renaissance house restoration cannot make altogether unlovely, also bears the name of Berengaria. She could never have lived in it; for she had been in her grave many a long day before it was built; but house and tomb together show there must be some reason why her memory is held dear in Le Mans.

And there is a reason—the best. The cathedral had been founded, and had grown greater and greater, in the fashion of all old cathedrals, centuries before she was born. In the very first of the Christian era, they say, a Christian altar had been raised there, on the highest ground in Le Mans. And it had developed into a chapel, the chapel into a church thought worthy to receive the body of St. Julien, and the church into an important cathedral.

And the cathedral had survived fire and the carelessness of builders, who were not always so holy in their work as in the books now written about them; it had survived the endless wars and raids of Normans and Bretons; the endless interference of kings of England, who saw a menace to themselves in the house of God when it occupied so commanding a position on the high-road between Normandy and Aquitaine. But though, by much rebuilding and repairing, the cathedral had survived, it bore the marks of the trials through which it had come. By the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century there were springing up in the Ile-de-France and all the near provinces the churches of the new school of builders, of the young men of the day with wonderful new ideas and genius soaring to masterpieces hitherto undreamed of. And in Maine were ambitious bishops and pious people who did not wish to be outdone by their neighbors in Chartres or Amiens, in Rouen or even in Paris. They, too, wanted to set up on their hill one of the new great churches; but if they had the will, if they knew they could get the money, they were without the first essential of all—the space for it. The Cathedral of St. Julien stood close

to the city walls, where no room was left for the simple Romanesque apse to expand into a labyrinth of buttresses, nor were the times yet so peaceful that even a lord bishop could tamper with the fortifications.

It was at this crisis that Berengaria made her name forever beloved in Le Mans; for she interested herself, and put the case before Philip Augustus so well that he, being an enthusiast in these matters, gave the royal order to carry out the new design, though, in so doing, the cathedral must extend beyond the ramparts. Berengaria might be a more showy figure in history than she is for me, but I would think no honor too great to pay to one to whom the world owes the apse which is the glory of Le Mans to this day.

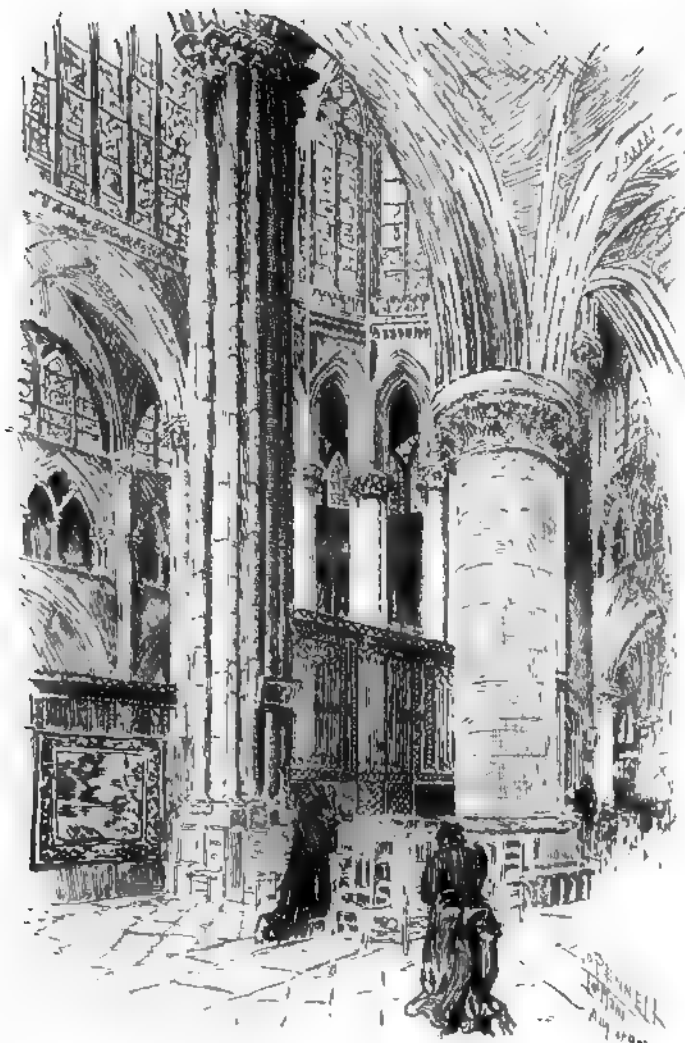
Some say that the architect got his idea for the apse from Bourges, so like is it to the east end there. But if the architect did borrow his model from Bourges, and improved upon it, or if, as it is also said, he borrowed from churches here, there, and everywhere, he only showed he had the intelligence to understand that half of genius is the knowing how to carry on great traditions. The choir was finished; the transepts dragged on to later centuries, to the time of Adam Chastelain, Bishop of Le Mans, who shines in splendor from the great rose of the northern transept; the nave never got rebuilt at all.

And so almost every architectural step, from the beginning of the big church that replaced the first timid crypt, can be traced, though largely through the restorer's version. For though Le Mans succeeded in escaping Viollet-le-Duc, it was only to fall into the hands of an industrious rival. From the day that Merimée came to it, as inspector of national monuments, the history of the cathedral is the record of its restoration, except for the one bitter season of new trial when French soldiers were quartered in aisles that had seen the passing of so many armies, and, worse sacrilege, Prussian soldiers held their Lutheran rites in the choir, as Huguenots had done three hundred years before. What the next stage will be, what new history secularized France will make for Le Mans, and for all its cathedrals, only the generations who come after us can know. But I have a vivid



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE NAVE, OR WEST FRONT OF LE MANS, FROM THE NORTHWEST



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

WITHIN THE APSE OR EAST END

memory of the Cathedral of St. Julien on a first communion day and of hundreds of little girls veiled in white, and little boys with the white badge on their arms, marshaled by nuns and priests, marching up and down the aisles in solemn procession, and filling the old building with the religious Marseillaise, "*Je suis Chrétien.*"

III

It was by some stroke of good fortune that, while all the rest of Le Mans was prospering and developing into a modern town, the little old quarter on the crest

of the hill, close to the cathedral, was left in its medievalism. In the dark streets,—one of them that *Grand Rue* which the modern Haussmann would not dignify with the name of alley—the houses almost meet overhead. Some are carved with fantastic figures that give them their name (*Aux Bons Amis, Maison Adam et Eve*); others are called after the associations that have clung to them for centuries. There is not only the House of Berengaria, but the house where Scarron, who was, though heaven knows why, a dignitary of the chapter, lived during his residence at Le Mans, and spent some of those cruel

wakeful hours that made him, in the epitaph he wrote for himself, pray all those who passed by his tomb to step lightly and not wake him from his first night of sleep.

But the pleasure in these old houses is, above all, because of the way they complete the medievalism of the cathedral when, from the end of a narrow street, or with its turning, one sees the gray walls and the great apse. And if a funeral passes,—and funerals were forever passing during the hot summer of my first visit to Le Mans,—the last touch of medievalism will be added; for the horses in their funeral trappings, were it not for the somber scheme of black and silver, might have walked out of the tournament in some old print or faded tapestry.

One does not have to go far in this little quarter before one finds himself on a railed roadway above a deep tunnel leading to the river, and for the first time realizes that it is no mean hill upon which the cathedral stands. The ascent, slight and gradual from the railway station, is much more abrupt from the banks of the Sarthe, and as one wanders on, one has glimpses of the town spreading on the opposite shores and of the stretch of green country beyond. Long flights of steps lead to the quays, or one can go down by the wide streets that

Le Mans now prefers to gabled, narrow alleys.

And once at the foot of the hill, it is worth while crossing to the other side of the river, if only to see the old Romanesque church, older than the cathedral, in the suburb there, or to saunter along the poplar-lined road to the graveyard of the town—the graveyard I remember as a fitting sequel to the endless passing of horses in medieval trappings up on the hill. For there was a never-to-be-forgotten August afternoon when I walked to it, hunting for a view, and found rows upon rows of freshly dug graves ready for the morrow, as grisly a spectacle as ever it presented in the days of pest and plague, and all the grislier when I discovered later on that cholera was raging in Le Mans that summer.

But something else I saw on my walk. There, opposite, crowning the hill above the river, was the cathedral, commanding the town so well that it is no wonder kings of England feared to see strong towers rising from a building already so formidable. But if you climb back to the square at its east end, you will say that never is it mightier and more majestic than when, beyond the crowd of farmers and peasants, cattle and carts, one looks to the buttressed, pinnacled apse, above the noise and bustle and stir of the market-place.



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

LE MANS FROM THE RIVER.

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

XIV

HILDEGARDE wrote to Madeleine Smulsky, now Mrs. Jacob L. Dorn. Madeleine's husband, being a Pacific coast importer in a large way, might be able to advise in which of the fleet of steamers advertised to sail from San Francisco, and certain to be the first boat of the year to reach Nome—in which should a traveler put trust.

The answer brought Mr. Dorn's somewhat scornful profession that he knew nothing whatever about the hastily formed San Francisco lines, and little good about the mushroom companies of his own city, but if Hildegard thought of sailing from Seattle, he would look into the matter for her. Seattle was the better port, being the Natural Gateway to the North (Hildegard could hear Mr. Dorn saying that), in witness whereof the bustling, booming city swarmed already with more prospective passengers than there were ships to float them, all wisely laying in their provisions, buying machinery and outfit in that best of all places—San Francisco? Oh, dear, no! in Seattle, the City of the Future. Hildegard must at all events come and visit the Dorns. Under the guidance of Madeleine's husband, she would probably find out that, at best, the journey to Nome was impracticable for a lady.

The middle of April found Miss Mar a guest of the Dorns. Jacob L. seemed presently to abandon all idea of dissuading his wife's friend from carrying her wild scheme into execution, but he pointed out the little need there was to rush blindly into avoidable difficulties. Better ships were in process of being chartered for the Northern service, in view of the undreamed-of demand. The season, more-

over, was late this year. Those earlier, inferior vessels (schooners and what not) that got off before the middle of May would only spend the time "knocking about the North Pacific among the icebergs."

So Hildegard waited while Mr. Dorn looked thoroughly into the question. Even looking into it seemed perilous. It told on the gentleman's health, as one might suppose. When Hildegard had been only a few days under his roof, her host took to his bed with congestion of the lungs.

Madeleine, absorbed in nursing the husband, had little time for the friend. Hildegard was suddenly thrown on her own resources. But she felt it would be impolitic to write that fact to Valdivia. From one shipping-office to another, from Southwick's great Outfitting Emporium to the Baumgarten Brothers' Wholesale Provision House, she went in quest of information, threading her way through the bustling streets, where among the featureless thousands, day by day she oftener saw the figure of the frontiersman in broad-brimmed hat and brown boots laced to the knee; or the weather-beaten miner, in "waders" and brown duck or mackinaw. "*They 're coming to Nome!*" she would say to herself, looking on them already as fellow-travelers. One feeling much with her was perhaps really rather new in woman's experience—among the many things called new that are yet so old. It seems as if never before her generation could it have been a matter of course to a girl like Hildegard Mar that she should feel instinctively it would be as absurd to treat these bearded frontiersmen with condescension as to be terrified by them. Not that she analyzed the situation. It was too simple for that. Her feeling was merely that these uncouth fellow-crea-

tures were possible friends of hers. As she met and passed them, or in imagination "placed" them in her coming experience, her mental attitude was singularly untarnished by the age-old anxiety of the unprotected female, casting about for a champion. Something less self-centered than that, something kindlier, less the child of fear. Cheviot might have qualms, but man was not for Hildegarde her natural enemy. A woman alone was not obliged to peep furtively about for shelter, or for some coign of vantage, like one pursued in a hostile land. Not his immemorial prey, she; but like him the possibly prey of circumstance, with Ignorance for her arch-enemy as well as his. Those booted and sombreroed men—some of them at least—had already met and overcome the common enemy. They would be masters of the situation up there. Herself the mere ignorant human being, eager to learn, innocent of class illusion, intensely alive to differences, yet knowing which of them were only skin-deep, or, rather, education-deep; young, yes; attractive, too; a girl going into a strange new world who yet goes fearlessly, hopefully, carrying faith in human nature along for her shield and her buckler. If this is an apparition new upon the earth, then perhaps the modern world has something to be proud of beyond the things it has celebrated more.

Not that she encountered no difficult moments. She was stared at and she could see that she was speculated about. Well, that was no killing matter. She told herself it was partly because she was so tall. When in the thronged and noisy offices she was crowded and pushed by an excited horde, though shown no special disrespect as a woman, she was certainly not comfortable and was even a little forlorn. When a browbeating passenger-agent vented his ill temper upon her refusal to buy a ticket forthwith without waiting "to inquire further," she felt the man's rudeness keenly, absurdly. But it was not till some "masher" of a clerk spoke to her with a vulgar familiarity that discomfort went down before humiliation in the thought: "What would Louis say if he knew?" However, the clerk soon saw his error, and the tall, quiet girl was taken at a different valuation. Men, even the most ignorant men, learn these lessons more quickly

than they are given credit for. But, oh, it was n't easy to do the work of preparation alone, comparing, eliminating, deciding all by oneself! For at every step, upon every question, one encountered conflicting testimony. Every store window that one passed displayed things "Indispensable for Nome." Every ship that sailed was the best, and bound to be first at the goal. Now and then to some one of the besieging hundreds at the offices Hildegarde would put a question. The women looked askance. The men answered civilly enough; but if they knew little more than Hildegarde, they entertained darker fears. And still and always testimony was in conflict. The firm that impressed her most favorably, whose office she had just left "to think it over," why, they, it seemed, were a set of thieves. Passage on one of their ships meant from ten to twenty days' starvation on short rations of sour bread and salt horse. Heavens, what an escape! But that other firm that she was on her way to interrogate—they were traffickers in human life! Did n't she know they had been buying disabled craft of every description, even hauling up abandoned wrecks out of the sea, sweeping the entire Pacific for derelict and rotten craft that they might paint and rename and make a fortune out of crowding such crazy vessels full of ignorant human cattle for Cape Nome?

But these people, proprietors of the new line, in whose offices they stood—their ships, if starting later, were at least seaworthy? 'Sh! Their ships did n't so much as exist. These men only waited, postponing sailing dates on one pretext or another, till they had got your money and filled, and over-filled, the lists of their phantom ships. When they 'd done that, you 'd see! They 'd pocket their thousands and abscond into Canada.

While Hildegarde waited hesitating, even on the smallest and least faith-inspiring boats the passenger-lists rapidly filled. And still every train that thundered into the Seattle station disgorged its hundreds clamoring to be taken to Nome. Already, since Hildegarde's arrival, a number of schooners and several steamers, with flags flying and bands playing, had gone forth to meet the early ice-floes. Would these daring ones get any farther, after all, than the Aleutian Islands before June?



Drawn by F. F. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill.

HILDEGARDE'S MOTHER AND MR. BLUMPITY

"You 'll see; they 'll have to put in at Dutch Harbor for a month." Hildegard saw men, standing in dense crowds on the wharves, shake their heads as they watched each ship go forth on the great adventure.

"All my life," thought the girl, "I shall remember the port of Seattle when the first boats went to Nome."

There were those who might seem to have more cause than Hildegard Mar to remember that unprecedented spectacle. For to the wonderful water front sooner or later every creature in Seattle found his way, commonly to suffer there some strange, malignant change. Even the quiet ones began to emit strange sounds, and to tear about as if afflicted with rabies; the most self-controlled went mad among the rest. They fought their way through the barriers, men and women alike; they screamed about their freight upon the docks; hurraing and gesticulating, they saw maniac friends off on ships whose decks were black with people, whose rigging even swarmed with clotted humanity, like bees clinging in bunches to the boughs of a tree.

In the orderly streets of a great city a girl like Hildegard Mar would have been remarked, followed, probably accosted. She had had experience of that even in Valdivia, where nearly every creature knew who she was. In the vast and eager crowd on the Seattle water front she passed with little notice and wholly unmolested. Every one had business of his own. If the man who pushed against you till he nearly knocked you down was not an excited passenger for the next ship, he was a company agent seeing off a hundred thousand dollars' worth of machinery; or he was the gentleman, in a smaller way of business, who was beating up trade in the neighborhood of the "Last Chance Bazar." Here and there on a tiny temporary platform, nearly swamped by the crowd, or standing insecurely on a jostled barrow, merchants, whose ages ranged from eight to eighty, offered you something you 'd bless them for every hour of your life at Nome. Here an improved sort of prospecting-pan—you had only to carry it up to latitude 62° to fill it full of gold all day long. There was a Nome mosquito-mask, fastened like a gallowscap on the face of a stiff, pale figure of

wax, lifted high in air, rigid, travestying death, horribly arresting. There was every kind of waterproof, hat, coat, and boot, for that summer at Nome meant nothing but rain was the one point upon which every one agreed. By way of object lesson, "rockers" for separating Nome gold from Nome sand were being jogged to and fro upon the wharves; venders of patent medicine were crying one another down; a different concentrated food was proclaimed at every corner; a new gold "process" every ten feet; and Bedlam all around you. Copper plates, pickaxes, shovels, and—"Here y' are! The last thing out! Compound corkscrew, screw-driver, monkey-wrench, 'n' can-opener. All yer grub goes to Nome in cans. Ye 'll starve to death right plumb in the middle o' plenty, unless ye get this yer noo compound-corkscrew-screw-driver-monkey—" The rest was drowned by the *dernier cri* in "Nome sto-o-o-ves! Burn-oil-burn-wood-burn-coke-burn-anything-in-hell-and-never-burn-the-dinner! Nome sto-o-o-ves!" Other hawkers, so hoarse you heard nothing but "Nome! Nome!" as if they had it there—a nostrum you might buy at home.

Hildegard's mind went back to the old reconnaissance map in the dining-room. She so little she must climb upon a chair to read in her father's fine, clear writing the name opposite a little projection in the coast line. It had been a place only he seemed to know about. Now on every sign, on every lip, Nome! Nome! Nome!

Overheard fragments among newcomers at the shipping-offices, no more "Which boat?" but, "Can you—even by paying some feller a bonus—get anything before June?"

The element of chance was not to be eliminated. It must be faced. On her way to the office of the Line she had first affected, she saw swinging on in front of her, hands in overcoat pockets, shouldering his way through the throng, one of those same high-booted, wide-hatted men of whom she had said at first, "He 's going, too!" But this man had been marked out by his air of enjoying the enterprise. Most people even away from the maddening water front bore about with them a harassed or at best preoccupied counte-

nance, the majority sallow and seamed and wary. This wide-mouthed young giant, with the fresh complexion, he was one of whom you felt not only "he knows," but "he knows it 's all right." Now, if he should be on his way to secure a passage at this same office, Hildegard would take it as a lucky omen. But he carried his tall figure swinging by. His back seemed to say: "No, thank you. I know too much to be taken in by the Golden Sands Company." Hildegard went past the Golden Sands Company herself, without quite intending to. The ruddy-complexioned one was stopped by a fussy, little middle-aged man, who said: "Wonder if you can tell me where the Centrifugal Pump Company's offices are?"

"What?" said the red-cheeked giant as Hildegard went by: "You mean Mitchell, Lewis & Staver?"

"Y-yes," said the fussy man. "Are they all right, do you think?" The rest was lost. What a pity she could n't go up as simply as that, and ask his giantship about the boats. But no. He was a rather young giant, a little too enterprising-looking. No, better not. He stared at people. That was n't the sort of man she 'd ever spoken to.

She had n't analyzed it, but with all her simplicity and all her sense of freedom, she was acutely sensitive about making any avoidable move that might be misconstrued. The unfortunate women of the world had spoiled things. Not only for themselves; for others, too. She crossed the street and went back toward the "Golden Sands." Glancing over her shoulder, she saw the giant part from his interlocutor and disappear in the office of Hankin & Company. So that was the best line! Slowly she retraced her steps, turning over in her mind all she 'd heard about Hankin & Company. Perhaps even without this last indication the evidence did point Hankinward. She went in. Craning over heads, and peering across shoulders, she saw the huge young man talking to the agent. She edged her way nearer.

"You 'll have plenty o' time to load your stuff. The *Congress* 'll be at the docks Toosday."

"Sure?"

"Dead certain."

The giant nodded and strode out on seven-league boots. A moment later Hildegard had laid \$125 down before the alcohol-reeking, red-eyed, nervous agent, who seemed to feel called on to explain that he 'd been up all night "on the water front, seeing off the *Huron*." While he made out the voucher, huskily he congratulated the young lady that an intending passenger by this best of all ships had had a fit on the water front the night before, and was probably dying now "over at the Rainier Grand." His wife had been in half an hour ago about reselling the ticket. And that was it. Number twenty-one. He handed Hildegard the slip of gray-blue paper which transferred to her the dying man's right to a first-class berth on Hankin & Company's Steamer *Congress*, sailing from Seattle to Cape Nome on the 19th of May.

Now for decision among the contending outfitters and provision dealers.

She had studied well the prospectuses, the "folders" and the hand-books. She had made notes and lists. She knew she must provide herself with "a tent and two pair dark-blue Hudson Bay blankets. Waterproof boots. Several yards stout netting. Leather gaiters. Cowboy's hat. Canvas bag, with shoulder strap. Oil-stove, and oil." To this, upon her mother's initiative, she purposed to add a pistol; on her own, four pounds of chocolate and a handsome supply of peppermints.

She had culled from newspapers, books, and advertisements, at least six different lists of the kind and quantity of food one would need. Already she had ordered several cases of mineral water, but she was still pondering "evaporated eggs," "desiccated potatoes," "malted-milk tablets," and "bouillon capsules," as she stood in one of the great provision houses that very day she had got her ticket.

The place was crowded. Here as elsewhere a few women among the many men, both sexes equally bent on business. While she waited in the throng, a clerk who with difficulty had been making his way to her, interrupted a query modestly preferred by a little weather-beaten woman in black. As if he had not heard the one who spoke, of the one who had said nothing he asked: "Is anybody looking after you?"

"As soon as the lady has finished," began Hildegard. The rusty one glanced at her fellow-woman in some surprise, and said again to the clerk: "I just stepped in to ask you to be sure to have a keg of witch-hazel ready to go out with our stuff. You ran out of it last year."

"Oh, are you Mrs. Blumpitty?"

"Yes."

"Have you given your order?" the clerk's manner had changed; he had plenty of time now.

"Mr. Blumpitty will step in to-morrow about it. He is quite a little rushed to-day, hunting around for a place to sleep in."

"There 's a good many doing that," said the clerk. "There has n't been a room vacant at a hotel for a week."

"I guess that 's right. And we got a party of twenty-eight this time. I only wanted to jog you about that witch-hazel." She was moving off.

Hildegard stood in the way.

"Are you going to Nome?" asked the girl.

"Yes."

"Do you mind telling me what you are going to do with witch-hazel up there?"

"A person wants witch-hazel everywhere."

"Why do they?"

"Best doctor in the world."

"What 's it good for?" Typhoid was in the ignorant mind.

"Good for anything. Burns, cuts, bruises, anything."

"Oh." Down at the foot of the list after peppermints went witch-hazel. Again the little woman showed signs of moving on; but she looked back at Hildegard over her shoulder, and as if to imply: this much I leave you, even if you *are* too good-looking to inspire confidence: "Witch-hazel ain't like those noo things they advertise. It 's been tested."

"Oh, has it?"

She did n't know much, this young lady. "Guess it *has*," said the little woman. "In every country store in my part of the world, you 'll find a keg of witch-hazel." And with that she would have been gone, but the crowd pressed her back.

"What is your part?" asked Hildegard.

The woman looked round at her suspiciously. "Maine."

"You come all the way from Maine to go to Nome?"

She nodded. "Guess everybody here but you is goin' straight to Nome." Her eye fell on Hildegard's pencil suspended above the list—held too high for the little woman to know its exact nature. "Noospaper woman?" she said, putting the most charitable construction on the presence here among the hard-featured horde of a person like this.

Hildegard had been asked that question before. "No," she said, and saw her credit fall in the rusty one's eyes. "But I 'm going to Nome, too," the girl hastened to add, wishing to recover ground. But it was plain she had only further damaged herself.

"Oh," said the witch-hazel advocate, moving off with some precipitation through a momentary opening.

Hildegard found the clerk who had seemed to know Mrs. Blumpitty. "Have you heard what boat she 's going by?"

"No," said the clerk; "but she 'll go by the best, I bet."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, she 's one o' the few that knows the ropes. She was there last year." Then he was called away.

She might even know Hildegard's father.

Early the next day the girl reappeared at Baumgarten's. No, she was n't going to give her order just yet. She was waiting to see Mrs. Blumpitty. So the Baumgarten brother turned from her to advise a customer against taking saccharine instead of sugar. "You 'll come to hate the taste even in tea and coffee, and as for eating it sprinkled on anything, you 'll find you simply can't." A group of people were hotly discussing vegetables, and whether to take them desiccated or "jest as they are." The new ones "not in yet," the Baumgarten brother admitted, "and the old ones sure to sprout," said some one else. A Klondiker gave his views: "Take 'em dried. Lot less freight on the boat. Lot easier packed about afterward." A babel of voices rose: "Tasteless." "No good left in 'em." "No feedin' power." Another voice: "Who cares about how easy it is to take somethin' that 's no good?" "People go on about evaporated food

jest as if it was the Klondike and the Chilcoot Pass all over agin. 'T ain't. Nome 's a different proposition!" The Baumgarten brother was instructed to put down half the order in dried and half in fresh. Then a detachment went away to see opened and to taste a new brand of canned cooked sausages. People stood about with pickles and shavings of "chipped beef" and cheese samples in their hands, nibbling and looking thoughtful. Others ate butter off the end of a penknife, and said: "It was n't no better 'n 'margarine, an' cost more." When for two hours and ten minutes Hildegard had stood there against the low columnar wall of piled tomato-cans (a kind of basaltic formation, showing singularly regular "fracture" and wide range of color-stain), the clerk of yesterday gave her a stool to perch on in the corner. Many of the crowding faces were grown already familiar. There was the fresh-complexioned giant. He came in with a pleasant, towering briskness and stood talking to one of the Baumgartens. As Hildegard watched him, she told herself she was glad that man was going on "her" ship. Then reflecting: "Why, I 'm staring at *him* now!" she turned away her eyes, and there suddenly was Mrs. Blumpitty, with a thick-set, dun-colored husband, his face a grayish yellow, his hair a yellow-gray, his eyes yellow with pale gray irises.

Hildegard descended from the high stool and made her way to the couple. "Is it true you were at Nome last summer?"

"Yes." Mrs. Blumpitty drew closer to the dun-colored husband, as if more than ever mistrustful of the tall young lady.

But Hildegard took no notice of that. "I wonder," she said, "If you met a Mr. Mar up there?"

The woman looked at her husband, and he looked straight along his nose. It was a long nose, and it seemed to take him a great while to get to the end of it.

Hildegard could not wait. "Yes, Mr. Mar," she said eagerly—"Mr. Nathaniel Mar."

"I don't think—" began the woman.

"Oh, please try to remember! He is very thin and tall, with bushy hair. I

feel sure you 'd remember him if you thought a moment. He is the kind people remember."

Something in the trembling earnestness of a person who looked as self-possessed as Hildegard had its effect.

"You can know people up there pretty well and never hear their names. Nome is like that. I may have seen him."

Oh, how close it brought him to hear the dun-colored husband saying, "I may have seen him!"

"A young man?" asked the wife.

"No," said Hildegard, and she was shaking with excitement. "He is gray and he—he is very lame." This bald picture of her own drawing suddenly overcame her. "Try,"—she found herself catching at the rusty arm,—"try to remember. He is my father."

"Oh, your father," said the woman in a different tone, and the vague man turned his pale eyes on Hildegard as though only now fully aware of her.

"Lame? There was a lame man. No, I never spoke to him."

"We were n't much in Nome," the woman explained. "Our claims are out on Glaysher River, and we were at our camp there most of the time." Hildegard leaned against the brilliant dado of "Delicious Tomato Soup," and she looked so disheartened the man said, "Was you thinkin' o' goin' out?"

"Yes; I 'm going to him."

"Big party?"

"No; no party at all."

"You 're not goin' alone?"

"Yes; I 'm the only one of my family who has time."

The pale eye fell on Hildegard's list, which she still had in her hand. "If your father 's there, you won't have to take supplies."

"I must go prepared for—anything." She turned her face away.

After a pause: "You got anybody to advise you?" said the man.

"No."

The rusty woman looked at the vague man, and the vague man looked at the canned soup.

"Where are you at?" he said presently.

Hildegard stared.

He pushed back his black slouch-hat and sadly mopped his yellow-gray brow. It was warm to-day. The crowd at

Baumgarten's made it seem warmer still. "Which hotel?" asked Mr. Blumpitty.

"I'm not at any hotel. I am at Mr. Dorn's."

"Jacob L. Dorn's?"

"Oh, do you know him?"

"No; I don't know him, but I know his firm." It was plain the name had impressed both Blumpittys.

"What boat you goin' in?" asked the yellow-gray man.

"The *Congress*."

"Oh."

"What's the matter with the *Congress*?"

Blumpitty shook his head, murmured "Pretty hot," and slowly divested himself of his overcoat. That done, he stood revealed in black from head to heel. Something inexpressibly funereal about him now, which the dun-colored coat had masked. "Pity you did n't know about the *Los Angeles*," he said, dolefully.

"What is there to know about her?"

"She's goin' to be fitted up in style."

"Oh, I shan't mind style."

"We're goin' on the *Los Angeles*," said the little wife.

"I do mind that—not going with you." Hildegard looked into the woman's weather-beaten face, and felt regret deepen.

From columns of canned soup Mr. Blumpitty raised his weary eyes and they fell on an acquaintance in the crowd. You saw that even the teeth of the dun-colored husband were yellow-gray. But the effect of his watery smile was altogether gray, and without suspicion of any hue less somber. It made you think of a dripping day in November, with winter all before you. But, lo! it was the cheerful giant Blumpitty had recognized. How long had he been there at Hildegard's elbow?

"What's that I heard you sayin' against the *Congress*?" he demanded of Blumpitty. "*Congress* is the best boat goin'."

"We could n't get passage for all of us on the *Congress*," said Blumpitty, meekly.

"And we did n't want to be divided," contributed Mrs. Blumpitty. "We're sure the *Los Angeles* is all right."

"What makes you sure?"

"Becuz she's jest fresh from the Government service."

The giant laughed and took out a big silver watch. Hildegard saw with a start of surprise that it was past luncheon-time.

"They *do* keep you hangin' around here." Blumpitty looked wearily at the crowd. "Guess I'll go and make an appointment with Baumgarten for right away after breakfast to-morrow." He moved off with the giant at his side and the small wife at his heels.

Hildegard hurried back to Madeleine's, where behold Mrs. Mar and Harry!

"The boys began to fuss when they read in the papers about Mr. Dorn being ill."

"Oh, it's all right—about me, I mean," said Hildegard.

"I told you it would be," Mrs. Mar said to Harry. "Now here we are in a town where every hotel is full to overflowing, and Jacob Dorn dying—to judge by the way Madeleine behaves. But she always was a little theatrical, that girl."

"No, her husband is very ill. I feel I ought n't be here myself, really." Obvious enough Hildegard's dismay, at the apparition of her family. Ignorant as she was, already she had learned how little help the average person could be about this undertaking. The Blumpittys were different. She told about them.

Mrs. Mar no sooner heard of their existence than she said: "Now if you could travel with a respectable couple!"

In vain Hildegard pointed out she was going on another ship. Anyhow, those people could tell Hildegard things; they could advise. Anybody but Hildegard would have had them here and pumped them well. The girl in a subdued voice reminded her mother that it was a house whose owner lay dangerously ill.

"The very reason! Mr. Dorn is n't advising you, as he promised. You must find some one who will. Oh, you *are* slow-witted! Where are those people staying with their foolish name? You don't even know their address? Well, upon my soul; it's a good thing we did come, after all! How you'll ever be able to get on by yourself, I don't know."

In a trice Mrs. Mar had despatched Harry to scour Seattle, to ransack every hotel register in the place. "And don't come back here without those Blumpittys."

When, at four o'clock, there was no news either of Harry or of them, Hildegard and her mother set out together, having told the Japanese servant to keep anybody who called, as they'd be gone only half an hour. It was Mrs. Mar's idea. If the Blumpittys, he said, were not among the crowds in the principal street, they'd very probably be on that Water Front Hildegard had written about. But no; not a Blumpitty to be seen. On their way home, the giant.

"He might know—he's a friend of theirs," Hildegard said.

Without an instant's hesitation Mrs. Mar accosted him.

xv

"My daughter thinks you know a man and his wife of the name of Blumpitty."

"Yes, ma'am," said the giant, pulling off his broad hat.

"Do you know where they are to be found?"

"I just now left Blumpitty up in the Stevens House bar."

"In the bar! The man drinks?"

"Oh, no; not to say *drinks*," said the cheerful one, smiling broadly.

"What's he doing in the bar, then?"

"Just talkin' to the boys."

"Then will you go right away and ask him—"

"There's Harry!" Hildegard was making signals.

"Well, *you're* not much good at finding people," his mother greeted him. "But we've got Blumpitty."

"Oh, how d' you do," said Harry, prepared to accept the giant in this rôle.

Hildegard explained, and the final move in the mission was committed to her brother. The ladies were to go home and trust Harry to "bring Blumpitty along." They were reassured when they saw the giant disposed to accompany the expedition.

Within an hour, there was Blumpitty haled before Mrs. Mar like a criminal before his judge.

"Well,"—Mrs. Mar glanced from her

son to the clock,—*"you would n't have found him even at this hour but for Hildegard and me."*

Harry's answer to this, and to Hildegard's "Remember we must speak low; Mr. Dorn's room is just above," was to whisper, as if divulging some tremendous secret: "Mr. Blumpitty." Then still more significantly: "*My mother.*"

My mother fastened her bright eyes upon the stranger, who had obliged her by responding to her call. Plainly she was not prepossessed. The giant had either been wrong, and Blumpitty *did* drink, in which case Mrs. Mar was wasting her time, or else the man naturally looked "logy"—a fatal way of looking.

"Please sit down, Mr. Blumpitty," said Hildegard, speaking very low.

Mr. Blumpitty, more than ever with the air of a mute at a funeral, deposited himself on the extreme edge of a chair.

"You see," said Harry, by way of breaking the chill of his mother's reception—"you see, Mr. Blumpitty was n't on any hotel register."

"Why were n't you?" demanded Mrs. Mar, as though this were a damning charge.

"No room anywhere," said Blumpitty, sadly.

"Oh, I hope you found a place to sleep in," began Hildegard.

"Wa-al, yes, after huntin' around two whole days."

"Two days!" said Mrs. Mar, ready to nail him for a liar at the start and so save time. "There's a night in the middle of two days."

"Ya-as. We wished they was n't."

"Where did you sleep?"

"Did n't sleep much."

"Where did you stay?"

"In the station."

"Station!" Visions of his being "run in" assailed Mrs. Mar. "What station?"

"The G. N. W.," he said indistinctly.

"The Great North Western Railroad Station," Harry translated, with a reassuring look at the man.

"You slept in the waiting-room?"

"Some of us slept."

"Oh, dear, I hope you've got nice quarters at last?" said Hildegard.

"Wa-al, we got three rooms. But"—gloomier than ever—"we got to pay for 'em."

"What do you want of three?" demanded Mrs. Mar.

"Three ain't too many fer twenty-eight people."

"Twenty-eight! What are you doing with so many?"

"Takin' 'em to Nome." Had the destination been the Nether Regions, he could n't have said it more as one who had left all hope behind.

"Bless my soul!" said Mrs. Mar, with a vision of the crowded train she 'd come by, and the yet more crowded streets she 'd hunted through for this same Blumpitty. "What are they all going to do there?"

Blumpitty smiled a faint world-weary smile. "They kind o' think they 'd jest natchrully like to get a share o' this gold that 's layin' around up there."

"Oh, you 're a prospecting party."

"I guess we 'll do some lookin' around."

"Twenty-eight of you," exclaimed Hildegard under her breath, "in three rooms!"

The man nodded slowly, and his yellow-gray eyes seemed to have a vision of them. "Layin' in rows," he said sadly.

"How dreadful!" breathed Hildegard. In truth it had a morgue-like sound.

"No-o," he drawled—"no-o; me and Mrs. Blumpitty we do kind o' miss it, not havin' any winder. It 's only a closet, though," he said, as if not wishing to hurt the feelings of anything so small and unpretentious. "And the rest of our people are all right. Some parties have had to mix up, but I been able to get a room for the men *and*"—he spoke with a weary pride—"and one for the ladies."

"Ladies in your party!" exclaimed Harry.

"Ya-as. Five, not countin' Mrs. Blumpitty."

"What kind?" demanded Mrs. Mar at the same moment that Harry asked, "What are *they* going to do up there?"

"Oh, they 're all right," said Blumpitty, thinking he answered both. "Miss Leroy Schermerhorn 's goin' to keep the books, and be secretary and business woman to the company."

"What company?" said Mrs. Mar.

"Blumpitty & Co.," said Mr. Blumpitty.

"Bless my soul!" said Mrs. Mar.

"Remember Mr. Dorn!" whispered Hildegard.

"Do I understand your wife is going along?" Mrs. Mar began on a lower note.

"Yes; oh, yes. I could n't do it without Mrs. Blumpitty."

"Where does she come in?"

"Everywhere. Little bit o' woman so high. You 've seen her." He turned to Hildegard. She nodded smiling. "Don't weigh more 'n ninety-six pounds. Worth twenty or'nary-size people."

"What does *she* do up there?"

"Everything. Keeps it all together." He looked round with a melancholy wistfulness, as if he felt keenly the need of Mrs. Blumpitty to keep the present situation together.

"And the other women?" said Mrs. Mar.

"Well, Mrs. Tillinghast is the wife of the baker."

"What baker?"

"The company's."

"Blumpitty & Co.'s?"

"Yes, ma'am. Then there 's Miss Cremer. She 's a tailor; goes along to keep us mended up till our clo'es get wore out. Then she 'll make us noo things. Mrs. Blumpitty had to do it all last year. Pretty heavy fer a little woman no bigger 'n—"

"The baker's wife and the tailor— that makes two besides Mrs. Blumpitty."

"Yes, ma'am. An' there 's Miss Estelle Maris. Very nice young lady. She *says* she can cook." He sighed, and then recovered himself. "Even if she can't, Mrs. Blumpitty can. Yes,"—he allowed a pale eye to wander toward Miss Mar,—"we got very nice ladies along, and I mean 'em all to have claims."

Mrs. Mar glinted at him, as much as to say, "Oh, that 's the bait. Poor wretches!"

"It 'll be very nice for them," said Hildegard, a little hurriedly.

"How do you expect them to get claims?" said Mrs. Mar, with severity.

"The company's got some valyerable property up on Glaysher Crick."

"What company?"

"Blumpitty & Co."

"And are they giving claims away?"

He looked at Mrs. Mar, quite unruffled by her tone. "The company's got more 'n

it can work. And the company knows where there 's good property nobody 's taken up yet."

"Who 's in the company?"

"Me and Mrs. Blumpitty, and her folks and my folks, and most of 'our party."

"Oh, just a family affair," said Mrs. Mar, with a slighting intonation.

"Very few besides jest ourselves. We don't want a lot of outsiders."

From Harry's covert smile you gathered this was a new view of the way to float a mining company. "Why don't you?"

"We seen what happens too often," said Blumpitty, warily.

"What does happen?" asked Mrs. Mar.

"The people that 's the first to locate ain't often the ones that gets the benefit."

"Why don't they?"

"They get froze out. I mean to hold on to the bulk o' the stock myself jest as long 's ever I can. Keep things in my own hands." He looked anxious.

"Not let other people take up the stock you mean?" inquired Harry, smiling openly now.

"It 's the only way," said Mr. Blumpitty, and then, as though to change a dangerous topic, "We got a nice party." He looked toward Hildegarde. "Pretty near all the perfessions. We got a smart young lawyer and two practical miners. We got a 'nengineer an' a noospaper-man. An' we got a 'nex-motorman—used to drive a 'Frisco street-car, and a very bright feller. Ya-as, we got a carpenter, too, an' three doctors an' a boat-builder an' a dentist. We got pretty near everything!"

"How long were you up there before?" asked Mrs. Mar, still feeling her way with this queer character, who, with his wife, might, after all, be decent fellow-passengers for Hildegarde.

"We was in two summers an' one winter."

"Your wife, too?"

"Oh, yes; she kep' us alive. If ye wuz to see her, ye would n't think she looked like she—"

The discreet Japanese servant opened the door, and seemed to whisper, "Mis' Bumble Bee."

"Oh, how do you do!" Hildegarde went quickly forward and shook hands with a tiny weather-beaten woman.

"I heard on the water front you was askin' for me," said the new-comer, looking very shy and embarrassed.

"Oh!"—Mrs. Mar was on her feet,— "is this Mrs. Blumpitty?" Before that little person knew what had happened she was on the other side of the room, shrinking into the extreme corner of a big red satin sofa—not unlike some sort of insect hiding in the heart of a poppy. But it was idle trying to escape from Mrs. Mar. She prodded her prisoner with pointed questions, and there was no manner of doubt but poor "Mis' Bumble Bee" was intensely frightened. But she must have come out of the ordeal uncommon well, for the catechist rose at the end of a quarter of an hour, breaking in upon Harry's glib exposition of the huge difficulty in these days of floating a gold mining scheme. "Your wife and I have been arranging things," said Mrs. Mar, with a suddenness that made Blumpitty blink. "My daughter must go on your ship."

"But, mama—"

"Mrs. Blumpitty says she will look after you on board."

"Yes," agreed the rusty wife, a little breathless. "And if she does n't find her father just at first, she can stay with us, can't she?"

Blumpitty, thus appealed to, said, "Ya-as," so entirely without enthusiasm that his wife added: "He says to me after we 'd talked with your daughter: 'It 's a pity she ain't goin' on the *Los Angeles*. We could 'a' helped her.'"

"Well, she *is* going on the *Los Angeles*."

"No, mama; the *Congress*—"

"Don't be pig-headed, Hildegarde. Why should you insist on the *Congress* when here are Mr. and Mrs. Blumpitty ready to look after you on the *Los Angeles*?"

"I don't exactly insist; but I 've paid \$125—"

"You can change your ticket, if that 's all, can't she?" Mrs. Blumpitty appealed to the repository of wisdom on the edge of the chair.

"Oh, ya-as," said Mr. Blumpitty.

"Why are you so sure?" said Hildegarde. "Is it because the *Congress* is so

much the better boat, as your big, tall friend said?"

"He ain't right about that, though he's a mighty smart feller. Been to Harvard College," he said, for Mrs. Mar's benefit. Then, as one adducing a destiny higher still: "The *Los Angeles* has been a Manila Transport."

"But why does everybody seem to want to go in the *Congress*?"

"Sails four days earlier," said Blumpitty, unmoved. "But,"—he glanced—
or, no, Blumpitty never glanced; with apparent difficulty he rolled his pale eye heavily over to Mrs. Mar—"settin' out 's one thing; gettin' in 's another. 'T ain't likely the *Congress* 'll see Nome 'fore we do."

"Anyhow; what are four days compared to—" Mrs. Mar turned briskly upon her daughter. "Mrs. Blumpitty is going to see that you have all the necessary things—and if you 're sick, she 's going to look after you."

As Mrs. Blumpitty did not instantly corroborate this result of the fifteen minutes in the red satin corner, "You promised me that," said Mrs. Mar with a suddenness that sounded less like maternal solicitude than truculence; "and I promised you should n't be a loser by it."

"Yes, oh, yes, ma-am; I 'll do all I said." Merely looking at Mrs. Mar seemed to galvanize Mrs. Blumpitty into heroic mastery of her shyness. She clasped her thin hands in their gray cotton gloves tightly together, and felt herself called upon instantly to prove her present knowledge and prospective usefulness.

"H-have you got a boy's rubber coat comin' to the knees?" she inquired of the younger lady.

"No," said Hildegard. "Ought I—"

"Yes, you must have that, must n't she?"

"Ya-as."

"And waterproof boots?"

"I 've got them."

"With asbestos soles?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"They 're the best."

"Get them," commanded Mrs. Mar.

"And one thing you can't do without is a blue denim prospecting-dress."

"I think I have something that would do, though I don't expect to go—"

"Has yours got knickerbockers and skirt to the knee?" She saw Miss Mar and her mother exchange glances, but she felt instinctively the elder lady would see the reasonableness of the provision.

"No," said the young lady. "My skirts are ankle-length."

"Ought n't to be a hairbreadth below the knee," said Mrs. Blumpitty, with more firmness than she had yet shown.

"No skirt at all is best," observed Mr. Blumpitty, dryly.

"What!" said Harry Mar, whom every one had forgotten.

"Jest full knickerbockers," said Blumpitty, without so much as looking at the objector.

"Oh, that won't be necessary for me," said Miss Mar.

"'T will if you want to go prospect-in'." Valiantly Blumpitty supported his wife's view. "You can't wear a skirt on the trail."

"I don't think I shall go on the trail," said the pusillanimous Hildegard, "unless my father—"

"Better be ready," said Blumpitty.

"What else do you advise?" said Mrs. Mar, glancing at the clock.

"She ought to have a sou'wester, don't you think?" said Mrs. Blumpitty to Mr. Blumpitty.

"Ya-as; and a tarpaulin to lie on in the swamp."

"Well," said Mrs. Mar, "nobody can accuse you two of over-coloring the delights of life up there."

"Oh, it 's a splendid place, Alaska is, if you go with the right things," said Mrs. Blumpitty.

"And if you come away with the right things," supplemented Mrs. Mar.

"Oh, she must bring back a claim, must n't she?" Mrs. Blumpitty appealed to her husband.

Harry and his mother exchanged looks.

"Well, never mind about that," said Mrs. Mar. "But if you see after my daughter and do what you said, you won't be losers by it."

"No, indeed," said Harry, with emphasis.

"Mrs. Blumpitty," quoted Mrs. Mar—"Mrs. Blumpitty says she 'll see that Hildegard is properly cooked for, and she 'll even get her washing done."

"Oh, yes. I can do that myself. I 'm used to it."

"You don't look very strong," said Hildegarde.

"I was n't before I went to Alaska," she answered proudly.

"Ya-as," agreed her husband; "always terrible sickly till she went up there. Ruth 's jest the same."

"Who 's Ruth?" demanded Mrs. Mar.

"That 's my niece," said Mrs. Blumpitty.

"You had her along last year?"

"Yes, and she 's comin' again. She would n't miss comin' fer anything. Ruth 's twenty-five," Mrs. Blumpitty explained to Miss Mar. "Reel nice girl. Been a nurse. You 'll like Ruth."

It was as if the "reel nice" Ruth finally settled things.

"Give Harry your *Congress* ticket, Hildegarde, and he 'll see about changing it. Even if he can't I 've made up my mind you must go on Mrs. Blumpitty's ship. Don't let the grass grow, Harry! We must catch the night train home."

When Harry had ceased to cultivate grass in Jacob Dorn's parlor, the Blumpittys seemed to think their audience, too, was at an end. They stood close together and muttered embarrassed leave-taking.

"Wait till my son gets back," interrupted Mrs. Mar. "He ought n't to be more than twenty minutes. There are one or two things I 'd like to know." The fact did not elude Mrs. Mar that when she had headed off their escape, Mrs. Blumpitty had taken refuge in the chair nearest her husband, and was edging it as close to him as she could conveniently get—for protection, it would appear. And Blumpitty himself, as feebly he resumed his perch, looked more than ever depressed and vague. Mrs. Mar needed no reminder that few husbands and wives are as communicative together as either may be apart. "Hildegarde," she said, "take Mrs. Blumpitty up to your room, and see how much of your outfit 's right. Show her your list, and take notes of what she tells you."

Having cleared the deck, Mrs. Mar, by a cross fire of questions, drew forth a story—no, queer fragments, rather, of the history of the Blumpittys' fight for existence during sixteen months spent in a tent upon the icy tundra, with a few

Eskimo neighbors and no white soul for many a mile. Mrs. Mar forgot to look at the clock, even grew strangely friendly with Blumpitty, in her absorption in so congenial an occupation as drawing out and clarifying an inarticulate, rather muddled male. Finally: "The papers," quoted Mrs. Mar—"the papers say that all the claims are staked."

Without the smallest emphasis, "I know that ain't so," said the man, dully.

"How do you know?"

"I been there." Mrs. Mar digested this. "I know," Blumpitty went on, "a place where no white man but me and one other has set foot, rich in gold."

"Where 's that other man?"

"Under the tundra 'long o' the gold."

She tried not to betray her interest. She even succeeded. "And that 's the place you 're going up now to work?"

"No, ma'am; I ain't talked to folks about *that* place."

Mrs. Mar waited to hear why.

But Blumpitty seemed to have no intention of enlightening her. "The property we 're goin' to work this summer is the nineteen claims belongin' to Blumpitty & Co., up on Glaysher Crick. They 're already located an' recorded an' surveyed, an' a year's 'sessment work done."

"How much have people put into this company of yours?"

"Right smart," he said cryptically, "what with my folks and my wife's folks. So 's to keep it among ourselves 's much as possible. They ain't any of us rich—not *now*, but—" he smiled a pale, pale smile all to himself that seemed to say the future was beyond peradventure golden. "We all been workin' people," he said, as grave again as ever; "but we 've all saved a little somethin'."

"And you 're putting your savings into this?"

"Every cent. We know \$250 put into Blumpitty & Co.'s this spring 'll be a thousand 'fore long." But instead of rejoicing, he sighed. "We 've worked mighty hard, but we got our chance now." He rested on the thought a moment. "They 's a fortune fer us up on Glaysher Crick—'nough fer us all." His pale eyes seemed inadvertently to take in Mrs. Mar.

That lady presented her most baffling surface. Absolutely nothing you could

take hold of. Whether her aspect discouraged Mr. Blumpitty or not, certainly he seemed to have no more conversation.

Mrs. Mar was obliged herself to break the silence. "So *you're* pretty well satisfied, anyhow?"

"Ya-as," he said, "if only I can keep out o' the hands o' the fy-nance-eers."

"What 's to prevent you?"

"Oh, I guess it 's all right." But his look was dubious,—“I got a good many mouths to feed an' a lot o' developin' to do.”

"You mean you have n't got enough capital." She felt she had caught him. She was both disappointed and rather relieved.

"I got some capital, like I told you. An' I could get plenty more if I was n't so afraid o'—” He paused and seemed to envisage afresh some vast and ticklish business. Mrs. Mar's sharp eyes pecked him all over. If they had left a mark wherever they had been, Blumpitty would have presented no surface the size of a cent that was not pitted as with virulent smallpox. It might well have inspired confidence that he bore up as well as he did.

"What is it you 're 'afraid' of?" demanded Mrs. Mar.

"Losin' personal control. But I 'm all right s' long 's I keep hold o' 51 per cent. o' the stock."

"Why 51 per cent.?" She must understand this.

"So 's to have the decidin' vote. So 's I can do the directin' myself. *Watch it!*"—his pale eyes brooded—"an' manage it an' make a real success of it." You got the impression that the scheme was bound up not only with his fortune, but with his pride. "If I 'm at the head o' the thing, I can see that the 'riginal investors don't get froze out by the fy-nance-eers."

"Well, have n't you kept 51 per cent. of the stock?"

"Yes, I got more 'n that *now*. Blumpitty & Co. 's only jest started."

Mrs. Mar had a moment's thrill out of the sensation of being there "at the start." But she sternly repressed any glimmer of betrayal. "I suppose," she said, with an intention of irony, "that you 're ready to let in a few more private subscribers?"

"I 'm in favor o' lettin' in one or two."

He fell into thought, undisturbed by Mrs. Mar's silent pursuit, pecking here, pecking there. "I was thinkin' I 'd like your daughter to have somethin'."

"Oh, my daughter 's putting all she has into her expenses."

But Mr. Blumpitty was doing some more thinking. Gravely he brought out the result. "It ain't many young ladies would want to take that journey jest to nurse their fathers."

Mrs. Mar looked at him coldly. "She has n't got anything to invest in gold mines." And then she was sorry she had admitted this. If the man thought of Miss Mar or, say, Mrs. Mar, as a probable investor, it might make a difference.

But apparently quite unchilled, Mr. Blumpitty was drawling: "Wa-al, if she comes with us, I could very likely help her to locate a claim of her own."

Even that handsome offer seemed not to affect Mrs. Mar. Still, he was not daunted. "I said to Mrs. Blumpitty, 'That 's the kind o' young lady I 'd like to help.'"

No sort of direct acknowledgment out of the young lady's mother. But presently: "I would n't mind putting something into your company myself," she said; "but just at this juncture I want to give my daughter all I can spare."

You might think he heard only the end of the sentence. "It 's a good investment," he said.

"It 's quite possible that *later*"—Mrs. Mar threw in, feeling herself very diplomatic—"Just at present the only funds I have in hand are what my eldest son has sent to supplement his sister's—"

"Ya-as I was thinkin'," said Blumpitty, as though in complete agreement, "when she buys her stuff at Baumgarten's, she 'd better get it through me, and then she 'll pay only wholesale rates. That 'll be a savin'. I could save her freight charges, too."

"Is n't she getting wholesale rates, anyhow?"

"No. They won't make no difference fer a little six-weeks' order fer one person. I 'm gettin' food and camp outfit fer twenty-eight people fer two years. They make a reduction fer that."

It seemed reasonable.

And really these simple people were disposed to be very serviceable. Mrs.

Mar thought of Trenn's brotherly letter of good-by and his handsome contribution of \$300, reposing at that instant in the yellow bag that hung at her belt. Well, suppose she used "the money for Hildegard" in a double sense? Suppose she got some stock in Hildegard's name? It was all my eye about Blumpitty's wanting to help "that kind of young lady" just because she—fudge! Mrs. Mar was "from Missouri." But it very probably *would* help the girl with her new friends that they should look upon her as financially interested in their enterprise—should think of her obliged and grateful family as a probable source of further revenue. Odd if it were Mrs. Mar, after all, who should be the cause of the Mar family's profiting by the gold discovery at Nome!

But she would do nothing upon impulse.

"I think I could send you two or three hundred before you sail," she said.

Mr. Blumpitty looked on the floor, and made no manner of response.

"How would that do?" She repeated the offer.

"I can't promise they'll be any o' the margin left by the time we sail."

"Why can't you?"

"Wa-al, I got to keep 51 per cent. fer myself—"

She'd heard all that. "How much a share is your stock?"

"It's only \$25 now; but I guess it won't ever be as low as that again. This time next year—" he felt for his watch. When he saw what time it was this year, slowly he pulled his slack figure together and stood up.

"You're going to wait—" began Mrs. Mar.

"I promised t' meet a man about now."

"Somebody who wants to join your company?" said Mrs. Mar, with a pang.

"I guess so."

"I *could* take twelve shares to start with, only—"

"I guess ye better talk it over with yer son." Blumpitty had stooped and was fishing under the chair for his hat.

"It is n't that," said Mrs. Mar, a little sharply, for the idea appealed to her much less now that Blumpitty recommended it, "but I'm not sure I won't have to buy a second ticket for my daughter."

"No danger o' that."

"And how do I know there's a good berth left on your steamer?"

"I got twenty-eight first-class accommodations. The young lady can have the pick o' them." He seemed to be coming slowly toward Mrs. Mar with a motion of offering his hand, whether to reassure her as to the solemnity of his given word on the subject of the berth, or in mere good-by.

She arrested him with her eye. "If I get my daughter these twelve shares"—Mrs. Mar's hand was on the yellow bag, "I do it on my own responsibility. I shall not consult my sons."

"Wa-al, it's a good chance," he admitted, but in the tone of one who says "all flesh is grass." "I'd like your daughter to have her share. They ain't many young ladies would want to take that journey jest to—"

"You'd better make out a receipt for those twelve shares straight away before anybody comes in and interrupts." Mrs. Mar opened the yellow bag.

Blumpitty looked vaguely at the floor. "I don't know as I got any blanks along."

"Blanks! I don't want any blanks."

"Certificate forms."

"Oh—well, look and see," she said peremptorily, with her glance at the clock.

Out of his breast pocket Blumpitty slowly took some papers. "Only a dirty one," he said sadly.

"Well, fill it out. There's pen and ink on that table." She was counting bills on her lap.

Blumpitty stood vaguely looking round in a lost sort of way, just as though time were n't priceless and Harry's return at any moment likely to complicate if not checkmate "the deal."

"Here"—Mrs. Mar jumped up and put a chair in front of the little writing-table. Then smartly she tapped the silver-topped ink-bottle, as though she doubted his having the sense to know what it was unless she made some sort of demonstration in its neighborhood. She even illustrated the fact that the lid lifted up. Slowly Blumpitty had come over to the spindle-legged table and now sat in a heap in front of it, looking into the ink. Mrs. Mar whisked a pen out of the rack and pushed it into Blumpitty's slow fingers. "And here in this envelop is \$300."

She counted it over, under his dull eyes. "But I 'll keep it till Harry comes back and says it 's all right about the ticket. We can just exchange envelopes without saying anything further. Understand?" She felt a well-nigh irresistible impulse to shake Blumpitty, but instead of doing that, there she was signing a paper, after taking care to read it twice in spite of the pressure of time. And now, although she still held both this document and the three hundred dollars in her own hands, she was aware of qualms.

"I suppose you 'll be sinking a deal of good hard money in that creek of yours this summer, whether you get any out or not."

"They 's plenty o' work there," he said, foggier than ever; "but I got more 'n that to do this summer."

"What do you mean?"

He looked at her with that curious sort of vagueness that gives one an impression of hearing a man talk in his sleep. You feel it would be unfair to hold him quite responsible. "When I 've got the work started all right on Glaysher, I got to take two or three people I c'n trust an' go up to a place northwest o' Nome."

"What place?"

"Polaris, above Cape York."

"What do you want to go there for when you 've got nineteen claims to look after on Glacier—"

"Them nineteen claims is valyerble property, and Blumpitty & Co. 's goin' to pay handsome dividends. This time next year—"

"Well, what do you want more than that?"

He paused, and then in that same somnambulist tone: "I was n't lookin' fer it," he said, "I jest tumbled on it."

"What?"

"A great big thing up by Polaris. Bigger 'n anything Blumpitty & Co. have got on Glaysher. Bigger 'n anything any company 's got anywhere."

Impossible to think a man boastful or even over-sanguine, who spoke so wearily, with yellow-gray face so unlighted, with air and attitude so joyless. "It 'll make millionaires of a good many people."

There was silence in Jacob Dorn's parlor. Mrs. Mar had refused to credit a story of this sort once before. Her unbelief had not only cost her a great for-

tune; it had cost her happiness. She sat in silence, reflecting. But she gave no sign.

"People have got so 's they don't take much stock in any feller 's talkin' 'bout the mother lode. I don't blame 'em myself."

"It turns out as stupid sometimes to be too skeptical as to be too credulous."

Mr. Blumpitty did not applaud the sentiment. He looked sadly at the lady, and then, as though the effort to hold up his eyelids were too great, he rested his heavy eyes on the silver rim of the ink-pot. "Everybody knows they must *be* a mother lode some'ers around up there."

"Why must there?"

"Wa-al, I don't know," said Blumpitty, impartially. "P'r'aps the gold come down from heaven."

"Don't talk nonsense."

"Well, if it don't come from heaven, the gold they 're findin' at Nome an' in the Klondike and the noo camps—all the loose placer gold o' the North"—he reflected—"if it ain't come down from heaven, it 's been washed an' weathered and glayshered out o' some reef or range or great natchrul store-house."

"Yes; I 've read about that."

He nodded faintly. "Ya-as, that 's what they all say. Every man believes in a mother lode. But what no man likes to believe is that another man 's found her."

Again silence.

Vivid description would have failed to picture for this particular auditor what Blumpitty's slow and clumsy words conveyed as though by chance. So little did he play the game in the usual way that Mrs. Mar felt the satisfaction of the discoverer in getting at the story through barriers and in despite of veils.

In the silence—up above in Jacob Dorn's sick chamber—some one was heard opening the window.

"And you think"—Mrs. Mar spoke very low—"you think you know where the mother lode is?"

"Pretty near every miner in the Northwest *thinks* he knows."

"You mean you are sure?"

"I 'm forty-eight," said Blumpitty, mournfully; "it 's twenty years since I liked sayin' I was sure."

"But"—he was the sort of man that

needed reassuring—"you 've got good ground for believing"—She waited.

"Last fall"—he looked round the red satin room as though for possible haunts of eavesdroppers, and then he further interrupted himself: "You must n't think I found it myself," he said modestly. "I got a tip—a straight tip."

"From the man that 's dead?"

"Ya-as. Leastways they said he had n't more 'n a few hours to live. Ya'as, dyin' up there at Polaris. Everybody in the camp knoo he 'd struck it rich. No-body could find out where."

"How did they know he 'd struck?"

"Becuz he was so secret about everything—where he 'd come from; where he was goin', if he got well, and most of all"—Blumpitty looked round and sunk his low voice—"where he got his nuggets and dust from."

"Oh, he *had* nuggets"—

"Yes; nuggets and dust, too. Good and plenty."

"He showed it to you?"

"No. He was terrible secret about it. Terrible afraid somebody 'd rob him. Kind o' sick, you know, about it." Slowly Blumpitty tapped his yellow-gray forehead. "But he allowed he 'd found something worth while, an' he never let his bundle o' dust out o' sight. Day an' night he kep' it jest under his hand. Everybody nosin' around, tryin' to be friends with him. One day I was passin', an' his dawg went fer me. I picked up a stone. 'Don't y' do it,' he calls out o' the sod cabin where he was layin' with the door open. 'Don't ye do nothin' to that dawg.' I explained the dawg was doin' things to me. 'Come in here,' he said, 'an' she won't touch you.' So I did, an' we talked a while."

"Well?"

"He asked me kind o' sarcastic was I lookin' fer the mother lode? I said I guessed I was n't no different from other men, except that I was n't hangin' round a sick man fer to get his secrets out o' him. 'No,' he said, 'I ain't never seen you hangin' round.' An' then he told me."

"What?"

"I says, 'I 'm figurin' on findin' the mother lode up in them hills yonder.' 'That 's right,' he said, an' his eyes was kind o' wild an' glassy. 'Up over yon-

der?' I said. 'Yes,' says he; 'up North. That 's where the mother lode is.' An' I think from what he said he 'd called his discovery claim 'The Load Star'."

"What made you think?"

"Course he was kind o' queer—out o' his head ye know, fer he called it the Mother Load Star. An' he was terrible secret about it—all the time gettin' away from the subject and talkin' about the dawg."

"Well—"

"Wa-al, they was n't more 'n half a dozen people at Polaris then. An' nobody 'd found anything to make a boom out of. But they all hung on. And they made presents to that feller. Took him grub regular. An' other folks kep' comin' jest becuz that man was there. An' they all knoo he 'd struck it rich. An' they all knoo he was dyin'. That was what they was waitin' fer. I did n't wait. The snow was beginnin' t' fly, an' I had to go back to Glaysheer an' get Mrs. Blumpitty an' our party out before navigation closed. But I said to myself: 'I 'll risk it—fer the mother lode!' An' I did. Went up over the hills to the north in a bee-line from that cabin o' his till I come ter—" Blumpitty's voice dropped still lower, and he hesitated, while like one who scarce dares move lest he break some spell, slowly he looked round, and seemed to forget how to turn back. He remained so, sitting awry, listening.

"It 's only some one moving about in Mr. Dorn's room overhead. You found the mother lode?"

He twisted himself back in the act of drawing out his watch. "When I get t' thinkin' about it, I clean forget the time." He stood up. "I guess I got t' be goin'."

Footsteps and low, subdued voices in the hall. Hildegard had seen her brother from an upper window, and had come down with Mrs. Blumpitty to let Harry in.

There would be no trouble in selling berth twenty-one for the third time.

Mrs. Mar, about to hand an envelop to Mr. Blumpitty, wondered to herself: "How much of a fool am I? Well, I have n't done fool-things all along the line like most people. If I must commit foolishness before I die, I 'll do it all in a lump and be done with it." Whereupon she handed Mr. Blumpitty the en-

velop. He seemed to be giving Harry his address. Mrs. Blumpitty was making an appointment to meet Miss Mar "at ten o'clock to-morrow at Baumgarten's."

For the third time Mrs. Mar was reading through a paper she held in her hand. When she came to the ill-written signature: "How do you spell your name?" she demanded of Mr. Blumpitty.

"B-l-u-m-p-i-t-t-y," said the gentleman, mournfully.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Mar, head on one side and eyes fixed so critically on the name that Mrs. Blumpitty hastened to the defense. "It's French," said she.

"French!" echoed Mrs. Mar. How do you make that 'out'?"

"Well, that's what his grandmother always told him. She said it was origi-

nally Blank Peed." Wherewith, having vindicated the family, she shook hands and led the way out. Harry was opening the outside door for them. No one spoke above a whisper on account of Mr. Dorn.

"Good-by, Mr. Blumpitty."

"Good-by, Mrs. Mar."

"Look here,"—she detained him for a last aside—"you've got twenty-eight people to see after, and a company to manage, and nineteen claims to develop; why can't you be content with that?"

He looked at her. "Would you be?" he asked simply.

Her face told tales. "You mean"—she hesitated—"if I'd got on the track of the mother lode?"

"Jest so," said Blumpitty, and slowly he followed his wife out of the house.

(To be continued)



CECELIA'S CORNER

BY EVELYN VAN BUREN

IT was a little oblong stone island, with a lamp-post at each end, that lay midway between two corners of Oxford Circus. Cecelia called it her corner, and no one in the whole city of London disputed her claim. Every day from six in the morning until six in the evening she sold flowers there.

The occupation and the corner had been her mother's, and she could not remember a day that she had not spent upon it. She loved it, it was so busy and interesting.

She had two friends, the bobby who regulated traffic at Oxford Circus; and Franz who made the sandwiches at Apprenrodt's delicatessen shop near by.

Every morning from six-thirty to seven, Franz leaned against the lamp-post beside Cecelia while she arranged her flowers and tried to perfect him in the English language. In return, he smuggled savory sandwiches to her, and with his round blue eyes conveyed his silent adoration.

Once he had spoken, or tried to.

"You proposin' to *me* in that language!" Cecelia had responded indignantly, and then broke into boisterous laughter.

Franz backed away from her against the lamp-post, whereupon shrieks of mirth and cries of "Look at 'im, now do!" from Cecelia had driven him in confusion from the corner.

Later with choice titbits from the lunch-room, Franz had bravely returned. Cecelia ate the peace-offering and said sweetly, "I'll 'elp you, duckie, hevery mornin' till you speak proper."

One warm June morning Franz arrived breathless and eager at the corner. The queen of his heart sat upon a soap-box, poring over the worn, yellow pages of a book. Little brown curls burst through the openings in her tattered hat, and a small toe protruded from her shoe. She raised her head, nodded, and bowed again over the book. Franz waited beside her, warm, silent, and wondering.

At last in exasperation, "Vat you dink, Cissie," he cried, "I speak goot enough de English?"

She nodded absently.

"Cissie," cried Franz, with beaming countenance, "und you mit me vill marry?"

Cecelia, springing to her feet, declared loudly: "I could never wed but a 'ero wot 'as did a noble deed."

"Aw, chuck it!" cried a passing cabby, lashing his whip playfully at her feet.

Cecelia continued: "When King Charles was king, a toff wot lived in the palace fell 'ead over hears in love with a gal wot sold flowers near the palace gate." She tapped Franz's blue-shirted chest with her book, thrusting her little face into his. "She 'd 'ave *none* o' 'im," she screamed.

Franz's round eyes bulged.

"Till one day," continued the narrator more calmly, "the toff come struttin' out the palace, an' 'e be'eld a w'ite palfrey bearin' rapidly down on the hobject of his love. The toff leaped to 'er side, an' by a mighty heffort turned aside the frightened hanimal. Mud was on 'is satin coat, but 'e did n't care; 'e 'd did a noble deed." Cecelia paused for effect. Franz blinked.

"*Then* the girl married the toff." The little voice piped high in climax.

"Cissie," ventured Franz, meekly, "vat kind of pirt is de vite palfrey?"

"Wot kind o' bird!" gasped Cecelia. She rapidly surveyed her surroundings. Near at hand paused a speckled white horse, drooping in heavy harness. "There, fat 'ead," she cried, "is a w'ite palfrey. Bird! 'Oly Moses!"

A dim smile flickered momentarily over Franz's countenance.

"Iaff," defied Cecelia, "but not till *you 've* did a noble deed will I 'ave you."

Wheels scraped the edge of the little stone island. A pleasant-looking elderly gentleman leaned from the cab. "Half dozen bunches of the primroses, young lady."

Cecelia delivered them quickly. "Six shillings, sir," she murmured modestly; "they 're growin' scarser." The pleasant old gentleman smiled broadly and paid.

"Gee' hup!" said the cabby, "I s'y,"

he called back from behind a dirty hand, "you 're a nice young person overchargin' a gentleman. Give it to 'er, 'Arry. Don't stan' for 'er nonsense," he admonished the placid Franz.

From out of the bustling traffic came a frail, shabby girl, pausing uncertainly beside Cecelia. "I got only tuppence ha'penny," she murmured; "would it buy *any* primroses at all? I—my little gal was born on Primrose day—an' she died to-day." The young mother choked back her sobs.

Cecelia swept handfuls of the flowers from the basket into the girl's arms.

It was a very warm day. Cecelia, with closed eyes, sprawled in utter abandon beside her flower-basket at the foot of the lamp-post.

"Cissie, mine Cissie."

Cecelia's soft eyes opened upon Franz, spotless and cool from recent ablutions. She waved him away and closed her eyes again.

"Cissie, look!" persisted the spurned one.

She looked and smiled. A bottle of brown fluid, with little pieces of lemon-rind bobbing about inside, was before her.

"Lor' lummy, you 're a duck!" she cried, and placing the bottle to her red lips, drank long and deep, and sighed happily.

Suddenly above the sound of traffic and the quick panting of hot, tired horses, there came a man's cry. Cecelia sprang up. Instantly her quick eye missed the blue-coated figure always on duty a few feet away. A crowd was gathering there. In a twinkling, with Franz in her wake, she had elbowed her way through the throng, and there in the road lay prostrate her friend the policeman.

"Uncle 'Arry! Uncle 'Arry!" wailed Cecelia. "It 's a sunstroke. 'Ere, some un, lift 'im out o' this." She raised the man's head, and with Franz dragged him to her corner, bending her little body to shelter him from the sun. Loud cursings and oaths from confused cabmen were wafted on the air. There was a crash, followed by splintering shafts.

Cecelia looked in wide-eyed terror at Franz. "Gawd 'elp us! heverythink is a-runnin' into heverythink else!"

Franz gazed toward the busy cross-roads.

An omnibus had run down a cab, which remained in the way. At his feet lay the policeman's discarded helmet. He picked it up, and clapping it securely down over his ears, tore for the scene of action.

"Vun side! vun side!" he yelled at the broken-down cabby. With wild gesticulations he placed himself among the oncoming vehicles. Crowded omnibuses, the drivers of which revived from prostration to laugh, were halted, or guided ahead in time to avert disaster. There were loud guffaws, hoarse cries of "Wot is it?" and allusions to a member of Parliament gone mad.

At last two blue-coated men came. One of them led Franz aside, and extricated him from beneath the helmet, with words of praise and vigorous slaps upon the back.

Franz turned to the island. Cecelia, hugging the lamp-post, was watching eagerly. "I go, else I lose mine jop," he said, and the hero's short legs bore him swiftly away.

THE next morning a heavenly rain was falling. Cecelia, under a tattered umbrella, sang snatches from "The Gaiety Girl," and awaited the coming of her Franz.

As he approached, his gait was one of grave nonchalance, while the youthful rosiness of his cheeks seemed to have faded into a worldly pallor.

"Vell, Cissie," he began without eagerness, "you vill teach me a leetle dis morning?"

"Ho, will I, now!" responded Cecelia. "Listen to me lord dook."

Franz was plainly disconcerted.

"De policeman tell me yesterday I vas vun brave man," he murmured defensively, "und I may haf a reward."

"Lor' love us!" cried Cecelia.

"Vas it not a noble deed, den?" pleaded Franz.

Cecelia nodded. "You *are* a 'ero," she admitted. "Now 'ave n't you some nice gal wot you want to marry?" Cecelia's lowered lids concealed an impish light in her eyes.

"I haf a girl," came unexpectedly from Franz; "und she lof me."

There was a moment's silence, while Cecelia closed her umbrella and struggled to her feet.

"So you been a-foolin' me, 'ave you?" There was a sob in her voice, and reproachful eyes met Franz.

"Ah, nein, nein!" he cried passionately; "I haf only you."

It was a public corner, but the corner was Cecelia's own, and under the pattering raindrops she submitted to a quick embrace.

"Oh, mine lof!" cried Franz. He drew forth a sandwich, with a sudden recollection. "Mit shrimps between," he murmured.

FROM THE VALLEY OF THE WHEAT

BY ARTHUR UPSON

I SING to the trample of feet on golden floors—
A continent's court whose dust is drifting gold;
I chant with the voice of the flood that over it pours
Five hundred leagues at a lapse to the huge Gulf's hold.

I sing to the yielding of bolts of mountain doors,
To the echoes of iron that beat their measures bold,
While, east and west, to the strain of bursting stores,
Five hundred leagues asunder, the gates unfold.

Where the blind, quick seed of life for a thousand shores
Is blest by the harrow that sinks in the silent mold,
I sing to the tremble of steel where the trestle roars,
I chant to the throbbing of ships on seas untold!



HE ·
LINER · & ·
IN · PORT ·

· PICTURES · BY · THORNTON · OAKLEY ·



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

CLEANING THE HULL



Hand on plate of grain, U.S. H. C. Merit
LOADING FREIGHT ON THE WHARF



Photo by J. P. Morgan

TAKING ON COAL

ESQUIRE

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Author of "Where Speech Ends"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

Send 2c stamp for
200 pieces
of rich mail matter.

ran the advertisement.

William was apparently engrossed in "The Christian Review," as became the Sabbath; but deep therein, like the kernel inside the dry, forbidding chestnut-burr, lurked "The Saturday Evening Delight." It was a magazine the very advertisements of which were more alluring to William than any part of "The Christian Review."

Two hundred pieces of rich mail matter all his own! That did not mean inclosures marked "For Willie" in elderly letters. No puny little envelopes, juvenile size, worthy to be lost in the great adult mails, inscribed "Master Willie Conck." No; these two hundred pieces of rich mail matter would come to him life-sized and recognize him as a man among men. He hurried away to his correspondence.

The first rich piece arrived in three days, addressed Mr. William Conck, 124 Gramercy St., Newark, N. J., and a delicious thrill ran up and down William's spine when he found the envelop on the mantel and spelled it out to

himself. There was much attractive reading matter inside, all about "The Arabs' Treasure Casket," and how it would be sent postpaid on receipt of ten cents. To make it the more convincing, a picture of the Arabs was given, snapped at the moment of finding the casket. They were grouped about a hole in the desert, lifting up astonished and joyful hands in praise of Allah. A mysterious box emerged from the hole, emitting shafts of brilliance. Even the camel hard by wore an expression of holy glee. But William always came back with fresh zest to a contemplation of the envelop.

"Mister William Conck," he chanted over and over to himself. It made even sweeter music in his ears than the closing bell at school, or the trumpet on Christmas eve announcing that the coast is clear to the tree.

The truth was that William was hungry for a little respect and consideration, because he was almost thirteen and had a great deal of aristocratic blood in his veins. But so had his parents. Heredity impelled them to treat somebody as a menial; and as the servant problem was delicate and Louisa so efficient, they had unconsciously been working out the promptings of their Virginian



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs

"WILLIAM ALWAYS CAME BACK
WITH FRESH ZEST TO A CON-
TEMPLATION OF THE
ENVELOP



Drawn by W. J. Jacobs

"MOTHER, ESQUIRE," HE BEGAN

ancestors upon their only child. William did not realize that apart from this one weakness they were model parents; for every day he was coming nearer the point where the filial horizon is dimmed by the red glare of exasperation.

"Willie," called Mrs. Conck, "stop messing with those foolish advertisements, and run and chop some kindlings for Louisa."

The spindle legs of William started sullenly for the woodshed.

"Ma," he said in passing, "won't you please not call me—that name? I hate it. And why do you always tell me to run everywhere? I only wish you'd try running once to the butcher shop as you tell me to do every day! If I did just as you said, I'd drop dead in a week."

Mrs. Conck looked up from her son's stocking with her chronic expression of

galling, imperturbable, uncomprehending patience.

"Willie," she said, "what do you mean? My little son must learn not to be impudent."

With fiery, far-away eyes and dignified gait William made his way to the woodshed. But presently the postman's whistle brought him running to the front yard. That whistle had now a new and glamorous significance. It was magnetized.

The postman handed him a large envelop, and he trembled with joy as he read the address: "William Conck, Esquire." A mist straight from fairy-land floated before his eyes. At last he was appraised at his true worth in the world. His trembling fingers could scarcely open the flap.

It was a typewritten letter which called his attention to certain bargains in postage-stamps for collections. After some glowing descriptive passages, the writer

added: "Awaiting, honored sir, your convenience, I remain

"Yours most respectfully,
"L. MINSTEIN."

He carried that letter in his pocket next his heart all day, often pulling it forth to read and fondle deliciously in his spirit as a young girl fondles her first intimations of love. Several times he sat down and gnawed the pen-holder, trying to frame a worthy response, but always tore up his inadequate attempts. A changed being, he trod a changed earth. The courtesy of L. Minstein had entered into his system like an exhilarating microbe. He realized now that he was an entity, and his Virginian blood stirred and glowed and sparkled with the realization that at last he had been treated with the consideration due an entity, Esquire. He fell to wondering how he could ever again endure the ignominy of being called "Willie?" in the humiliating rising inflection of his mother, or "Willie!" in the browbeating, peremptory, fist-in-the-face falling cadence of his father. "William Conck, Esquire"—there was politeness, Christian kindness, a refinement of courtesy for you! If pa and ma would only call him by a selection from that glorious title once a day, he would be ready to—

Then, all at once he remembered his last interview with his father, and thought with shrinking of the absence of the amenities there. It was easy to recall what had passed between them.

"Willie, you little rascal," Mr. Conck had begun, "what do you mean by inviting the Dorman boy to lunch on your own responsibility?"

"He 's a dear friend of mine, pa," William had answered, "and he traded me an embossed 1869 signing-the-Declaration-of-Independence stamp with the perforations

only cut off two sides, for a blue counterfeit triangular Cape of Good Hope. So, you see, I felt I must show him some little attention, and extend him the courtesies of my home."

"(One would think, to hear you talk," Mr. Conck had said caustically, "that you were a gentleman of independent means, with a bat in your belfry. Come here to me!"

These words and deeds had rankled angrily in William's bosom ever since, but now he could recall them with more philosophy, for L. Minstein had reassured him. He *was* a gentleman, after all, he told himself, with passionate satisfaction. He had vaguely felt it all along, but now he was positive. If only he could get his pa and ma to treat him like one, his cup would be full.

He went up to his room and wrestled long with the problem but could not find a way out. His eye caught the Bible calendar which hung at the head of his bed. It had been his habit to consult it when in doubt, and it had helped him many times; but ever since his birthday he had kept it open at "Covet earnestly the best gifts,"—a sentiment which he heartily endorsed.

Now some obscure impulse made him turn to the verse for the day. It was: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"I 've got it!" cried William, slapping his thigh as he had seen men do.

Mrs. Conck was making cake when Louisa handed her a visiting-card.

"Mercy, goodness me!" she exclaimed. "Louisa, what does he look like?" But Louisa, with a very red face, had hurried into the back yard to take in the clothes.

"William Conck, Esquire," she read aloud. "Must be Cousin Bill. Just like his



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs

"IF YOU 'LL JUST CALL ME WILLIE, PA," HE SOBBED

stingy nature, having his cards written by a sidewalk faker, and he worth 'most a million, too. But what does that Esquire mean?"

She puzzled about it as she dressed, it was so unlike Bill. And as she rustled down twenty minutes later in her loudest black silk, she decided that the faker must have put the Esquire in for good measure.

There sat William on the hair-cloth sofa, very stiff and formal in his Sunday suit, his chin propped by a two-inch collar—an old one of his father's that he had cut down for the event.

"Mother, Esquiness," he began in the set manner of the Christmas festival orator, "I hope you are well, and I am the same. In thinking things over, I have decided that I have never treated you like a lady, and perhaps that 's the reason you have done even so to me. Please forgive me. You are a lady. I feel as if I was a gentleman. I 'll call you anything you say, if you 'll only call me—"

By the time that Mrs. Conck had recovered the use of her voice she had turned a dark, angry red. But her incorrigible, uncomprehending patience did not break down.

"My little boy," she said gently, "you don't know how much trouble and pain you give mama with all your freaks and tricks. You have lost me a good three quarters of an hour, besides spoiling the cake that I was making. Now promise mama that you 'll try and be a better little child."

William left that interview with discouragement sagging his shoulders. But he comforted himself by remembering the fine gentleman on the street car the day before who had confided to his neighbor that women-folks did n't know what honor or true courtesy meant. At the time William had thought more of the gentleman's strong breath and queer-looking eyes, but now the force of the sentiment came home to him and braced him up. He had never known the Bible calendar to fail him utterly. Pa, at least, must succumb. But, as it was wise to try him before he had seen ma, William started down-town at once.

A snickering office-boy led the way.

"Well," remarked Mr. Conck, shortly,

without looking up from his desk, "what do you want?"

It was not the ideal atmosphere in which to attain a high level of politeness, but William made a desperate plunge.

"J. T. Conck, Esquire, dear sir," he began, and his father glanced up sharply, and saw the collar and the thin, formal face. "I fear I have not treated you as good as I ought, calling you pa and dad and all that, and I 'm going to turn over a new leaf, and please do ye even so to me."

Mr. Conck burst into a great laugh, and ran a towsling palm over William's laboriously plastered hair.

"Pretty good, Willie!" he cried. "What put that rot in your head? Now chase along and forget it. Here 's a quarter for some candy."

The boy's fingers tightened over the coin, though he did not realize that it was there.

"But, father," he cried in alarm, "won't you really *please* stop calling me that horrible name which I hate so? I 'd do anything on earth if you only would. Seems as if I could n't stand it another time."

Mr. Conck darted from his chair, seized William, swung him over his shoulder, head down, and pranced the circuit of the office, while the stenographer shrieked in delight.

"That 'll shake the bats out of your belfry, Willikins," he roared playfully, restoring him to earth with a jarring thud that disengaged one end of the big collar. "Now, skedaddle!"

Three months before, William would have entered into this adventure, and considered it great larks; but now the spirit of comedy had vanished, and given place to that of tragedy. To William's further humiliation, and to the diversion of the clerks in the outer office, his tears bedewed the floor as he fled the scene.

That evening a small boy walked into a small stationery store on the West Side of New York.

"Are you L. Minstein?" he asked an elderly, hawk-like man with piercing little black eyes and full lips.

"That 's me," was the answer. "What can I do for you?"

"Then you are the man who has been so polite to me. I am William Conck, Es-

quire, and I'll work for you good just for my board and lodging if you'll only go on treating me as nice as you have begun."

L. Minstein stared. Then his beady little eyes began to glitter as, with his keen, sure knowledge of human nature, he sized up this strange applicant.

"What can you do, sir?" he inquired courteously. "What experience have you had?"

"For one thing," answered William, "I know almost all about stamps. I can tell you just about any price in Hart's or McCue's catalogue. Then, too, I'm a good business man. A few days ago I bought a fishing-rod off Jim Dorman for nineteen cents, and last week I sold it back for forty cents and a top. I had just varnished it up a little, you know."

"Yes, I know," returned L. Minstein, with deep, comprehending sympathy. "I'll take you right in and welcome. My wife will show you to your chamber, sir."

For the first few minutes William found life in the stationery shop much to his taste. Although his "chamber" was curtained off from the dining-room, and the fare at the Minstein board was neither good nor abundant, yet every one treated him with such distinguished courtesy that it made his blood tingle almost as it tingled when he received the momentous typewritten letter. He was put in charge of the stamp department, and L. Minstein, after a whispered conversation with the stamp customers that came in, would escort them back and introduce them ceremoniously to William. These delightful people addressed him as Esquire and made him quite happy.

Not until ten o'clock of the following morning did the first discord ruffle the harmony of his new life. He was given a pile of letters to address,—the very kind of letter which had meant so much to him. First he found that they were printed by the thousand,—not typewritten at all,—and each was to be sent to an Esquire. As he addressed hundred after hundred of the cheap, yellow envelopes, it came to him like a stitch in the side that this "Esquire," and this "honored sir," and this "yours most respectfully," did not carry much weight of consideration, after all,

as he had imagined. His head swam, his eyes did not feel nice. And as the complimentary significance of his precious letter began to pall, he felt more and more foolish and shame-faced. His head ached and he grew tired and a little cold, for there was a draft in the rear of the dim shop, and it was getting on in October, and he had on his thinnest suit.

After all, he reflected, there were better things than being a man of business, and even stamps begin to lose their magic when one can't collect them oneself.

By noon his headache was worse, and he almost hated the sight of stamps. He figured out how long it had been since he had had a game of anything, and thought what fun the kids were having with baseball in the empty lot at home. It was a bright, crisp day—the kind that makes indoors a sacrilege. As it wore on, his spirit grew cold and lonely like his body, and cried out to be gone. But he knew that was impossible. He would never have the courage to face the icy patience of his mother, or the fury of his seldom aroused but terrible father.

"Willie? Willie!" he crooned to himself. The words had somehow lost their baneful sting. There was kindness lurking in them; whereas the cut and dried amenities of L. Minstein might, he suspected, be written almost entirely in dollar signs.

As the day dragged on, William seemed to grow paler and thinner. So did his summer suit. More and more the vision of two loving faces, the one sweet, delicate, patient, the other jolly, strong, bearded, kept slipping in between him and his stamps, so that, late in the evening, he spilled the ink over a valuable approval sheet. He looked up quickly, and then shrank back. There was L. Minstein, scowling, furious, with uplifted arm. But the store bell rang and saved the situation, taking the proprietor forward.

"They tell me," began the customer, "that you have a remarkable young clerk."

Something in the quality of that unseen customer's voice brought William's Adam's apple up so high that he had to swallow it back into place. He strained his ears.

"Right," said the proprietor; "the best that ever I struck, barring a slip now and then—and the cheapest, too. There 's just one thing he 's stuck on. He 's got to be treated as polite as a lord. Say, if you want to look at the stamps, kindly take the pains to call him Esquire, would you please? That 's the only thing. I 've had to watch like a cat for fear I or somebody else should treat him common and get him sore. In fact, you just saved me hittin' him, comin' in as you did. I would n't have really done it for anything. Why,

I believe he 'll double my stamp business in a month."

The little boy heard familiar steps hastening down the shop. He sprang to his feet, but his eyes were blurred and useless.

"Esquire," said a deep, kind voice, "mother has been sick. We need you. Won't you come back to us? We 'll try to be more polite—"

The boy made a great leap to the counter and another into the friendly arms.

"If you 'll just call me Willie, pa," he sobbed.



THE IMMORTALS

BY CHARLES J. O'MALLEY

THE singers of the world, ah, who are they?
 Those who have put away
 All hope of gain and rulership and place
 To go, despised, on the unending chase
 After high Beauty, following where she runs,—
 Beauty in twilights, stars and moons and suns;
 Beauty in sea-wings flashed above gray capes;
 Beauty in dawns and midnights and cloud-shapes;
 Beauty in snowdrifts, pools, and rushing storms;
 Beauty in laughter and in living forms,—
 Onward, unresting, over crag and stream
 Chasing the flying dream,
 Till the white equities of moon and star,
 Sowing their light afar,
 Lead on their feet to kingdoms waiting long,
 Where, young forever, dwell they glad with song.

The poets of the earth, they cannot perish.
 Their music men will cherish;
 Their songs build dawn as the large suns grow light.
 They are the morning-makers of our night,
 Great kings of melody forever hymning
 Beauty and love, with jocund eyes clear-brimming.
 The races rise and rule and pass, but they,
 Immutable and glad, like strong gods, stay
 In cool, green places where the years are young;
 And hearts of lovers hold the strains they 've sung.
 Deathless though dead, they have perpetual youth,
 And Beauty know as Truth;
 Priests of white hope they urge men's souls still on
 To tracts of fairer dawn;
 And it is always April where they wait,
 Secure in morn that nevermore grows late.



THE PLAY IS NOT THE THING

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "Seeing France with Uncle John," "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," etc.

THEY had just finished the first act, and several scene-shifters were rolling the walls of the hunting-lodge off into the big, empty spaces at the sides, while out of the middle distance of ropes, wires, pipes, and heaped up confusion, some half-dozen of their brethren by trade were bringing forward boxes, barrels, and irregularly shaped pieces of wood, which, when properly adjusted with an eye to the audience, would appear strikingly like grass-tufts, rock-heaps, ammunition, neatly piled fire wood, and so on. Overhead, the ceiling was being wound up on its roller and forest verdure was descending in its place; two men were dragging in the tent, which looked distressingly new, and on that account distressed every one who looked at it. In the foreground, Evelyn Davies and the little ingénue with the bright face and the shabby frock sat wearily, silently, side by side, upon an imitation round log with sharp edges. Acton, his third finger laid against his lips, stood at the left, musing; Platt, his hat well back, his face red with exertion, was out near the footlights. The only person in the theater who was in front of them was Miss Keysar, the writer of the play, and she sat there all alone.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, the rehearsal being then in its third hour. It was the second one that day, too, and Evelyn Davies was so tired, so

white, so pale, that Miss Keysar felt a royal contempt for her. The little ingénue, in spite of the hang of her dress, was much more to that superior young woman's liking. The little ingénue was indefatigable; she had gone over her first comedy part eleven times without a murmur and without a cat. No one saw anything funny in the way that she had knelt, saying soothingly: "'Puss, puss, puss, poor, po-o-o-r pussy!'" over and over again, or in the way she had eleven times patted the air nine inches from the floor.

"Hug it tighter," Acton had advised, and she had at once snatched up a large handful of nothing and lavished caresses upon it while she pressed it close.

"I guess you'll get it all right soon," Acton, standing glowering in the wings, had commented, causing the girl to smile rosily, so that even Miss Keysar, down in the dark below, smiled a little herself—a chill smile; for Miss Keysar was of a chill nature—although wonderful.

That is very hard—the being of a cold exterior. One may rise above almost every physical or mental deformity except that intangible iciness of expression which seems at first sight so very repelling to most of the superficial world. Miss Keysar was handsome, clever, undeniably affable, patient with such trifles as the newness of the tent and the greenness of the little ingénue. Acton liked her im-

mensely, Platt had a great respect for her practical ideas as to certain difficulties in stage-carpentering, the little ingénue was timidly grateful for two important changes in her own lines; but on account of that cold nature of hers, every one else in the company and on the stage disliked the writer of the new piece and carried their bitterness even to the point of feeling a vague resentment over her fidelity at the rehearsals. In the daytime they could all see her sitting there, conspicuous enough in the empty theater, her face pale and drawn with weariness, which, on her regular features, partook of a certain haughty boredom that was far from being her real sentiment; and then at night, when they could not see her in the lonely blackness beyond the footlights, they still knew that she was there, and wished that she was n't. When Acton sprang down where the orchestra was meant to be, and made his way, groping, out into the shadow to consult with her, every one wished that he would n't; and when he climbed back to their level and altered the stage set a bit here and there, they all felt a sort of angry sympathy with the jerked-about chairs and tables. And all this jarring clash of badly attuned telepathic sympathies arose from the mere fact that Miss Keysar's genius masked itself behind a cold—an uncommonly cold—exterior.

All of which is mere interposed explanation. The true story follows the stage-setting of the second act, which was pushed forward with that ready vigor and good will at taking hold anywhere which characterizes most paid help about three A.M.

Having laid down the rocks and stood up the bushes and put the tent into place, the scene-shifters were now dragging in the ammunition-boxes and barrels, all done in very dazzling blue, with a big black "U. S. A." stenciled conspicuously on them.

"They don't look very strong to me," said Acton, kicking one with his foot. In his double character of hero, who leaped to freedom from the top of the pile, and of stage-manager, who was responsible for the solidity of the hero's footing, he viewed the boxes with anything but an impartial eye.

"They're strong as can be, Mr. Ac-

ton," said Platt, pushing his hat farther back than ever. "They're specially made for your part."

Acton walked across the stage, turned, made a short dash, and sprang with one foot upon a long sort of chest which, to the audience, would appear calculated for an elephant to do tricks on.

The top stove in with a crash, and Acton saved himself with his other foot, twisted a little, and surveyed Platt with a speaking eye. The latter rubbed his forehead, and gave his hat another backward shove.

"Well, you was right, sir," he said.

"You see!" said Acton, freeing his foot.

"Yes, sir, I see."

"What 'll you do?"

"We 'll have to put iron braces on the one you mean to jump on, sir."

"Iron braces!" said Acton, scornfully.

"Yes, and some night I 'll jump on the wrong one, and have to escape through the hole in the tent with six-by-two-by-two of box hanging on my foot. That won't do."

Platt scratched his head, and then pulled forward his hat.

"Well, the hole in the tent's all right anyhow, ain't it?" he said. "We can fix the boxes up to-morrow, can't we?"

"I reckon so," said Acton, running his hand up and down the loose flap. "Yes, that flap's all right. Come, now, get 'em on. We want to get through in time for lunch, if we can."

He went forward, and leaped down on the floor of the pit.

"Same place, Miss Keysar?" he called questioningly.

"Yes; left aisle," she replied.

He felt his way along by the front row of seats, and then, his eyes becoming better used to the gloom, he suddenly perceived her face, quite white amid the surrounding blackness. No man alive could have divined from her face or tone that it was mainly for these brief moments that she sat hour after hour at the long rehearsals.

"How does it seem to be going?" he asked.

"Fairly well." A cold exterior never effervesces in compliments, even when its heart is fluttering.

"These last ones have been awful,

have n't they?" He moved into a seat behind and a little to the left of hers, and leaned his arms, crossed, upon the back of the one in front, and his chin upon them.

"Awful," she said briefly.

Acton sighed. He was of a hopeful nature, but he was tired.

"The girls do well, I think," he said presently.

"It's to be hoped the ingénue has some better-hanging skirts than the one she wears to-night."

"Oh, she'll be all right when it comes to the real business. She gets through with her part all right, don't you think?"

"Very well; better with her part than the heroine does with hers."

"She'll do better, too, later." He spoke very gently. "You see, they—we are all so tired. It's been a pull."

"Yes," said Miss Keysar. "You remember I never was in favor of such hurrying in getting it on myself."

Acton made no reply. He was thinking what a contrast this woman was to her own work. He was thinking of the tender love-scenes, the passionate words of renunciation, the great dramatic climax, and wondering how it could be that—

"But you think it will go?" she asked, interrupting his thoughts with the question of both their minds.

"I can't think anything else. It's a great play."

"Oh, thank you,"—there was a suspicion of warm human gladness in her voice,—"thank you many ways."

He rose and went back to the stage where the actors were now gathering in groups, with weary faces and figures, for it was nearly three o'clock.

"Where are the supes?" Acton asked.

Platt pulled his hat forward on to his forehead as he answered, "They've gone, sir."

"Gone!"

"Were all out there five minutes ago; ain't anywhere now."

"Who's responsible?"

A tall, thin man came nearer.

"I guess me, but I ain't to blame. I got 'em, an' I had 'em here, an' I never figgered on their givin' me the slip if I let 'em sit out in the cool."

"Do you think you can get them to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, then we'll have to do without them to-night; but don't ever trust them to sit out in the cool again."

The man grinned. "You bet I won't," he replied with feeling.

"Take your place now, Brennan; let me get into my handcuffs. Curtain call there!"

The second act opened and moved slowly on. Evelyn Davies was brought in on a stretcher and carried to the tent where the young army surgeon was under arrest. They went five times over the lines where she opened her eyes and saw him, and learned that he was the traitor. "I won't believe it! I won't believe it!" she cried passionately.

Acton, who had raised her in his arms, let her down on the stretcher again at once.

"That won't do," he said, not crossly but peremptorily. "No woman who has fainted from loss of blood could scream like that. You must gasp it, groan it—so: 'I won't—believe it! I—won't—believe it!' Try the whole over again. Brennan, you begin with 'Be jabbers! here's the doctor handy.'"

Brennan, who was standing watching a man brace up a loose tree, came over obediently, looked at Miss Davies in deep concern, and then, turning, and perceiving Acton, gave a glad start and cried, rubbing his hands:

"'Be jabbers! an' if here ain't the doctor handy!'"

Acton shook his head.

"Won't do. I'll tell you, Brennan, you want to throw more start in there; let it burst over you all in a flash that I *am* a doctor. Watch me." He slipped off his hand-cuffs and went over by the tent-flap. Evelyn Davies sighed wearily, and closed her eyes as she lay on the stretcher; Brennan, his brows drawn together in the intensity of his attention, watched the star do his part.

After a little the act moved forward again; the heroine wept, and confessed her love.

"Only you! only you!" she sobbed, her arms around Acton's neck.

"Hold on," he said suddenly; "the wind begins to wail here. Where's the wail?"

Platt came around and into the tent.

"Where do you want the first wail, Mr. Acton?"

"Want it right here, right now, right as she says, 'Only you! only you!' Then it grows more and more until the storm bursts."

"All right, sir." Platt put his hat on square, and went back into the region behind the tent.

"We 'll begin over again," said the hero to Miss Davies.

"Where?" she asked wearily.

"Begin at 'Oh, is it really, really—?'"

They began over again, and progressed smoothly to "'Only you!—only you!'" Here her lover raised his head from where he was bending above her and asked, "Well, where 's the wail?"

"Wail 's coming, sir," cried a voice from the rear.

"Don't want it coming; want it now," Acton cried back. "Suppose we must try it over again," he said to her. Her face contracted wearily,—she sank back upon the stretcher,—

"From where?" she asked.

"Oh, from 'You have saved my life.'"

They began again, once more worked up to the impassioned "Only you! only you!" Here they stopped short.

"Well!" Acton shouted in fierce question.

A sudden flurry resulted at once.

"Do you call that a wail of wind?"

"Very sorry, Mr. Acton,"—it was Platt's voice,— "wail don't work to-night. Be all in order to-morrow noon."

Acton put Evelyn Davies' head down abruptly, sprang to his feet, and started out of the tent. Right at the flap he met Platt coming in.

"Now, this won't do at all, you know. Is it just the wail, or is the whole storm out of gear? We 've got to have these things settled."

"The storm 's all right, sir,—we tried it this morning,—and heaven only knows what ails the wail; that was all O. K., too, then."

"Well, it is n't all O. K. now evidently."

"No, sir; maybe we could put a barrel and a blanket over the storm, and make a shift at a wail that way."

"Oh, that 's all rot; a wail 's a wail, and a storm's a storm. Cummins will

have to stand there and say 'Wail' where it comes in, and let it go at that. Then after the third wail let the storm turn on. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. Hail, too?"

"Hail, too—the whole thing."

"Yes, sir."

Platt pushed his hat back and walked away. Acton returned to Evelyn Davies, her lashes were wet as she lay on the hard floor.

"Now we 'll begin again," he said.

"Where?" she asked, opening her eyes.

"Begin at 'I won't believe.'"

She sighed, and began over again.

Slowly the act worked up to the climax, Acton gathered her to his bosom. "'Then you care for me even in my disgrace?'" he asked, looking straight down into her eyes. "'For me—for only me?'"

"'Only you!'" she sobbed, "'only you!'"

"Wail!" cried the prompter from the wings.

Acton bent farther over the prostrate figure of the girl. "'You really love me?'" he asked, hardly seeming to believe his ears. "'You really love me? Here, in this darkest hour of my life, to think—'"

"Wail!" cried the prompter.

"'—to think that your love should come to me!'"

"'Not come to you,'" she murmured to the gallery; "'it has always been yours—ever since the first—ever—'"

"Wail!" cried the prompter.

"The tent must shake with that last wail," said Acton, stopping his part suddenly. "The tent shakes with the wail, and it 's the shaking that makes me remember where I am. What shakes the tent?"

Platt came forward quickly.

"There 's a rope going to be fastened to this pole, Mr. Acton. That 's what shakes the tent."

"Are you sure that it 'll work?"

"Always has worked, sir."

"You 'd better get it and try it right now. We want to get every detail straight to-night. A man in love might not notice some wind, but anybody in a tent 's bound to observe if it starts to fall down on him."

"Johnny," said Platt to one of the scene-shifters who was examining his thumb near by, "go and get a rope—a small one—and bring it to me."

Acton walked forward to the footlights and, shielding his eyes from their glare, tried to look to where Miss Keysar was sitting.

"Still there?" he called.

"Still here," she called back.

"Does it seem to be going smoothly?"

Her answer was a peculiar little laugh. He smiled and walked back to watch the rope adjusted. It worked, the tent threatened to collapse in a most satisfactory manner, the love scene came to its climax and the repetitions went slowly on.

The dawn was stealing in the open gallery exits long before the second act was finished. The little ingénue did very well in her bright lines and Miss Keysar smiled graciously even though no one could see it. Acton came down and sat with her while they were altering the set for the third act.

"It's a great play," he said thoughtfully—"a great play. I can't see how you ever thought it out."

"It was n't hard," she said, smiling.

He laid his face sidewise on his crossed arms, so that he could watch hers.

"To think of its all being in you," he said, regarding her curiously—"all those emotions, and the power to put just the words that express them down on paper. It's marvelous to me."

A certain gleam of joy shone in her eyes. "It comes easily to me," she said.

"I can't imagine you writing some of these words; no one would take you to know anything about those feelings."

"Indeed." There was an echo of displeased challenge in her tone.

"You are splendid and great," Acton said slowly, his face still turned and watching hers, "but I cannot imagine you speaking the phrases of our heroine."

The dawn was so far advanced that he thought that he could see a deep blush overspreading her whole face, and watched its realization in wonder. Neither spoke for a little.

"And—and you think it will be a success?" she said presently, in seeming confusion.

"I don't see any other way for it."

"Act third!" cried the prompter.

Acton quitted her then. Her eyes followed his strongly silhouetted figure as it

moved toward the footlights, and climbed back to their level. She knew more of his life than he did of hers, and knew how its struggles and hardships had made him what he was. There was nothing grudging in the admiration her brain gave him, and there was nothing limited in another emotion which their later intimate relation had developed within her. Why had he spoken as he had of the love-scenes in the play? Why had he found it so difficult to imagine her writing them? Why should he fancy her incapable of writing of love and passion?

The third act was where the little ingénue with the bright face and the badly hanging skirt had her big chance. Acton had not spared her at any of the previous rehearsals, and he did not spare her now. She showed the results plainly. She was a freckled little girl, and the genuineness of her youth shone forth in the mixed light of electricity and dawn. The tears were standing plainly in Evelyn Davies' tired eyes; Platt's every third word was half-yawn; but the little girl was as fresh and smiling as she had been when they began work six hours before.

"She really is what they call a 'bully little girl,'" Miss Keysar said to herself, and, Acton coming down just then to study the general effect of a tableau, she repeated the remark to him.

He smiled, "She's the stuff all right," he assented simply, then called out to those behind the scenes: "Put on your reds," and went still farther back to see how "the reds" would do when "put on."

Along about eight they finished, the footlights were turned off, and every one filed out into the day with curious sensations of an existence oddly altered and out of place. Another rehearsal was called for twelve sharp, so there was a hasty dispersal in search of rest, and Miss Keysar, summoning a cab, fled away as rapidly as the rest.

THE second evening after was the opening. It opened to a packed house. Not only was the house packed, but the sales for a week ahead were exceptional. There was everything to flatter and encourage both the playwright and the star, and both were flattered and encouraged.



THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO ARE NOT THE SAME

"HE WAS THINKING WHAT A CONTRAST THIS WOMAN WAS TO HER OWN WORK"

Miss Keysar sat alone in one of the stage-boxes and looked as handsome, dignified, stiff, and impassive as usual. When the first act was over and the applause was wild she turned and stared coldly over the whole house. It was an odd attitude to take, but it was her way. It was as much her way to stare coldly as it was the little ingénue's to smile. The applause kept on and on, and finally Acton came around to the door of the box and told her she must be led before the curtain. She arose at that and went with him. The people were stamping madly when she appeared; and then when she looked at them their enthusiasm swelled, subsided and died away. Acton made his two bows in fine style, and led her back to the box, which at once became the focus of all eyes. She stared straight over their interest, thinking only of how little *they* counted, the play being a success. And Acton shared in that success—that success of hers. That was what counted.

He came again into the box, and sat down in the back and talked a little. He was oddly restless and nervous, and went away in five minutes or so, and then the second act passed without a jar, the storm bursting, the tent falling, the escape being made quite to the instant. The applause was again tremendous; the whole company was called before the curtain, and Miss Keysar, her face full of a blush-rose excitement, stood up and clapped, looking so beautiful that her stare was forgotten and she had her full share of the plaudits.

Then, when all was quiet and she was seated again, Acton, who was out of the first half of the next scene, parted the curtains behind her once more.

"Well, are you very, very proud?" he asked, standing there in the half dark, an odd figure in his hunting buckskins.

"I do not think so," she said, smiling. "Why?"

"Because I wanted to dare to come and thank you."

"To dare! Why, it is I who should thank you." She did not believe her words, but she said them graciously enough.

He slipped through the curtains, and sat down on one of the chairs in the shadow.

"I 'm a made man now," he said; "it will run weeks, months, with this start; and then when the business here falls off, we 'll go on the road with it."

"Yes," she said.

He sat still, just back of her shoulder. The little ingénue was on the stage. They both watched her.

"Do you think that she promises?" he asked.

"Very well."

There was a long pause then.

"I 'll tell you something," the man said suddenly. "I 've never told you; but, then, I 've never told any one—"

Miss Keysar turned toward him.

"What is it?" she asked. Her heart seemed standing still.

"You know marriage is no great advantage to an actor—you know that, don't you?"

"Yes." She could hardly voice the one syllable.

"But still one can only be a man."

She raised her hand as if to hush him. The ingénue was making every word of her part tell. After a minute the hand fell slowly; it was as if Acton was given permission to resume. He leaned forward and whispered:

"She has been my wife for a month; she never acted till then."

Miss Keysar's head swayed toward the audience, and then toward him.

"Is that so?" she said coldly.

"Yes," he answered. "I think she does admirably—considering."

"Oh, admirably."

He rose. "I must go back now. I 'm glad I 've told you my secret. You seem like a good fairy to me."

"You flatter me." Her tone cut like a knife.

Every fiber in him stirred to repulsion. He bowed and left her, and when he came upon the stage he saw that she had quitted the box. A spirit of disgust rose sharply within him, they had all labored so hard and she was so thankless.

"Kitty," he said to the little ingénue, when he found her in the wings, "when it 's over, we 'll run off and have a jolly little spree of our own—to celebrate."

Kitty smiled rapturously.

And at home in her own room Miss Keysar sat alone, looking out into the night—the night of her triumph.



From the painting in the Louvre See 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

THE BLESSING. BY JEAN BAPTISTE SIMÉON CHARDIN
(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—III)

they began to aim at perfect holiness. But St. Thomas of Canterbury was a magnificent dandy before he became an archbishop, and Jeanne d'Arc loved a new costume just as much as any other healthy, natural girl. Of course when it comes to denying yourself everything, and giving away half your cloak to a beggar, like St. Martin, you cannot be well dressed; but you may be clean, though all saints have not taken this view of the case. I know a member of a learned Order of Regulars who wears a casual cassock at his college in the country, but in town simply glitters with chaste and subdued elegance.

One is sorry for the dandies of our day, because, though their clothes fit ever so well, and are ever so fresh, custom prescribes a dark or subfusk hue, with no lace, no velvet (above all, not on coat collars); no slashes, puffs, and vandykings; no pearls and gold; no gules and

azure. The common trousers are shapeless things, and, for perfection, you need two pairs every day. Genius is stunted, display is checked, and, though you may wear brilliant hose with knickerbockers in the country, glorious waistcoats are rarely seen except in the windows of tailors' shops at Oxford and Cambridge. The dandy can only cultivate immaculate neatness and perfection of fit. Our officers at Ladysmith, when the place was relieved, looked like skeletons, but were as spruce and neat, I have been told, as ever they showed in the Park. They cultivated self-respect, like Stendhal, the celebrated novelist, who was said to have been the only man that shaved every day in the dreadful winter retreat from Moscow. This is the dandyism which we admire, the perfection of personal self-respect exhibited in Julius Cæsar, Claverhouse, and Montrose, combing his love-locks, like the Three Hundred of Ther-





DANDIES

BY ANDREW LANG

WITH PICTURES BY SCOTSON CLARK

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE wrote a rather long essay on the philosophy of dandyism, regarding the dandy as one who, in a certain region of life, aspires to perfection. No doubt that is the aim of the dandy, as of the saint. The saint endeavors to reach perfection in conduct, the dandy, in "the nice conduct of a clouded cane." I remember a young dandy, let us call him Delamere, with whom I was at college, and in my mind's eye see "perfect Delamere!" written in chalk on a wall of Balliol. So far, perhaps, we are

to sympathize with the dandy. If we are to be clothed (on which civilization insists), let us be clothed to perfection. Even nude races know this impulse, and Captain Cook writes of the Fuegians (I think), "This people would rather be fine than clad." A ribbon or a red rag made them fine; of decency and comfort they were regardless, and the red blanket which might have clothed one man, being torn to rags, converted into dandies a small tribe.

Few saints have been remarkable for the careful elegance of their attire after



prince a Scottish campaign. In Scotland they found no tourneys, no gay ladies, but much marching through lands stripped and burned, and much chasing of light-footed, slovenly men through bogs, marshes, and mountain glens. It was not a war for dandies; it was not like campaigning in France; nor can we doubt that wild Piers and the prince grumbled fearfully, and died, and were impertinent to the heavy-bearded barons and the war-like bishops.

When Edward I tarried near the border, at Lanercost, on his last march, he banished Piers from the prince's company. And then the king died at Brough-on-Sands, and the prince did not carry his terrible bones to make war on Bruce, and avenge the sacrilegious murder of the Red Comyn. It was no war for dandies, but exactly resembled the later part of the struggle in South Africa. Bruce was Botha, James Douglas was De Wet, Ran-

dolph was Delarey. The English scattered and pursued the Scottish leaders, they "surrounded" them, they made strategic combinations; and then Edward Bruce cut his way through the lines by a cavalry charge, on a misty morning; or Bruce's spears were too stubborn for them at Loudoun Hill; or Douglas cut off small parties and captured castles by surprise—all this on desolate, dank moors, "where never victual grew," or by the banks of lonely lochs, where the English were trapped between black water and perpendicular precipice. "Such was the appearance of war," as Homer says, on which the royal dandy and his Patroclus turned their backs. In England, Piers unhorsed the heavy patrician barons in the lists, won the hearts of the ladies, was a puppy, a parvenu, "a favorite," the most fatal title of all. He was driven away, and returned; he was made Royal Bootjack, or something of that kind, when men of

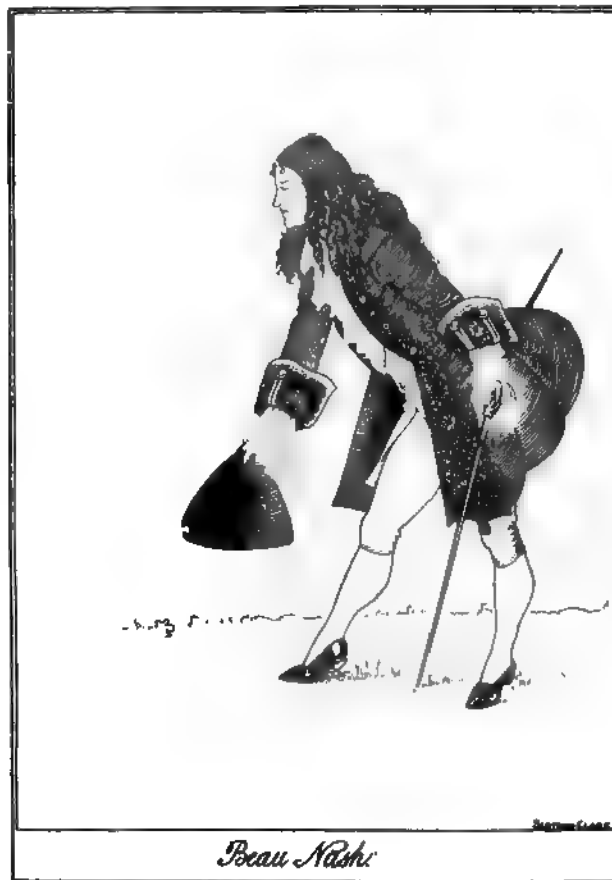
the highest birth were pining for the illustrious office. The nicknames which Piers gave to the hostile earls may have seemed funny to the foolish, frivolous king, but appeared vulgar to others, and deserving of the stab. Piers was a butterfly with a sting. He was exiled, but came back, fluttering round the royal candle, and "Black Dog" caught him, and bit. The head of Piers was smitten from his elegant shoulders on June 19, 1312, and so he did not survive to redeem his name, to charge alone, with D'Argentine, upon the Scottish spears, and leave life and win eternal honor at Bannockburn.

Another dandy of Edward's was there, the younger Despencer, and probably was with Edward when he felled the Scots that seized his bridle; for the royal dandy turned savagely at bay, though, being a king, he let somebody turn his horse, and fled, with Douglas at his heels

cutting off every man who dared to alight for a moment. It was a dark day for dandies, that torrid day of midsummer. Despencer, with Edward, was well mounted, and got clean off, being nearly taken later at Byland fight, when the Scots routed the English on a stricken field, in the heart of Yorkshire. Afterward he was intrusted with treating for terms of peace, and soon the world was relieved of the royal dandy, his master.

I do not know that we can fairly call Samuel Pepys a dandy of the Restoration. He was not of good family (there was a tailor in his lineage). He was a hard-working official of the Admiralty, and though he loved a new coat "but even too well," and was profligate in a style both cowardly and heartless, Dorset or Grammont would not have reckoned Pepys a dandy.

Nash, as master of ceremonies and ruler of the gaieties of Bath, was of some





use in his day and his way—a way rather open to contempt, but *il faut vivre*. Doubtless he dressed in a manner befitting his estate in life.

D'Orsay was one of the most beautiful of men, and had good wits, and not a bad heart, though his idea was to live as one of the lilies of the field, with that other wit and lady dandy, Lady Blessington. Racing, politics (those of the exiled Bonaparte, later Napoleon III), and intellect (he knew Dickens, and all the wits), with horses and art, filled the life of D'Orsay, till on him, as on Brummell, came "the wicked day of destiny," of exile, of want of pence.

I know not that Edward III loved dandies, but they were even too dear, with their long shoe-tips chained to their knees, to Richard II, the most beautiful of our kings, who also came to an ill end in Pontefract Castle. That Poins was a dandy we cannot affirm, and the witty

knight was nowise slim and elegant. Queen Elizabeth, of course, was the Gloriana of gallant dandies like Raleigh and Essex, who, as school-boys say, "put on frills," that still amaze us in their portraits. To please that "imperial votaress," men must go as bravely clad as Leicester (whose neck she graciously tickled when she belted him earl), and have legs as shapely as Sir Christopher Hatton's and a beard as daintily trimmed as that of Essex. It was the golden age of tailors, and the new fashions were brought in with every gallant who swam in a gondola, and returned to rule old England. Now, on the other hand, the world seems rather to look on our tailors as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form."

James, Sixth of Scotland and First of England, was one of the least lovely of men, with active but weak shambling legs, and a tongue that lolled from his lips, and he was perhaps the worst-dressed

man in his dominions. We know his fat, wadded coat, probably a weather-beaten old hunting coat; we know the disreputable frayed bagginess of his trunk hose, and the seedy old felt hat, with the carcanet of gold and rubies. His Majesty was exceeding ill-groomed, and contemporaries do say that he never washed, but wiped his grubby hands with a damp towel. Blood of deer and dust of books are not so easily cleaned, and the British Solomon was decidedly a "grobian." Books and hunting were his joy, and a bookish man is hardly ever a well-dressed man. "If you *will* carry books in your pocket, Sir—" said the present writer's tailor, with an eloquent aposiopesis. James also carried a monumental hunting-flask, for, as the Scottish preacher said, in a sermon on temperance, he "was aye dram, draming." Being ugly, dirty, slovenly, shapeless, and elderly, James naturally loved to have dandies about him.

One famous dandy, Ker, came from the Border, where men are seldom given to the worship of the Graces, and he, being handsome and magnificent, was dear to the king, who belted him Earl of Somerset. He was, perhaps, the very pink of Scottish dandies, for our faces are seldom our fortunes, and it is not in Princes street, Edinburgh, that you see men of the type of the Mignons of Henri III. Our loveliest dandy was the great Viscount Dundee, "with the face that ladies loved to look on, and limners to paint," but he was a man of the sword. The elegant Somerset's charms brought him to an end of really unspeakable grief, and then came the king of all dandies, George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham (son of a country knight), whom James called "Steenie," because his face, like Saint Stephen's, "was as the face of an angel." Villiers was educated and trained to be a dandy and a favorite, and





alone, perhaps, of favorites, was equally dear to the father and the son, to the king and the Prince of Wales. He must, indeed, have been irresistible, and history (also Alexandre Dumas) tells us how, in all the jewels of the crown, a mass of opal and ruby and diamond fire burning on white satin and white velvet, he audaciously wooed Anne of Austria, the Queen of France. Her Majesty's heart was not untouched, but her loyalty to her unamiable lord was unshaken. They say that Buckingham made a war with France merely that he might see the queen again when arranging terms of peace. But, with all his daring and some energy, he merely encountered defeat, and, with his dandyism and his tendency to Catholicism, ruined the hold of Charles I over the hearts of his people. Then came the dagger of the insane Puritan, Felton, and Buckingham did not live to see the king reap what the dandy had helped to sow.

Charles II preferred wits to dandies, Cromwell had no taste for dandies, and we do not meet a really famous, though quite unpolitical dandy and favorite, till we come to Beau Brummell and George IV, when Prince of Wales. The Beau was of no family, but his father had been private secretary to Lord North (that famous and judicious statesman), and sent the Beau to Eton, where he was liked, was called "the Buck," and he later by his elegance and cool, gay impudence endeared himself to the Prince of Wales, that egregious would be dandy. Costume, verging on the modern, was clumsy; heavy, high collars hid the fashionable neck, fold upon fold of starched muslin enveloped it in front; but the leg was still on view. They say that Brummell was the roof and crown of sober elegance; not gaudy in his array; rather somber, when compared with glorious Gaveston and brilliant Buckingham. The

prince would watch him dressing in an ecstasy of adoring admiration. But the Beau left the Tenth Hussars long before Wellesley led his dandy officers to the Peninsula; he lost his little fortune at cards, he became too impudent, even for the prince; he was "cut" by the great man, and asked his companion, "Who is your fat friend?" He left the town forever in the year after Waterloo; he declined to keep a tiny sinecure in France; he ended as an object of charity and disgust—poor Beau, a beautiful clay pipkin that had tried to float among the solid pots of gold and steel. Many men, since the Beau, have sought to advertise themselves by wit and impudence and dandyism, but Disraeli was the only great success. Long ago a

very old lady told me that she had seen him at a great party, knowing few people, "not looking like a gentleman," and wearing green velvet breeches! It sounds impossible, but that was her story. On the whole, it seems that fighting dandies are the best of the breed, and that the other kinds, if they persevere too long, come to bad ends. Yet it is better, and more human, to be a dandy than a grobian. Buffon was a dandy of science, and, if I go to a party of the Fellows of the Royal Society, I wish that there were more Buffons. David Hume, too—that smiling David in a yellow satin coat *semé* with black velvet butterflies—was doing his best, courageously. Let us respect the dandyism of the Philosopher!





Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE, XVI

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

PAINTED IN 1904 BY ELLEN EMMET

WHITMAN IN OLD AGE

THIRD PAPER

FROM HORACE TRAUBEL'S RECORD

September 10, 1888.

"If he [Gilchrist] had had another opinion of Eakins's picture, he would have painted a different Walt Whitman picture himself. The two pictures sort of bark at each other, they are so unlike."

Tuesday, September 11, 1888.—"I am not sure myself about Carlyle's final place,—what he must finally come to,—whether to be acknowledged beyond his present fame or to fall short. I am disposed to think of him as more significant than any modern man—as in himself a full answer to the cry of the modern spirit for expression. This chirpy, self-satisfied age, full of vaunt, boast,—so certain of all facts or no facts,—stood in need of just such a man—a man full of scorn, complaint, contempt, lashing it into good manners by his fury."

I read him a note I received from Stedman to-day—this:

New London, Sunday, Sept. 8th, 1888.

DEAR MR. TRAUBEL: I am on a kind of "Sentimental Journey," needing a week's rest, among the haunts of my youth—and thus happen to be passing Sunday at this old port. My son sent me the final proof-sheets of the passages which I selected from Walt's poetry for the Library of American Literature. Will you kindly show these to him, and then return them to me—^{c/o} C. L. Webster & Co., 3 East 14th str., New York City?

The problem was to give a really characteristic and sympathetic representation within the utmost space that could be allotted. You see there are 149 other authors in the same vol., the space for each averaging only $3\frac{1}{2}$ pages. I have given Walt *twelve*.

So I begin with the *American* note—the New World; then the cosmic and radical, following with human heroism, evolution, &c. &c. Then, for pure lyric splendor and sustained flight, the long passage from Out of the Cradle. Next, my favorites, for imagi-

nation—vitality—feeling, among his *complete* short poems: The Frigate-bird, Ethiopian, O Captain, Old Ireland, Platte Cañon, &c.; then through the Vast Rondure, to broader life and immortality. Thus I suggest, at least an epitome of Whitman's course in thought and song, from port to destination.

My love and constant honor to the grand old bard of whom the last tidings that reached me were satisfying. Next week Cassell & Co. are to give me a decision about the Calendar. As I said before, I am not hopeful for this year.

Sincerely yours.

Edmund C. Stedman.

When W. heard, "I have given Walt twelve," he smiled happily: "That does me proud." When I read, "the grand old bard," he exclaimed: "Ah did he say that! I am in luck, indeed!" And in conclusion: "So you think Stedman means well—is affectionate? Yes, does well. I guess you are right: Stedman has been fair to a degree—has sized us up generously. I take all this as a feather in our cap,"—handling and lifting up the proofs,—“another point gained—won, I may say. Ah! we are getting along! I take all this as significant for our cause."

W. said as to Stedman's reference to the Calendar: "Well, I don't care for that: that 's the least concern of all." Much moved by Stedman's good-will. "Aside entirely from the question of going into the book or not—the bandying of literary standards and reputations—aside from all that is the love Stedman excites in me by the consistent affection and consideration that he demonstrates. I would not be worth while if I failed to respond to that in kind."

Wednesday, September 12, 1888.—Then alluded to the Carlyle book. He regarded Carlyle as being "gloomy pabulum, full of growl, darkness, venom." "Carlyle," he added, "was satisfied with

nobody—not with poets, reformers, writers; not with uncommon people or common people: was a damnable, dyspeptic, Presbyterian temperament, all the more nasty, horrible, to me because I insist upon a more affable attitude towards society." Corning made some allusion to

ace has been putting it to me here and profoundly, too, I think, we must not forget the immense overwhelming pathos of it all. I could not disregard it; indeed, I fully comprehend, gladly allow, it. Then I'm so much an optimist myself,—born so,—constitutionally an optimist,



Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

HORACE TRAUBEL

Carlyle's domestic relations. W. turned that down vigorously. "I make nothing of that. My complaint (what right have I to complain?) is of a more personal nature. Carlyle's very existence was an insult to the Almighty—a slap in the face of the universe. But there's more than that to Carlyle,—I do not hide the fact from myself,—gleams of suns, almost paradisaical haloings. And then, as Hor-

ace may be just as well to have some quotations from the other side—to have some one indicate that things are not all they might be; as the old lady says in the story, 'not all sugar'; that they need mending, need labor, need a devil of a thinking, before they can be set to order."

Corning said: "How can you account for the friendship of Emerson and Carlyle? They are such opposites. It is a

surprise to me." "No, no," said W., "it does not surprise me; I can easily see why it should be so. Carlyle is not all told in what I have just been saying. Besides, I am myself fascinated with this book—fascinated, hate to put it down; am absorbed, forget myself, in the book. The great fact which I never forget as I go along is that the Carlyle of this book is just the man Carlyle: bad as this may seem it is honest; from top to toe, with every hair of his head, Carlyle—Carlyle the man; no trimming, no trimming, no dressing; compensating for all his sins in a grand integrity. The worst of this book is its monotony, its utter want of relief. It is a blank, blank horror and no release. In the hospitals at Washington I had multiform experiences—horrors, phantoms; the agonies unspeakable of the sick man: these things, other things, all of a nature to overdraw a man's store of sympathy; but there you could buckle to"—here he slapped the arm of his chair—"lend a hand, take part in the daily work of the world. There are even outlets in work for emotional tempests. In this book there's none of it—none of it at all: this book is the book of sitters and talkers."

September 13, 1888.—"Dudley's about the only man believing in the tariff I could ever hear with patience. He's the best of the lot; has a show of reason on his side. Dudley says for to-day, this hour, this minute, these present exigencies, these facts right under our feet, the tariff is the best policy, the only policy. Here we must stop. For certain classes this is the thing needed. Dudley states it this way: the tariff means profits, profits make a prosperous nation; therefore the tariff is just and right. This is the protection ideal and the protection reason. What do you make of it? I am done for; such logic staggers me. The whole thing is hoggish—put on hoggish foundations—my pocket, your pocket, houses, rents, grounds. We are often asked: Why should we do anything to help the English, the German, the Hungarian workman? Why should we? Why *should n't* we? It looks as good one way to me as another. I am not ashamed to confess that I am willing to have the foreign workman live. Home industry! Whose home? What home? I am not slow to

say—I am not afraid to say—I consider men en masse—for benefits as well as for other things. Some one has said 'mugwump' is the Indian name for captain. For my part I am willing to accept the name with all the orthodox odium attached, if it is necessary, though I do not label myself. It is easy to call names; I rejoice in being free."

Picked up a Bible at his feet. "Look at that! What noble type, how good to look at! The English still do the best printing. I do not think it's from a superior mechanical equipment so much as from a superior conscience." I asked: "Do you find the Bible worth while for a steady companion?" "Yes, it lasts; comes back to me. I have had this particular book about me now for twenty years; always have it by me to read; even lately have had constant inclinations towards it."

He had this to say about type-writing: "It seems to me ridiculous—robs us of something. For my part I would as lief, or rather, have the worst from a man's hand than the best from a machine."

September 16, 1888.—W. is very familiar with the formal classics in a general way. In our talk to-day he referred at different times to Aristophanes, Plato, Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, the Bagavad Gita, Euripides, Seneca. Once he quoted the Bible. He also advised me to read all I could "in Buddhist and Confucian books," saying: "Tackle them anyhow, anyhow: they will reward you." I had a pink in my buttonhole. He called me over to him. Took the flower. "You let me have this," he said. "You don't need it: you are going out into the open air: leave it to me here in my prison: it is a ray of light." He stuck it into the lapel of his own coat and slanted his eyes down affectionately towards it.

Monday, September 17, 1888.—"Carlyle was satisfied with nobody, nothing: no god existed for him; reform was a sham, democracy a humbug, civilization a lie; everything was turned helter-skelter; everything was wrong-ended; everything meant despair—dead death. But the question returns and returns again, was not Carlyle more than that? Was he not true, the honest reflex of some incontrovertible fact? And there I stick." I

asked: "Don't society sometimes need the whip of the master?" "Yes, indeed; that was what I was about to say. I am not so sure Carlyle will last. Many people—not the meanest—put a negation on Carlyle. There 's Bucke, a sagacious, catholic spirit—he shakes his head; he does not acquiesce in Carlyle. I make no rule for myself about reading; I read what comes to my hand, what pleases my mood."

September 18, 1888.—"I love John. [Burroughs.] We have not of late seen as much of each other as I would have liked. John has lived a little too close to the New York crowd; has been a trifle touched by it; is a little bit here and there under its sway. They don't let you alone; they press themselves upon you; there is no escape. You 've got to yield or say no with your clenched fist; they don't recognize any mild negative. But John's faithfulness, affection, are beyond question. Our relations with each other have always been comradely—largely and directly personal." Then he dwelt upon his life in Washington and intimacy with Burroughs there. "The mornings—shall I ever forget them? And John's wife—and the unmatched griddle-cakes—the best in the world—no one 's could equal hers (and at that time I set more store by such facts than I do *now*). Burroughs would come in for me and take me home with him for breakfast. Mrs. Burroughs managed things then,—kept some of the department clerks,—and there was always a rub with the precious coffee—that, too, the best on earth; and then the hour's talk after the meal—the sweet talk. They were precious days! I can never forget them—precious, sacred days." He then described Burroughs to me: "He is plain, large, not heavy—a farmer in appearance; a little hesitating in speech—a little more and it would be a stammer; cordial, endowed with a good voice—timbre to it: of habits all simple; just such a man as you like, I like—contented with what comes; fare frugal as a Jersey ploughman's or a country innkeeper's. John wins on you by just such qualities. They say of him,—I know it of him,—when there 's a particularly hard job of work to be done on the farm, he does it

himself—reserves it. He has hands there to help him, yet he chooses his own place, and that generally the most difficult one."

I asked him if he had seen B. since the New York reception. "No; he was there then—all the time I was—a couple of days—short; but enough for both, I guess. And that 's another thing about the New York boys. They look upon it as the great need, the supreme fact, to meet with, to gaze upon, *célèbres*; to gossip about them, to take them to dinners, to swell their peacock tails, and strut about with them." I said: "Your book acquits you of that weakness." "Weakness? Madness, you mean. So it does. And if it does not, I am sure I stand personally acquitted—acquit myself. I have no interest in mere distinction, in what the world calls greatness, in the professional elects, the superior author of this, the superior author of that, the superior author of the other. They do not fool me; their feathers are at the best only good for easy weather." I said to W.: "What I like about you, Walt, is that though you often talk strong, you never talk sore." He looked at me fixedly. "I hope you are right—I hope you are right; but are you right?" I replied: "I have n't thought that to-day alone; I have thought it always. It is not a judgment for one day alone; it is for all time." He was very fervent when he exclaimed: "Thank God for that! Thank God for that! I would rather talk weak than talk sore. Thank God for that!"

September 19, 1888.—"After all, if a fellow is to write poetry, the secret is, get in touch with humanity; know what the people are thinking about; retire to the very deepest sources of life—back, back, till there is no farther point to retire to."

September 22, 1888.—W. said: "Stedman is generous, is always doing things for people. I am not grateful, for I know he would resent gratitude; I am only happy for knowing his good will to be so near and constant." I said: "I told Stedman you personally cared little about the Calendar." "You did, eh? Well, you told what was true; I would n't turn on my heel for it. That 's the reason it seems like an outrage to worry Stedman with it."

Passed an old Dowden letter over to me. "Maybe you would like that. It's Dowden all over: always under rein—never slap-dash and let go; but loyal, hospitable, insinuating. I don't know what kind of man I like most—one kind of man or another kind of man. I guess I like all kinds most." I started to read the letter to myself. W. said: "Read it aloud; it's just as easy for you and better for me." I said to W.: "You're still your mother's boy, Walt." He laughed and answered fervently: "Thank God for that, Horace!"

Dublin, November 21, 1882.

DEAR MR. WHITMAN: Your card and "Progress" have just arrived. I rejoice that with the ill tidings of your recent prostration comes good news of your recovery. May this better condition continue! You annex your friends so closely that your health and strength becomes part of theirs.

I send you the "Academy," with my notice of "Specimen Days." I closed my review with a wish that you might try a voyage across the Atlantic. It would be a happy thing if we could have you here for a while, where you would find a bedroom, books, and, in summer, flowers and birds, besides a friend or two. Think of this. In London, I am sure, your welcome would be hearty. * *

Most truly yours, dear friend,

Edward Dowden

I said: "I know one thing in that letter that hit you hard." "So do I. What was it?" "The sentence, 'You annex your friends so closely'; that's my guess." "You fire right home; that's the thing. Is n't that better than writing books?" "But don't it come to you because you have written a book?" He hesitated an instant before replying. "It might be put that way, but I prefer to say, *because I have lived a life*. Don't you think *living a life* the most important thing, after all?" I accepted his amendment. "I suppose you would say, Walt, that the trouble with most books is that they have not lived a life." "Precisely. That comes first; all else follows, or does n't follow. Living a life,—a life of service, love,—that is the first article in every noble faith."

September 22, 1888.—I picked up the Jane Carlyle book. W.'s marker was stuck into it about halfway through. Was

he interested, after all? "No; I think it about the stupidest stuff that ever was put into print." Harned asked: "Why was it printed, then?" W. replied: "Lord only knows. Because the world wanted it, I suppose—wanted, and would pay for it." But Mrs. Carlyle was for him "one of those smart people, capable of saying sharp and bitter and bright things—the sort no one could ever expect me to feel any thorough interest in." He regarded it as "a horrible dose, taken all in all: the whole Carlyle matter, in fact, very hard indeed to bear. Sour, discontented, vinegary, grunting—what a horror it is! As you heard me say the other night, the Carlyle rumpus is a reproach to the Almighty. Think of it, that any man could stand in the presence of the great globes and say, All this is humbug! Stand and rail at everything, all men—the whole constitution of the existing universe; nothing left in the wreckage to satisfy the soul; nothing to offer reassurances; nothing that would compensate for defects or make up for evil. There's no use talking; they were both bad eggs—Jane, Thomas; bad eggs, indeed. And yet I see underlying all that, pervading all, pathos—pathos, as you said the other day so finely, Horace. Here everything is pathetic. No matter how deep you dig, how wide you cut, how high you go, there's the pathos of it, the awful pathos of it, staring you in the face. Yet I keep always asking myself another question! Why the h— did n't she marry some strong, healthy, manly Scotchman—some fellow who loved her and could be lived with? Then all this vinegar might have been turned into sweet channels; might have been spared or converted to beneficent uses. Carlyle seemed to forget that other men had mothers, too. He did n't have sympathy for other men's mothers; he was dull. Did n't see the big things in others—in Mill, for instance; and he never saw Radicalism clearly: all the radicals, democrats,—no matter how disinterested, pure, were to him damned shams, arrant knaves, spectres of night; and civilization itself, modern life and hopes, more than all, the fresher spiritual lights, aroused in him sorry forebodings of reaction. Life is not so bright that anybody should wanton with it, should keep its shadows too much to the front.

Carlyle spit out everything—perhaps to his peace, though to the world's pain."

Harned said: "Walt, you've gone at a great pace: you've rubbed all the fur off Carlyle's back." W. laughed. "Well, Tom, look what Carlyle has done to me: he has left me with hardly a hope left, for all my great faith, what with the green envy and devilish venom of his growl. Yet I know more 's to be said—much more. I always tell myself, after speaking freely of Carlyle, there is more yet to be said. He was needed; he was great; he was important to this age perhaps beyond any other."

I cited a story repeated by Emerson to Whittier. Emerson told Carlyle about a lecture manager who tried to get him to deduct something from his fee for the lecture after it was delivered. Carlyle took his pipe from his mouth and exclaimed: "And why did you not put a bullet through his doorty brains?" W. enjoyed the story. "Well, I could forgive Carlyle much for that. That 's a classic."

Sunday, September 23, 1888.—"Carlyle is still a Carlyle mystery to me. I have long had these doubts and they remain unshaken by all I have recently read." I advised W. to read the letters. "They show the best Carlyle—Carlyle real, loyal; they are the letters to his mother, father, and brothers." W. said quickly: "That 's surely stuff for me to read: nothing is more likely to exploit the interior best of a man." I remarked: "I admit all you said last night, and yet Carlyle has done me good." "I am glad to hear you say that, Horace; he has done me good, too—immense, incalculable good. That is what I always allow, whatever has been denied—the substance of his message underlying all its often misguiding words; the precious something unwritten, unsaid; the fact below the fact. I have often taken up cudgels for Carlyle. I remember two or three occasions at Pearsall Smith's—stormy occasions—when I had to rally the stampede and declare for Carlyle in vehement terms."

September 23, 1888.—I asked him: "What comes before comradeship?" He answered: "Nothing." I asked: "And

after?" "Nothing again." This apropos of a letter he gave me. It was one of the rough drafts a few of which he seems to have kept. I will put it right in here.

April 15, 1870.

Dear Benton Wilson.

DEAR LOVING COMRADE: As I have just been again reading your last letter to me of December 19, last. I think I wrote to you on receiving it, but cannot now remember for certain. Sometimes, after an interval, the thought of one I much love comes upon me strong and full all of a sudden—and now as I sit here by a big open window, this beautiful afternoon, every thing quiet and sunny—I have been and am now, thinking so of you, dear young man, and of your love, or more rightly speaking, our love for each other—so curious, so sweet, I say so *religious*—We met there in the Hospital—how little we have been together,—seems to me we ought to be some together every day of our lives—I don't care about talking, or amusement—but just to be together, and work together, or go off in the open air together—Now it is a long while since we have been together—and it seems a long while since I have had a letter. Don't blame me for not writing often. I know you would feel satisfied if you could only realize how and how much I am thinking of you, and with what great love, this afternoon. I can hardly express it in a letter—but I thought I would just write a letter this time off-hand to you, dearest soldier, only for love to you—I thought it might please you.

Nothing very new or different in my affairs. I am still working here in Atty Gens office—same posish—have good health—expect to bring out new editions of my books before long—how is the little boy—I send my love to him and to your wife and parents.

I looked at W. There were tears in my eyes. I said: "You did not ask me to read that aloud, and I 'm glad you did n't." "You mean you could n't have read it?" "Yes; and that you could n't have heard it read." His face was very grave. "Horace, it is true; it is true: I can't live some of my old letters over again." I said: "Those letters—yours to the soldiers—are the best gospel of comradeship in the language; better than the 'Leaves' itself." "Comradeship, yes; that 's the thing: getting one and one together to make two; getting the twos together everywhere to make all. That 's the only bond we should accept, and that 's the only freedom we should desire—comradeship, comradeship."

Monday, September 24, 1888.—The Cyril Flower letter was addressed to W. at Washington:

Furze Down, Surrey, S. W., July 16, '7.

DEAR MR. WHITMAN: Tennyson writes to you by this mail. He lays upon me the blame of not having written to you sooner, and I am willing to bear it. The fact is, the books went to his London address, and were not forwarded.

Yours affectionately,
Cyril Flower.

"I think it was then that Tennyson invited me to visit him in England. It was a tempting offer—it pulled at my heart-strings. My friends over there all said, 'Come; you will have an ovation. The time has arrived for you to come.' I was almost on the point of taking passage; then something inside me said very plainly, '*Stay where you are, Walt Whitman*'—said it in ways, in words, in warnings. I had no right to, could not, misunderstand. Even some of my friends here said go, and some were angry when I decided not to; but my own heart never was in any doubt about it—never said anything else than stay, stay, stay. The incident has no other history than that."

Bucke writes this: "I do not doubt you often feel bad enough, and I know you are very sick, worse luck. Still, it is grand to see you keep up as you do—never giving up to the last. I think it is immense—something for us all to be proud of and to take to heart; and the world will take all this to heart one day, and will be the better for it." I said to W.: "It's worth dying for, Walt—to live that way." He said: "If you'll remember that I'm only living to sign the six hundred books, you won't feel so proud of my courage." Gently laughed. I asked W.: "Walt, do I come too much?" He reached out his hand and took mine. "Does the fresh air come too much? Thank God for the fresh air!"

Wednesday, September 26, 1888.—7.50 P.M. W. improved to-day. Osler over, but not alarmed. W. reading Gilchrist's life of Blake. Asked me: "Do you know much about Blake? You know, this is Mrs. Gilchrist's book—the book she completed. They had made up their minds to do the work; her husband had it well

under way: he caught a fever, and was carried off. Mrs. Gilchrist was left with four young children, alone: her perplexities were great. Have you noticed that the time to look for the best things in best people is the moment of their greatest need? Look at Lincoln! He is our proudest example: he proved to be big as, bigger than, any emergency; his grasp was a giant's grasp—made dark things light, made hard things easy. Herbert's mother belonged to the same noble breed: seized the reins, was competent; her head was clear, her hand was firm. Her husband had designed an introductory note or two; she carried out his idea, neglected nothing, was afraid of nothing."

Friday, September 28, 1888.—Harned told W. that at the Hoffman House in New York on Wednesday he was put into the bridal chamber—the only room left. "What luxury!" W. said. "I, too, once had a taste of such grandeur. I refer to the reception of 1887. I had it bad then, and was glad enough to get away from it, too!" He threw his arms out wide. "A whole suite of rooms! crowds of people; rush; and such an utter weariness at the last! It was near midnight; I was clean gone: then John Fiske happened in and wanted to discuss the subject of the immortality of the soul. I saw that if I stayed a minute longer it would be all up with me. I called Billy and said: 'I'm nearly tired to death; take me somewhere—anywhere; take me to my room.' I directed Fiske to Pearsall Smith, saying: 'Here's a fellow who knows all about such things,' and went off, leaving them there to their talk; and for all I know they're still on the spot, whacking away at each other."

W. then added on the general question: "I'm satisfied with Epictetus—'what is good for thee, O Nature, is good for me.' Indeed, I am sure that whatever death is, it is all right."

September 28, 1888.—W. is very patient when things go bad or wrong. Being sick, he says: "Well, it's a comfort to think I'm not as ill as I might be." If there is something wrong in the book: "Well, thank the Lord it's na worse." Some one over-charged him: "No matter; stomach it, and be grateful to your stars

he has n't made it bigger." He never admits that any real luck is against him. "Nothing is so bad it might not be worse."

Wednesday, October 3, 1888.—Kirk had written of Charles the Bold? W. broke out vigorously: "Yes, he has, and I consider that a poisonous, insidious book—all such books, in fact: Carlyle's 'Frederick,' 'Cromwell.'" I asked in surprise: "How 's that?" And he added: "Well, I suppose I had better not say more—could not perhaps make out my case." Yet he did say more. "I may instance things meteorological, physiological, theological: could any one of them alone reveal life, the universe? To judge of history as if all could be brought, expressed, in one fact, one little branch of knowledge, in one person! I am very impatient of stories which imply the concentration of all historical meanings in single eminent persons. I have read but little from Green,—know practically nothing of him at first hand,—yet I am convinced that he was on the right track—was not a great-man historian, was not a disciple of the masters this and the masters that, and the devil take the people at large."

Thursday, October 4, 1888.—My foot struck a book. I reached down, pushed aside the newspaper that hid it, and picked it up. It proved to be one volume of the McKay Emerson. "Ah!" I said, "it has joined its fellow-treasures on the floor." W. said: "Yes; it is being initiated." Then he added more seriously: "You may doubt it, but I have been reading it a little—looking through it, at the least." Then, turning his eyes upon me as if desiring an answer: "As I read, an old feeling came back to me,—a feeling returned after the lapse of many years,—a feeling that the book is a little, just a little antique." Then, after a very brief pause and some evident thought: "And here and there signs of preaching—just a little of it. Don't you perceive it?" I answered: "Yes; preaching like the last paragraph of your Hicks." W. shook his head: "I should be sorry to think I preached too much." "It 's not 'too much,'" I rejoined. "Sometimes the preacher is needed; somebody needs to be shaken up—Covenanter style." W.

here remarked: "Well, a man insensibly falls into it—I, too: no one is entirely free from danger. It was unmistakable in Father Taylor and Elias Hicks. Perhaps the most remarkable trait in both was their dead earnestness—an awful sense of the gravity of their message. Hicks would unconsciously fall into the canting singsong tone, then come to realize his danger, recover himself; turn about quick as that," flinging arm and body,—“shake the thing off.” W. added to this graphically: "And his audiences always accepted it; comprehended what he meant."

This brought up the question of Emerson's optimism. "It is sometimes complained of as too general." W. said dissentingly: "No, no; it could not be. It can do nothing but good, be nothing but right. I have no patience with people who start out to blacken the face of the earth. Whether it is constitutional or what not with me, I stand for the sunny point of view—stand for the joyful conclusions. This is not because I merely guess: it 's because my faith seems to belong to the nature of things, is imposed, cannot be escaped; can better account for life and what goes with life than the opposite theory."

Tuesday, October 9, 1888.—8 P.M. W., reading the Mrs. Carlyle letters, held the book sort of in the air as he read. Eyes wide open. Hat on. Entire attitude one of great interest. Light burned brightly. Saw me; laid the book down. "Howdy? Howdy?" extending his right hand. They had cleared the room up a bit to-day. Complains some of his eyes. Fire burns in his room. Very hot, but calls the room "just about comfortable." Likes to keep the stove door open, to feed the fire from time to time. Still hates to be helped. "I 'd rather die helping myself than live being helped." Brings back the long nights of last winter—the little stove, the one now displaced,—never able to heat the room; he sitting there, a pad on his knee, writing—sometimes a book; and then our talks—the sweet, cherished talks on all subjects under the sun. Now he sits on the same spot, a different figure: less virile, subdued; waiting in his own way for "an inevitable release." This creature of out-doors, this open-air god,

as I once called him to his own great amusement, now sits in a closed room, sensitive to drafts, feeling warm on cold days, and cold on hot days. The contrast hit me hard to-night when he said: "Ah, Horace, is it hot here, and is it not cool out of doors?" And then further: "Clear, did you say? And do the stars shine? And the moon? Is it a half moon? Oh! it must be one of God's perfect nights," ending the matter with a deep sigh.

Saturday, October 13, 1888.—I had to-day paid Spear's bill for stove, and charged to the fund. I said to W.: "If you find the bill, tear it up." He started to say: "I intended having you pay it," but I interrupted: "It is paid already; it is settled for you by your friends." He looked at me quizzically. "How's that? Who does it?" I explained: "The same people who put the nurse here." He was touched deeply. "And who are they?" he asked earnestly. "Tell me?" "No, I can't," I replied—"a group of us, a group of your friends, who are pledged to keep you comfortable the rest of your days." "It is so good! Boy, boy, who are they?" I got up from my seat, and made a move toward the table, afraid that unless I did something physical I would give way to the feelings excited by his unusual display of emotion. "Never mind, Walt; I can't tell you any more about it: tear up the bill." And then for some minutes there was absolute quiet: he looked about the room, and out of the window, and towards me. He fooled some with his pen, which he took up and laid down. He played a bit with his big penknife. Finally he broke out: "God bless you all, whoever you are! God bless you all—all!" And then he stopped. No more was said on that subject; but his manner all the rest of the evening was more than ever affectionate, full of suppressed feeling. He did add later on just before I left: "Horace, you have done many things for me, but this last lays over them all. God bless you!"

Tuesday, October 16, 1888.—Told him I was going to have a Whitman gallery in one corner of my room. "Shall I help you out?" he asked. Then said: "You know the Cox portraits? Have you one

of them? No? Well, they are not all of them satisfactory to me: I had eight or ten, and kept only two. My own choice right through has been the one I call 'the laughing philosopher.' It was that I sent to Tennyson; and he liked it well, I have understood." After a bit he added: "If Tennyson happened in here some day,—came unannounced,—what a talk we would have! I suppose he would want to light his pipe; and though I have never smoked, I should almost want to smoke with him, to celebrate our meeting in fit style."

Sunday, October 21, 1888.—I had been far in the country on a long walk. I said something about "the joy of going on and on and not getting tired." This aroused him. "I can fully realize that joy—that untranslatable joy: I have known its meaning to the full. In the old days, long ago, I was fond of taking interminable walks—going on and on, as you say, without a stop or the thought of a stop. It was at that time, in Washington, that I got to know Peter Doyle—a Rebel, a car-driver, a soldier. Have you met him here, seen him, talked with him? Ah, yes. We would walk together for miles and miles, never sated. Often we would go on for some time without a word, then talk, Pete a rod ahead or I a rod ahead. Washington was then the grandest of all the cities for such strolls. In order to maintain the centrality, identity, authority, of the city, a whole chain of forts, barracks, was put about it, and roads leading out to them. It was therefore owing to these facts that our walks were made easy. Oh, the long, long walks, way into the nights, in the after hours, sometimes lasting till two or three in the morning! The air, the stars, the moon, the water—what a fullness of inspiration they imparted! What exhilaration! And there were the detours, too—wanderings off into the country out of the beaten path. I remember one place in Maryland in particular to which we would go. How splendid, above all, was the moon—the full moon, the half moon; and then the wonder, the delight, of the silences." He half sat up in bed as he spoke. "It was a great, a precious, a memorable experience. To get the ensemble of 'Leaves of Grass'

you have got to include such things as these—the walks, Pete's friendship. Yes, such things; they are absolutely necessary to the completion of the story."

Thursday, October 25, 1888.—We discussed Bucke's reference to his re-reading of Cooper. W. expressed great interest, especially after I told him Cooper was just as fresh as ever to me. Questioned me closely. How was I impressed with Cooper's "outdooriness," and so forth? Then: "I do not wonder that he lasts, that you still find yourself drawn to him. He is justified by what you say: Cooper was a master-man in many very significant ways. Cooper had a growl—the cynicism of Carlyle, without the top-of-ticalness with which Carlyle carried it off: and there was a healthy vigor in everything Cooper did, even to the libel suits he had so many of, up in New York. I always liked the make-up of the man. Cooper would take his own part magnificently. Let a scribbler go for him, and Cooper would hit back with great effect; sued, went to court. . . . I never met Cooper; I never met him to talk with,—at least I think I did not,—but I heard him. He was a good, sturdy man in appearance. Had the appearance of a farmer—a brainy farmer; not very tall, not very stout. Good belly; carried himself well. Unlike Irving, Cooper had a remarkable personality, and, as I have said, he had Carlyle's cynicism to some extent, though he was never gloomy—was always as strong and sweet as sunlight. Irving, on the other hand, suggested weakness, if he was not weak; was pleasant, as you say, but without background. I never enthused over him: Irving was suckled on the Addisonian-Oxford-Cambridge milk."

I quoted something Bryant said about Cooper—that he was "our first man," &c. W. said: "Ah! Bryant! Did he say that? Bryant is himself the man. Of all Americans, so far, I am inclined to rank Bryant highest. Bryant has all that was knotty, gnarled, in Dante, Carlyle; besides that, has great other qualities. It has always seemed to me Bryant, more than any other American, had the power to suck in the air of spring, to put it into his song, to breathe it forth again—the impalpable influence of spring, the new entrance to life. A feature in Bryant

which is never to be underweighed is the marvelous purity of his work in verse. It was severe—oh! so severe! Never a waste word; the last superfluity struck off; a clear, nameless beauty pervading and overarching all the work of his pen. Bryant the man I met often—often. He was not much of a talker, would not impress or attract as such. His voice was a good one, not deep, not fascinating—moving, eloquent. Bryant tried lecturing. He was a great homeopathist, a great Unitarian. At the time of the homeopathic excitement he delivered two or three lectures on the subject. But I don't think he liked lecturing himself, and he did not prove a success with others. He was an American,—that is one of the palpable facts,—thoroughly American, patriotic; moreover, he had a tint of the Scotch left—a trifle hypochondriac, a bit irascible. I have often observed marked traces running through the Scotch character of general hypochondriacism. Burns? Yes; and Carlyle. Bryant bore the marks of it. I know it is not invariable; there are exceptions: but in the main its existence cannot be questioned."

W. led the way at this point to his "Critic" note weighing the relative merits of our great poets. "Of late days I have put Bryant first of the four—Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow: in that order. The 'Critic' piece will show. You put Emerson first? So did I years ago,—for many years,—but I have been led to make a change. But my revisions of old opinions are constant, so that perhaps I shall revise the list again before I am done for. At any rate, I feel the uncertainties attending this method of reasoning—its unprofitableness; and how can an end even be reached? Then, it is true, what you say, Horace: among the giants, what matters a little more or less? Who can draw a line?" . . .

Saturday, October 27, 1888.—"Take Lincoln. I can speak from knowledge of those department fellows. When I was in Washington, there were about two thousand of them, full half of whom had nothing to do. All day long these boys would loaf about, talk together, invent stories—invent filthy stories: their minds ran upon such themes. A fellow would sit at his desk—the fellow with something

to do; along would come somebody. 'Have you heard the latest?' The busy man would look up with surprise. 'No; what 's that?' Then his visitor would likely come closer—whisper: 'Have you a minute to spare?' And generally it would be 'Yes.' Then he would take a seat, draw up his chair, and tell you some story." W. laughed: "I have often seen it done, been a party to it—a victim." He added: "Then in a day or two the story would turn up in the papers, foisted on Lincoln, fastened to him, thenceforth to take a place among the 'facts' of his life."

Wednesday, October 31, 1888.—W. was very earnest as he said: "By the way, Horace, I have been reading the book you left last night—the George Eliot book. It is wonderfully interesting. I have read two or three of the pieces—read them almost verbatim: the Heine, the piece on Young. There were things revealed to me which I never realized in George Eliot before—for one thing, a subtlety of surpassing greatness. It was with a good deal of pleasure that I read the piece on Young. Young deserved it all. I never knew George Eliot could let herself out so: it was something to learn that, if there was nothing else to be gained by it. Yet there was more—oh, so much more. She is profound, masterful; her analysis is perfect; she chases her game without tremor to the every limit of its endurance. It is all a wonderful specimen of dialectics—excites my most thorough-going admiration. Her paper on Heine has likewise thrown out hints of things or things not known to me before."

W. remarked that he "often cudgelled with" himself to know "if the final summing up—the last conclusive message—has yet been delivered with respect to Heine." He found his own admiration of Heine "a constantly growing one. I look on him as a genuinely great soul, not yet justly measured; hot, turbulent, but gifted highly—perhaps as highly as any modern man." He respected Heine as "combining in himself the distinguishing elements both of Burns and Byron, and then powers clearly superadded. Both those influences seem to stream into Heine. Yet he was great in learning, culture; knowing in all things—literature,

science; was Hellenist, full of fact, circumstance: as packed with it as Goethe, Carlyle. Yet Heine was always warm, pulsing; his style pure, lofty, sweeping, in its wild strength. Heine knew more than Burns. It becomes a familiar reproach to speak of Heine's 'mockery.' It does not disturb me: I never find myself shocked, repelled, by it. They call it 'mockery.' I think there should be another word for it—that there is, though I can't recall it now; for Heine deserves a better word. They may call it a trick with Heine—a trick; but whatever it be called, it is very effective. It seems to belong honestly to Heine; is quite in its place in him, is not an importation. . . . What you said yesterday about Heine's culture was very cute, Horace. If it don't hit the nail on the head, it at least shows where the head can be found. I find in Heine a superb fusion of culture and native elemental genius. I consider it the bane of the universities, colleges, that they withhold, withdraw, men from direct, drastic contact with life. The best gift to our age so far is what we have come to know as the scientific spirit. It is just in this thing that the universities must fill out if they are to be centers of rising influence. Whether it all came from Bacon,—from the work attributed to Bacon,—as some are disposed to claim, or whether it is the result of painful slow evolution, of long accumulation, I don't know—I am not knowing enough to settle; but that it is here, that we have got a hold on it, that I know full well. It is the crowning glory of our time that this new evangel has appeared. There is no salvation if not in that. It is an appeal to nature, an appeal to final meanings, to facts, to the sun itself; it is an absolute surrender to truth. It never asks us, Do you want this thing to be true? or, Is it ugly, hateful? but, Is it true; and if it is true, that settles it. That 's all there is to it; that 's all there needs to be to it; that 's enough.

"Here science and literature are one, as they everywhere and always should be one, in fact; and it is here, in such a noble equipment, that Heine lustrously shines. Brilliant, gems, crystallizations, in the requisites of a writer,—bright epigrams, splendid learning, eloquent roundings-off of phrase,—all these, I can see

have an importance, too, though second-rate, third rate, at the best. But in all imaginative work, all pure poetic work, there must especially come in a primal quality, not to be mentioned, named, described, but always felt when present: the direct off-throwing of nature, parting the ways between formal, conventional, borrowed expression and the fervor of genuine spirit. Heine had it; so do all the big fellows have it. More than any other agent, science has been furthering it." Was it not also in "Leaves of Grass?" W. exclaimed fervidly: "Oh, I hope so, I believe so. It has been in the air: I have sucked it in as the breath of life, unconsciously, not by determination, but with full recognition now of its great value, of its wonderful significance. Yes, 'Leaves of Grass' would lose much if it lost that. That is the ground underlying all—the fact, the fact, that alone; the fact devotedly espoused, sacred, uplifting! The whole mass of people are being leavened by this spirit of scientific

worship—this noblest of religions coming after all the religions that came before. After culture has said its last say we find that the best things yet remain to be said: that the heart is still listening to have heart things said to it; the brain still listening to have brain things said to it; the faith, the spirit, the soul of man, waiting to have such things of faith, spirit, the soul, said to it. Books won't say what we must have said. Try all that books may say, they can't say it. The utmost pride goes with the utmost resignation. Science says to us, be ready to say yes whatever happens, whatever don't happen; yes, yes, yes. That's where science becomes religion—where the new spirit utters the highest truth—makes the last demonstration of faith. Looks the universe full in the face,—its bad in the face, its good,—and says yes to it." I gazed at W. His face shone; he regarded me with great love. I kissed him good night and withdrew. "Good-night!" he called after me. "Good-night! Good-night!"



THE HAUNTED WORLD

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Yonder fall of the leaf, yonder splashing of water,
Have all one meaning to me;
Under the mute, wet rocks, over the breathing treetops,
A voice speaks breathlessly,
Ushered into the woods 'mid the still, slim trunks of the pine,
Waving the reddened boughs, and tearing the tangled vine—
The wild world's misery.

Far have I sped from men, far from the steel-stone city,
To meet with God in the woods,
To see the beauty of earth as it spins with the flaming planets,
And steep myself in its moods:
But, oh, not far enough to escape the anguish of man!
On every leaf it is stamped, on every blade is its ban;
Into the wind it swung, into the stream it ran,
And, lo! in the sky it broods!



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PEDRITE, A NAVAJO YOUTH



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"THE SPIRIT OF THE CORN"

A study of a Laguna girl arranged to portray something of the superstition of the Pueblo tribes in their belief in spirits of the rain, harvest, etc

AMERICAN INDIANS
OF THE SOUTHWEST

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
KARL-E-MOON





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SO CHI NT ("THE WOLF")

A Navajo boy, full blooded and a strong type.



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K1-E TE DAY, A LAGUNA MAIDEN

From the Pueblo of Laguna, New Mexico. She is wearing a Navajo blanket and Navajo silver ornaments.

THE STRICKEN MOUNTAINEER

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

ONCE he was king of forest men.
To him a snow-capped mountain-range
Was but a line, a place of mark,
A view-point on the trail. Then
He had no fear of dark,
Nor of wind's change.
Now an up-rolled rug along the floor
Appals his feet. His withered arm
Shakes at the menace of a door,
And every wind-waft does him harm.

God, it is a piteous sight to see
This ranger of the hills confined
To the poor compass of his room
Like a chained eagle on a tree,
Lax-winged and gray and blind!
Only in dream he sees the bloom
On far hills where the red deer run;
Only in dream he guides the swift canoe,
Or stalks the crafty cat with dog and polished gun.

The mightiest cañon of the earth
He conquered; cleft it to the heart:
Now here beside his tiny hearth
He sits benumbed, taking no part
In all the splendid explorations of the west.
With deep-eyes pleading like a dying deer
He asks release from pain—and rest.

In him behold the story of our best—
The chronicle of riflemen behind the plow.
His the life of those who knew
No barrier but the sunset in their quest.
On his bent head and grizzled hair
Is set the sign of those who show
New cunning to the wolf, who chase
The mother panther to her lair
And strike the lion from the mountain's face.

And when he dies, as soon he must,
A magic word goes with him to the grave.
He was a pioneer. Above his dust
Set these plain words: "He was a brave.
He faced the winter's winds unscared.
He met stern nature stark alone.

Our velvet way his steel prepared.
He died without a curse or moan."

'Then bury him not here in city soil,
Where the cars grind and factories spill
Their acrid smoke on those who toil.
Bear him away to some high hill
That overlooks the mighty stream
Whose thousand miles of pathway 'mid the corn
Blazons his prowess. There let him dream,
And wait God's resurrection morn.



THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XLI

SHE WOULD DO SOMETHING

SIR NIGEL'S face was not a good thing to see when he appeared at the dinner table in the evening. Until the soup had been removed he scarcely spoke, merely making curt replies to any casual remark.

"Mount Dunstan is in a deucedly unpleasant position," he condescended at last. "I should not care to stand in his shoes."

He had not returned to the Court until late in the afternoon, but having heard in the village the rumor of the outbreak of fever, he had made inquiries and gathered detail.

"You are thinking of the outbreak of typhoid among the hop-pickers," said Lady Anstruthers. "Mrs. Brent thinks it threatens to be very serious."

"An epidemic without a doubt," he answered. "In a wretched unsanitary place like Dunstan village the wretches will die like flies."

"What will be done?" inquired Betty.

He gave her one of his unpleasant personal glances and laughed derisively.

"Done? The county authorities who call themselves 'Guardians' will be frightened to death, and will potter about and fuss like old women, and profess to ex-

amine and protect and lay restrictions; but every one will manage to keep at a discreet distance, and the thing will run riot and do its worst. As far as one can see, there seems no reason why the whole place should not be swept away. No doubt Mount Dunstan has wisely taken to his heels already."

"I think that, on the contrary, there would be much doubt of that," Betty said. "He would stay and do what he could."

Sir Nigel shrugged his shoulders.

"Would he? I think you 'll find he would not."

"Mrs. Brent tells me," Rosalie broke in somewhat hurriedly, "that the huts for the hoppers are in the worst possible condition. They are so dilapidated that the rain pours into them. There is no proper shelter for the people who are ill, and Lord Mount Dunstan cannot afford to take care of them."

"But he will—he will," broke forth Betty. Her head lifted itself, and she spoke almost as if through her small shut teeth. A wave of intense belief, high, proud, and obstinate, swept through her. It was a feeling so strong and vibrant that she felt as if Mount Dunstan himself must be reached and upborne by it, as if he himself must hear her.

Rosalie looked at her half startled, and

for the moment held fascinated by the sudden force rising in her and by the splendid spark of light under her lids.

"He has had an enormous effect on you—that man," Nigel said to Betty.

He spoke clearly, so that she might have the pleasure of being certain that the men-servants heard. They were close to the table, handing fruit, professing to be automatons, eyes down, faces expressing nothing, but as quick of hearing as it is said that blind men are.

"He is strong enough to produce an effect on any one," she said. "I think you feel that yourself. He is a man who will not be beaten in the end. Fortune will give him some good thing."

"He is a fellow who knows well enough on which hand of him good things lie," he said. "He will take all that offers itself."

"Why not?" Betty said impartially.

"There must be no riding or driving in the neighborhood of the place," he said next. "I will have no risks run." He turned and addressed the butler. "Jennings, tell the servants that those are my orders."

He sat over his wine only a short time that evening, and when he joined his wife and sister-in-law in the drawing-room he went at once to Betty. In fact, he was in the condition when a man cannot keep away from a woman, but must invent some reason for reaching her whether it is fatuous or plausible.

"What I said to Jennings was an order to you as well as to the people below stairs. I know you are particularly fond of riding in the direction of Mount Dunstan. You are in my care so long as you are in my house."

"Orders are not necessary," Betty replied. "The day is past when one rushed to smooth pillows and give the wrong medicine when one's friends were ill. If one is not a properly trained nurse, it is wiser not to risk being very much in the way."

He spoke over her shoulder, dropping his voice, though Lady Anstruthers sat apart, appearing to read.

"Don't think I am fool enough not to understand. You have yourself under magnificent control; but a woman passionately in love cannot keep a certain look out of her eyes."

He was standing near her on the hearth. Betty swung herself lightly round, facing him squarely. Her full look was splendid.

"If it is there—let it stay," she said. "I would not keep it out of my eyes if I could; and you are right, I could not if I would—if it is there. If it is—let it stay."

The daring, throbbing human truth of her made his brain whirl. To a man young and clean and fit to count as in the lists, to have heard her say the thing of a rival would have been hard enough; but base, degenerate, and of the world behind her day, to hear it, while frenzied for her, was intolerable. And it was Mount Dunstan she bore herself so highly for.

"You think you will reach him," he persisted. "You think you will help him in some way. You will not let the thing alone."

"Excuse my mentioning that whatsoever I take the liberty of doing will encroach on no right of yours," she said.

But alone in her room, after she went up-stairs, the face reflecting itself in the mirror was pale, and its black brows were drawn together.

"If I were free to take Rosalie and Ughtred home to-morrow," she thought, "I could not bear to go. I should suffer too much."

She was suffering now. The strong longing in her heart was like a physical pain. No word or look of this one man's had given her proof that his thoughts turned to her, and yet it was intolerable—intolerable, that in his hour of stress and need they were as wholly apart as if worlds rolled between them. At any dire moment it was mere nature that she should give herself in help and support. If on the night at sea when they had first spoken to each other the ship had gone down, she knew that they two, strangers though they were, would have worked side by side among the frantic people, and have been among the last to take to the boats. How did she know? Only because he being he and she being she, it must have been so. And now he stood facing a calamity almost as terrible, and she with full hands sat still!

She had seen the hop-pickers' huts, and had recognized their condition. In their

long past better days but mere brick sheds in which the pickers slept upon bundles of hay or straw, in their decay they did not even provide shelter. Illness of any order, under such circumstances, would have small chance of recovery, but malignant typhoid, without shelter, without proper nourishment, or nursing, gave one chance in a million. And he—this one man—stood alone in the midst of the tragedy, responsible and helpless. He would feel himself responsible as she herself would if she were in his place. She was aware that suddenly the event of the afternoon, the interview upon the marshes, had receded until it had become an almost unmeaning incident.

She had restlessly left her chair before the dressing-table and was walking to and fro. She paused and stood looking down at the carpet, though she scarcely saw it.

"Nothing matters but one thing—one person," she owned to herself aloud. "Sometimes one feels so disdained," she said,—“so disdained, with all one's power! Perhaps I am an unwanted thing."

But even in this case there were things one might make an effort to do. She went to her writing-table and sat thinking for some time. Afterward she began to write letters. Three or four were addressed to London; one was to Mr. Penzance.

MOUNT DUNSTAN and his vicar were walking through the village to the vicarage.

"They are in a panic of fear," Mount Dunstan said, "and by way of safeguard they shut out every breath of air and stifle indoors. Something must be done."

Catching the eye of a woman who was peering over her short white dimity blind, he beckoned to her authoritatively. She came to her door and hesitated there, curtsying nervously.

He spoke to her across the hedge.

"You need not come out to me, Mrs. Binner. You may stay where you are," he said. "Are you obeying the orders given by the Guardians?"

"Yes, my lord. Yes, my lord," with more curtsyes.

"Your health is very much in your own

hands," he added. "You must keep your cottage and your children cleaner than you have ever kept them before, and you must use the disinfectants I sent you. Keep away from the huts and open your windows. If you don't open them, I shall come and do it for you. Bad air is infection itself. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my lord. Thank your lordship."

"Go in and open your windows now, and tell your neighbors to do the same. If any one is ill, let me know at once. The vicar and I will do our best for every one."

By that time curiosity had overcome fear, and other cottage doors had opened. Mount Dunstan passed down the row and said a few words to each woman or man who looked out. The mere sight of him was, on the whole, an unexplainable support.

"We heard said your lordship was going away," put in a stout mother, with a heavy child on her arm, a slight testiness scarcely concealed by respectful good manners.

"I shall stay where I am," he answered. "My place is here."

They believed him, Mount Dunstan though he was. It could not be said that they were fond of him, but gradually it had been borne in upon them that his word was to be relied on, though his manner was unalluring, and they knew he was too poor to do his duty by them or his estate. As he walked away with the vicar, windows were opened, and in one or two untidy cottages a sudden flourishing of mops and brooms began.

There was dark trouble in his face. In the huts they had left two men stiff on their straw and two women and a child in a state of collapse. Added to these were men and women stricken helpless. A number of workers in the hop-gardens, on realizing the danger threatening them, had gathered together bundles and children, and leaving the harvest behind, had gone on the tramp again. Those who remained were the weaker or less cautious, or were held by some tie to those who were already ill of the fever. The village doctor was an old man who had spent his blameless life in bringing little cottagers into the world, attending their measles and whooping coughs, and their fathers' and grandfathers' rheumatics.

He had never faced a village crisis in the course of his seventy-five years, and was aghast and flurried with fright. His methods remained those of his youth, and were marked chiefly by a readiness to prescribe calomel in any emergency. A younger and stronger man was needed, as well as a man of more modern training. But even the most brilliant practitioner of the hour could not have provided shelter and nourishment, and without them his skill would have counted as nothing. During the past three weeks there had been no rain, which was a condition not likely to last. Already gray clouds were gathering and obscuring the blueness of the sky.

The vicar glanced upward anxiously.

"When it comes," he said, "there will be a downpour, and a persistent one."

"Yes," Mount Dunstan answered.

He had lain awake thinking throughout the night. It was as Betty Vanderpoel had known it would be. He, beggar though he might be, was the lord of the land, was the man to face the strait of these poor workers on the land, as his own. Some action must be taken. What action? As he walked by his friend's side from the huts where the dead men lay, he made clear to his friend how his thought had run.

They were going to the vicarage to consult a medical book, but on the way there they passed a part of the park where, through a break in the timber, the huge, white, blind-faced house stood on view. Mount Dunstan laid his hand on Mr. Penzance's shoulder, and stopped him.

"Look there!" he said. "*There* are weather-tight rooms enough."

A startled expression showed itself on the vicar's face.

"For what?" he exclaimed.

"For a hospital," Mount Dunstan replied, brusquely. "I can give them one thing at least—shelter."

The vicar was silent a moment, and a flush of sympathy warmed his face.

"You are quite right, Fergus," he said, "entirely right."

"Let us go to your study and plan how it shall be done," Mount Dunstan said.

As they walked toward the vicarage he went on talking.

"When I lie awake at night there is one thread which always winds itself

through my thoughts, whatsoever they are. I don't find that I can disentangle it. It connects itself with Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughter. She is a creature of action. Last night, as I lay awake, I said to myself: 'She would *do* something. What would she do?' She would not be held back by fear of comment or convention. She would look about her for the utilizable, and she would find it somewhere and use it. I began to sum up the village resources, and found nothing, until my thoughts led me to my own house. There it stood, empty and useless. If it were hers, and she stood in my place, she would make it useful. So I decided."

"You are quite right," Mr. Penzance said again.

They spent an hour in his library at the vicarage, arranging practical methods for transforming the great ball-room into a sort of hospital ward. It could be done by the removal of pieces of furniture from the many unused bedrooms. There was also the transportation of the patients from the huts to be provided for. But when all this was planned out, each found himself looking at the other with an unspoken thought in his mind. Mount Dunstan first expressed it.

"As far as I can gather, the safety of typhoid-fever patients depends almost entirely on scientific nursing and the caution with which even liquid nourishment is given. The woman whose husband died this morning told me that he had seemed better in the night, and had asked for something to eat. She gave him a piece of bread and a slice of cold bacon because he told her he fancied it. I could not explain to her as she sat sobbing over him that she had killed him. When we have patients in our ward, what shall we feed them on and who will know how to nurse them? They do not know how to nurse one another, and the women in the village would not run the risk of undertaking to help us."

But even before he had left the house the problem was solved for them. The solving of it lay in the note Miss Vanderpoel had written the night before at Stornham.

When it was brought to him, Mr. Penzance opened the note and read it gravely, and then as gravely, though with a change

of expression, handed it to Mount Dunstan.

"Yes, she is a creature of action. She has heard and understood at once, and she has *done* something. It is immensely practical, it is fine—it is lovable."

"Do you mind my keeping it?" Mount Dunstan asked after he had read it.

"Keep it, by all means," the vicar answered.

It was quite brief. She had heard of the outbreak of fever among the hop-pickers, and asked to be allowed to give help to the people who were suffering. They would need prompt aid. She chanced to know something of the requirements of such cases, and had written to London for certain supplies which would be sent to them at once. She had also written for nurses, who would be needed above all else. Might she ask Mr. Penzance to kindly call upon her for any further assistance required.

"Tell her we are deeply grateful," said Mount Dunstan, "and that she has given us greater help than she knows."

"Why not answer her note yourself?" Penzance suggested.

Mount Dunstan shook his head.

"No," he said. "No."

XLII

IN THE BALL-ROOM

THOUGH Dunstan village was cut off by its misfortune from its usual intercourse with its neighbors, in some mystic manner villages even at twenty miles' distance learned all it did and suffered, feared or hoped.

Among the parties gathered at the large houses Mount Dunstan himself was much talked of. If he had been a popular man he might have become a sort of hero; as he was not popular, he was merely a subject for discussion. The fever-stricken patients had been carried in carts to the Mount and given beds in the ball-room, which had been made into a temporary ward. Nurses and supplies had been sent for from London, and two energetic young doctors had taken the place of old Dr. Fenwick, who had been frightened and overworked into an attack of bronchitis, which confined him to his bed. Where the money came from which must be spent every day under such circumstances

it was difficult to say. To the simply conservative of mind the idea of filling one's house with dirty East End hop-pickers infected with typhoid seemed too radical. Surely he could have done something less extraordinary. Would everybody be expected to turn their houses into hospitals in case of village epidemics, now that he had established a precedent? But there were people who approved, and were warm in their sympathy with him. At the first dinner party where the matter was made the subject of argument, the beautiful Miss Vanderpoel, who was present, listened silently to the talk with such brilliant eyes that Lord Dunholm, who was, in an elderly way, her staunch admirer, spoke to her across the table.

"Tell us what *you* think of it, Miss Vanderpoel," he suggested.

She did not hesitate at all.

"I like it," she answered. "I like it better than anything I have ever heard."

"So do I," said old Lady Alanby, shortly. "I should never have done it myself; but I like it just as you do."

"I knew you would, Lady Alanby," said the girl. "And you, too, Lord Dunholm."

"I like it so much that I shall write and ask if I cannot be of assistance," Lord Dunholm answered.

Only quickness of thought prevented Betty from the error of saying "Thank you," as if the matter were personal to herself. If Mount Dunstan was restive under the obviousness of the fact that help was so sorely needed, he might feel less so if her offer was only one among others.

"It seems rather the duty of the neighborhood to show some interest," put in Lady Alanby. "I shall write to him myself. He is evidently of a new order of Mount Dunstan. It's to be hoped he won't take the fever himself and die of it. He ought to marry some handsome, well-behaved girl, and refound the family."

Nigel Anstruthers spoke from his side of the table, leaning slightly forward.

"He won't, if he does not take better care of himself. He passed me on the road two days ago, riding like a lunatic. He looks frightfully ill—yellow, and drawn, and lined. He has not lived the life to prepare for settling down to a

fight with typhoid fever. He would be done for if he caught the infection."

"I beg your pardon," said Lord Dunholm, with quiet decision. "Unprejudiced inquiry proves that his life has been entirely respectable. As Lady Alanby says, he seems to be of a new order of Mount Dunstan."

"No doubt you are right," said Sir Nigel, suavely. "He looked ill, notwithstanding."

"As to looking ill," remarked Lady Alanby to Lord Dunholm, who sat near her, "that man looks as if he was going to pieces pretty rapidly himself, and unprejudiced inquiry would not prove that his past had nothing to do with it."

Betty wondered if her brother-in-law was lying. It was generally safest to argue that he was. She must wait for the chance which brings news.

THERE were many dark hours in the ball-room ward; but at least none had died through want of shelter and care. The supplies needed came from London each day. Lord Dunholm had sent a generous check to the aid of the sufferers, and so also had old Lady Alanby; but Miss Vanderpoel, consulting medical authorities and hospitals, learned exactly what was required, and it was forwarded daily in its most easily utilizable form.

"You generously told me to ask you for anything we found we required," Mr. Penzance wrote to her in his note of thanks. "My dear and kind young lady, you leave nothing to ask for. Our doctors, who are young and enthusiastic, are filled with delight at the completeness of the resources placed in their hands."

She had, in fact, gone to London to consult an eminent physician who was an authority of world-wide reputation. Like the head of the legal firm of Townlinson & Shephard, he had experienced a new sensation in the visit paid him by an indubitably modern young beauty who wasted no word and whose eyes, while he answered her amazingly clear questions, were as intelligently intent as those of an ardent and serious young medical student.

In addition to the work they did in the ball-room ward, Mount Dunstan and the vicar found much to do among the villagers. There began to develop among

them a secret dependence upon and desire to please "his lordship." As the existing circumstances drew him nearer to them, unconsciously they were attracted and dominated by his strength.

But where did the money come from? was asked during the first days. Beds and doctors, nurses and medicine, fine brandy and unlimited fowls for broth, did not come up from "Lunnon" without being paid for.

One morning the matron with the sharp temper found out the truth, though her outburst of gratitude to Mount Dunstan was entirely spontaneous and without intention. Her doubt of his Mount Dunstan blood had grown into a sturdy liking even for his short speech and his often drawn-down brows.

"We 've got more to thank your lordship for than common help," she said. "God Almighty knows where we 'd all ha' been but for what you 've done. 'Fhose poor souls you 've nursed and fed—"

"I 've not done it," he broke in suddenly. "You 're mistaken; I could not have done it. How could I?"

"Well," exclaimed the matron, frankly, "we *was* wondering where things came from."

"You might well wonder. Have any of you seen Lady Anstruthers's sister, Miss Vanderpoel, ride through the village? She used sometimes to ride this way. If you saw her, you would remember it."

"The 'Merican young lady?" in ejaculatory delight. "My word, yes! A fine young woman with black hair? That rich, they say, as millions won't cover it."

"They won't," he replied grimly. "Lord Dunholm and Lady Alanby of Dole kindly sent checks to help us, but the American young lady was first on the field. She sent both doctors and nurses, and has supplied us with food and medicine every day. As you say, Mrs. Brown, God Almighty knows what would have become of us but for what she has done."

Mrs. Brown had listened with open mouth.

"God bless her!" she broke out. "Girls is n't generally like that. Their heads is too full of finery. God bless her! 'Merican or no 'Merican, that 's what I say."

Mount Dunstan's red-brown eyes looked as if she had pleased him.

"That 's what I say, too," he answered. "God bless her!"

There was not a day which passed in which he did not involuntarily say the words to himself again and again. "God bless her!" She had been wrong when she had said to herself in her musings on the marsh that they were as far apart as if worlds rolled between them. Something stronger than sight or speech drew them together. The thread which wove itself through his thoughts grew stronger and stronger. It was almost as if she walked by his side, as if they spoke together, as if she said: "I have tried to think of everything. I want you to miss nothing. Have I helped you? Tell me if there is anything more." The thing which moved and stirred him was his knowledge that when he had thought of her, she had also been thinking of him, or of what deeply concerned him. When he had said to himself, tossing on his pillow, "What would she *do*?" she had been planning in such a way as answered his question. Each morning, when the day's supplies arrived, it was as if he had received a message from her.

Young Doctor Thwaite met him when he came in one morning, and spoke in a low voice.

"There is a young man behind the screen there who is very low," he said. "He had an internal hemorrhage toward morning, and has lost his pluck. He has a wife and three children. We have been doing our best for him with hot-water bottles and stimulants, but he has not the courage to help us. You have an extraordinary effect on them all, Lord Mount Dunstan. When they are depressed, they always ask when you are coming in, and this man—Patton, his name is—has asked for you several times. Upon my word, I believe you might set him going again."

Mount Dunstan walked to the bed, and, going behind the screen, stood looking down at the young fellow lying breathing pantingly. His eyes were closed as he labored, and his pinched white nostrils drew themselves in and puffed out at each breath. A nurse on the other side of the cot had just surrounded him with fresh hot-water bottles.

Suddenly the sunken eyelids flew open, and the eyes met Mount Dunstan in imploring anxiousness.

"Here I am, Patton," Mount Dunstan said. "You need not speak."

But he must speak. Here was the strength his sinking soul had longed for.

"Cruel bad—goin' fast—m' lord," he panted.

Mount Dunstan made a sign to the nurse who gave him a chair. He sat down close to the bed, and took the bloodless hand in his own.

"No," he said; "you are not going. You 'll stay here. I will see to that."

The poor fellow smiled wanly. Vague yearnings had led him sometimes in the past to wander into chapels or stop and listen to street preachers.

"God's—will," he trailed out.

"It 's nothing of the sort. It 's God's will that you pull yourself together. A man with a wife and three children has no right to slip out."

A yearning look flickered in the lad's eyes: he was scarcely more than a lad, having married at seventeen and had a child each year.

"She 's—a good—girl."

"Keep that in your mind while you fight this out," said Mount Dunstan. "Say it over to yourself each time you feel yourself letting go. Hold on to it. I am going to fight it out with you. I shall sit here and take care of you all day—all night, if necessary. The doctor and the nurse will tell me what to do. Your hand is warmer already. Shut your eyes."

He did not leave the bedside until the middle of the night.

By that time the worst was over. He had acted throughout the hours under the direction of nurse and doctor. No one but himself had touched the patient. When Patton's eyes were open, they rested on him with a weird growing belief. He begged his lordship to hold his hand, and was uneasy when he laid it down.

"Keeps—me—up," he whispered.

"He pours something into them—vigor, magnetic power, life. He 's like a charged battery," Dr. Thwaite said to his co-workers. "He sat down by Patton just in time. It sets one thinking."

Having saved Patton, he must save others. When a man or woman sank, or

had increased fever, they believed that he alone could give them help. In delirium patients cried out for him. He found himself doing hard work, but he did not flinch from it. The adoration for him became a sort of possession. Haggard faces lighted up into life at the sound of his footstep, and heavy heads turned longingly on their pillows as he passed by. In the winter days to come there would be many an hour's talk in East End courts and alleys, of the queer time when a score or more of them had lain in the great room, with the dancing and floating goddesses looking down at them from the high, painted ceiling, and the swell who was a lord walking about among them, working for them as the nurses did, and sitting by some of them through awful hours, sometimes holding burning or slackening and chilling hands with a grip the steadiness of which seemed to hold them back from the brink of the abyss they were slipping into. The mere ignorantly childish desire to do his prowess credit and to play him fair saved more than one man and woman from going out with the tide.

"It is the first time in my life that I have fairly counted among men. I have never known human affection other than yours, Penzance. They want me, these people; they are better for the sight of me. It is a new experience, and it is good for a man's soul," he said.

XLIII

HIS CHANCE

THE story of Mount Dunstan's power over the stricken people and of their passionate affection and admiration for him was one likely to spread far and to be immensely popular. The drama of certain incidents appealed greatly to the rustic mind, and by cottage firesides he was represented with rapturous awe as raising men, women, and children from the dead by the mere miracle of touch.

But to the girl walking over the marshland the humanness of the things she heard gave to her the sense of nearness,—of being almost within sight and sound,—which Mount Dunstan himself had felt when each day was filled with the result of her thought of the needs of the poor souls thrown by fate into his hands. Yes,

he was kind, kind, kind, with the kindness a woman loves, and which she of all women loved most.

The time was pressing when a change must come to her. She frequently asked herself if what she saw in Nigel Anstruthers's face was the normal thinking of a sane man, which he himself could control. Once he went up to town, and after a few days' absence came back looking more haggard than before, and wearing a hunted look in his eyes. He had gone to see a physician, and after having seen him, he had tried to lose himself in a plunge into deep and turbid waters; but he found that he had lost the taste even of high flavors for which he had once had an epicurean palate. The effort had ended in his being overpowered again by his horrors—the horrors in which he found himself staring at that end of things when no pleasure had spice, no debauchery the sting of life. During one day of his stay in town he had seen Teresita, who had at first stared half frightened by the change she saw in him, and then had told him truths he could have wrung her neck for putting into words.

"You look an old man," she said with the foreign accent he had once found deliciously amusing, but which now seemed to add a sting. "And somesing is eating you op. You are mad in lofe with some beautiful one who will not look at you. I haf seen it in mans before. It is she who eats you op—your evil thinkings of her. It serve you right. Your eyes look mad."

He himself at times suspected that they did, and cursed himself because he could not keep cool. It was part of his horrors that he knew his internal furies were worse than folly, and yet he could not restrain them.

"My God!" he said to himself more than once, "I would like to have had her in my hands a few hundred years ago. Women were kept in their places then."

"Damn her!" he found himself crying out. "If I had hung her up and cut her into strips, she would have died staring at me with her big eyes—without uttering a sound."

His temper, when he returned to Stornham, was of the order which in past years had set Rosalie and her child shuddering, and had sent the servants about the house

with pale or sullen faces. Betty's presence had the odd effect of restraining him, and he even told her so with sneering resentment.

"There would be the devil to pay if you were not here," he said. "You keep me in order, by Jove! I can't work up steam properly when you watch me."

He himself knew that it was likely that some change would take place. She would not stay at Stornham, and she would not leave his wife and child alone with him again. It would be like her to hold her tongue until she was ready with her infernal plans and could spring them on him. The thing which most enraged him was the implied cool, practical realization of the fact that he, as inheritor of an entailed estate, was only owner in charge, and not young enough to be regarded as an unsurmountable obstacle to their plans. He could not undo the greater part of what had been done, and they were calculating, he argued, that his would not be likely to be a long life, and if—if anything happened, Stornham would be Ughtred's, and the whole vulgar lot of them would come over and take possession and swagger about the place as if they had been born on it. As to divorce or separation, if they took that line, he would at least give them a good run for their money. They would wish they had let sleeping dogs lie before the thing was over.

Let them get their divorce; they would have paid for it, the whole lot of them—the beautiful Miss Vanderpoel and all. Such a story as the newspapers would revel in would not be a recommendation to Englishmen of unsmirched reputation. Then his exultation would suddenly drop as his mental excitement produced its effect of inevitable physical fatigue. Even if he made them pay for getting their own way, what would happen to himself afterward? No morbid vanity of self-bolstering could make the outlook anything but unpromising. If he had not had such diabolical luck in his few investments he could have lived his own life. As it was, old Vanderpoel would possibly condescend to make him some insufficient allowance because Rosalie would wish that it might be done, and he would be expected to drag out to the end the kind of life a man pensioned by

his wife's relatives inevitably does. If he attempted to live in the country, he should blow out his brains. When his depression was at its worst he saw himself ageing and shabby, rambling about from one cheap Continental town to another, black-balled by good clubs, cold-shouldered even by the Teresitas, cut off from society by his limited means and the stories his wife's friends would spread. He ground his teeth when he thought of Betty. Her splendid vitality had done something to life for him, had given it savor. When he had come upon her in the avenue, his blood had stirred, even though it had been maliciously, and there had been spice in his very resentment of her presence. And she would go away. He would not be likely to see her again if his wife broke with him; she would be swept out of his days. It was hideous to think of, and his rage would overpower him and his nerves go to pieces again.

"What are you going to do?" he broke forth suddenly one evening. "You are going to do something; I see it in your eyes."

He had been for some time watching her from behind his newspaper, while she, with an unread book upon her lap, had been looking out of the window into the park. She had, in fact, been thinking deeply, and putting to herself serious questions.

Her answer made him stir rather uncomfortably.

"I am going to write to my father to ask him to come to England."

So this was what she had been preparing to spring upon him. He laughed insolently.

"To ask him to come here?"

"With your permission."

"With mine? Does an American father-in-law wait for permission?"

"Is there any practical reason why you should prefer that he should *not* come?"

He left his seat and walked over to her.

"Yes. Your sending for him is a declaration of war."

"It need not be so. Why should it?"

"In this case I happen to be aware that it is. The choice is your own, I suppose," he went on, with ready brav-

ado, "that you and he are prepared to face the consequences. But is Rosalie, and is your mother?"

"My father is a business man, and will know what can be done. He will know what is worth doing," she answered, without noticing his question. "But"—she added the words slowly—"I have been making up my mind—before I write to him—to say something to you, to ask you a question."

He made a mock sentimental gesture.

"To ask me to spare my wife, to 'remember that she is the mother of my child'?"

She passed over that also.

"To ask you if there is no possible way in which all this unhappiness can be ended decently?"

"The only decent way of ending it would be that there should be no further interference. Let Rosalie supply the decency by showing me the consideration due from a wife to her husband. The place has been put in order. It was not for my benefit, and I have no money to keep it up. Let Rosalie be provided with means to do it."

As he spoke the words, he realized that he had opened a way for embarrassing comment. He expected her to remind him that Rosalie had not come to him without money. But she said nothing about the matter. She never said the things he expected to hear.

"You do not want Rosalie for your wife," she went on; "but you could treat her courteously without loving her. You could allow her the privileges other men's wives are allowed. You need not separate her from her family. You could allow her father and mother to come to her and leave her free to go to them sometimes. Will you not agree to that? Will you not let her live peaceably in her own simple way? She is very gentle and humble, and would ask nothing more."

"She is a fool," he exclaimed furiously—"a fool. She will stay where she is, and do as I tell her."

"You knew what she was when you married her. She was simple and girlish, and pretended to be nothing she was not. You chose to marry her and take her from the people who loved her. You broke her spirit and her heart. You

would have killed her if I had not come in time to prevent it."

"I will kill her yet, if you leave her," his folly made him say.

"You are talking like a feudal lord, holding the power of life and death in his hands," she said. "Power like that is ancient history. You can hurt no one who has friends—without being punished."

It was the old story. She filled him with the desire to shake or disturb her at any cost, and he did his utmost. He had not watched his wife and Ffolliott for weeks to no end. He had known what he was dealing with. He had put other people upon the track, and they would testify for him. He poured forth unspeakable statements and intimations, going as usual further than he had known he should go when he began. Under the spur of excitement his imagination served him well. At last he paused.

"Well," he added, "what have you to say?"

"I?" she replied, with the remote, intent curiosity growing in her eyes. "I have nothing to say. I am leaving you to say things."

"You will, of course, try to deny—" he insisted.

"No, I shall not. Why should I?"

"You may assume your air of magnificence, but I am dealing with uncomfortable factors." He stopped in spite of himself, and then burst forth in a new order of rage. "You are trying some confounded experiment on me. What is it?"

She rose from her chair to go out of the room, and stood a moment, holding her book half open in her hand.

"Yes; I suppose it might be called an experiment," was her answer. "Perhaps it was a mistake. I wanted to make quite sure of something."

"Of what?"

"I did not want to leave anything undone. I did not want to believe that any man could exist who had not one touch of honest feeling to redeem him. It did not seem human."

White dints showed themselves about his nostrils.

"Well, you have found one," he cried.

"You have a lashing tongue, by God! when you choose to let it go. But I could teach you a good many things, my girl.

And before I have done, you will have learned most of them."

But though he threw himself into a chair and laughed aloud as she left him he knew that his arrogance and bullying were proving poor weapons, though they had done him good service all his life. And he knew, too, that it was mere simple truth that she had actually been giving him a sort of chance to retrieve himself, and that if he had been another sort of man he might have taken it.

XLIV

A FOOTSTEP

It was cold enough for fires in halls and bedrooms, and Lady Anstruthers often sat over hers and watched the glowing bed of coals with a fixed thoughtfulness of look. She was so sitting when her sister went to her room to talk to her, and she looked up questioningly when the door closed and Betty came toward her.

"You have come to tell me something," she said. A slight shade of anxiousness showed itself in her eyes, and Betty sat down by her and took her hand. She had come because she knew that Rosalie must be prepared for any step taken, and the time had come when she must not be allowed to remain in ignorance even of things it would be unpleasant to put into words.

"Yes," she answered. "I want to talk to you about something I have decided to do. I think I must write to father and ask him to come to us."

Rosalie turned white; though her lips parted as if she were going to speak, she said nothing.

"Do not be frightened," Betty said. "I believe it is the only thing to do."

"I know. I know."

Betty went on, holding the hand a little closer: "When I came here you were too weak physically to be able to face even the thought of a struggle. I saw that. I was afraid it must come in the end, but I knew that at that time you could not bear it. It would have killed you and might have killed mother if I had not waited; and until you were stronger, I knew I must wait and reason coolly about you—about everything."

"I used to guess—sometimes," said Lady Anstruthers.

"I can tell you about it now. You are not as you were then," Betty said. "I did not know Nigel at first, and I felt I ought to see more of him. I wanted to make sure that my child-hatred of him did not make me unfair. I even tried to hope that when he came back and found the place in order and things going well he might recognize the wisdom of behaving with decent kindness to you. If he had done that I knew father would have provided for you both, though he would not have left him the opportunity to do again what he did before. No business man would allow such a thing as that. But as time has gone by I have seen I was mistaken in hoping for a respectable compromise. His violence and arrogance prevent his being even selfishly wise. Even if he were given a free hand he would not change. And now"—she hesitated, feeling it difficult to choose such words as would not be too unpleasant; how was she to tell Rosy of the ugly, morbid situation which made ordinary passiveness impossible?—"now there is a reason—" she began again.

To her surprise and relief it was Rosalie who ended for her. She spoke with the painful courage which strong affection gives a weak thing. Her face was pale no longer, but slightly reddened, and she lifted the hand which held hers, and kissed it.

"You shall not say it," she interrupted her. "I will. There is a reason now why you cannot stay here—why you shall not stay here. That was why I begged you to go. You must go if I stay behind alone."

Never had the beautiful Miss Vanderpoel's eyes worn so fully their look of being bluebells under water. That this timid creature should so stand at bay to defend her was more moving than anything else could have been.

"Thank you, Rosy—thank you," she answered. "But you shall not be left alone. You must go, too. There is no other way. Difficulties will be made for us, but we must face them. Father will see the situation from a practical man's standpoint. Men know the things other men *cannot* do. Women don't. Generally they know nothing about the law, and can be bullied into feeling that it is dangerous and compromising to inquire

into it. Nigel has always seen that it was easy to manage women. A strong business man who has more exact legal information than he has himself will be a new factor to deal with. And he cannot make objectionable love to him. It is because he knows these things that he says that my sending for father will be a declaration of war."

"Did he say that?" Lady Anstruthers asked breathlessly.

"Yes; and I told him that it need not be so. But he would not listen."

"And you are sure father will come?"

"I am sure. In a week or two he will be here."

Lady Anstruthers's lips shook, her eyes lifted themselves to Betty's in a touchingly distressed appeal. Had her momentary courage fled beyond recall? If so, that would be the worst coming to the worst indeed.

"You will be brave," Betty appealed to her. "You will not give way, Rosy?"

"Yes, I must be brave; I am not ill now. I must not fail you. I won't, Betty; but—"

She slipped upon the floor and dropped her face upon the girl's knee, sobbing.

Betty bent over her, putting her arms round the heaving shoulders, and pleading with her to speak. Was there something more to be told, something she did not know?

"Yes, yes. Oh, I ought to have told you long ago; but I have always been afraid and ashamed. It has made everything so much worse. I was afraid you would not understand, and would think me wicked—wicked."

It was Betty who now lost a shade of color. But she held the slim little body closer, and kissed her sister's cheek.

"What have you been afraid and ashamed to tell me? Do not be ashamed any more. You must not hide anything, no matter what it is, Rosy. I shall understand."

"I know I must not hide anything now; that all is over and father is coming. It is—it is about Mr. Ffolliott."

"Mr. Ffolliott?" repeated Betty quite softly.

Lady Anstruthers's face, lifted with desperate effort, was like a weeping child's. So much so in its tear-wet simpleness, and utter lack of any effort at concealment,

that after one quick look at it Betty's hastened pulses ceased to beat at double-quick time.

"Tell me, dear," she almost whispered.

"Mr. Ffolliott himself does not know—and I could not help it. He was kind to me when I was dying of unkindness. You don't know what it was like to be drowning in loneliness and misery, and to see one good hand stretched out to help you. Before he went away,—oh, Betty, I know it was awful, because I was married,—I began to care for him very much, and I have cared for him ever since. I cannot stop myself caring, even though I am terrified."

Betty kissed her again with a passion of tender pity. Poor, little, simple Rosy, too. The tide had crept around her also, and had swept her off her feet, tossing her upon its surface like a wisp of seaweed, and bearing her each day farther from firm shore.

"Do not be terrified," she said. "You need only be afraid if—if you had told him."

"He will never know—never. Once in the middle of the night,"—there was anguish in the delicate face,—*"a strange, loud cry awakened me, and it was I myself who had cried out—because in my sleep it had come home to me that the years would go on and on, and at last some day—I should die and go out of the world—and he would never know—even know."*

Betty's clasp of her loosened, and she sat still, looking straight before her into some unseen place.

"Yes," she said involuntarily. "Yes, I know—I know—I know."

Lady Anstruthers fell back a little to gaze at her.

"You know? You know?" she breathed. "Betty?"

But Betty at first did not speak. Her lovely eyes dwelt on the far-away place.

"Betty," whispered Rosy. "Do you know what you have said?"

The lovely eyes turned slowly toward her, and the soft corners of Betty's mouth deepened in a curious unsteadiness.

"Yes, I did not intend to say it; but it is true. I know. Do not ask me how."

Rosalie flung her arms round her waist, and for a moment hid her face.

"You! you!" she murmured, but

stopped herself, almost as she uttered the exclamation.

"I will not ask you," she said when she spoke again; "but now I shall not be so ashamed. You are wonderful and a beauty, and I am not; but if you *know*, that makes us almost the same. You will understand why I broke down. It was because I could not bear to think of what will happen. I shall be saved and taken home, but Nigel will wreak revenge on *him*. And I shall be the shame that is put upon him—only because he was kind—*kind*. When father comes it will all begin." She wrung her hands, becoming almost hysterical.

"Hush," said Betty. "Hush! A man like that *cannot* be hurt even by a man like Nigel. There is a way out—there is. Oh, Rosy, we must believe it!"

She soothed and caressed her, and led her on to relieving her long-locked-up misery by speech. It was easy to see the ways in which her feeling had made her life harder to bear, she was as inexperienced as a girl, and had accused herself cruelly. When Nigel had tormented her with evil, carefully chosen taunts, she had felt half-guilty, and had colored scarlet or turned pale, afraid to meet his sneeringly smiling face. She had tried to forget the kind voice, the kindly, understanding eyes, and had blamed herself as a criminal because she could not.

"I had nothing else to remember—but unhappiness—and it seemed as if I could not help but remember him," she said, as simply as the Rosy who had left New York at nineteen might have said it. "I was afraid to trust myself to speak his name. When Nigel made insulting speeches, I could not answer him, and he used to say that women who had adventures should train their faces not to betray them every time they were looked at."

"Oh," broke from Betty's lips, and she stood up on the hearth and threw out her hands, "I wish I were a man! I wish that for one day I might be a man—and your brother instead of your sister."

"Why?"

Betty smiled strangely—a smile which was not amused, which was perhaps not a smile at all. Her voice, as she answered, was low and tense.

"Because then I should know what to

do. When a male creature cannot be reached through manhood, or decency, or shame, there is one way in which he can be punished. A man—a real man—should take him by his throat and lash him with a whip, while others look on—lash him until he howls aloud like a dog."

She had not expected to say it, but she had said it. Lady Anstruthers looked at her fascinated, and then she covered her face with her hands, huddling herself in a heap as she knelt on the rug, looking singularly small and frail.

"Betty," she said presently in a new, awful, little voice. "I—I will tell you something. I never thought I should dare to tell any one alive. I have shuddered at it myself. There have been days—awful, helpless days—when I was sure there was no hope for me in all the world—when deep down in my soul I understood what women felt when they *murdered* people—crept to them in their wicked sleep and *struck* them again—and again—and again. Like that!" She sat up suddenly as if she did not know what she was doing, and uncovering her little ghastly face struck downward three fierce times at nothingness, but as if it were not nothingness, and as if she held something in her hand.

There was horror in it. Betty sprang at the hand and caught it.

"No! no!" she cried out. "Poor little Rosy! Darling little Rosy! No! no! no!"

That instant Lady Anstruthers looked up at her shocked and awake. She was Rosy again, and clung to her, holding to her dress, piteous and panting.

"No! no!" she said. "When it came to me in the night—it was always in the night—I used to get out of bed and pray that it might *never*—never come again, and that I might be forgiven—just forgiven. It was too horrible that I should even understand it so well." A woeful, wry little smile twisted her mouth. "I was not brave enough to have done it. I could never have *done* it, Betty; but the thought was there—it was there. I used to think it had made a black mark on my soul."

THE letter took long to write. It led a consecutive story up to the point where it culminated in a situation which presented

itself as no longer to be dealt with by means at hand. Parts of the story previous letters had related, though some of them it had not seemed absolutely necessary to relate in detail. Now they must be made clear, and Betty made them so.

"Because you trusted me you made me trust myself," was one of the things she wrote. "For some time I felt that it was best to fight for my own hand without troubling you. I hoped perhaps I might be able to lead things to a decorous sort of issue. I saw that secretly Rosy hoped and prayed that it might be possible. She gave up expecting happiness before she was twenty, and mere decent peace would have seemed heaven to her if she could have been allowed sometimes to see those she loved and longed for. Now that I must give up my hope, which was perhaps a rather foolish one, and now that I cannot remain at Stornham, she would have no defense at all if she were left alone. Her condition would be more hopeless than before, because Nigel would never forget that we had tried to rescue her, and had failed. If I were a man, or if I were very much older, I need not be actually driven away; but as it is, I think that you must come and take the matter into your own hands."

She had remained in her sister's room until long after midnight, and by the time the American letter was completed and sealed a pale touch of dawning light was showing itself. She rose, and going to the window, drew the blind up and looked out. The looking-out made her open the window, and when she had done so she stood feeling the almost unearthly freshness of the morning about her. The mystery of the first faint light was almost unearthly, too. Trees and shrubs were beginning to take form and outline themselves against the still pallor of the dawn. How beautiful it all was! How wonderful life in such a place might be if life went well, and flowers and birds and sweep of sward and mass of stately, broad-branched trees were parts of the home one loved and which surely would in its own way love one in return! But soon all this phase of life would be over. Rosalie, once safe at home, would look back, remembering the place with a shudder. As Ughtred grew older, the passing

of years would dim miserable child memories, and when his inheritance fell to him he might return to see it with happier eyes. She began to picture to herself Rosy's voyage in the ship which would carry her across the Atlantic to her mother, and the scenes connected in her mind only with a girl's happiness. Whatsoever happened before it took place, the voyage would be made in the end. And Rosalie would be like a creature in a dream—a heavenly, unbelievable dream. Betty could imagine how she would look—wrapped up and sitting in her steamer chair—gazing out with rapturous eyes upon the racing waves.

"She will be happy," she thought; "but I shall not. No, I shall not."

She, who had never known what unhappiness was, knew now well. She drew in the morning air and unconsciously turned toward the place where, across the rising and falling lands and behind the trees, she knew the great white house stood far away, with watchers' lights showing dimly behind the line of ball-room windows.

Sounds gain a curious distinctness and meaning in the hour of the break of the dawn. In such an hour they seem even more significant than sounds heard in the dead of night. When she had gone to the window, she had fancied that she heard something in the corridor outside her door; but when she had listened there had been only silence. Now there was a sound again—that of a softly moved, slippered foot. She went to the middle of the room and waited. Yes, certainly something had stirred in the passage. She went to the door itself. The dragging step had hesitated, stopped. Could it be Rosalie who had come to her for something? For one second her impulse was to open the door herself. The next she had changed her mind with a sense of shock. Some one had actually touched the handle, and very delicately turned it. It was not pleasant to stand looking at it and see it turn. She heard a low, evidently unintentionally uttered, exclamation, and she turned away, and with no attempt at softening the sound of her footsteps walked across the room, hot with passionate disgust. As well as if she had flung the door open she knew who stood outside. It was Nigel Anstruthers, hag-

gard and unseemly, with burned-out, sleepless eyes and bitten lip.

Bad and mad as she had at last seen the situation to be, it was uglier and more desperate than she could well know.

XLV

THE PASSING BELL

THE following morning Sir Nigel did not appear at the breakfast table. He breakfasted in his own room, and it became known through the household that he had suddenly decided to go away, and his man was packing for the journey. What the journey, or the reason for its being taken, were things not explained to any one but Lady Anstruthers, at the door of whose dressing-room he appeared without warning as she was leaving it.

Rosalie started when she found herself confronting him. His eyes looked hot and hollow with feverish sleeplessness.

"You look ill," she exclaimed involuntarily. "You look as if you had not slept."

"Thank you. You always encourage a man. I am not in the habit of sleeping much," he answered. "I am going away for my health. It is as well you should know. I am going to look up old Broadmorlands. I want to know exactly where he is in case it becomes necessary for me to see him. I also require some trifling data connected with Ffolliott. If your father is coming, it will be as well to be able to lay my hands on things. You can explain to Betty. Good-morning." He waited for no reply, but wheeled about and left her.

Betty herself wore a changed face when she came down. A cloud had passed over her blooming, as clouds pass over a morning sky and dim it. Rosalie asked herself if she had not noticed something like this before. She began to think she had. Yes; she was sure that at intervals there had been moments when she had glanced at the brilliant face with an uneasy and yet half-unrealizing sense of looking at a glowing light temporarily waning. The feeling had been unrealizable because it was not to be explained. Betty was never ill, she was never low-spirited, she was never out of humor or afraid of things; that was why it was so wonderful to live with her. But—yes, it

was true—there had been days when the strong, fine light of her had waned. Lady Anstruthers's comprehension of it arose now from her memory of the look she had seen the night before in the eyes which suddenly had gazed straight before her as into an unknown place.

"Yes, I know—I know—I know!" The tone in the girl's voice had been one Rosy had not heard before.

Slight wonder, if you *knew*, at any outward change which showed itself, though in your own most desperate despite. It would be so even with Betty, who, in her sister's eyes, was unlike any other creature. But perhaps it would be better to make no comment. To make comment would be almost like asking the question she had been forbidden to ask.

While the servants were in the room during breakfast they talked of common things, resorting even to the weather and the news of the village. Afterward they passed into the morning-room together, and Betty put her arm round Rosalie and kissed her.

"Nigel has suddenly gone away I hear," she said. "Do you know where he has gone?"

"He came to my dressing-room to tell me." Betty felt the whole slim body stiffen itself with the determination to seem calm. "He said he was going to find out where the old Duke of Broadmorlands was staying at present."

"There is some forethought in that," was Betty's answer. "He is not on such terms with the Duke that he can expect to be received as a casual visitor. It will require apt contrivance to arrange an interview. I wonder if he will be able to accomplish it."

"Yes, he will," said Lady Anstruthers. "I think he can always contrive things like that." She hesitated a moment, and then added: "He said also that he wished to find out certain things about Mr. Ffolliott—'trifling data,' he called them,—that he might be able to lay his hands on things if father came. He told me to explain to you."

"That was intended for a taunt; but it is a warning," Betty said, thinking the thing over. "We are left behind, rather like ladies left alone to defend a besieged castle. He wished us to feel that." She tightened her inclosing arm. "But we

stand together. We shall not fail each other. We can face the siege until father comes."

"You wrote to him last night?"

"A long letter, which I want him to receive before he sails. He might wish to act upon it before leaving New York—to advise with some legal authority he knows and trusts, to prepare our mother in some way, to do some wise thing we cannot foresee the value of. He has known the outline of the story, but not exact details, particularly recent ones. I have held back nothing it was necessary he should know. I am going out to post the letter myself. I shall send a cable, asking him to prepare to come to us after he has reflected on what I have written."

Rosalie was very quiet, but when, having left the room to prepare to go to the village, Betty came back to say a last word, her sister came to her and laid a hand on her arm.

"I have been so weak and trodden upon for years that it would not be natural for you to quite trust me," she said; "but I won't fail you, Betty."

As she passed through the park gates, Betty was thinking of the first morning on which she had walked down the village street between the irregular rows of red-tiled cottages, with their ragged, little, inclosing gardens. Then the air and sunshine had been of the just awakening spring; now the sky was brightly cold, and through the small-paned windows she caught glimpses of fire-glow. A bent old man, walking very slowly, leaning upon two sticks, had a red-brown woolen muffler wrapped round his neck. Seeing her, he stopped, and shuffled the two sticks into one hand that he might leave the other free to touch his wrinkled forehead stiffly, his face stretching into a slow smile as she stopped to speak to him.

"Good-morning, Marlow," she said. "How is the rheumatism to-day?"

He was a deaf old man whose conversation was carried on principally by guesswork, and it was easy for him to gather that when her ladyship's handsome young sister had given him greeting she had not forgotten to inquire respecting the "rheumatics," which formed the greater part of existence.

"'Mornin', Miss—'mornin'," he an-

swered in the high cracked voice of rural ancients. "Winter be nigh, an' they damp days be full of rheumatiz. 'T 'int easy to get about on my old legs; but I be main thankful for they warm things you sent, Miss. This 'ere"—fumbling at his red-brown muffler proudly—" 't is a comfort on windy days—so 't is, and warmth be a great thing to a man when he be goin' down-hill in years."

"All of you who are not able to earn your own fires shall be warm this winter," her ladyship's handsome sister said, speaking closer to his ear. "You shall all be warm. Don't be afraid of the cold days coming."

He shuffled his sticks, and touched his forehead again, looking up at her admiringly and chuckling.

"'T will be a new tale for Stornham village," he cackled. "Thank ye, Miss. Thank ye."

As she nodded, smiling, and passed on, she heard him cackling still under his breath as he hobbled on his slow way, comforted and elate. How almost shamefully easy it was! A few loads of coal and faggots here and there, a few blankets and warm garments, the cost of which counted for so little when one's hands were full, could change a gruesome village winter into a season during which labor-stiffened and broken old things, closing their cottage doors, could draw their chairs round the hearth and hover luxuriously over the red glow.

But she had not needed her passing speech with Marlow to stimulate her realization of how much she had learned to care for the mere living among these people to whom she seemed to have begun to belong, and whose comfortably lighting faces, when they met her, showed that they knew her to be one who might be turned to in any hour of trouble or dismay. The centuries which had trained them to depend upon their "betters" had taught the slowest of them to judge with keen sight those who were to be trusted, not alone as holders of power and wealth, but as creatures humanly upright and merciful with their kind.

"Workin' folk allus knows gentry," old Doby had once shrilled to her. "Gentry's gentry, an' us knows 'em, wheresoever they be, better 'n they know theirselves. So us do."

Yes, they knew. And though they accepted many things as being merely their natural rights, they gave an unsentimental affection and appreciation in return. The patriarchal note in the life was lovable to her. Each creature she passed was a sort of friend who seemed almost of her own blood. It had come to that. This particular existence was more satisfying to her than any other, and she felt remotely as if she had always lived and always must live it.

"Though I am only an impostor," she thought. "I was born on Fifth Avenue, yet since I have known this I shall be quite happy in no other place than an English village, with a Norman church tower looking down upon it, and rows of little gardens with spears of white and blue lupines and canterbury-bells standing guard before cottage doors."

She carried her letter to the post, and stopped to talk a few minutes with the postmaster, who transacted his official business in a small shop where sides of bacon and hams hung suspended from the ceiling, while groceries, flannels, dress prints, and glass bottles of sweetstuff filled the shelves. "Mr. Tewson's" was the central point of Stornham in a commercial sense. The establishment had also certain social qualifications. Mr. Tewson was always glad to see Miss Vanderpoel cross his threshold. This was not alone because she represented the custom of the Court, which, since her arrival, had meant large regular orders and large bills promptly paid, but that she brought with her an exotic atmosphere of interest and excitement.

This morning he had thrilling news for her, and began with it at once.

"Dr. Fenwick at Stornham is very low, Miss," he said. "He's very low, you'll be sorry to hear. The worry about the fever upset him terrible, and his bronchitis took him bad. He's an old man, you know."

Miss Vanderpoel was very sorry to hear it. It was quite in the natural order of things that she should ask other questions about Dunstan village and the Mount, and she asked several. The fever

was dying out, and pale convalescents were sometimes seen in the village or strolling about the park. His lordship was taking care of the people, and doing his best for them until they should be strong enough to return to their homes.

"But he's very strict about making it plain that it's you, Miss, they have to thank for what he does."

"That is not quite just," said Miss Vanderpoel. "He and Mr. Penzance fought on the field. I only supplied some of the ammunition."

"The county does n't think of him as it did even a year ago, Miss," said Tewson, rather smugly. "He was very ill thought of then, among the gentry. It's wonderful the change that's come about. If he *should* fall ill, there'll be a deal of sympathy."

"I hope there is no question of his falling ill," said Miss Vanderpoel.

Mr. Tewson lowered his voice confidentially. This was really his most valuable item of news.

"Well, Miss," he admitted, "I have heard that he's been looking very bad for a good bit, and it was told me quite private because the doctors and the vicar don't want the people to be upset by hearing it, that for a week he's not been well enough to make his rounds."

"I hope that means nothing really serious," Miss Vanderpoel said in a low voice. "Every one will hope so."

"Yes, Miss," said Mr. Tewson, deftly twisting the string round the package he was tying up for her. "A sad reward it would be if he lost his life after doing all he *has* done—a sad reward. But there'd be a good deal of sympathy."

She went out into the pale, amber sunshine and stood a few moments, glad to find herself bathed in it again. She suddenly needed air and light. "A sad reward!" Sometimes people were not rewarded. Brave men were shot dead on the battlefield when they were doing brave things; brave physicians and nurses died of the plagues they faithfully wrestled with. Here were dread and pain confronting her, Betty Vanderpoel.—dread and pain.

(To be continued)



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

“WITH THRIFTY CAUTION SHE SELECTED A WORN TWO-DOLLAR BILL FROM HER PURSE”

ELI PACKER'S INHERITANCE

BY HARRIET A. NASH

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

“**W**ITH this ring I thee wed.” Elder Sharp’s voice, keyed to the height of an unusual occasion, broke suddenly and came down to everyday level as he looked expectantly from one to the other of the pair before him. The bridegroom, a tall young man with sleepy blue eyes, repeated the words mechanically, and stood waiting with the air of one without responsibility. The little dark-eyed bride dropped his hand. “For the land sake!” she exclaimed, groping with crimson face in the depths of the velvet bag upon her arm. Everything had been going smoothly but a moment before for this quiet wedding in the dim, old-fashioned parsonage parlor, where the painted faces of dead and gone divines looked benignly down from the walls and the scent of to-day’s apple-blossoms crept in through the curtained windows. She had made the responses dreamily, wrapped in a beatific vision of the future they suggested—a future wherein hers was only the passive duty to honor and obey in return for which she was to be cherished and protected.

Now she came back to earth with a start and produced from her bag a shining band of gold, purchased with the proceeds of a week’s tailoring. In the vision the ring had come forth from the bridegroom’s pocket at the magic moment; but the vision had passed, and if there were one thing on earth Sarella Boffin abhorred more than another, it was one of those vexatious delays commonly known in Plainville vocabulary as “hitches.” She nervously brushed some particles of dust from the bridegroom’s sleeve, and wondered what the minister’s wife, from her post upon the sofa, thought of the match. “I don’t care,” she assured herself a little defiantly, even while the ministerial hands hovered in benediction above her head. “There ’s other things needed in a husband besides hard workin’ and good providin’, and if I choose to trade an armful of firewood now and then for a streak of romance, it ’s nothin’ to Plainville.”

With thrifty caution she selected a worn two-dollar bill from her purse. “Far more than he was worth, my dear,” declared



Drawn by Ivy Haulidge Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"SARELLA . . . LEARNED TO LOVE THE VIOLIN AS IT SOFTLY
PLAYED HER FAVORITE HYMNS"

the minister, ten minutes later, as he watched the pair go down the flagged walk between blossoming lilac-bushes, and on up the dusty street.

Eli had been strongly in favor of borrowing a horse and buggy for so momentous an occasion, but Sarella was firm. "A lendin' neighbor is the gate-keeper to Shiftlessville," she insisted. "We 're startin' out poor, and it 's borne in upon me that we 're liable to cover most of the road of life afoot. We 'll begin as we can hold out." And Plainville, watching the two as, arm in arm, they traversed the length of the village street, shook its head and hoped in tones of conviction that "Poor Sarella had n't made a mistake."

It was scarcely half a year since Eli Packer, with his violin-case under his arm, first sauntered down the long hill into Plainville village and paid his last half dollar for a night's lodging at the little hotel. Landlord Hopkins, despairing of otherwise obtaining payment for the week's board which followed, had conceived of a weekly gathering, with Eli's violin as chief attraction, and the "Hopkinses' Friday nights" became a feature of the Plainville winter. Sarella Boffin, niece of the landlady, coming in red cashmere dress and white, ruffled apron to help serve refreshments at intermission, had her first glimpse of Eli as he sat upon a high platform, industriously sawing his bow, while the exhausted dancers refreshed themselves with hot coffee and ice cream to the strains of the "Beautiful Blue Danube."

It was a case of love at first sight; Eli was heard to declare the new waitress "the handsomest woman in the room," and Sarella herself carried him a well-filled tray, although Landlord Hopkins looked on in disapproval. Sarella, being a "professor," disapproved of quick music and dancing, but was not averse to adding to her slender day-wages by catering to others who were less scrupulous. One Friday night after another found Eli escorting her, after the last dish was washed, to the little cottage in Boffin's Lane where the village tailoress lived alone, and Sarella forgot her inherited prejudices and learned to love the violin as it softly played her favorite hymns in the little parlor on Sunday afternoons.

Boffin relatives from far and near came to remonstrate as the wedding day approached. "There are those that says he 's no different from a tramp," cautioned Aunt Sophia.

"I never was one to go and come by what 'they' say," replied Sarella.

"He 's never done a day's work since he come here," declared Uncle Job. "Do you think he 'll be liable to settle down to farmin' and such-lke, Sarely?"

"I think it 's doubtful," returned Sarella, cheerfully; "but it don't matter. From my point of view, a husband is a luxury which I can afford, if I want to, just as your Phemie bought her a new piano, and Aunt Sophia's Tom spent Grandfather Boffin's legacy for a racin' colt. We all have our extravagances. It 's a pretty helpless woman nowadays that has to look upon a husband as a necessity to pay her bills."

"Do you know anything about his folks, Sary?" put in a third voice. Sarella was silent for a moment. "I might 's well tell you," she said defiantly at last. "In my mind it 's full excuse for him not bein' more active in hard work, but you can lay it up against him if you choose to. From all I can learn and surmise, his whole family 's inclined to be easy. He told me his great grandfather was a sailor and married a gipsy, and I know his father mended clocks, which is almost the same thing as trampin'. Eli has n't inherited hard work, that 's clear. And what a man don't inherit, he 's got to go without. Now, for me, I took cookin' and butter-makin' from Grandmother Boffin, and spinnin' from Grandmother Mix, and tailorin' from Great-aunt Hulda, and dressmakin' from Aunt Desire, with a touch of millinery from mother's half-sister Jane and general housework and gardenin' and hens from every female Boffin that ever went before me. I 've got a comfortable home of my own and money at interest. I ain't denyin', for all 's open and above board, and I know you mean well and don't consider it meddlin', as such might be thought outside the family, that 't would have been convenient and saved hirin' if my affections could have fixed themselves on a man that would took the outdoor work off my hands while I went on sewin' and tailorin'. But Eli did n't inherit outdoor



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

**"A HUSBAND IS A LUXURY WHICH I CAN
AFFORD IF I WANT TO"**

work, and I sha'n't ask it of him without he offers."

So, after her marriage, Sarella continued to go cheerily from house to house with huge shears and tailor's goose, or sewed and fitted with nimble fingers in her own little parlor. In the evenings Eli played to her while she washed the accumulated dishes of a day or cooked for the morrow's table. In the early morning, before he woke from slumber, she weeded the tiny garden, finding time even for a little plot of flowers, since Eli declared they looked so pretty growin'. And life flowed on as tranquilly as in the first Eden, where labor was unknown to man and woman both.

Early in November Sarella came home from a day's work, to find Eli strolling uneasily about the house. "I am afraid I 've got one of my wanderin' spells comin' on," he explained. "I 've had 'em from a boy. I 've been fightin' this one all day."

"It 's no use fightin' what 's in the blood, Eli," replied his wife, sympathetically, though all the gloomy predictions of the Boffin family seemed hovering about her head. "'T is n't your fault, dear," she continued bravely, "but no doubt the blood of the sailin' grandfather and his gipsy wife. If it comes to a point where you can't throw it off, you must just go for a spell, that 's all. Things like that are apt to strike in and do harm if you try too hard to suppress 'em." A week later she packed his bag with loving hands and watched him go up the road toward the depot with a full quarter of Grandfather Boffin's two-hundred-dollar legacy buttoned beneath the overcoat her own fingers had made. "The land knows whether I 'll ever see him again," she said to herself; "but if I don't, I ain't half so bad off as though 't was some poor, helpless woman that had lost a provider."

The little cottage was cold and dark as

she returned to it in the long autumn evenings, and Sarella's lonely heart magnified anew the joys of married life. She reproached herself for fancied faults. "Not that I ever said a word or really thought one," she argued; "but I can't deny there 's sometimes been a far undercurrent of wishin' that Eli 'd been just exactly as he was and not a change in him, only with a little more active ancestors. I 'll never indulge in that undercurrent again, let him once come back—if he should."

She toiled through the deepening snows of early winter up the lane to the highway, hoping against conviction that Eli would return before the holiday season. "I don't want to be unreasonable," she reflected, "but it does seem as if a woman's first married Christmas ought to be a little different from any other she ever sees." She purchased a new easy-chair and a fur cap for Eli, but the lengthening days went by, and he came not. Sarella had given up all hope when, on the stormy Christmas Eve, she turned into Boffin's Lane, to see a bright light streaming from her kitchen window and knew the wanderer had returned.

"I 've brought you some presents, Sarellly," said Eli, with fond arms about her—"a music-stand for the parlor and some new music-books I knew you 'd like."

And Sarella thanked him adoringly, even though the deep undercurrent of objection whispered of the corner what-not and the book of poems she would have preferred.

"I met Si Hopkins comin' down from the depot," Eli said that evening. "He offered me a dollar a week to play for dances again this winter; 'd I better do it, Sarellly? I thought mebbe 't would help out in case I had another wanderin' spell in the spring, as I 'm liable to. Something in the air of spring always seems to bring them on. And I 'spose there 'll be expenses enough then to take up all your money." Sarella drew her chair nearer, to lean her head against his shoulder. "I sh'u'd rather you would n't, dear," she said. "Those tavern dances don't seem quite equal to a man like you, let alone their bein' wicked, as Elder Sharp believes. We can make out some-way, I guess."

So Eli kept the cottage warm, and thoughtfully placed the lamp in the window on snowy nights. Through the day he practised the music he had given her, and in the evenings delighted his wife with it. Once when she sprained her ankle upon a bit of ice, he constructed a sled, and drew her to and from her work until the foot was well again; and no royal equipage ever carried a more contented heart than did the little sled.

But in the spring the restlessness came on again, and Sarella watched her husband anxiously for a week, then herself suggested another trip, silencing his mild objections. He returned in six weeks to find a new occupant in the little cottage.

Sarella shed a few tears at first, because the baby resembled her rather than his handsomer father.

"He 's clear Boffin," remarked Aunt Sophia in a tone of satisfaction.

"Yes, he 's clear Boffin in looks," echoed Cousin Phemie, dolefully; "but there 's no tellin' which side he 'll take after in character." Sarella dried her eyes, and her lips set in a firm line. "I made up my mind weeks ago which side he was goin' to inherit character from," she announced. "There 's nothin' like beginnin' young with a child when it comes to inheritin', for if there is any one thing that can supply deficiencies in ancestors, it 's bringin' up." After that, Sarella sewed at home through the long summer days, while Eli good-naturedly tended the baby or drew him in a little cart up and down the lane. "I 'd be the happiest woman in Plainville if it was n't for them undercurrents every now and then," Sarella assured herself, as she milked the red cow under a great apple-tree; for with the baby a cow had been added to the establishment.

THE seasons came and went over the little house in Boffin's Lane, and six little Packers came one after another to fill the tiny rooms to overflowing. Eli continued to take semi-annual vacations, and Sarella, with brief intervals of disability, sewed on, constructing clothes for the men and boys of Plainville even while caring for her growing brood. She was not without assistance as time passed; for, true to her determination, the char-

acters of her offspring were molded with a firm and unrelenting hand.

"Your pa did n't inherit," she assured Eli, Jr., when he rebelled against weeding, upon the ground that "Pa never did." "What a man ain't got in him can't be brought out. But there 's workin' qualities enough in the Boffins to supply a dozen families like this one, and you children are goin' to inherit precisely what I tell you to."

When her second son was seized with a "wandering spell" and played truant, it was Sarella who sought him out at the trout brook and escorted him in person back to school.

"I suppose some would say he could n't help it," she explained to the teacher, who, being a Boffin cousin in remote degree, seemed entitled to her confidence; "but if he can't help it, I can. I picked out every one of my children's inheritances when they was in their cradles, and Amos is the particular one I chose to inherit Uncle Squire Boffin's law. So he 's got to be a scholar whether he wants to or not."

But with the arrival of her youngest child and third daughter, Sarella's resolution weakened. The five older were dark-eyed, energetic Boffins, with equal capabilities for mischief and hard work. This one, with her dreamy blue eyes and golden curls, was Eli's second self to the adoring mother.

"You won't never make a worker out of her," declared Aunt Sophia.

"I don't know 's I shall aim to," returned Sarella, shortly. "Land knows, I 've seen hard work enough myself, so I need n't begrudge just one of my children

to an easier time in life. I 'm countin' on her inheritin' Eli's music and turnin' out a music-teacher." So the little Lucella played happily up and down the lane while her sisters washed dishes or sewed long, tiresome seams of patchwork. On her third birthday, Eli, Jr., cheerfully sold his rabbits to buy her a toy piano, and at the age of seven the little cottage was mortgaged to procure a parlor organ for her use. For an hour of each day

thereafter Sarella, by dint of bribery, coaxing, and commands, personally superintended Lucella's inheritance of music.

SARELLA looked up in bewilderment from the letter her husband had handed her. "What does it mean, Eli?" she inquired, for the letter read:

Dear Brother Eli:

This is to break the sad news that uncle John died yesterday, and to invite you and your wife to come on for the funeral and stop with us. Services will be at the house on Fridayattwo. Contrary to all expectations, he did n't leave a will. Ten thousand ain't much, divided round among so many, but every little helps up here

among the rocks. Be sure to come.

Brother Henry.

Hillsdale, N. H., Nov. 1

"You never told me you had a rich uncle, Eli," Sarella said, with both reproach and admiration in her tone.

"I never was one to boast of my relations," replied her husband, absently, setting down a long row of figures upon Eli, Jr.'s slate. "It 'll be no less 'n five hundred apiece, Sarellly, accordin' to my figurin.' Tell you about him? Why, dearie, there is n't anything to tell. He was a



Drawn by Jay Hambridge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"THE TALL FARMER WHO APPROACHED THEM,
A REPRODUCTION OF ELI, SAVE FOR THE
HARD MUSCLES AND FIRM,
AGGRESSIVE CHIN"

man, and he died—that 's all. How 'd he get money? Blamed if I recollect. Grubbed it out of the rocks, like enough. He was just that kind. I suppose I 'd better go."

Sarella was thoughtfully sorting the contents of her piece-bag. "There 's lace and velvet enough for a handsome bonnet," she announced; "and borrowin' mournin' ain't ever been considered borrowin' in Plainville. Cousin Phemie's new black dress that I 've just finished fits me to a T. I 'm goin' right over to ask her for it. Yes, Eli, we 'll go. Come to think of it, we 've never taken a weddin' trip yet, and your brother's letter sounds real cordial and pleasant."

As the train drew laboriously into a little station among the New Hampshire hills, Eli leaned toward his wife. "I 've been thinkin' about that five hundred, dearie," he said. "Grandfather Packer had been around the world three times before he reached my time of life."

A blissful vision of a mortgage paid and money at interest once more dissolved before Sarella's devoted eyes. "Yes, love," she answered, slipping her hand fondly into his.

She alighted from the train with some misgivings as to the coming visit.

"Poverty 's one thing, and shiftlessness another," she reflected. "I hope to mercy they ain't slack as well. What a pity some of them did n't take after this poor dead uncle. Well, I can stand 'most anything a few days for Eli's sake. I can see he 's worried and uneasy, thinkin' how they 'll strike me."

The mountains all about her were crowned with leafless forests, and a keen autumn wind whistled about the little depot. Sarella hesitated, shivering, before she unfolded Cousin Annie Boffin's plaid golf-cape and wrapped it about her shoulders, covering the broadcloth jacket Cousin Tom's wife had loaned for the occasion.

"A golf-cape is n't mournin', but they probably won't know the difference," she assured herself. Then she turned to regard in troubled surprise the tall farmer who approached them, a reproduction of Eli, save for the hard muscles and firm, aggressive chin. There was nothing shiftless in brother Henry's appearance, nor in the pair of sleek horses fastened to

a neat double wagon. "Borrowed, of course," decided Sarella; but she slipped off the golf-cape, and folded the least conspicuous side out.

As they drove along, she paid little heed to the brief comments which passed between the brothers, so intent did she become upon identifying the Packer home at first sight. There were low, unpainted cottages now and then, which filled her heart with apprehension; but Henry passed them by. An ancient farmhouse, with broken roof, surrounded by rocky fields "set up on edge," should surely have been the place; but the horses went steadily on. A comfortable red farmhouse, with long streamers of crape fluttering from its green front door, could be no other than the house of mourning, and Sarella found herself wishing she were to be entertained there.

"Anything would be more cheerful than my expectations," she reflected miserably.

A little later the horses turned into a broad driveway, beyond which, amidst fertile fields and sloping orchards, stood a large white house.

"What are we stopping here for, Eli?" Sarella inquired.

"This 's the place, Sarellly," replied her husband, while brother Henry added: "Yes, yonder 's the old house Grandfather Packer built with his own hands when he turned his back on the sea and took to the mountains before he was the age of Eli here. Strong and substantial it is, like himself. Grandfather was a master workman in his day."

Sarella found herself inside the house, surrounded by fluttering females who were made known as sisters in fact and law, and a brisk, white-haired old lady who laid down her knitting long enough to welcome "Son Eli's wife," and then immediately resumed it.

Sarella moved and spoke like one dreaming. In place of the poverty she had dreaded, here was abundance such as she had never known. Instead of idleness, an energy which regretted the sacrifice of half a day to the deceased uncle's memory, and made necessary much careful planning of household and farm work that all might go. Toward Sarella the family attitude was one of deep respect not unmingled with awe, and every act



Illustration by C. C. V. V.

"LUELLA—YOU COME BACK HERE AND WASH THESE DISHES."

of hospitality was accompanied by apologies. "I just dreaded to have Eli's wife come," declared Mrs. Henry at last in a burst of confidence. "Said I, with all her nice things and a big, stylish house, everything here 'll seem pretty common to her. It's so easy for those with wealth to look down on those without and we somehow got to feel from Eli's tellin' that you was one that held your head pretty high. And then your never commin' with him when he run up to the old place for a little visit every once in a few years! But land! as soon 's you come, mother whispered to me you was n't a mite stuck up or purse-proud."

"No, I ain't," replied Sarella, cordially. "And as to pride, Eli probably meant family pride, which I have indulged in more or less, I will admit."

The ice thus broken, the other sisters frankly admired the velvet bonnet, and

commented upon the graceful fit of Cousin Phemie's black dress.

"No, this bonnet did n't come from the city. We have a very tasty milliner in Plainville," explained the unblushing Sarella, lost in bewilderment, yet loyally determined to support the impression which Eli must have given them. "Yes, the dress was made there, too. Some think the dressmaker does well, but I 'm pretty particular and an inch longer waisted would 'a' suited me better."

In the parlor of the red farmhouse that afternoon Cousin Eben Packer tiptoed heavily across the room to Eli's side.

"There's just twenty heirs in all," he suggested in a loud whisper. "We did n't know just how you 'd feel about takin' your share. Of course 't would be a pretty small drop into a pretty full bucket."

Eli hesitated. "I guess we 'll take it,

Eb," he said. "Nineteen 's an awkward number to divide by, and these drops come handy, 'most anywhere."

"Eli," said Sarella, as she closed the door of the great spare chamber upon them that night, "your folks have got an idea you 've married a rich wife, and I certainly had an equally mistaken notion of them in the other direction. How did it happen?"

"Blamed if I know, dearie," replied Eli, cheerfully, struggling with his Sunday boots. "I suppose it all comes of my never bein' a good hand at explainin' and describin'. I come home here, and in tellin' of my wife they see I 'd got a treasure. Bein', as you can't help but see, terrible earthly-minded, it wa'n't my fault if they could n't estimate your value except in dollars and cents. As for my folks—well, I ain't a Chinee, and I never did believe in this ancestor worship we get so much of these days. I s'pose I underrated 'em a little, and not bein' Boffins, they naturally dropped into an inferior place in your mind."

Sarella smoothed the folds of cousin Phemie's dress and began thoughtfully to take down her back hair.

"Your grandmother that had the strain of gipsy blood," she continued—"was she the one that wove all night after she 'd spun all day, and never set foot out of her own door-yard in fifteen years?"

"Same one," returned Eli, with a yawn. "Lively old lady to turn off work."

"And your father mended clocks in the evenings after he 'd chopped wood all day?"

"Many 's the night," replied Eli.

Sarella sat in long silence, her eyes fixed upon the striped rag carpet, woven, as she had been assured, by Mother Packer's own hands.

"You don't seem to take after any of your folks, Eli," she said at last.

Eli settled comfortably into Sister Miriam's best feather-bed. "Well," he said, "as I was sayin', I don't go much on this ancestor fad, anyhow. I calculate it 's gettin' to be a good deal overdone. In my opinion, a man either is or else he is n't, and that 's all there is to it."

A WEEK later, in the little cottage down the lane, Eli Packer, looking across the supper-table at his wife, said:

"I 've been studyin' the geography, dearie, and I can't seem to make up my mind whether to go around from east to west or from west to east. Grandfather Packer went both ways."

Sarella sat erect. Her lips were firm, and a pink spot glowed in each cheek. "I guess it 's too late, Eli," she said decidedly. "If you 'd wanted to inherit Grandfather Packer's travels, you ought to have begun younger. Accordin' to all accounts, you 've just come to the age of inheritin' his farm life. I guess we 'd better spend Uncle John's money for Si Curran's meadow that joins our garden, and plant it to potatoes by brother Henry's new method. There 's no reason why they should n't do as well in Maine as in New Hampshire, with you and the boys to tend them. Done your supper? Well, I guess you 'll have to milk to-night, for I 've sent the boys to carry home Phemie's dress. Your sisters told me they 'd never done a milkin' in their lives, and both your brothers' wives is afraid of cows."

Eli rose obediently, but there was an unwonted frown upon his face and he rattled the milk pail with unnecessary energy.

"I wish we 'd never gone to Uncle John's funeral," he said shortly. "I 'd rather done without the money than had you learn Henry's wife's naggin' ways."

Sarella lifted a corner of her apron to wipe a tear from her eye as the door closed heavily behind him. "Eli never gave me a hasty word before in all our fifteen years of married life," she reflected; "but, there, I don't know. Henry spoke real sharp to Miriam several times, but she had a clothes-wringer and a nice silk dress. If a body 's got to choose between happiness and comfort, I guess it 's just as well to take 'em mixed."

"Luella," she commanded as she arose from the table, "you come back here and wash these dishes. Your sisters are goin' to singin' school to-night. I guess I 'll let up on their inheritin' for a spell, and attend to your bringin' up."

ULYSSES S. GRANT

RECOLLECTIONS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN—I

BY OLIVER O. HOWARD

Major General U. S. A., Retired

GENERAL GRANT was graduated from West Point seven years before I entered the academy, and he was eight years my senior. He left the army by resignation about a month after my graduation in 1854, and I did not have the privilege of seeing him until 1863. On October 16 of that year, Grant's success at Vicksburg had caused him to be placed in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, which included the Army of the Ohio, then at Knoxville, the Army of the Cumberland, then at Chattanooga, and the Army of the Tennessee, then principally on the Mississippi. Two divisions of my corps, the Eleventh, were then at Bridgeport, Alabama, near a small hamlet on the banks of the Tennessee River. My own headquarters were there. My command had been increased by Colonel Benjamin Harrison's 70th Indiana Regiment, and some other regiments from Chattanooga. We were rebuilding the bridge, which the Confederates had destroyed, and were also constructing a little steamer, intending to run it from Bridgeport up the Tennessee River to Chattanooga. The Confederates under General Braxton Bragg had held the whole country beyond the river as far as Lookout Mountain. Bragg had the Army of the Cumberland, which lay back against a concave bend of the Tennessee near Chattanooga, pretty well hemmed in on all sides except on the river, where a bridge crossed.

My immediate commander was General Hooker, with headquarters at Stevenson, Alabama, ten miles from me along the railroad toward Nashville. In October I went to see General Hooker, and was

waiting at the station when some one told me that the commander of our Military Division, General Grant, with his staff, was coming down from Nashville on the train which I must take to return to Bridgeport.

I had heard so much about the General that I was very anxious to see him. I found him only a little taller than I, thin, and very pale. I had heard so much of his roughness, and seen so much in the papers concerning his drinking habits, that I had expected to witness a different sort of man altogether. As he looked up on my approach, the clearness of his complexion and the pleasant expression of his eyes told me at once a different story. He rose, extended his hand to me as I gave him my name, and said gently, "I am glad to see you, General Howard." Then he waited, as he was wont to do, for me to continue the conversation or to retire. At that moment one of General Hooker's staff-officers came up and offered him Hooker's hospitality. Grant was lame at the time, having suffered considerably from a fall from his horse a short time before, and Hooker's staff-officer had a spring wagon at the station to take him immediately to the headquarters, which were about a quarter of a mile away. Grant said: "If General Hooker wishes to see me, he will find me on this train." He did not speak unkindly, but yet with authority. The staff-officer left immediately, and very soon General Hooker returned with him to pay his respects in person to his new commander.

When there were no strangers present, or no newspaper correspondents, Grant talked freely enough; but he took the in-

itiative in the conversation, carefully avoiding any discussion of his military plans. He was fond of meeting a West Point graduate and talking with him about his cadet life, and the horse question was never tabooed. Grant was fond of a good horse, and knew one when he saw him.

When Hooker arrived, the two generals talked together pleasantly enough; but Grant declined Hooker's cordial offer of hospitality, and told him that he was going on with me to Bridgeport. On the way, General Grant asked a few questions, but nothing concerning the situation of affairs in my vicinity. He wished me to tell him something of my previous services and record, the year of my graduation, and other things about myself which he seemed interested to know.

The mud was troublesome and the weather cold; but we did the best we could to give our visitors a warm supper, and a fair sunrise breakfast the next morning. When General Grant and I were in my tent by ourselves he was freer and more outspoken. On account of the peculiar manner in which he had met General Hooker at Stevenson, my mind dwelt upon it. I remembered that Hooker had lost the command of the Army of the Potomac by his resignation, and that he had accepted, doubtless with some reluctance, the two small corps under Slocum and me. I said to General Grant: "I think it is hard for any officer to go from a higher to a lower command."

General Grant immediately answered me with decision: "I do not think so, Howard. A major-general is entitled to an army division and no more." Then he said emphatically: "If I should seek a command higher than that with which my Government intrusted me, I should be flying in the face of Providence." The conversation on this point impressed me at the time more than I can explain. He gave me to understand that he thought himself to be only an instrument under the Almighty to prosecute the war.

When he first came in, there was hanging against the wall of my tent an empty liquor-flask. His eyes twinkled, and I saw a faint smile creep over his face. Before he could speak I said: "General,

that flask is not mine. It was brought here by an officer from Chattanooga. I do not drink." Grant answered quietly, "Neither do I," and surely at that period of his career he was not drinking, and I never knew him to take even a glass of wine during that Chattanooga campaign.

He set out very early for the front. He was then so lame that he could not mount his horse without assistance. General Rawlings, who was strong and robust, took him as if he had been a child and lifted him to his saddle.

Not long after the battle of Wauhatchee, a detachment from the Army of the Tennessee was hurried over from the Mississippi under the command of General W. T. Sherman. This detachment had reached Bridgeport, and Sherman, leaving his troops there, hastened on to consult his chief at Chattanooga. Taking a few officers with me, I went up on the east side of the river and crossed to Chattanooga, where I reported to General Thomas.

A number of officers were assembled in an upper room, among whom were Grant and Thomas, and several corps commanders. Before anything of an official nature was talked about, Sherman suddenly broke in upon us. Grant and Thomas gave him a cordial welcome. Grant first offered him the ever-welcome cigar (he was himself smoking), which Sherman proceeded to light, but without interrupting his rapid talk.

Grant said, "Take the chair of honor, Sherman," pointing to a high-backed rocker.

"The chair of honor, General, belongs to you." Grant replied: "But I do not forget to give proper respect to age."

"If you put it on that ground, I must accept," replied Sherman, who was about three years Grant's senior.

I had never heard plans of campaign and battle so well and thoroughly discussed as during that evening. Thomas was remarkably familiar with the country, and he furnished all the information that was required. Sherman had various plans to propose, and all present took more or less part in the conversation. Grant occasionally made a pointed remark, but was, as usual, reserved and listening intently. I found that as a rule Grant did not favor formal councils of

war. He did, however, enjoy getting the opinions of able men concerning the practicability of this or that plan. Without committing himself, he went away to reflect, to make up his mind, and then to issue his orders so simply and clearly that none could mistake their meaning.

On November 23, 1863, three army corps were grouped about Old Fort Wood, in the western part of the village of Chattanooga. It was a fine place for observation, and it was a place which could be seen from any point on the crest of Missionary Ridge, or from Orchard Knob, the high point west of Missionary Ridge over which ran the Confederates' outer line. Grant and Thomas were near the parapet of the fort, with their officers grouped about them. The Fourth Corps, under General Gordon Granger, covered the front. On its left was my corps, the Eleventh, and on the right of the Fourth was the Fourteenth, commanded by General Palmer. Much to General Grant's disappointment, everything was not yet ready for an offensive attack. He said, "However, let us have a reconnaissance." When the Fourth Corps had stepped out into line and covered itself with a shower of skirmishers, it made a beautiful display. The Confederates, mistaking this exhibition for a parade and inspection, stood on their barricades and intrenchments to see the show. Suddenly, however, the whole array came toward them, and they hurried to their places to make as strong a resistance as possible. It did not take long for our men to drive in the Confederate skirmish-line, to pass over the mile of space to Orchard Knob, and to seize and hold all the outworks between Old Fort Wood and Missionary Ridge. It cost many lives, however.

I watched my generals with a great deal of interest, for it was the first time I had been in battle with them and I was curious to see them, to notice what they did and to hear what they said. The corps commanders came and went from General Thomas. He pressed his field-glass hard against his forehead and endeavored to see the effect of the firing of artillery and infantry on both sides. He, like Grant, never used any unnecessary words. I saw General Rawlings talking earnestly to General Grant. I presume he was urging him not to let the Fourth

Corps come back after its reconnaissance, as it would naturally do, but Grant appeared to pay little heed to what he said. At last Grant used one single sentence just as our lines crowned the Orchard Knob, namely: "Intrench them and send up support." It was not long before we had formed a new line more than a mile in advance with Orchard Knob as a point of support. The Fourth Corps had the middle front; the Fourteenth was off to the right, and the Eleventh had gone up to support the left. Grant and Thomas had soon moved their headquarters forward to occupy the new position at Orchard Knob. It was perfectly plain to me that nothing could disturb Grant's equanimity in battle. Thomas was evidently under excitement in action; indeed, he seemed roused, and was at his best, thinking and acting quickly and intelligently. Grant, however, gave no evidence of excitement.

On the 25th, Grant watched the operations of Sherman, received the reports from him without remark, sent my command to reinforce him when he thought it was best, and took great interest in the movement of General Hooker down the Summertown road and across the valley. After numerous delays, caused by deep and muddy streams, Hooker at last brought his troops up the slope across the south end of Missionary Ridge well beyond Bragg's line. Grant chose that time, about three o'clock in the afternoon, to order the firing of six cannon as a signal for Thomas to push forward his troops and seize the lower line of rifle-pits at the base of Missionary Ridge. This was well done. The men, however, without further orders, began to press up the ridge. Granger, the Fourth Corps commander, then near Grant, cried out, "They are going up the ridge without orders."

Grant looked and saw that it was a fact, and then called out to Thomas: "Thomas, by whose orders are they going up the ridge?"

Thomas answered grimly: "By their own orders, I think, sir."

Grant then replied, "Somebody will suffer for it if they don't stay there."

Thomas John Wood, the division commander, hearing this conversation, galloped his horse to his division and with his climbing men kept on to the

crest. Just as they cleared the crest, he cried out in his shrill voice: "We have gained the ridge without orders, and if we don't stay here we shall all be court-martialed!"

The Confederates after strong resistance gave way all along their lines and began their hasty retreat, which they kept up all night. We pursued them only as far as Mission Mills, as it was late in the season and darkness had already set in.

My confidence in General Grant was established from my first interview with him, but it was strengthened during the whole of the series of battles about Chattanooga and the subsequent march to Knoxville. There was no bluster about him. He was quiet, firm, quickly had in his own mind a well-settled plan of operation or of battle, and he proceeded to its execution without faltering. At one time General Bragg sent word that he wished to relieve from danger the non-combatants in Chattanooga because he purposed to shell the place. I saw General Grant when he read the message. He laughed and remarked: "I am afraid he is going to run away." He had made up his mind just what to do, and nothing that the Confederate commander said or did influenced him to deviate in the least from his plan of operation.

My last interview with the General was during his illness which terminated in his death.

On Wednesday, March 25, 1885, I received a note from Colonel F. D. Grant, saying that his father, then in New York City, would be glad to see me at any time when he could see any one. "About the middle of the day is generally his best time—between 12 and 2 P.M."

The next day, Thursday, at half-past one, my brother and I appeared at the General's house on Sixty-sixth Street. A servant showed us into a little reception room to the right of the main hall. In a moment Colonel Grant appeared, and gave us a warm welcome. My brother thought it not best for him to see the General, and Colonel Grant led the way for me. At the foot of the stairs he said: "Father wished me to apprise you of his inability to talk; so, owing to his trouble, you must do the talking."

The Colonel left me at the door of his

father's room. It was in front on the south side. The General was alone, though through the open doors I could see members of the family and friends on the same floor within call. He was reclining in his favorite chair, his feet resting upon the extension and his head against the high part.

"How do you do, General?" he said, as he turned his face toward me and extended his right hand. I took his hand, and, heeding Colonel Grant's warning, began to talk. I tried to express my thanks for the interview and my deep sympathy for him in his affliction.

His face, whitish, but not emaciated, was natural except for the large swollen appearance of the left side. He turned toward the south window, and asked me to pass around and take a seat on that side. This was evidently easier for him, and a chair had been placed there near his feet. His muffled voice could hardly be recognized. Yet, notwithstanding the difficulty and my effort not to let him do so, he kept talking to me, but with an indistinct utterance.

I spoke of the late action of Congress restoring him to the army, and of the acts of the different legislatures and of the thousands of his old soldiers gathered into the Grand Army organizations.

"You will not be forgotten by them at this time, General Grant, and never will be!"

He expressed his gladness at this, but desired me to return to the subject of prayer and its fruits, of which we had spoken.

During our conversation, General Grant was cheerful and patient, but now and then he changed the place of his head quickly as if in pain, and this motion warned me. I rose and said that I must not stay too long, for I would not weary him or add to his suffering. At parting I said:

"Oh, General, how much I wish I could do something to help you. But you can always command me, if it should occur to you that I could do anything." I then asked, doubtless with some show of emotion, as I held his hand: "Is there anything, General?"

He answered slowly and very kindly: "Nothing more, General Howard; nothing besides what you have been doing."

"Good-by, General Grant. May God bless you!"

"Thank you; good-by." It was our last interview.

The General had the same complete self-possession as always, was cheerful, without a hint of impatience or complaint under his affliction. His was the submission of a great heart, in its own

unstudied way, to the Heavenly Father, the Eternal Friend.

He had confidence in himself, it is true, but it was because he knew of a power beyond self, because he was helped and strengthened by that power beyond self. You may call it spirit, Providence, or God. The name is not material. It is all the same.



THE COMMON SCHOOLS AND THE FARM-YOUTH

BY L. H. BAILEY

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IN three previous papers¹ I have discussed three phases of the outlook on agriculture as expressed by students—why certain young persons desire to leave the farm, why others desire to remain or even to remove there from town, and what the agricultural college is doing for the farm-youth. It now remains to complete the series by a discussion of what the common school can do for the farm-youth.

The agricultural colleges are now accomplishing results of great and permanent value, in spite of the fact that they are isolated from the common schools, on which good collegiate training is supposed to rest. The agricultural country is well peopled with good farmers, in spite of the fact that the common school in the open country has given them no direct aid in their business.

Sympathy with any kind of effort or occupation, and good preparation for engaging in it, are matters of slow and long-continued growth. This growth should begin in childhood, and should be aided by the home and the school. The country school carries a greater responsibility than the city school, in proportion to its advantages, for it is charged not only with its own country problems, but with the training of many persons who swell the popu-

lation of cities. The country school is within the sphere of a very definite series of life occupations.

We may well begin our discussion of some phases of the rural-school problem by stating two propositions: (1) education should develop out of experience; (2) the school should be the natural expression of its community.

The country schools—I now make no reference to other schools—do not exhibit either of these principles. The subjects taught in them are not the essentials; the school does not represent or express the community. I do not know that any schools teach the essentials, except as incidents or additions here and there, and essentials cannot be taught incidentally or accidentally. Arithmetic and like studies are not essentials, but means of getting at or expressing the essentials. The first effort of the school should be to teach persons how to live.

The present methods and subjects in the rural schools have come to the schools from the outside. If we begin the school work with the child's own world, not with a foreign world or with the child's world as conceived of or remembered by the teacher or the text-book maker, it is plain that we have by that very effort started a revolution.

¹ See THE CENTURY for July, August, and September, 1906.

In making these remarks, I do not lose sight of the fact that we are making distinct progress in these very directions, or that teachers recognize the need of a change in point of view. Perhaps the best way to discuss the subject is to comment on what is already beginning to be accomplished. This will show the direction in which we are trending.

THE STATUS OF THE NATURE-STUDY OR EXPERIENCE-TEACHING MOVEMENT

EXPERIENCE-TEACHING has now come to be one of the conspicuous phases of current educational work, and it is an interest that also attaches strongly to the rising feeling for release from conventionalism. It is expressed in kindergartens, manual-training, and the like, and in that teaching of natural history to which the term nature-study is commonly restricted. Most discussions of nature-study consider only its technical phases as a school exercise, dealing largely with the subject-matter, and the methods of teaching. In such discussions it is difficult for the layman to catch the spirit of it. In reality, the nature-study interest is one of the expressions of an underlying and redirecting tendency in our development. It is unfortunate not to know its philosophy, for we miss its significance. The movement is gradually being accepted as a necessary and abiding direction in education; here and there a teacher has worked the philosophy into practice, and schools have found a place for some expression of it in the scheme of studies. The growing sentiment and experience are now being reflected in syllabi and courses of study. More than forty States, Territories, and Provinces have officially recognized nature-study or its closely associated subjects. Sometimes this recognition is the publication of a State course of study, sometimes the adoption of a text-book or recommendation of literature, sometimes the dissemination of leaflets, or, again, the passing of a mandatory law by the legislature. State policies are necessarily conservative, so that this wide recognition means that nature-study is at last fully established in the public confidence.

Perhaps the best treatise on nature-study that could now be made for teachers would be a skilful editorial combination

and discussion of the various printed courses of study. My present purpose, however, is to try to determine what are the current conditions and tendencies as expressed by these syllabi. The discussion divides itself into two parts: (1) Objects of nature-study; (2) Methods of nature-study.

SOME OBJECTS OF NATURE-STUDY

A STUDY of the various expressions in the State and other syllabi as to subjects of nature-study suggests a number of fairly definite summaries. Some of these conclusions may be stated as follows:

It is the purpose of nature-study to develop the child's native interest in himself and his surroundings. It proceeds on the theory that the best educational procedure with the young is first to direct the personal sentiments, powers, and adaptabilities. Of course we must consider not only what the child's interests and powers are, but also how we can aid him to grow into a man; but we cannot annihilate the native adaptabilities without endangering the child. It may be even dangerous to try to suppress them. If these tendencies and sentiments are not directed, they are likely to develop into wild and wasteful energies. The causes of truancy lie in part in our over-diligent efforts to repress the native enthusiasm of the child. A good part of our training of children, I fear, is expressed merely by the command "Don't." Each truant is a problem in himself, but it is probable that most truants belong to one or another of three classes: (1) the vicious class; (2) the low mentality class; (3) the class that will not conform to usages and to customs, and in which the energies tend to run riot, or at least to express themselves in erratic and unconventional ways. These last are the true truants. They are repressed children. A child of this class may be likened to a jack-in-the-box: he is forced into conventional limits, but is always ready to break out in a way that brings consternation to the well-behaved.

Nature-study, therefore, is to begin with general, common, normal, and undissected objects and phenomena, rather than with definition and classification, in order that the child may be developed natively. Definition and classification

are the results of the accumulation of experience. They are not primary educational means or methods. Definition always lags behind knowledge. It is likely to take the place of knowledge in the child's mind. It did in the old botany and grammar and physiology. As soon as we begin to compress knowledge and experience into the limits of definition, we take away the life, spontaneity, and enthusiasm of it. Definitions are for mental guidance after experience has accumulated, and they become more exact with the maturity of the person. No doubt we have over-defined the subject-matter in our text-books.

Nature-study is coming more and more to be an out-of-door subject, for the child's interest should center more in the natural and indigenous than in the formal and traditional. It is not our sphere to live chiefly in buildings. Nature-study began very largely with object-lesson work. The objects might have been collected out of doors, but they were taken into the school-room to be studied. This was a distinct advance over the older type of object-study, because it tended to substitute natural objects for artificial and geometrical and unpersonal ones; but it did not develop into true nature-study until a distinct effort was made to study the objects and the phenomena just where they occur in their normal relationships. There can be no effective sustained nature-study when the work is confined in a building.

One is impressed in the various expressions coming from many parts of the country with the universality and unanimity of the nature-study movement, indicating the existence of a general feeling that the schools are not adequate and not vital.

The nature-study teaching has introduced many new and significant phrases into the teacher's vocabulary, as, for example, "increasing the joy of living," "sympathetic attitude toward nature," "increased interest in the common things," "to train the creative faculties."

The keynote of nature-study is to develop sympathy with one's environment and an understanding of it. The long-continued habit of looking at the natural world with the eyes of self-interest—to determine whether plants and animals are

"beneficial" or "injurious" to man—has developed a selfish attitude toward nature, and one that is untrue and unreal. The average man to-day contemplates nature only as it relates to his own gain or personal enjoyment.

The end of nature-study is to develop spiritual sensitiveness and insight; therefore, it must not cease with mere objects and phenomena. In this it differs from the prevailing conception of science-teaching. I think that I catch this note in the syllabi and books that I have examined. This attitude accepts phenomena as real, and regards what we call "progress" to be really such. It accepts the world as good. It does not depreciate the need and importance of introspection, but regards introspection and meditation as exercises for a mature and maturing mind, and holds that such exercise is most effective when most closely related to experience. Nature-study is not merely objective if it is developed in the way in which it should be developed. If we develop first the meditative, passive, and subjective habit, then we are oriental; but the spirit of the West is to live actively with the world.

METHODS OF NATURE-STUDY

A STUDY of the various statements in the syllabi of methods of nature-study teaching warrants a number of significant conclusions, some of which are as follows:

The methods are coming to be somewhat concrete because the motive is being understood. The motive of nature-study work is reaction from formalism and from method; it is revulsion against the introduction of technical laboratory methods at a too early age; it is revolt from the spirit of grown-up scientists as applied to elementary educational work.

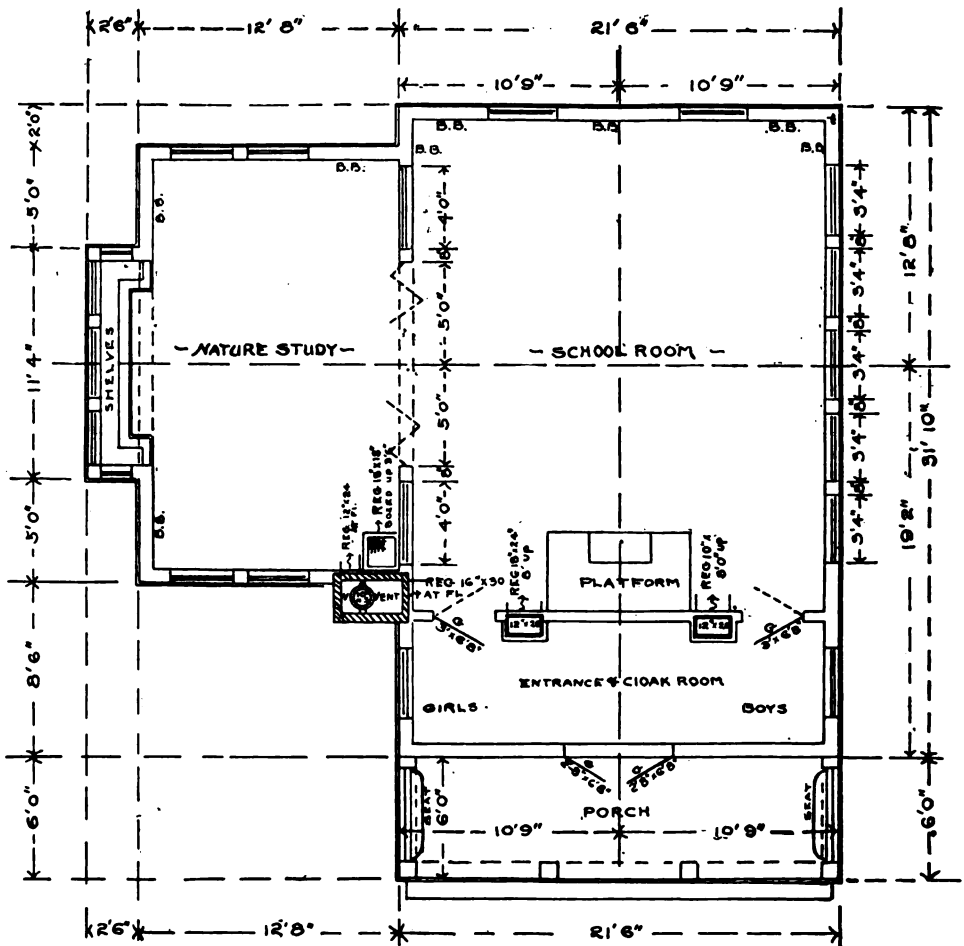
What method there is in the work is characterized by spirit. It embodies the spirit of individuality, spontaneity, enthusiasm. It is essentially informal and undogmatic. It arouses human interests. The old educational procedure seemed to be to try to make children as like as two peas. In fact, this procedure is still in vogue, and this accounts for much of the deadness of school work. Individuality and personality, however, are the primary considerations in education, and the na-

In practice, nature-study develops many new modes of expression, as action, writing, speaking, drawing, color, music. That is, it develops the whole person. It also leads to a fine feeling for poetic interpretation.

Nature-study practice broadens the meaning of schooling. Consider the scope and breadth of the subjects that it touches: plants, animals, weather, the sky, fields and soils, health, affairs. The fact that so many subjects are touched is one reason why teachers of science are likely to disparage nature-study, for these teachers pursue one subject continuously for a considerable time and in much detail; but the science-teaching of the college and the best high schools must not dictate the subjects and methods of the elementary schools. No one teacher is likely to cover all the subjects coming within the denomination of nature-study. The fact that so many subjects fall within its sphere allows of choice, and thereby adds all the more to the spontaneity and significance of school.

We may sum up this review of methods by saying that the teaching begins with the actual, the tangible, the significant. We do not begin with classifications or systems, or with the idea of giving the child a complete view of a subject. We deal with the concrete. The pupil will gather experience and gain wisdom, and finally, we hope, come to systematic knowledge. We shall not teach merely for the purpose of giving information: that can be got in a book. In the elementary grades in a country school, I think we shall do far better to teach the raising of a crop of corn, or the making of butter, than the principles of tillage, of soil fertility, or the theory of feeding cows. We should begin to teach by specific cases and examples. Possibly in the high schools we can begin to teach principles of soil fertility and cattle feeding, but there is danger of going too far in these abstractions even there.

Some day the common schools will prepare for colleges of agriculture as consciously as they prepare for literary colleges. It is not a question whether the proportion between the common s



Drawn by W. C. Baker

FLOOR PLAN OF THE CORNELL RURAL SCHOOL-HOUSE

college work will not then lie in the school dealing with actual problems and the college dealing also with the theories and the classified science. I think that the syllabi for agriculture in high schools err in covering the same ground that college course cover, only in a more elementary way. Probably they would do better to confine themselves more closely to special problems that mean something to the pupil and the community. It is not at all necessary that the high-school pupil should "develop a subject" or have "a body of knowledge." Much of the present high-school work is far beyond the pupil. The people have always asked for concrete knowledge and training.

It is a question whether nature-study

and crafts subjects should be taught in the grades merely to illustrate or vivify some literary text or story. For example, is it worth while to exemplify Robinson Crusoe by studies of dogs and parrots and the making of canoes, as is now the vogue? These exercises are really extraneous, after all, and a kind of acting. It is a question whether it is profitable for a mere child in the grades to build canoes unless the exercise comes naturally as a part of personal experience. The object-work to illustrate literature lessens and subordinates the meaning of the object; and I cannot help feeling that the effort might much better be expended on objects for their own sakes, and that have relation to experience, letting literature



Drawn by Philip B. Whelpley, from a photograph

FRONT VIEW OF THE CORNELL RURAL SCHOOL-HOUSE

The College of Agriculture at Cornell erected this small rural school-house on its grounds, to serve as a model, and to house a real rural school as a part of its nature-study department. School-gardens and play grounds have been made at one side. The building, furniture and supplies cost \$1,083.31.

be taught in some other way. We do not need any excuse for the study of nature.

RESULTS TO BE EXPECTED FROM NATURE-STUDY TEACHING

PERSONS are always asking for the results of the nature-study work, as if they expect that statistics can be given in reply. They want to know how many teachers are teaching it, how many children are interested in it, how many school-gardens there are, how many syllabi are in use, how many pupils are enrolled, and the like. All this is well in its way, and is important, though the results of nature-study are not to be measured by these formal means, but, rather, by a general elevation in the mode and tone of the school, and in the point of view of the community. The school must be reorganized to meet the child's needs. It must be simplified. Subjects must be taken out, rather than put in; but whatever subjects remain, the nature-study philosophy and point of view must run through them all, for it is a fundamental educational means. Most of the criticisms of nature-study are made against what are thought to be faulty methods here and there. It may be a question

whether these criticised methods really are faulty; but even if they are, and if all the work has been inadequate, nevertheless the nature-study movement will abide. It is one expression of the new education.

If this experience-teaching is so fundamental, we must not look for results quickly. Spiritual movements proceed slowly. It may require a generation yet to get us out of the habit of teaching merely the names of things.

It has been said that the current movement toward nature-study is misdirected, since all human activities, of whatever kind, proceed from experience. Language, for example, is only a means of expressing experience; therefore Greek study is nature-study. However, the evolution of a language is the experience of a race; what we now argue for is the using of the experience of the individual. Of course no one would advise against the use of race-experience, as expressed in language and literature; but education should begin with the person, which is the concrete.

It is a fallacy to consider that nature-study must be merely correlated with the present school subjects except as a means of starting and establishing its spirit.

Nature-study teaching is a way of conducting the school work so that it will have personal application and meaning.

The school must be given a new purpose or expression. Our school systems are now really developed for the few—for those who are good "scholars." Other pupils are expected to emulate these few, whereas they may have a wholly different order of ability. When education becomes personal, all this will change. Well-developed experience with one's normal environment is nature-study; it lies deeper than the adding of a subject to the course, deeper than merely to be "correlated with." It is quite the oppo-

Lest I be misunderstood, I will say at once that I am not opposed to the introduction of agriculture as a separate study into the elementary rural school. In fact, such introduction may be the very best means of bringing about the deeper and more fundamental re-directing of the school that is essential to its full effectiveness. I look on the separate teaching of agriculture as a present means to an end. We should not lose sight of the fact, however, that the schools are actually being redirected much more rapidly than those not engaged in school work may be aware.

In time, the beginning schools will probably not teach any of the present-day



Drawn by Philip B. Whelpley, from a photograph

REAR, AND WORK-ROOM END OF THE CORNELL RURAL SCHOOL-HOUSE

site of "correlation with," as if it were applied from the outside: it is giving direction to, making application of.

APPLICATION TO THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

JUST now nature-study is the stepping-stone to the introduction of agricultural studies. This is an indication that it is a means of connecting the school with the real life and activity of the community; but nature-study is a means of preparing the pupil for all kinds of school work and for all places, as well as for agriculture and for the country. It is a redirecting agency. In time, as the schools develop, we shall find that we shall not need to introduce agriculture as a separate study, even in rural districts, at least not below the high school, for in such districts the whole school effort will have an agricultural, country-life, or nature-study trend.

subjects under their present names; but this will adjust itself in the natural course of evolution. The greatest need is to reorganize the teaching of the subjects that are already in the country schools. Geography, for example, will deal first with the local country and its affairs. Of course the methods have changed greatly in a generation; but the old geography was largely of the ballooning variety, beginning with the universe and descending through the solar system to the earth.

All this is rapidly changing. If the school is in the open country, it may give attention to fields, birds, soils, brooks, forests, crops, roads, farm animals, hamlets, and homes. Geography can be so taught in the schools as, in ten years, to start a revolution in the agriculture of any commonwealth.

Arithmetic needs redirecting in the same spirit. The beginnings of a new

motive in it are now becoming prominent. The principles of number are the same wherever taught, but practice problems may have local application. These problems have heretofore dealt with theoretical, urban, middleman, copartnership subjects, and sometimes have been mere numerical puzzles. It is significant that the arithmetic problems that the country child takes home do not interest the old folks. This is only because the problems mean nothing to them. Many of the problems of the farmer are numerical—soil moisture, fertility questions, feeding rations, spraying, cost of labor and of producing crops, and all manner of accounts. Number can be so taught in the schools as, in ten years, to start a revolution in the agriculture of any commonwealth.

Reading needs similar reorganization. This is everywhere recognized, and distinct progress is being made. It is not desirable to eliminate the customary types of literature of the masters; but something may be added to make the reading vital and applicable. It is not difficult now to find good pieces of English composition that deal with the customary practices and affairs of the open country, and that point the way to better things. Reading and spelling can be so taught as, in ten years, to start a revolution in the agriculture of any commonwealth.

Even manual-training needs new direction as it touches country life. It may not be necessary to eliminate the formal exercises of model work and weaving and the like; but some of the practical problems of the home and farm may be added. How to make a garden, to lay out paths, make fences and labels, are manual-training problems. How to saw a board off straight, to drive a nail, to whittle a peg, to make a tooth for a hand hay-rake, to repair a hoe, to sharpen a saw, to paint a fence, to hang a gate, to adjust a plow-point, to mend a strap, to prune an apple-tree, to harness a horse,—the problems are

bewildering from their very number. Manual-training can be so taught in the schools that are equipped for it as, in ten years, to start a revolution in the agriculture of any commonwealth.

All such teaching as this will call for a new purpose in the school-building. The present country school building is a structure in which children sit to study books and recite from them. It should also be a place in which children can work with their hands. Every school building should have a laboratory room, in which there may be a few plants growing in the windows, and perhaps an aquarium and a terrarium. Here the children will bring their flowers and insects and samples of soil, and varieties of corn or beans in their season, and other objects that interest them, and here they may perform their simple work with implements and tools. Even if the teacher cannot teach these subjects, the room itself will teach. The mere bringing of such objects to school would have a tremendous influence on the children; patrons would ask what the room is for; in time a teacher would be found who could handle the subjects pedagogically. Now we see children carrying only books to school; some day they will also carry twigs and potatoes and animals and stones and tools and contrivances and other personal objects.

My plea, therefore, is that the school accept all wholesome conditions in which it is placed, and that it begin with the sphere in which the child lives. The working out of this philosophy is nature-study (I know of no better term); and this philosophy goes deeper than mere manual-training, or than arts and crafts studies, or than bare "self-activity." Nature-study, as I conceive it, is not another subject, not something external or added to. It is a means of education, internal, central, essential, fundamental. In time nature-study and agriculture will be as much a part of the country school as oxygen is a part of the air.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

A GREAT SCULPTOR¹

ENERGY, energy, always energy, this is the commanding trait of the work of the sculptor Saint-Gaudens,—energy in action, energy in repose; but energy under control, compressed, never flamboyant, never pushing beyond the bounds marked by a sure taste, and a keen sense of beauty. There is the sense of suppressed motion in his busts, and in his seated and standing figures. In his walking or riding figures,—as the Puritan, the Shaw, and the Sherman,—the suggested motion has the effect of an irresistible sweep. So strong is the sense of moving power given out by much of his sculpture that the walking figure of the Puritan suggests the march of an equestrian statue.

It has been said of Niagara that it is full of surprising "little lovelinesses." There was tremendous emotional and artistic flow in the work of this sculptor,—and his creations were full of "little lovelinesses." He, who could reach so surely the solemn, and at times the sublime, was deft of touch, and delighted in the delicate effects of surface texture and coloring, and in the subtleties of low relief; in the refinements of portraiture on a small scale; in the soft contours and curves of the countenances of girls and little children. He, in youth a cutter of cameos, was a skilful modeler of coins and medals,—and he may be said to have revived, in our day, the art of the medalion portrait.

Unlike certain other powerful sculptors of our time he had a strong decorative sense. His work, in little or in large, had the agreeable balance of spaces, the

correspondences and the contrasts of composition which are so satisfying to the sensitive eye; that decorative sense which distinguishes the entire art of a thoroughly artistic people like the Japanese, but which does not permeate, to so great an extent, the art of the western world, and charms all the more when it dominates, as in the handiwork of Saint-Gaudens.

THAT, in the depths of his nature, which made him so sensitive to musical impressions came out in the lyrical quality of his modeling. To some of the artists and literary men of this generation, the Quartette concerts on Sunday afternoons at Saint-Gaudens's New York studio were an important part of their artistic development. No one enjoyed these seasons of musical refreshment more keenly than the sculptor,—whose works seemed to re-echo the very tones of the stringed instruments.

As was finely said at the funeral of Saint-Gaudens, at Cornish, after all, the one transcendent element of the Master's equipment was his imagination; the imagination shown not only in reproducing the Seen, but in making visible the Unseen. When imagination, and a feeling and affinity for the greatest art, are added to technical ability, and the power to take endless pains, you have indubitably a great artist. And Saint-Gaudens was a great artist. He was sensitive to natural beauty—the Pan of his own hills and woods, as his loving comrades of Cornish called the master; his sympathy for the austere grandeur of the Greek was native to him; he was at home not seld, November, 1887; "The Sculptor Saint-Gaudens," (apropos of the Shaw memorial) W. A. Coffin; "The Sculptor," (Editorial,) June, 1897; Saint-Gaudens's Statue of General Sherman, frontispiece in color by F. V. Du Mond, November, 1904; Bust of John Hay by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, (Half-tone plate) January, 1905.

¹See also the following articles which have appeared in previous numbers of this magazine. "The Farragut Monument," illus., R. W. Gilder, June, 1881; In same number bas-relief portrait of Bastien Lepage, by Saint-Gaudens, engraved; "Augustus Saint-Gaudens," illus., Kenyon Cox, and "Saint-Gaudens's Lincoln," M. G. Van Rens-

less with the mixed Reality and Ideality of the Renaissance. He was great in his own work, great in the influence of that work, and great in his personal influence among painters, architects, writers and sculptors of his day. His strenuously conscientious desire for perfection was a standard of effort and accomplishment in a wide circle.

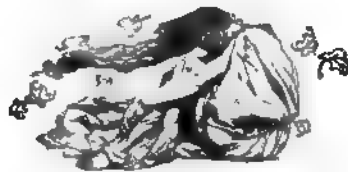
In his personality there was the same fire as in his handiwork; and the same blending of sweetness with strength. Under all the praise and all the honors showered upon him he remained totally unspoiled, with each new work the humble, unsatisfied searcher; always unassuming; always the simple hearted, generous comrade. He was, as intimated, exquisitely susceptible to the loftiest musical expression. He had a swift, intense indignation and anger, controlled by quick sympathy and a sense of justice. He was emotional, without being sentimental. As a describer of beautiful scenes and dramatic events he was thrilling; and, his sense of humor being vital, he was unsurpassable as a raconteur of witnessed incident of a humorous character. He had none of the manner of the professional story-teller, but it was something never to be forgotten,—Saint-Gaudens's rapid, low-voiced, intense, serious-faced telling of some strange adventure of travel or of the life artistic.

In his late years, and before his latest years of invalidism, his interest grew in things deep and spiritual. As for the latest years, when he suspected that the "Night" was coming "when no man can work," this tremendous worker if anything quickened his pace. At one time the desire for labor at his beloved art, under stress of pain and weakness, seemed to be in danger of forever pass-

ing; but the danger was averted, and, up to the very last few days, he was at work, patiently, heroically. There was a peculiar sympathy between Saint-Gaudens and his friend Robert Louis Stevenson, and in more ways than one were their fates, toward the last, similar.

THE influence of Saint-Gaudens will increase rather than diminish; for his art was unique, inimitable and will be perpetually inspiring. Ten years ago it was said here "Perhaps no living artist has so high a reputation as Saint-Gaudens, and so strong an artistic influence, with so little of his work familiar to the general public." Since then his public and private portraits and monuments have reached a wider public, and his position became so high that, at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, the judges could meet artistic expectation only by causing a separate and special medal to be struck in his honor.

Now again it may be said that his fame will be increased, not only by the wider knowledge and appreciation of his works already known, but by the addition thereto of the works completed, and those all but completed, just before his death,—among which are some of the noblest of his creations. The Caryatids for the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo—that rarely beautiful temple of art,—are modeled in the exalted spirit of the Adams monument. They have something of the loveliness of the enchanting marbles in the Cornelius Vanderbilt house in New York; but they have, too, a weightiness, a mystery and a majesty consonant with their own architectural and symbolic importance. They seem to have been modeled for all eternity by the very finger of Fate.



OPEN LETTERS

The Des Moines Plan

DES MOINES, the Capital City of Iowa, seeking relief from a careless and corrupt management of her municipal affairs, has adopted a new city charter, known as the "Des Moines Plan" of City Government, which presents the most extraordinary system of city government ever known in the United States.

Having discovered the similarity between a private corporation and municipal corporation, the framers of the "Des Moines Plan" took, as a model for their charter, the system of modern business concerns, and embodied in that charter those methods which have made the private corporations so successful. The first step was to secure a centralization of power and the definite fixing of responsibility. This has been accomplished by placing the administration of the city's affairs in a governing board, consisting of a mayor and four councilmen. This board, which organizes itself with the mayor as chairman, is empowered to appoint all subordinate officials and employees of the city, conduct all departments, levy and collect taxes, make all contracts, and direct all expenditures. As a further means of fixing responsibility the business of the city is divided into five large departments: the department of Public Affairs, Accounts and Finances, Public Safety, Streets and Public Improvements, and Parks and Public Property, and to each of these departments is assigned a member of the board who acts as superintendent and assumes responsibility for all matters coming within the jurisdiction of his department.

This feature of board management in municipal affairs, though a recent development, is not entirely untried. The government of Washington, D. C., embodies the idea, and Galveston, the most important seaport of the Lone Star State, has operated successfully under a charter which makes this its chief feature. In less than five years the credit of that bankrupt city has been raised to par, its running expenses decreased one third, and over a million of dollars saved to its taxpayers.

A strict Civil Service has been made an important feature of the charter; all employees of the city are selected by a competitive and impartial test of their fitness for the work to be accomplished.

Publicity is made an important provision of the charter. Ordinances must be on file for public inspection a certain number of days

before going into effect. Monthly statements must be furnished to the newspapers and public libraries, showing all receipts and expenditures of funds, and the general transaction of the administration. These requirements are made for the purpose of placing within the reach of every taxpayer complete information regarding the management of the city's affairs.

As an inducement to men of character and ability, an adequate salary has been provided and the position on the board made one of honor. The position has not only been made more attractive to competent men, but their election has also been made easier and more certain. The mayor and the four councilmen, constituting the governing board, are elected from at large, thus eliminating ward lines and the evils of ward politics. Partisan politics has lost its influence in city affairs because all city officials are selected at a non-partisan primary and elected on a non-partisan ticket. The choice thus becomes individual—not political.

In order that this centralization of power in the governing board may not be abused, safeguards are provided for in the "Des Moines Plan," and all officials made responsive to popular sentiment. Under the Initiative, the power of direct legislation is given to the electors, and any law desired by a majority may be secured, though opposed by the governing board. By the Referendum, an unwise expenditure of the public funds or any other act which does not meet with popular favor, may be effectively blocked by a majority vote of the citizens.

As a further protection against incompetent or dishonest officials they have the Recall. This provision was designed for the purpose of placing all city officers directly under the control of those who elected them and is, without doubt, the most important of the trio of safeguards. While public officers are elected for a definite term, yet by exercising the recall any one may be removed from office, at any time a majority of the electors feel that he is incompetent or dishonest. The rights conferred by these three provisions may be exercised by filing a petition, bearing the signatures of twenty-five per cent. of the voters of the city, with the city clerk; whereupon the matter must be referred to the voters for their approval or rejection.

Henry E. Sampson.

The Blessing—by Chardin

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—see page 899)

THIS picture is to be seen in Salle XVI of the Louvre. A repetition of it exists in the Salle La Caze of the Louvre; but the former is undoubtedly the finest, being more luminous and dainty in treatment. Two other repetitions, varying slightly, are at Stockholm and St. Petersburg. The canvas is small, measuring nineteen inches high by fifteen inches wide.

Jean Baptiste Chardin was a great master—one of the greatest of the French school of the eighteenth century. Born in 1699, he lived to 1779, and ripened at a time when French art had developed much artificiality. Yet Chardin was living in the midst of it, delineating the beauty and simplicity of the home life of the humbler class. *Le Bénédicité* affords a charming glimpse of a French home of more than a hundred years ago, and nothing could be lovelier. The moment chosen is that hushed one when grace is said by some member of the family before beginning the meal. The mother is in the act of prompting the child who, with its hands posed, is looking up gravely and repeating the short blessing, while the other little one is in a characteristic attitude of devoutness, and demurely regarding her companion.

Chardin's coloring is a tissue of harmonious, mellow, silvery tones, grateful in their simplicity and refreshing to the eye. His impasto is full, soft, and rich, like the ripe fruits he knew so well how to paint, and which are models of broad effective handling. He was a master of *chiaroscuro*, for which reason his works translate well into black and white.

*T. Cole.***The Dr. Wright Tragedy—A Correction**

In the June instalment of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," an account is given of the shooting in Norfolk, Virginia, of Second-Lieutenant Anson L. Sanborn at the head of

his company of negro soldiers by Dr. David M. Wright, a prominent citizen of that place, and some of the circumstances attending the trial and execution of Dr. Wright, with which a telegrapher was intimately connected, and directly from whom and the latter's brother, also a telegrapher, Mr. Bates obtained all of his information.

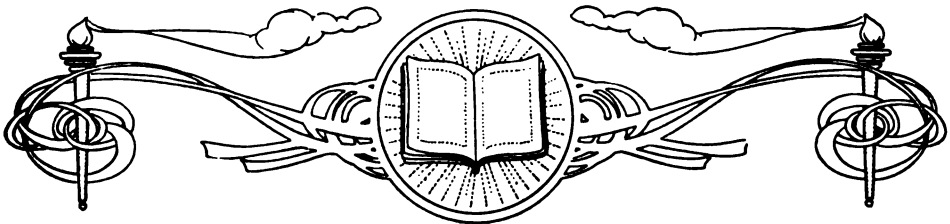
With respect to incidents leading up to the tragedy, and set forth in the article, Mr. Alexander W. Weddell, a grandson of Dr. Wright, offers a contradiction as follows:

"The allegations of the article, the correctness of which I deny, may be summarized as follows: (1) That there existed in Norfolk in 1863 'a coterie of former slave-owners' and that 'this club met in secret'; (2) That my grandfather belonged to this 'coterie'; (3) That this 'club' adopted 'a resolution which provided that one of their number should be chosen by lot to kill the commander of the first detachment of negro soldiers entering Norfolk'; (4) That Dr. 'Wright received the fatal ballot,' and acting thereon 'committed a cold-blooded assassination,' by shooting Lieutenant A. L. Sanborn."

While these statements had been previously printed by Mr. Bates's informant, and so far as known had passed unchallenged, they were based on recollection and the common rumors of the time of the tragedy, and are not supported by any facts set forth in the official records of the case. This is made conclusive by the present Acting Judge-Advocate-General, who, in a letter to Mr. Weddell, dated June 28, 1907, says:

"The record of the Military Commission in this case, and the papers filed with that record, have been examined in this office, and there is nothing either in the said record or in said papers which would, in any way, indicate that the murder was the result of a conspiracy."

This correction is due to the memory of Dr. Wright, who is said to have been held in high esteem by Northern as well as Southern friends. He is believed to have had a blameless career up to the time of the tragedy, into which he was apparently moved by sudden impulse.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Match-Maker

MY mama says she 's married. / ain't yet.
En mama says she ain't a-goin' to let
Nobody marry me at all before
I 'm seven or 'leven years old, er maybe more.
My mama don't believe, she says,
In makin' early marry-ges.

But I 'm a-goin' to marry jest
The nicest en the goodest, best
Old husband ever was. Ef you
Won't tell, en cross your heart, I'll whisper
who

It is. It 's papa. Mama says she's 'fraid
He 's got a wife already. But he 'll trade
Her off fer me, I bet, er else I 'll take
The marry off of him en make
Him marry me. En, anyhow,
I don't believe 'at he 's married now,
'Cause where 's he keep her? Gramma she
Is jest his gramma, like she is to me,
En I 'm his little girl, en brother's brother,
En that 's all, 'cept my mama is his mother.

I wish my mama was n't married, fer
I 'd like to have my papa marry her
While he 's a-waitin'. He 's so good en kind
He 'd do it jest fer me, en would n't mind.
I 'most believe I will, 'cause she 's so nice
It would n't hurt if she is married twice.

Edmund Vance Cooke.

Evolution

I ATE me a Welsh rabbit
In the night last past;
I ate me a Welsh rabbit
Whereby to stay my fast;
Simply a Welsh rabbit,
A harmless, armless thing,
With not a leg to stand on,
Nor voice to speak or sing.

I ate me a Welsh rabbit,
Then hied myself away
To bed and dreams and wishing
'T were longer yet till day;
Simply a Welsh rabbit,
A wileless, guileless beast
That hath no other mission
Than serving for a feast.

I ate me a Welsh rabbit,
Gadzooks! I thought it so;
But after I had gone to sleep,
How quickly did it grow

Into the strangest creatures—
Into the mares of night,
Into the gibberish monkeys,
Into the shapes that fright,
Into the ring-tailed roosters,
Into the jabberwocks,
Into the jangling jaguars,
Into the six-horned ox,
Into the horse with flippers,
Into the hog with wings,
Into the cat with feathers,
Into the cow that sings—
Into all manner of creatures
Of the earth and the air and the sea,
And all of them promenading
Or sitting around on me.

I ate me a Welsh rabbit
In the night last past;
I ate me a Welsh rabbit
Whereby to stay my fast;
Simply a Welsh rabbit—
How could there possibly be
In a little thing like that
A whole menagerie?

William J. Lampton.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"O' COURSE HE 'S A PERFESSIONAL."

"Aw! Wot 's de matter wid ye? Did n't be git paid by
de League team last Saturday fer fetchin' oatmeal an water!"



Drawn by Harry Linnell

A HANDY MAN

"Yes, I kin turn me hand to anything. I've bin a sailor in Arsony, a farmer on the broad Atlantic, an' a cowboy in the Metrolopus. I give up me job in an ice-cream parlor in Greenland to go to the South Sea Islands where I expect to get work tendin' furnaces."



BY WALLACE IRWIN

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD B. BIRCH

FROM New Orleans we sailed that day
To-ward the Pampas grasses.
Our cargo, neatly tucked away,
Was New Orleans molasses;
The *Susan Bean*, our barkentine,
Through many calm seas passes.

But on the third day out at sea
A pollywow she struck us,
And loose abaft and hard alee
Full thousand mile she tuck us,
And tossed us so with wave and blow
She very nearly wruck us.

But on the third terrific night
A change come over natur';

We finds ourselves a-sailing right
Along the hot equator.
Oh, strike me arm, but it was warm
As any radiator!

With palm-leaf fans we cooled our brows,
And not a word could utter.
The old brass cannon at our bows
Jest melted up like butter,
And fust we knew that 'lasses goo
Begun to cook and sputter.



"WITH PALM-LEAF FANS WE COOLED
OUR BROWS"



"IT 'S MAKIN' 'LASSES CANDY'"

The smell o' hot molasses riz
Through every porthole handy.
"Oho!" cried Captin' Sykes, "it is
A tempting scent and dandy.
And blow me hide!" he wildly cried,
"It 's makin' 'lasses candy!"

So down we rushed into the hold,
Like reckless men and daffy.
Thar was that 'lasses cookin' bold,
A comic sight and laffy.
So every man at onct began
A-pullin' 'lasses taffy.

We pulled it up and down the decks
And looped it to the rail, sir;
We stuck it fast to every mast
And hung it to the sail, sir.
"Pull ho, me lad!" we yells like mad
Until our cheeks was pale, sir.



"WE PULLED IT UP AND DOWN THE DECKS"

Nine days at early dawn we riz
And worked till all was done, sir.
And then another stormy slizz
Blowed up and dimmed the sun, sir.
Nine days we tossed, completely lost,
A wild and reckless run, sir.

But when at last the storm she broke,
We gazed with joy to larbor'.
Our eyes stuck out, we gave a shout,
Fer there was Boston harbor!
"I 'm glad o' that," says I to Pat;
"I badly need a barber."

To Boston candy stores we sold
That shipload of confection,
But every Jack saved out a sack
Fer the girl of his selection.
But I declare I *et* my share,
Not havin' no connection.



"FER THE GIRL OF HIS SELECTION"



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